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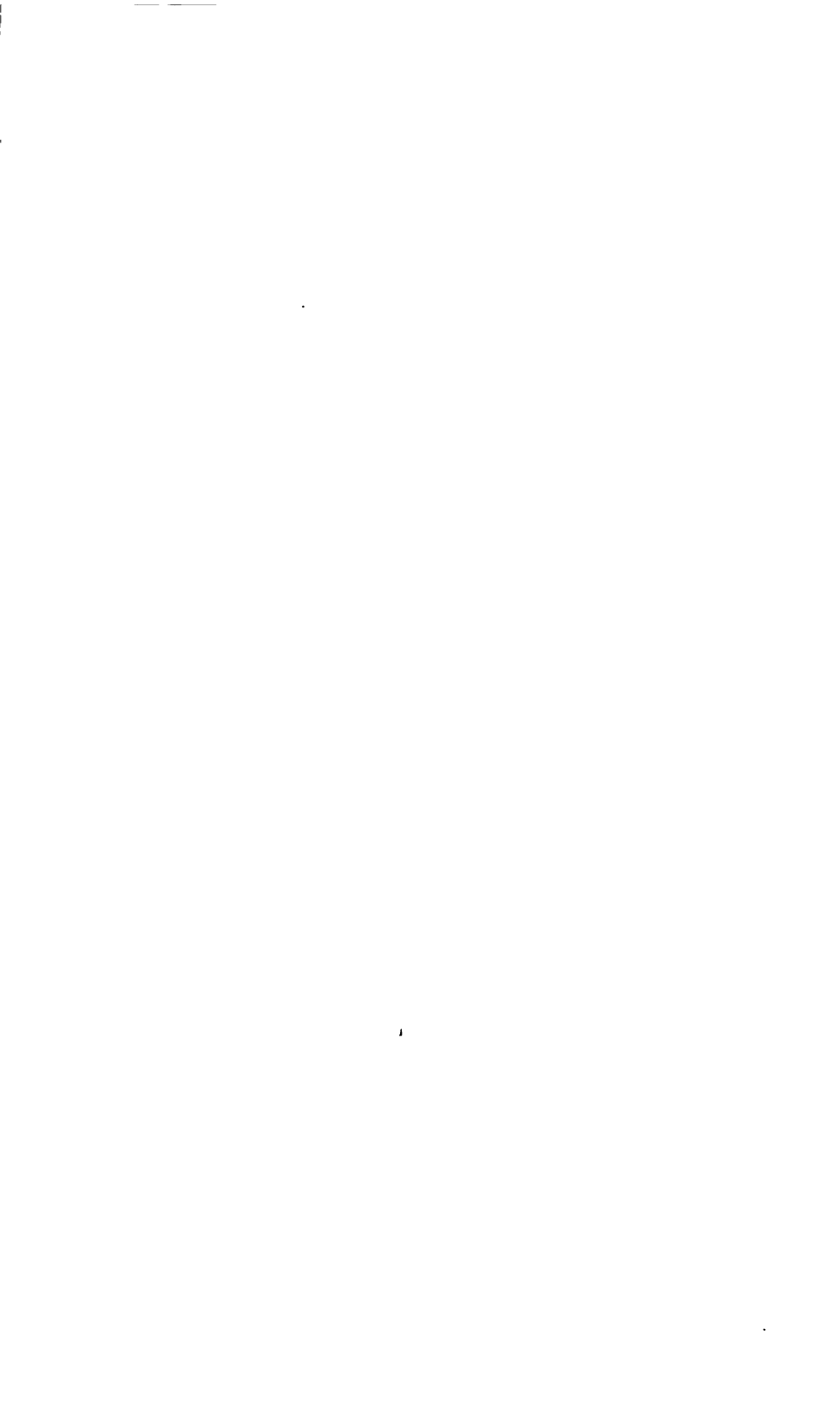
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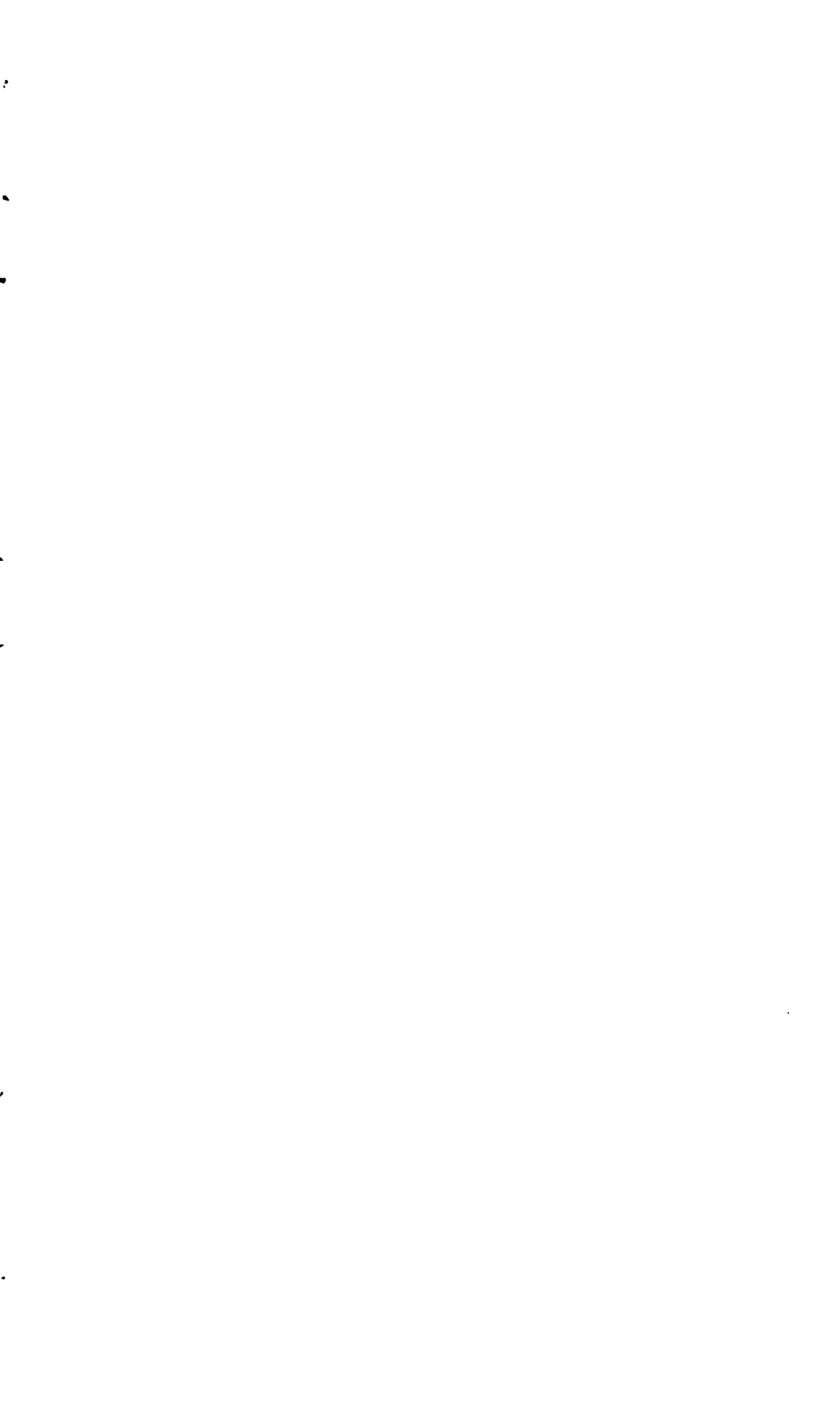




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VOL. IX.

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1837.

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WILLIAM CURRY, JUN. AND COMPANY.

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In a few days will be published,

SCENES

FROM

THE LIFE OF EDWARD LASCELLES.

REPRINTED FROM THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE,

With Corrections and Additions by the Author,

Two Vols. small 8vo.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

No. XLIX.

JANUARY, 1837.

VOL. IX

PROTESTANT MOVEMENTS IN IRELAND.

IN our last Number we offered a few observations on the meeting of the Metropolitan Conservative Association. Within the space to which necessity then limited us, it was impossible to give to this meeting the consideration to which its importance entitles it; we, therefore, return to the subject again, and as some additional meetings have since furnished us with an additional source of comment, we propose to make those proceedings the text of a few observations on the general subject of Protestant movements in Ireland.

We are aware that, in approaching this subject we have many difficulties and many prejudices to contend with. We have the policy of the temporising, the cowardice of the faint-hearted, and perhaps, too, the intemperance of the violent to encounter. We shall endeavour calmly to lay our views before our readers, uninfluenced by any other considerations than a regard to what we believe the interests of Protestantism require. The subject upon which we write is one upon which we have thought much, and we have endeavoured to think deeply. We do not put forward opinions adopted without reflection; and we trust that in every thing we advance, we shall have reason to support our views. Of one thing, at least, we are certain, that we shall not scruple to speak our sentiments plainly and undisguisedly, without consulting how we may please any individual or any party.

In contemplating the present state of political parties in Ireland, two facts present themselves so obviously to the mind, that it might hardly seem necessary to call attention to them—and yet they are facts which seem altogether to be overlooked by

some Conservatives, who pride themselves upon being peculiarly prudent politicians. Let us place the two facts to which we allude in juxtaposition, for our reader's consideration.

First. It is a fact, that the Conservative party in Ireland possess an immense preponderance of all the elements of the political power of the country.

Secondly. It is a fact, that their opponents, inferior as they are in all the elements of strength, have defeated them in the struggle for political superiority, and have, at this moment, a majority of the representation of Ireland in their hands.

These two facts, thus placed in their naked abstraction before the mind, are worth a thousand arguments. The most laboured essay to prove the necessity of Protestant exertion could not speak half as much as do these two simple and unanswerable facts. We will not insult the understanding of our readers by drawing from them the self-evident inference that the Conservatives have been deficient in exertion; and were we called on to argue with the most plausible of the advisers of Protestant inaction—and with regret we say it, there are such among them who profess a deep zeal for the Protestant cause—we would think it necessary to offer no other argument to refute their most ingenious sophistry, than a steady and constant repetition of these two indisputable statements.

We may, perhaps, best throw our sentiments upon this subject into the shape of comment upon the recent proceedings by which Protestants in various parts of Ireland have manifested their determination to be energetic in the cause of truth. In addi-

oita to the meeting of the Metropolitan Conservative Society, we have to notice several other most gratifying and cheering demonstrations of Protestant feeling in Ireland, singularly enough embracing within their compass the entire extent of the island. Literally from Cork to Carrickfergus the voice of Protestantism has been raised. Cork, Dublin, Enniskillen, Banbridge, and Ballymena, have all had their meetings with signal spirit and success. A few days more will add to the list the most splendid of them all—we mean, of course, the anniversary dinner of the Belfast Society—and we trust that the spirit thus excited will not soon or easily subside, but that Protestants will unite wherever there is the pressure upon Protestantism, and in their union assuredly there will be strength.

A brief sketch of the history of the Metropolitan Conservative Association may, perhaps, be neither uninteresting or inappropriate. There may be something in its progress to cheer the exertions of those who attempt, under discouragements, to carry out the great principle of Protestant union—the principle upon the practical development of which, we cannot disguise from ourselves, the very existence of Irish Protestantism depends. It was commenced, we believe, by eleven individuals, who felt the necessity of some bond of union between Protestants, and who acted on what they felt. Remembering the old and universally adopted proverb, "*Dimidium facti qui caput habet*," they determined that they would at least begin. They went straightforward to work, and formed themselves into a Protestant Association; and this is the nucleus from which originated that great and influential body, the Metropolitan Society—a society including in its members upwards of a thousand persons of respectability and influence in their respective stations, and including in its members much of the rank and the talent of the country.

The society had been for some time maturing their plans and carrying on their operations in silence, when it was proposed by some of their members that it would be desirable to hold a general meeting of the Association, to which persons not members might, under certain restrictions, be admitted,

and of which the proceedings should be reported. This meeting was fixed for the 16th of November, and its proceedings furnish us with the text for these observations. It is the intention of the society to reprint the proceedings in the shape of a pamphlet. We have not, however, as yet been able to procure a copy, and we are obliged to take our extracts from the newspaper reports.

To the character, the objects, and the proceedings of the Association, including in these last their general meeting, we have no hesitation in saying that we give an entire and unqualified approval. Our readers may perhaps recollect that some time since we stated our views on the occasion of the dissolution of the Orange Lodges.* We then recommended the formation of Protestant Associations, and the advice which we thought it our duty to offer, met, we believe, with the concurrence of most persons whose opinions were entitled to respect. The very same principles which then influenced us in offering that advice, now determine us in expressing our approval of the Metropolitan Association, and it only needs that its example should be generally followed to ensure for every part of Ireland an unobjectionable system of Protestant Union, of a character at once temperate and firm, meeting the wishes of the most ardent of our friends, and presenting no ground for the cavils of the most captious of our opponents.

The objects of the Association have been fearlessly and honestly put forward—they are such as none but the enemies of Protestantism can take exception to. From the report of the Committee we take the following, which is the original declaration of the objects of the society, and presents the great principles which constitute, if we may so speak, the charter of its incorporation. Their objects as here put forward are—

"To maintain by every means in our power the Protestant interests in Ireland.

"To unite together all who are willing to make common cause in upholding the religion of the Reformation, and the principles of civil and religious liberty, of which, under God, it has been the foundation.

"And for that purpose to employ such means as may seem advisable and consti-

* See Dublin University Magazine for June 1836, vol. 7.

tutional to facilitate and promote the registration of Protestant voters, and the dissemination of sound political and religious information amongst our Protestant brethren throughout the empire.

“And to give, in every way, by the establishment of Loan Funds, and all such other means as may be practicable, protection and assistance to the humbler classes of Protestants.”

In this simple, brief, and yet comprehensive statement of the objects of the society, there is included every thing that ought to be the object of a Protestant association ; and there is included nothing more. This statement of their objects is just in character with the entire spirit of the proceedings of the society—marked by temperance, calmness, and moderation, and yet, at the same time, presenting a full, and a steady, and an uncompromising declaration of principle : and in this union of firmness and mildness, there is a lesson, which we do not hesitate to say, the Protestants of Ireland needed to be taught. Some men have been too apt to confound integrity of principle with violence of expression, and to imagine that a furious partizanship is the most unequivocal proof of attachment to the cause of truth—while others, again, still more foolishly imagined that the way to exhibit moderation was to compromise and give up some portion of principle. But it is cheering and gratifying to observe, that the Protestants of Ireland, are learning the truth, that, indeed to be consistent, it is not necessary to be intemperate, and that true moderation is something very far different indeed from a suppression or abandonment of principle. They have seen that it is the duty of the advocate of the cause of truth to declare the truth, and the whole truth ; but it is equally his duty never to encumber that declaration with a single occasion of unnecessary offence. It is the double stamp of firm adherence to principle, and of moderation in asserting it, which is impressed upon all their proceedings, that makes us regard this society as likely to prove a powerful auxiliary to the Protestant cause. It is time, however, that we should come to the consideration of the meeting itself.

In the very front of the proceedings we are met by a feature perhaps the most striking in the entire. We mean the singular, and, we cannot help thinking, the unfortunate letter

of Mr. George Alexander Hamilton. At first we were disposed to regard the appearance of this letter with regret. We still think it would have been better that it should not have been published ; but its publication may have its good. The sentiments of this letter are sentiments entertained by a section of the Conservative party ; and it is well that they should find expression in a tangible shape in which they may be brought to the test of discussion. There are often prejudices vaguely floating through the mind which assume the appearance of unanswerable arguments, until their baselessness is detected in the attempt to shape them into words : and this is just the case with the vague prejudices to which Mr. Hamilton's letter gives a shape. He embodies idle and intangible speculations in a form in which they may be refuted. So far, we trust, he does service. We know that in dealing with his letter we are dealing with feelings which are predisposing many to listen to the siren seductions of indolence and pleasure ; and flatter themselves into the belief, that in yielding to the seduction they are acting a prudent part. It is always pleasant to find in our own minds an excuse for yielding to inclination—still more pleasant when the excuse is of such a nature as to enable us to find fault with the exertions of those whose stern adherence to the path of duty puts our remissness to the blush. It is the evil of Mr. Hamilton's letter that it furnishes, under the sanction of a respected name, such excuses to those who ever are ready to stand aloof from every movement of their Protestant brethren. It is the embodying of these excuses—and, as such it is worth the trouble of a calm and deliberate examination—to which perhaps otherwise it might not be entitled ; for while we entertain an undiminished respect for Mr. Hamilton's integrity and honesty of purpose, candour obliges us to acknowledge that his conduct on this occasion has not been marked by the strength of mind or soundness of judgment which we would have expected from the writer. We trust that Mr. Hamilton will believe us, that nothing but a sense of duty could induce us to speak thus. But the publication of his letter has thrown on us the painful duty of exposing calmly and gently, but, at the same time, fully, the

weakness of his positions, and the mischievous character of their results.

The following is Mr. Hamilton's letter:—

"Hampton Hall, Nov. 14, 1836.

"MY DEAR PLUNKETT—The absence of one of the Conservative members of the metropolis from a meeting of the Metropolitan Protestant Association, may possibly create a remark—certainly it requires an explanation.

"Will you, therefore, be so kind as to state for me, that having been recently consulted by several gentlemen who were members of the late Orange Institution, with regard to the expediency of re-establishing that Institution under existing circumstances—having expressed myself very strongly against its re-organization at this present time, and the intention having been, I believe, abandoned, partly, perhaps, in deference to my advice and opinion, I feel that I should be acting unfairly towards them, and inconsistently with that advice, if I was now to become a member of another general political association of similar principles and having similar objects in view.

"By the voluntary dissolution of that dearly-cherished institution, in submission to the wishes of our King, and on an understanding, or engagement, as I am informed, that all adverse political associations should be discouraged by government, the real character of that much-calumniated body, and of the Protestants of Ireland generally, has been already, I trust, set right in the eyes of the English people, and their feelings awakened on our behalf.

"But, however it may injure us in some respects, I cannot help thinking that the cessation of all general political agitation on our side, for some time longer, till Government and Parliament shall have been unsuccessfully appealed to, will render more essential service to our cause, than any other measures we could now adopt.

"Moderation, such as that on our part, while agitation has been carried on with redoubled violence on the part of our opponents, and while it has been promoted, instead of discouraged by the conduct of Government, will enable the people of England to appreciate more fully the faith that has been kept on both sides, and will excite their sympathies more strongly in our favour, while it will also prove to them that Protestant agitation and organization are defensive and not aggressive.

"When Protestant forbearance shall have been further abused, and Parliament and Government shall have been appealed to in vain, and when, consequently, we

shall have no other alternative than again to resort to Protestant agitation and organization, I confess I shall prefer the re-construction of the Orange Institution, with certain modifications, to any other general political association.

"I beg of you to assure the meeting that while I think it necessary to explain my reasons, as an individual, for declining to join the Protestant Association at this present time, I am far from intending to discourage, still less to find fault with, the exertions you are using, in conjunction with them, for the promotion of our common cause.

"Believe me, my dear Plunkett, always, sincerely yours,

"GEO. A. HAMILTON.

"The Hon. R. E. Plunkett, M.P."

Our object in this article is to urge upon Irish Protestants the necessity of exertion; and perhaps all that we have to say upon the subject may most conveniently be thrown into the shape of a reply to Mr. Hamilton. Before we proceed to a task, in the discharge of which we are sure that he would not wish us to soften down a single sentiment of what we feel, we beg distinctly to repeat, that *our* respect for Mr. Hamilton's principles and character is undiminished by a step which we must fairly tell him has had a different effect upon the minds of others. In acting as he did, we are confident that he acted from a conviction that the course he was pursuing was the best for the interests of Protestantism; and while we think his letter altogether a mistaken one, we readily acknowledge that it has emanated from an honest and an honourable mind.

This letter does not appear written with the clearness of one who understood distinctly the grounds of his conviction. The general tenor of the sentiments is unquestionably to discourage as impolitic the efforts of the Metropolitan Association; and yet at its close Mr. Hamilton, as if conscious that he was strangely out of his element in discouraging Protestant exertion, attempts as it were to neutralize the effect of all that he had previously written, by saying that while "he thinks it necessary as an individual to explain his reasons for declining to join the Protestant Association at the present time, he is far from intending to discourage, still less to find fault with the exertions they are making."

Now, begging Mr. Hamilton's pardon, we must say that if this sentence has any meaning at all, it simply is this

—that the rest of his letter has none. The entire drift of the letter was to discourage any exertion on the part of Protestants, and even beyond this, to discourage the particular exertions of the Association as not those at all events that ought to be adopted. The reasons that he puts forward do not apply to him as an individual with one bit more force than to every other Protestant in the community. If it be prudent for Protestants to remain quiet until "their forbearance is further abused," this prudence is equally obligatory upon all. If the revival of Orangeism be the best and the only mode of uniting Protestants together, this is a consideration which should influence every Protestant equally for the preferences or predilections of an individual—except as they rest upon reasons calculated to convince the public mind—are not matters of the slightest public concern. The truth is, that throughout his letter Mr. Hamilton dealt with the matter on public grounds, and he should never have hesitated one instant in openly appealing to the common sense and judgment of the Protestant public to discourage exertions which he believed injudicious. He seems, from an unacknowledged consciousness of the weakness of his arguments, afraid to make that appeal: we know well what would be its result. It would require a great deal of argument to pluck from the hearts of Irish Protestants the conviction which a stern necessity has implanted—that they can no longer with safety or consistency with the obligations of duty remain inactive.

There is indeed one sentence of his letter in which he gives something like a personal reason for declining to join the Metropolitan Society, and this sentence we cannot help lamenting as the most unfortunate of the entire letter; it is that in which he says—

"Having been recently consulted by several gentlemen who were members of the late Orange Institution with regard to the expediency of reestablishing that institution, under existing circumstances; having expressed myself very strongly against its reorganization at the present time, and the intention having been, I believe, abandoned partly in deference to my advice and opinion, I FEEL THAT I WOULD BE ACTING UNFAIRLY TOWARDS THEM, and inconsistently with that advice, if I were now to become a member of another general political association of

similar principles, and having similar objects in view."

There is in this sentence a mistake, which it is important to correct regarding the respective characters of the Orange societies and the Metropolitan Association: their principles are unquestionably similar, but their character is different; and their objects, if they are parallel, for that very reason are distinct. Were Orangeism in full existence tomorrow, we say that it would not in the slightest degree interfere with the operations of the Metropolitan Society, or supersede the necessity of its existence. The Orange lodges were adapted for the concentration of physical force; the Metropolitan Society aims at the attainment of moral influence. It was the boast of the Orange Institution that it was essentially a defensive society, in which the right hearted and the loyal combined to resist outrage and violence, and to overcome by their calm but resolute exhibition of strength the menaces of force by which Protestantism is assailed. We do not hesitate to say that the character of the Metropolitan Society is in one sense an aggressive one: it endeavours to gain political influence for right principles—it aims at convincing our opponents by means of appeals to that reason which no party spirit can altogether silence in the human soul—it aims at gaining power for our friends by securing the registration of the franchise of true men. These are objects never contemplated by the Orange organization, and objects which ought not to be neglected; and this ground, altogether beside the position which Orangeism occupied, the Metropolitan Society has taken. Upon this point we cannot do better than employ the admirable language of the report of the committee—

"The charge that you are but a revival of Orangeism is to be received in two lights. The enemies of the Protestant religion did not certainly attack the Orange Institution, from any belief that it was injurious to the country; nor did they place the slightest faith in the charges which themselves brought against it. The truth of this assertion is sufficiently manifest from the very ingenious but dishonourable artifice which they employed to prevent that body from entering into its justification—an artifice too well known to make it necessary for your committee to refer to it. It is probable, how-

ever, that these persons had some hopes that if they could succeed in putting down Orangeism, they would be able to produce schism and disunion among the Protestants, and before they would rally again might effect a considerable portion of their wicked designs. They, therefore, are fully determined to pretend that every form in which Protestants may unite, and every system which they employ for the preservation of their properties and lives, is but a revival of Orangeism; and they will certainly affect to imagine that in consenting to dissolve the grand Orange lodge of Ireland there was an implied promise that all the Protestants should abstain from any further opposition to their nefarious designs.

"The two objections we have referred to, as arising from the supposition that you are either a revival of Orangeism or a substitute for Orangeism may be thus answered: had the grand Orange lodge of Ireland never been dissolved, or were it to be revived with the fullest sanction of the legislature, in neither case would the necessity for your Society be in the least degree altered, or its objects either diminished or enlarged.

"The charge is merely one of dates; for from no other circumstance, except the appearance of your Society immediately after the event referred to, could it have arisen. Your objects, and your mode of attaining them, as well as your whole constitution, are essentially different from those of the Orange Institution; and the sole effect which that dissolution produced upon it was to increase the activity of your members, who are anxious to prove to the world that to make Protestants lay down their arms and desert the defence of their religion and liberties was a vain expectation."

This point, too, was put clearly, and with sound discrimination, by Mr. Plunket, in moving the adoption of the report:

"This Association is neither an offshoot of nor a substitute for Orangeism. It is not the former, because it evidently wants the flowers, if not the fruit, of the main trunk—it has no secret signs or symbols, colours, badges, or similar organization; and, secondly, it is not a substitute for Orangeism, for a reason that all here present may not be sufficiently able to appreciate, viz.—that many of us, and I, for one, think that there never can be an adequate substitute for much maligned, much misunderstood, and purposely misrepresented Orangeism."

Thus the objects, the character, and the constitution of the Orange institu-

tion and the Metropolitan Society are so distinct, that the propriety of reviving the one and establishing the other rests upon grounds perfectly separate. That their principles are similar it is true; but each has taken a separate position in the maintenance of their principles. "The Metropolitan Society was never intended either as a substitute for or revival of Orangeism." The question as to the prudence of encouraging either body is hardly if at all affected by the existence of the other, except so far as this—that unquestionably in the present state of Irish society some form of Protestantism is necessary to give heart to the friends of Protestantism—this is the only point in which the two can meet, and in which they can never interfere with each other. The metaphor may not perhaps be a good one, but it will convey what we mean if we say that the wishes of their respective operations touched each other in this one point—and of course they come in contact in no other. We are bound to hope that all our male readers have at least enough of mathematical science to perceive what we have attempted to indicate by the analogy.

We regret much that Mr. Hamilton should have fallen into this misconception on a point on which it is essential that our notions should be distinct. We are inclined to believe that he incautiously expressed his opinions without taking sufficient pains to inform himself of the character or constitution of the Association. His whole letter bears the marks of haste. Unless we are far mistaken in Mr. Hamilton, a moment's reflection would have made him suppress a half-expressed sentiment, which in the letter of a person less devoted to Protestantism we would consider deserving of severe animadversion, and which even in him we cannot pass without reproof.

He speaks of unfairness towards those to whom he had previously given an advice not to revive the Orange Institution! Surely when he thus expressed himself he did not perceive that there is but one inference to be drawn from this language, and it is this—that those persons, whoever they may be, to whom this advice was given were men who "like nothing but what is hammered upon their own anvil," and who will regard with jealousy any attempt to serve the cause of Protestantism that is not fashioned by themselves. And

yet this is the only intelligible import of Mr. Hamilton's words. No man knows better than himself that there is no true Protestant who will not desire to see the cause he loves promoted by any instruments or by any persons. It would be injustice to the Protestants of Ireland did he insinuate the existence of any such paltry and selfish jealousy in their minds: we know he did not mean it, but his indiscreet and unguarded language, by seeming to hint at such a feeling of rivalry, goes far to create it.

It is not from any disrespect to Mr. Hamilton that we enter thus warmly on this subject; but surely on reflection, that gentleman will agree with us that such language as he employed is unguarded, and calculated to do harm. It could serve no good end—it could not add to the force of his arguments to speak of unfairness towards those who had suggested a different plan of proceeding. If the reasons which influenced him to give his opinion against the revival of Orangeism applied equally to the establishment of a Conservative society, then his course was so to state them—if they did not so apply, then his former opinion had nothing whatever to do with the present case. Our readers, we trust, will feel that we do not dwell unnecessarily upon this point. We could not permit even Mr. Hamilton's authority to sanction a sentiment most mischievous to the cause of Protestantism—one that, if acted on, would for ever destroy all hope of united exertion. The principle of his excuse is this—that in disapproving of one course of action he pledged himself to join in no other, because those who put forward a plan that is not accepted have reason to think themselves badly treated if the suggestions of any other are adopted in their stead. It is only necessary to call his own attention to the nature of this sentiment—to make him regret that even he should for an instant have appeared to countenance it.

We now come to the general argument of Mr. Hamilton's letter—he advises us to wait until Protestant forbearance has been still further abused—to remain patient under injuries, that we may gain the pity of the lookers-on, and to bear all the indignities that may be heaped upon us, that we may excite by our uncomplaining and patient innocence the sympathies of the good, benevolent people of England in our cause.

Our plain answer to this advice is, that there is no time to wait. "Hope deferred, maketh the heart sick;" and the heart of the Protestant people of Ireland is sinking under the repeated promises of the last four years. There have been "wait-a-whiles" through all that period—men who, would indefinitely adjourn the period of Protestant exertion, and keep it still not in the future tense, but in that which grammarians call the paulo post future; we say that there is or rather was no time to be lost—the spirit of Protestantism was sinking; and had all persons acted like Mr. Hamilton, it might have been that when the convenient and prudent season came for his appeal, he would have had nothing to appeal to. "Live horse and you will get grass," is an homely but an expressive illustrative. We know of no more striking exemplification of Mr. Hamilton's advice.

We do not depreciate the importance of gaining the sympathies of the English people to our cause; but we cannot see how we will damp that sympathy by appearing earnest in our cause. Common sense will certainly tell us the contrary. *It was a movement of the Protestants of Ireland that unseated the Whigs in 1834*; and while our enemies could appeal to the inaction of Irish Protestants as a proof that they acquiesce in the present state of affairs, it is vain to expect that others will share an interest in their cause that they did not manifest themselves.

"Si vis me flere dolendum,
"Primum ipsi tibi."

If we do not show that we resent our wrongs, surely it is a Quixotic expectation to hope that others will be indignant at them—and yet it is by appearing indifferent to our own preservation, that we are told that we can best enlist the feeling of England in our behalf.

But let us at once answer all those who talk about interesting the people of England by our inaction. (A most interesting sight truly to a lion-hearted nation, to behold two millions of men enduring all kinds of insult and injustice, and not deigning to raise a murmur of remonstrance or complaint.) We answer them by an appeal to the two simple facts by a statement of which we commenced this paper. Our enemies have now the voice of

Ireland in their favour—the voice of Ireland is constitutionally heard through her representatives—and while they have a majority of those representatives they have a right to say that the voice of Ireland is with them. How much additional force does this answer acquire when we recollect, that it is by the Irish members, by those whom our folly and cowardice permit our opponents to return to parliament that the Anti-Protestant ministry are kept in power. England is true to the cause of the Irish Protestants, *but the Irish Protestants are not true to themselves.*

This was happily and powerfully urged by Mr. West, in his admirable speech at the meeting on the 16th, in moving a resolution relating to the registries, he said truly—

“The resolution which I am asked to propose furnishes me with an ample subject, but what Irish Protestant can speak to it without shame and sorrow? It recites that memorable declaration of our Conservative leader, ‘that the battle of the Constitution is to be fought at the registries,’ that maxim so well remembered in Scotland—so thoroughly understood in England—forgotten only in Ireland. The Scottish Presbyterian, faithful to his own Church, and retaining all his notions of liberality, recollects, nevertheless, that Protestantism is the living principle of the Constitution; and, seeing Protestantism assailed even in Ireland, he has armed himself for battle at the registry. No Englishman will endure the application of a principle injurious to his birth-right of freedom, even in another land. Yet the person of a Scotchman is in no danger; the property of an Englishman is secure. The Irish Protestant alone, upon whom the danger is pressing, shrinks from the discharge of a sacred duty, and leaves the enemies of his faith to take the benefit of the lesson taught by the wisdom of Sir Robert Peel.”

At the same time, Professor Butt gave utterance to sentiments which we confess are exactly identical, even in their form of expression with our own:

“There are those who look upon our proceedings as impolitic. My learned friend, Mr. West, has told you of some who would have us put off our exertions until that very indefinite period, when it may please a Whig-Radical Ministry to be ashamed of their acts. Others would have us wait until the re-action of England in our favour may be complete.—Far be it from me to depreciate the value

of English sympathy in our favour; but I confess that I do not understand the arguments by which men would persuade me that the most effectual means of enlisting English feeling in our cause, is to appear indifferent to it ourselves. Believe me, sir, that sympathy in our cause, like charity, begins at home. I remember to have read an anecdote of an Athenian orator, who was requested by a citizen to plead his cause before the tribunals of his country. The applicant repeated the tale of his wrongs with the coolness of narrative. ‘I do not think,’ said the advocate, coolly, ‘that you have been injured at all.’ ‘What!’ cried the citizen, kindled into indignation by the denial, ‘Have I not been injured in my property—have I not been shamefully maltreated?’ But now there was a vehemence in the manner of his account, ‘I believe you now,’ said the orator, ‘you speak like an injured man.’ Just such, I conceive, will be the arguments of Englishmen, if our advocates tell them that our rights are invaded—that our lives are insecure—that our religion is persecuted—while all the while no voice of remonstrance or complaint is heard from the Irish Protestants. What must they think? No, Sir. Let us speak like injured men, and then it will be believed that we are so.”

And again—

“Have we no example of the danger of trusting to others while we neglect to make exertions ourselves? Before the last election we were told to trust to the feeling of the English people—and what was the consequence of our paying attention to the advice? Our gracious Monarch remembered his Irish Protestant subjects; for our sakes he changed his advisers; on our cause he appealed to his people, and the English people responded to his appeal. They returned a majority determined to do us justice, but we were wanting to ourselves—the Irish members turned the scale. Here, then, is my answer to those who tell us to look to England, and imagine that in order to do so we should sit down inactive ourselves. Had the Conservatives in Ireland, possessing as they do an incalculable preponderance of the wealth, the intellect, and the property of the country, been able at the last election to divide the representation with their opponents, Sir Robert Peel would now be Premier, and Irish Protestants would be secure. No more, then, of trusting to British sympathy, if that trust is to be the cause of our own inaction. I do not, I repeat, deny the importance of having public feeling in

England with us ; but I do not hesitate to say, that the man who now tells us to abstain from exertion, in the hope of being protected by England is, whether intentionally or not, most mischievous to our cause."

We quote this latter passage, because its argument is a matter of fact upon which, every one is capable of judging, and which loses none of its force by being put forward in plain and simple language. It is in fact, one of the unanswerable common-sense arguments which a plain man can best put forward in all their force, and which could derive no additional force from the most eloquent terms in which they could be conveyed.

Precisely similar was the language employed by Mr. Emerson Tennent, at the dinner given at Banbridge, to Lords Hillsborough and Castlereagh. The broad and startling fact was thus plainly stated by that gentleman at this great and influential assemblage :

"The ruin of Sir Robert Peel's administration was the indolence of the Irish Protestants ; the reliance, the only single support of Lord Melbourne's Government was the same ruinous and disastrous apathy and indifference. At the last election, England was thoroughly aroused and awakened ; and what was the result ? That she returned a majority to support Sir Robert Peel ; whereas Ireland, sluggish and inactive, though by no means indifferent, lay quietly by, and permitted a majority of twenty-three to be returned against him. English ardour and exertion would have maintained his government, but the inactivity and indolence of the Protestants of Ireland counteracted their influence, and seated Mr. O'Connell and Lord Melbourne in his place.

"It was a lamentable but an indisputable fact, (continued this eloquent speaker,) that for some years past, there had been a latent force in the country, sufficient, if registered, to have given an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, but that the landlords and persons of influence have never, till now, shown the slightest disposition to avail themselves of its aid, or to ascertain and enrol their own available numbers."

Let the painful truth be ever borne in mind, that it is the Irish members that turn the scale in the House of Commons against the cause of justice. Let the Irish Protestants ponder on this fact,—let them understand it in all its bearings,—and then let them act as in their consciences they believe is re-

quired by their duty to their country, their religion, and their God.

In the observations with which we intend to occupy the remainder of the space we have allotted to this article, we shall not aim at any regularity in treating of topics, but throw out such suggestions as may occur to us in the order in which they arise. Since we began to write we have seen with infinite satisfaction the requisition signed by eight noble lords, convening a meeting on the 24th of January. Never had we more pleasure in transferring a document to our pages.

"We, the undersigned, request a meeting of the Protestant noblemen, gentlemen, clergy, and landed proprietors of Ireland, in the Great Room at the Mansion-house, in the city of Dublin, on Tuesday, the 24th day of January, 1837, at twelve o'clock, for the purpose of petitioning both houses of parliament, praying them to adopt such measures as will give protection to the Protestants of Ireland, and prepare a loyal and dutiful address to his Majesty, calling his most serious attention to the imminent dangers which threaten the liberties of all classes of his Majesty's loyal subjects in Ireland, and the attempts which are making to undermine and destroy the Protestant religion in this kingdom.

"DOWNSHIRE,
FARNHAM,
DUNSANY,
RODEN,

BANDON,
DOWNES,
ENNISKILLEN,
GLENALL.

"Admission to the meeting will be by tickets, to be issued by the Committee of Arrangement, of which further notice will be given."

We feel persuaded that the meeting convened under such auspices, will be worthy of the cause which it is designed to serve ; and we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that the remonstrance proposed to be conveyed from Irish Protestants to the legislature, and the monarch will be altogether disregarded.

At the same time, we confess, that we look to the proposed meeting as important, principally as it may be the means of exciting the Protestant spirit in the country that may be directed into a practical channel. Our appeals to the legislature will not be disregarded, when we have a majority of the Irish representatives to support them. To gain this majority should be the object which Irish Conservatives should propose to themselves. It only needs a little exertion to attain it, and

this one attained, the cause of Irish Protestantism is secure.

We perceive that by the terms of the requisition the object of the meeting is strictly limited to the preparation of addresses to both houses of legislature and the king. While we are prepared to expect on this occasion a grand and heart-cheering demonstration of Protestant strength, that may carry with it a moral influence of which it is not easy to calculate the effects, let the Protestants of Ireland be well assured of this truth—that all the great meetings they can convene, and all the eloquence, and rank, and influence they may assemble to support their cause, will avail them nothing, absolutely nothing, if the matter is to end there. The kindling of enthusiasm is in the fact the raising of the steam—its power must be found in its proper application to working machinery—it is useless, if it be permitted to expend itself in escaping—and men sit down to admire the wreathes into which it shapes itself. The persons that will come from every part of Ireland in response to this appeal, must go home again with the full conviction, that nothing has been done until the battle of the constitution is fought successfully in the constituencies of Ireland—until—(we are fond of returning to our old point)—a majority of the representatives of Ireland declare on the side of justice to her Protestant population.

That this would be the result of an active and zealous exertion on the part of the Protestants of Ireland, we have no doubt. We speak not now of exertion which it would require time to mature; but we say, that by proper exertion twelve months might give the Protestants of Ireland the command of a majority of its representation. Let local Conservative Associations be formed in every borough and county in Ireland, and very soon the object will be attained.

It is of course almost impossible, without local returns from every constituency to obtain perfect accuracy in calculations of this nature; but we think we will be able to point out the particular representations in which a change might easily be effected in form of the constitution. We will first lay before our readers the actual state of the representation.—Ireland sends 105 members to the Imperial Parliament; two seats are at present vacant: there remains 103 members, of whom 41 are Conservatives, and 62 O'Connellites:

of the vacancies, one (Longford) is occasioned by a Conservative, the other (Dungarvan) by an O'Connellite; and we believe the probabilities are that both will be filled up without making any alterations in the proportions of parties. We shall, at least, consider them in the following tables in this light.—Let us divide the constituencies of Ireland into three classes: county constituencies, those of boroughs returning two members, those of boroughs returning one, and the following are the proportions in which they are divided:—

	Conservatives	O'Connellites.
County members,	24	40
First class towns		
and boroughs,	6	8
Second class, do.	12	15
Total,	42	63

Let us go through each class separately, and endeavour to ascertain the probable gain or loss by a dissolution of parliament, if in the interim proper exertions were made by the Conservatives.

In the county votes a very considerable change might be effected in favour of Conservatism. In Antrim there will be no contest: Lord Belfast will give way to an honest man. In Armagh it would not be difficult to displace Lord Acheson, although we admit it might involve a struggle: and in Monaghan there is only wanted a Conservative candidate to ensure the turning out of Mr. Westenan. In the County Cork it is just possible that we might gain a vote. It is, however, we fear, more probable that we may lose one: but, unquestionably, by proper exertion, both the members of this great county might be Conservatives. In Dublin county the Conservatives could easily gain the two members; and so could they in Wicklow. There are counties to which we do not allude, in which we believe it would not be impossible to turn the scale against the priests. We believe, indeed, that there are few counties in Ireland which it is not within the limits of exertion to rescue; but we wish now to shew what is plainly practicable—and there is no one acquainted with the state of the constituencies who will say that we are over sanguine in calculating, that of the county members the Conservatives might, by a little exertion, gain six—and this even allowing for the loss of one.

Of the boroughs returning two members each, Dublin, Belfast, and the University are secure to the Conservatives. Galway, and we fear we may add for the present, Limerick, Cork, and Waterford, to the radicals.

We now come to the boroughs returning one member each. It needs but active and disinterested exertion to rescue from the O'Connell party Armagh, Clonmel, Colerain, Newry, Tralee, Portarlington, and Youghal. Indeed, in both Newry and Youghal the Conservative interest is already secure. From this, however, we must deduct one for Drogheda, where, we fear, a change, not for the better, would be effected. This reduces the Conservative gain to six.

In these calculations we have endeavoured cautiously to avoid all exaggeration of our strength. We have rather reckoned the seats which are lost by indolence, than those which might be gained by exertion. And we have little doubt that were common and ordinary precautions taken to ensure success, another election would add 12 to the Irish Conservative members. This would give us 54 members out of 105, a majority of the representation.

It must be remembered, that we have entered on this calculation simply with a view of presenting to the minds of our readers a tangible proposal of what is possible by exertion to effect. Our calculations may be perhaps erroneous; what is future is matter of speculation; but of one thing we are certain, that experience testifies for the past, that whenever the Irish Conservatives have put forth the energies of men impressed with the sacredness of their cause, they have been triumphant—even where exertion seemed most hopeless. It is not long since the city of Dublin was regarded as the very stronghold of radicalism—the untiring energies of one individual first won the victory—which the exertions of a few have now rendered secure. Let the glorious example of Mr. West teach Conservatives every where what may be done by one single hearted, undaunted man—let the issue of the long and protracted contest for the City of Dublin teach us this—that no seat should be abandoned without a contest, and no contest terminate without a petition. Of the actually qualified voters of Ireland the immense majority are on our side. It is by voters, the creation of such judges as Mr. Gibson, and Mr. Hudson,

that the voice of the *bona fide* electors is overcome. Let the Conservatives of Ireland set themselves to the task of purifying the constituencies, with the determination of men who feel that all that is dear to them is at stake. Let every county in Ireland be contested with the determination that an appeal to the House of Commons must follow their defeat. Let them bring the fraudulent manufactures of political judges to the bar of the British House of Commons; and let them only yield the contest when they are beaten by a fair majority of those to whom the legislature intended the franchise should be confided.

To do all this, local associations are necessary, and local associations we must have. We want no agitation, we want no unconstitutional organization, but simply societies whose object it shall be to secure a fair representation for the sentiments and feelings of the really qualified voters of the constituencies of the country.

It is time that this article should draw to a close. We had intended to have glanced at the different meetings which have been held throughout the Ireland, and to have drawn from the eloquence and reasoning which they have been the occasion of presenting to the public some little of the much that is worthy of being preserved. But we must have done. We rejoice to find that every part of Ireland is awake, and that many local meetings are about to kindle the flame of Protestant ardour in their respective districts. All we ask is that the flame so kindled be not permitted to waste itself, but that the excitement thus produced be directed into practical channels.

One or two suggestions, perhaps of minor import, and we have done. We would suggest to the friends of Conservative principles, whenever they may deem it expedient to report the proceedings of a meeting, to admit the press of both parties. They have nothing to fear from publicity, and they may lose something by exclusion. We say emphatically we are advocates on such occasions for the free and indiscriminate admission of the press: it leaves the opposition papers no excuse for not putting our statements before their readers; and it is in the columns of the radical journals that those statements can effect most good.

We would suggest to the Metropolitan Conservative Society that they

could not better employ a small portion of their funds than in reprinting and circulating, in the shape of pamphlets, the reports of such Conservative meetings as may appear worthy of being preserved: beginning with their own on the 16th, let them bring up the arrear for those that have since taken place, and continue a connected series that may be a record of the sentiments and movements of the Protestants of Ireland.

We have thrown out these few observations unconnectedly and hurriedly.

P.S.—We have just seen the account of the Belfast dinner, and a splendid gathering it was—a festival worthy of the metropolis of Protestant and Conservative Ulster. Eleven hundred and fifty-eight honest and sound-hearted Protestants sat down to dinner—men loyal to their King and true to their religion, and determined to support the one and protect the other against all the menaces of a thousand agitators. It is a glorious and a cheering thing to see these demonstrations of attachment to the cause of truth—it is still more cheering to find Belfast the scene of such a triumphant manifestation of right principle—perhaps our opponents will tell us that here there is no evidence of reaction.

The proceedings of this dinner must be re-printed and presented in a shape more permanent than the fleeting columns of a newspaper. Let the Belfast Society circulate them through the North, and the Metropolitan Society through the South of Ireland. The speech of Mr. O'Sullivan contains an argument which has never previously been put before the public in its fullness, and which we confess appears to us unanswerable. The speech of Dr. Cook is worth gold. The eloquence of this great man dashes to pieces the affectation and cant of those who pretend to think that the best way of manifesting attachment to the cause of truth is to remain neutral where truth is attacked. We know of several who think themselves very good and wise men whose sentimental affectation of standing aloof from politics, might find a useful lesson in the manly sentiments uttered by one of the most firm as well as ablest ministers of the day. Would to God, that we had men of the spirit of Dr. Cook diffused throughout all who profess a zeal for religion.

If they shall be the means of exciting the Protestants of Ireland to a sense of the heavy and grievous responsibility that belongs to those that remain inactive, our object is gained. It is now no fiction to say that every man should feel as if the issue depended on his own individual exertion. No individual can tell but in the perilous and doubtful contest in which we are engaged he may be the unit that will turn the trembling scale, and incline the balance for ever to the side of order, of Protestantism, and of the constitution.

23rd December.

Conservative festivals are multiplying—Omagh is about to follow the example of Belfast. On Thursday the fifth of January the Conservatives of Tyrone assemble to form a Conservative Society, and have wisely determined to close the proceedings of the day by a dinner. The Protestant feeling of Ulster is awake—the sturdy spirit of the people of “the Black North” is roused. We cannot resist making one statement from Dr. Cook's splendid speech at Belfast—it expresses all that we could say in language, which we could not hope to rival.

“Despondency! Conservative despondency!! Ah! I have it; I recollect a scene where there was great despondency. It was on the memorable plain of Waterloo when the scourge of nations summoned up all his energies for one last fearful struggle for existence and victory. Over the battle field of France the cloud of war gathered, and concentrated its terrors. Forcible as the avalanche of the Alps, it thunders onward, and sweeps away resistance. Resistance! resistance there is none. Around the “meteor flag” of England there is nought but close-lipped silence and trembling despondency: not a solitary token of hope appears. The once proud array of Britain seems as crouched in craven cowardice, while the artillery of France is playing fearfully over them. The iron columns still thunder onward; but just when France's victory seems secure, the eagle eye of Britain's commander discerns the fated moment, and his lip vibrates with the electric word—“Up guards and at them.” (Deafening cheers.) From that still, peaceful field, starts the chivalry of England.—One charge, one fearful charge of Britain's resistless bayonets, and the columns of France are scattered like the light chaff of the threshing floor before the winds of the winter. (Cheers.) And such is our

Conservative despondency! Yes, we're in a deep fit of Waterloo despondency. (Hear, hear.) Calm, recumbent, collected, not vaunting its prowess, but husbanding its resources; knowing its rights, and determined to defend them (cheers), peaceful, and therefore guilty of no aggression, brave, and determined to suffer none. (Hear.)"

This is just the despondency of the Protestants of Ireland—Waterloo despondency! The spirit of the Black North is aroused, and black indeed will it prove to the ambition of the faction that seek to trample on the rights and liberties of Protestants.

A VISION OF JUDGMENT.

In the grey depth of that unliving shade—

That sunless world, where sleep enchains the frame
With unfelt bonds: Like the Cumean maid,

Through phantom-peopled vales, realms without name,
While Sybil Fancy leads,—methought I strayed;
And a dread vision o'er my spirit came.

In shadowy prospect near, a ghastly crowd—

Knight, noble, priest, stood bound in strange dismay,
And cowered—as village fowl, when from its cloud

The Olympian bird stoops nigh. Some knelt to pray;
Some held vague council; others wept aloud;

Some tried to cheat blank fear with mockery gay.

But fear prevailed. And at each far-heard sound,

Mock, laugh, lament, to ghastlier silence rolled.

From eye to eye the chain of fear ran round,

In panic's icy spell till all stood pale and cold!

—I gazed upon the vision, darkly bound

In the dread shadow of that fear untold.

Next,—as a gathering tempest slowly grows

Above the silence of calmed seas, there came

Portentous noises. Doubtful murmurs rose,

And rumors dark of malcontent and blame,

Of lurking treasons and domestic foes—

Surmises fearful, without shape or name.

Yet, came a pause,—a brief bright interval—

As the fleet sun-glimpse on some shadowy plain,

Or brown moor gliding, or on clouded main

I saw hope's golden gleam down-breaking, fall

Amid the darkness of their fears:—and all

Forgot fear's very name. Gay smiles again

Burst forth like spring-flowers; hopes and fond desires,

And restless wishes—frolics glad and gay—

Projects and busy schemes—brief loves and ires—

Life's still repeated round, which never mortal tires.

But while they thought not, fate was on the way!

Even as the revel gained its height—outhroke,

Above the light strain and the laughing lay,

A fearful cry!—Like the electric stroke

That blasts to blackness bare the woods: it shed

O'er lips yet severing with the reckless joke,

The ghastly paleness of the sheeted dead;

And laughing eyes I saw contract with sudden dread.

Conflicting counsels rose,—to fight, fly, wait,

But every counsel as it came, was late.

Then lo ! rushed in, red as from some street brawl,
 An uncouth rabble, which made mock of state,
 With ruffian pomp—uttering such jeers, as crawl
 Like vipers to the breast, and as they fall
 Wither all hope of mercy ! Darkly then
 They spoke of equal laws, and natural right,
 And swore *Astrea's* age was come again—
 That thrones should fall, and public wisdom reign,
 And virtue, justice, liberty unite.
 But every word they spoke meant some fierce opposite.

By heaven abandoned—to themselves untrue—
 On fate's dark verge men stood and wavered still—
 Just firm enough to anger that fell crew,
 And only yielding to provoke fresh ill.
 They compromised—while each concession drew
 Fresh claims, each mandate of a fiercer will.

Then came the fearful and the guilty hour
 Such human eye hath seen—conception's power
 Dream't never, or speech uttered. Yet it past,
 Leaving its crimson tracks on field and bower.
 Proud structures raised, the storms of time to outlast
 Lay heaped—the ruin of a moment's rage.
 Tower, temple, mansion, in confusion vast
 Were mingled. There the tuneful and the sage,
 The brave, the fair, the great, the good, the just,
 The priest, the altar, and the sacred page,
 All things of power or pride, of love or trust,
 Lay crushed together in one crimson dust.

Next as the changes of a dream appear,
 I saw the homicidal multitude
 Gaze on each other with the eye of fear.
 Justice stole back, disguised with smile severe.
 Among the striving miscreants, where they stood
 Around a block with gory garlands dressed—
 Avenging virtue with their own base blood.
 A rule of many tyrants all opprest,
 Where each became a slave or victim to the rest.

A nation's cry arose, and o'er the land
 A giant phantom, waved its iron hand,
 And checked the brawlers with their self-wrought chain
 Till all grew still. Then came a marshalled band
 And reared a ponderous throne—which sore did strain
 Upou the necks of the perfidious crowd.
 Last rose the clang of arms o'er sea and land,
 As the high trumpet broke sleep's shadowy cloud,
 And that crowned Phantom raised his battle cry aloud.

THE TRIUMPH OF MUSIC.*

BY JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

LONELY was the blossoming
 Of the sad unwelcomed Spring ;
 And Man, the slave of passions blind and brute,
 A wanderer in a world where all was mute.
 Sound for the ear, or symbol for the heart
 Was none ; and Music was a later birth—
 The thoughts, we find no language to impart,
 Die—and thus Love was dying from the earth.

Then of the Heavenly was there a revealing,
 That harmonized the chaos of Man's breast ;
 Above—around—within—the hidden feeling
 Found language—Music is but Love expressed.
 The nightingale in every rich love-note
 To Man speaks love ; and, when the vexed wind rushes
 Through moaning forests, Man's mind is afloat
 In the wild symphony. The liquid gushes
 Of the thin tinkling rivulet—the tone
 Of Zephyrus, that whispers Flowers half-blown,
 Tempting the lingerers to dare the May—
 Do they not with them wile Man's heart away ?
 And oft, as in a car of fire, elate
 The soul ascends, on Music's wings, in gleams
 Of momentary triumph, to Heaven's gate—
 A happy wanderer in the world of dreams !

Spell, that soothest, elevatest,
 Language of the land unknown,
 Music, earliest charm and latest,
 In gladness and in gladness gone !

Shrieking in his mother's arms
 Infant passions vex the child ;—
 Murmur low the lulling charms,
 Pain is soothed and reconciled.

Magic mystery of numbers,
 Thine to soothe away, and lighten
 Grief—and thine the cradled slumbers
 With thy dreams of gold to brighten.

To the dance !—to the dance !—'tis the summer-time of life
 And Music invites—to the dance—to the dance—
 Old age has its sorrows, and manhood its strife,
 Care darkens the forehead, dispirits the glance.

For the weary hath Music its accents of healing ;
 But in youth what a charm in each jubilee-note ;
 To the dance—to the dance !—How the rapturous feeling
 Gives wings to the feet—sends the spirit afloat !

* These lines were written from imperfect recollection of a German poem, introductory to a piece of music of Spohr's.

WITH the Joyous doth Music rejoice!
 'Tis the stilly time of night,
 And the soft star-light
 Smiles in heaven—and—hark—the guitar!
 And hush—'tis the young lover's voice
 To his own—to his earthly star.
 And she is his—in vain—in vain
 Would woman burst the magic chain
 Of love and love-inwoven sound ;—
 Love-inwoven Sounds—ye come,
 And are language to the dumb,
 Heal the wounded heart—the hard heart ye wound!

To the battle—to the battle—Hurry out—
 To the tumult—and the shriek and the shout ;
 Hark the bugle—how it thrills—" To the strife"—
 " What is life?"—and the trumpet—" What is life?"
 In every tone is Victory—how they scatter into air,
 Before the sunny Music, clouds of doubt, and fear, and care.
 Already is the triumph won—prophetic Fancy weaves,
 Dyed in the blood of enemies, the wreath of laurel leaves.

Wild in the war-whoop your ominous voices
 We hear o'er the battle-field pealing aloft—
 Peace smiles : in her sweet smile the green earth rejoices
 And welcoming Music comes mellow and soft.

Slow down cathedral aisles streams prayer and praise,
 As home returning from the battle-field
 Their hands and hearts the joyous victors raise
 To Him, who in the battle was their shield.

Listen to the death-bell tolling,
 And its accents of consoling,
 Telling, to the long oppressed,
 That the weary is at rest,
 To the mourner whispering
 Of an everlasting spring ;
 Soothing, thus and reconciling,
 Softening, and to tears beguiling
 With their measured murmurs deep
 Agony, that could not weep!

Mysterious tones! and is it that you are
 The dreamy voices, of a world unknown,
 Heard faintly from the Paradise afar,
 Our Fathers' home, and yet to be our own!

Breathe on! breathe on, sweet tones—still sing to me,
 Still sing to me of that angelic shore,
 That I may dream myself in heaven to be,
 And fancy life and all its sorrows o'er!

NAPOLEON'S MIDNIGHT REVIEW.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BARON ZEDLITZ.

Adapted to the French Air, "Le Petit Tambour."

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

At midnight hour is heard
 A wild and wailing sound ;
 The spectre-drummer leaves his grave,
 Parading round and round ;
 His fleshless hands they play
 With drumsticks on the drum—
 And now the martial reveillé,
 Or roll-call notes, they come.
 So strangely does he play,
 That, wak'ning to the strain,
 Old soldiers from their gory sleep
 Start up to life again !
 Those in the frozen north,
 Who feel 'neath Russian sway,
 And those who from Italia's grave
 Return not back to-day.
 Arabia's desert teems,
 And Nile gives up her slain ;
 And lo ! in ghostly armour clad,
 They crowd the ranks again !
 And from his midnight tomb
 The trumpeter does come,
 And shrilly answers with his blast
 The summons of the drum.
 All on their airy steeds
 The warrior throng are seen,
 With many a gashed and gory wound.
 And visage dark, I ween.
 To grasp the flashing sword
 Their bony hands aspire ;
 But, from their grinning skulls, the eyes
 Give out no wonted fire !
 At midnight's lonely hour
 The CHIEF of all the band,
 On blanched steed comes slowly forth
 To give the still command !
 He wears no badge of war—
 No mark of kingly fame,
 Nor plume, nor glittering star
 Add splendour to his name.
 A little sword hangs sheath'd
 His shadowy form beside ;
 But all the hero's fire is gone,
 And all the monarch's pride !
 The moon looks from the sky
 On the spectral forms below,
 And he who reins the blanched steed
 From rank to rank does go.
 The squadrons greet their CHIEF—
 In silence greet they him ;
 Save when the drum and trumpet notes
 Rise o'er the phalanx dim !
 Around him marshals come,
 And generals bend the sword ;
 And see ! the Chieftain stoops to one,
 And gives a whispering word.

That word flies round the ranks,
 With lightning swiftness driven.
 'Tis "FRANCE!" their watchword—"St. HELENE!"
 The password quickly given.
 'Tis thus at midnight hour
 The spirits of the slain
 Assemble round a mighty Chief
 That troubleth not again!

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. BLACKTHORN M'FLAIL, LATE P.P.
 OF BALLYMACWHACKEM.

Written by his Cousin, the Rev. Phedlim M'Fun, Roman Catholic Rector of Ballymacaltheen.

INTRODUCTION.

HAVING given to my late cousin, Father Blackthorn M'Flail, a very solemn pledge upon his death-bed that I would write his autobiography at full length, I now, in accordance with his earnest wishes, undertake that melancholy task, feeling too sensible at the same time of my own incapacity to perform it in a manner worthy of the subject. For this reason I trust that such errors and imperfections as the goodnatured reader may discover either in my late friend's life, or in my manner of relating it, he will, from a feeling of kindly sympathy, look upon with a lenient eye. Whatever hard-hearted critics may insinuate about the *odium theologicum*, and the implacable spirit attributed to priests of all creeds, I say that the man who with his own hand forgave the sins and transgressions of so many, surely deserves an ample share of that virtue which he practised towards others. This is all I demand, and I trust it will be conceded to the slight aberrations of one whose good qualities so far predominated over his failings.

Of my last interview with him I feel it necessary to say a few words, by way of justifying myself for the important undertaking which I am about to commence. He had written to me on the morning before his death, to request that I would call upon him forthwith; adding, with that love of humour which, as in the case of Cervantes, death itself could not suppress—

"If you do not make haste, it is very possible you may find me *from home*."

I myself, however, had heard that the hydrophobia, with which for the greater part of his brief but fertile career he had been afflicted, suddenly left him; and I consequently knew that his last glass was run. But indeed he himself felt as conscious of this as I did; for on seeing me he exclaimed,

with a lengthened face and a solemn shake of the head,

"Ah, Father Phedlim, it's all over with me: I find I can drink water at last."

As he spoke I saw a mortified twist in his nose, and an abatement of colour which I had never noticed before. My eyes filled; but on perceiving my emotion, he said again, in his own inimitable way,

"I see, Father Phedlim, that you are resolved our last meeting shan't be a *dry* one. Don't be so copious, man alive, now, at all events. Is this by way of treat, because you have heard that I can bear water? Come, come; you know I never liked it soft, except when the whiskey and sugar were convenient to it. I did not send for you here to get pathetic, but to talk upon business."

I could perceive, notwithstanding this effort, that his countenance was troubled, and I accordingly assumed an appearance of firmness which was foreign to me. Knowing the value of the companion I was about to lose, and that my excellent friend, then grappling with the last attack of a formidable dropsy, never felt so happy as when, in the thirst of an honest heart, he sat with the decanter before him, surrounded by his choice companions.

"There is one thing, my dear Phedlim," he proceeded, that puzzles me; and it is this—why a man who never drank a naggin of *aqua pura* in all his life should come to die of a *dropsy*."

I felt that the anomaly he mentioned was striking enough, and replied that it might proceed in his case from some idiosyncrasy of constitution.

"Ay, ay," said he; "may be so: it's an idiosyncrasy that has moistened my clay, any how; but you know that I never had an idiosyncrasy for water, at all events: so that it is the more unaccountable. But I suppose it's not unnatural either that a man who is

fond of the drop should in time become dropsical. This, however, cannot be helped now: I have other things to speak of. In the first place, I lay it upon you as the last injunction of a dying clergy to write my Orthobiography, and continue my life after I am dead. I have taken an active part, as you, Phedlim, know, in forwarding the interests of the only true church; and I do not, consequently, wish to have my memory forgotten. Father M'Flail was never created, I should hope, to be a nonentity. You will find the materials for my life in the black *garde du vine*, and I have no doubt but you will make an efficient use of them. With respect to my property, do not be angry if I have forgotten to name you as one of my executors. I know your zeal for the church, and consequently had a reason for my want of memory. You will not quarrel with me for this after I depart. From similar logic I have declined to constitute you guardian to my poor nephew, who, indeed, will miss his uncle when I am gone. There are many things to console those whom I leave behind me. Heresy is in the last gasp: the parsons may whistle the *Deprowhinges* over their tithes. Our party is predominant; Orangeism is in the dust, and we live under the benign government of our warm friend the Earl of Mulligrub, one of the most Viceregal governors that ever our unhappy country seen. These are my last words, my dear Phedlim; and I hope you will faithfully report them, so that they may reach his comely ears. Let him obey Dan, as he has done, and allow us—the clergy of the people—to keep dictating to him, as heretofore; let him also keep neutral on the Tory side, and support us firmly as at present: I say, let him do this, my dear Phedlim, and he will be a Ninth Beatitude to the Irish people—a ninth beatitude, sorra thing less—God pardon me for being profane, but sure, if I am, it's in a sacred cause, at all events."

He now seemed considerably exhausted, and was silent, rather from inability to speak than disinclination. After a few minutes, however, he looked wistfully towards a small decanter, and, with a revival of animation for which I was hardly prepared, said,

"Phedlim, what's that in that atomy of a decanter?"

I examined, and finding it was water, told him so.

His eye drooped again, and he

twisted his nose with a slow and doleful motion towards one side of his face, and his mouth towards the other, after which he groaned, but did not speak for nearly a minute.

"Ah," said he, at length, "I might have known by the size that it contained nothing else. That decanter, Phedlim, is a fresh importation; it is none of mine."

I now ventured to remind him of matters that I considered to be just then important to his condition; among other things, I told him that I was ready to hear his confession, and give him absolution of his sins.

It would indeed be impossible to describe the flash of humour which for a moment lit up his features as he looked at me.

"You," said he, "a fifteen tumbler man—you absolve my sins! Ah, Phedlim, my darling boy, don't I know you too well for that? No, no: like many a zealous brother of the robes, I'm thinking less of the *rites* of our church than of her wrongs."

For some minutes afterwards he appeared slightly unsettled; but it was evident from such odd words as escaped him, that his mind was fixed upon the prospects of ultimate ascendancy for our church, on which, in common with us all, his worthy heart had always been fixed.

"Earl Mulligrub!" he murmured—"the Ninth Beatitude! yes, yes; they may whistle the *Deprowhinges* over their tithes, any how: only let him be obadient."

I regretted deeply to find his heart so much set upon the concerns of this transitory life, and once more made him an offer of my spiritual assistance.

To this he made no reply, but turned his eye upon me with a leer so comical that it reminded me of the days, or rather of the nights, when he shone out in the fulness of his own peculiar humour.

I saw, however, that his physical powers were fast failing him, for as he attempted to twist his nose and mouth in opposite directions, as was his habit when he said a good thing, the transposition from their natural places was only partially effected. He then moved his head, without changing a muscle of his countenance, and intimated that he wished me to come near him, which I did; and although his voice was weak, yet his words were distinctly intelligible—

"God bless the Earl of Mulligrub, Phedlim; he's the Ninth Beatitude to us, any way. God bless the Earl of Mulligrub, Phedlim; let him only be obadient to Dan, and all is right. Do you pen my Orthobiography!"

Having given expression to these words, I perceived at once that my friend was no more.

Now, what rendered such remarkable sentiments still more significant was the fact that whilst he uttered them, and even after life had departed, the same comical look of rich ridicule which I have just described remained so clearly impressed on his features, that I felt at a loss to guess whether it was directed against my spiritual powers of absolution or against some lurking motive of satirical contempt which he secretly entertained for the Earl of Mulligrub. Whether, after all, he considered him more as the vain and weak-minded tool of our party, than a statesman capable of understanding and recognizing as *just* the means we use and the ultimate purpose for which we use them. But, in truth, I am not certain whether the last gleam of the departing humorist's satire was not levelled at us both—that is to say, at my inward and invisible Grace and Lord Mulligrub's Statesmanship. Indeed I have little doubt of this, for on approaching him somewhat more closely, I observed that he had, whilst uttering the words just recorded, attempted an unsuccessful wink, as was evident by a slight droop in his right eyelid, which, taken in connexion with the rest of his countenance, and his obvious meaning, seemed goodhumouredly to say—

"We may publicly praise either a tool or a fool, when his knavery or folly

is necessary to our designs; but let him become obstinate or intractable, and then he will soon ascertain the estimation in which we secretly hold him. Praise *usque ad nauseam* from the lips is only another name for contempt at heart."

And indeed no dying man ever winked forth a truer joke than that which I have just translated, as Lord Mulligrub in his day might have learned from the fate of his two predecessors the moment they became unmanageable and dared to think for themselves.

Such was my last interview with Father Blackthorn M'Flail; and such also was *his* with the world. No man ever stood forth as a better representative of Irish humour, or had a juster claim to be considered a *Mercutio* in canonicals than he. Like many others, the ruling passion clung to him even in death; and that vein of goodhumoured satire which ran through his conversation left its impress on his countenance when his tongue could no longer shape it into language.

With respect to myself, I felt it necessary to give a brief sketch of his last moments, in order to show the reader that I undertake his autobiography—or, as he called it, his Orthobiography—not from any inclination on my part to enter upon the execution of a task evidently difficult, but merely from a pious wish to comply with his last request so solemnly urged, and to redeem the pledge which I then gave him. Having thus premised so much, by way of an introduction, I have the honour to subscribe myself, gentle reader, your obedient humble servant,

PHEDLIM M'FUN,

Catholic Rector of Ballymacaraltheam.

CHAPTER I.

CONTAINING HIS ANTENATAL HISTORY.

The subject of our present memoir, the late Father Blackthorn M'Flail, was related both by his paternal and maternal side to some of the most remarkable families in Ireland. His mother being sister to my father, was consequently a M'Fun, and it was well known that she possessed the spirit and janus of our family to the backbone. About two centuries ago a branch of our relations, bearing the family name, made a hasty trip to Scotland, for a reason that they had,

but on no other account in life, where they settled and apostatized almost in one and the same breath. They immediately changed their names to M'Phun, thus laying out the only orthographical distinction that properly intimated the character of the family. Not that they all did so, as is evident from the fact, that one Robert Burns, a Scotch ballad-maker, met a faymale descendant of ours at a holy fair in Dumfriesshire, who gave her name correctly enough, with the exception of

the Mac, which I am rather inclined to think the rhyming ploughman left out himself, merely *euphoni gratia*, as we used to say at school when scanning the works of Propertius. Whatever might have been the change from the *Padereen Partha* to the Westminster Confession—and faith, a hard crust to chew is that last—I feel satisfied that some branch of our family retained, in spite of the severe spirit of Scotch morality, a fair portion of the potato. A holy fair in Scotland and an Irish Station at home are concatenated by a pretty considerable resemblance; and of course the former is the very place in the North where the descendants of our Irish M'Funs would certainly be present.

The collateral branches of our families are the M'Fuds, the M'Seuts, and the M'Flummerys, who were all united either by blood, marriage, or what the Irish call *cleaveenship*—that is, a kind of connection not immediately either the one or the other, but founded on an approximate identity of feeling, that prompts a person to lean towards the matrimonial relatives of such families as those who are his connexions by blood may happen to be married into.

Bosthoon M'Flail, the father of young Blackthorn, was the son of ould Kippeen M'Flail, nephew to the celebrated Shilleby M'Flail, said to have been the founder of a secret society in Ireland, called, in the first instance, the Ballyboulteen Threshers, but afterwards known simply by the name of the Threshers. The M'Flails were a logical and disputatious faction; and though they practised their logic only with the right hand, always excepting young Blackthorn's uncle, *Killhogue* M'Flail, who was left-handed; yet few either of individuals or factions, had any relish to argue with them at all, in consequence of their appealing too directly to the sate of intellect.

Bosthoon M'Flail's marriage with my aunt Molshy M'Fun, was too good a thing to be passed over in silence by the unworthy biographer of their reverend descendant. Molshy was celebrated as a bouncing *flaghoolagh* beauty, of a powerful frame, and comely masculine features, that *hot* Bosthoon's taste to a hair.

Of course the worthy man had seen my aunt Molshy before-hand, or he could not have entertained such a patriotic attachment towards her. Of this attachment, however, she was ut-

terly ignorant, inasmuch as Bosthoon had never opened his lips to her in his life upon that or any other subject. Nor was this surprising; for, to tell the truth, there was more than a cock's-stride of difference in their respective situations. Bosthoon, for instance, had scarcely a second shirt to his back, whilst my aunt Molshy had a handsome fortune of two hundred pounds, three beds, four cows, and a lucky *caul*, in which every female of her blood, in a direct line, for the last three generations, had been married. Bosthoon, however, at once resolved, that what he wanted in point of wealth, should be made up in policy. He was a tall, powerful, indolent fellow—in fact, an admirable exemplification of the *vis inertia*, with a fair complexion, and white brows, sheepish in his manners, and without a word to throw at a dog, except when a purpose was to be gained, and then let Bosthoon alone. Bosthoon, however, having cast his eye on my aunt Molshy, turned over in his mind the best method of securing her to himself. The result of his meditations no one knew (for Bosthoon always was his own confidant,) until the ninth morning after he had begun to meditate, when he waited about eight of the clock, A.M. on the parish priest—not his confessor—for the curate, as being a more fugitive personage, and less a fixture in the parish than the other, is usually honoured with the penitence of such as are of worthy Bosthoon's kidney.

Accordingly, about the hour aforesaid, a timid—no, *not* timid neither, for the rap was a sturdy one—but a strong, ungainly, knavish, and sinister kind of a knock, came to Father M'Flewsther's door, which was immediately opened by the housekeeper. A tall, straggle-boned customer stood before her, dressed in a long-bodied, skirtless frize jacket, with a packet under each arm. Bosthoon, whose hands had been stuck in the pockets, so as to run them out to collision on the front of his body, now took one hand out, and scratching his forehead under his hat, asked—

“Is Father M'Flewsther at home?”—at the same time stretching out a huge foot, cased in as huge a brogue, on which he bent his eye with an awkward stare, as if he was afraid to look the housekeeper in the face, or as if the gigantic dimensions of the foot had never struck him before.

“He is at home,” said the housekeeper.

"Is his reverence up, ma'am?" again enquired Bosthoon.

"I believe he is," replied the housekeeper: "Is any thing wrong, dear?"

"Be gorra there's too much wrong," said Bosthoon. "Would you be plazed ma'am to tell his reverence that I want very badly to spake a word wid him."

He was accordingly brought into the kitchen; and in about a quarter of an hour was told by the housekeeper that his reverence had risen, and was waiting to see him in the parlour.

"What's your name?" said Father M'Flewsther, as he entered.

"Bosthoon M'Flail, sir; a son of ould Kippeen's—wid the help o' God, and submission to your reverence."

"And what do you want with me?" said the priest;—"but, in the first place, take a chair, and don't stand twisting your long body and short jacket, as if your shirt was a blister—looking into the floor, too, as if you had second sight—and except you can command a change of hat, you might as well not crush that excuse into atoms, as you're doing."

A blank and grotesque smile settled upon the huge white eye-brows of Bosthoon.

"What do you want with me?" again enquired the priest.

"Why, plase your reverence, it isn't my fau't, anny how. I'm willin' up to this minute to rightify her—but, barrin' she saves her own carrecther, and marries me, I wout stay in the country—so, as there's no hope of that, I want a twistimonial from your reverence to America."

"What the dickens are you after, Bosthoon?"

"Molshy M'Fun, sir—God pardon me!"

"Bosthoon, my good boy, explain yourself?"

"Be gorra, it's past that, your reverence. But she wout be brought an'ly common sinse, good or bad, an' I willin' to marry her, an' to do for her; how-and-iver, if she doesn't choose to succum', it can't be helped. I was ready to make an honest woman of her—an' she knows that—and if your reverence would put into the twistimonial, that I'm a well-behaved boy, of good morals, and an honest father's son, it would sarve me very much beyant. They say, sir, there's great feedin' all out there—six mates a day, I hear, an' a dollard wages—an' that the sarvints an' masters, blacks an' whites, all sit at the same *scrahag*."

"The fact is, you sheep-faced scoundrel——"

"Too innocent-lookin', your reverence, I am—no doubt—but, upon my *padercens*, not more so to the eye than I am widin *here*"—placing his huge paw upon his stomach.

"Silence, Bosthoon, and hear me.—The fact is, that you have destroyed the girl, and ruined her reputation; and after having done this, you now want to abscond, and go to America."

Bosthoon scratched behind his ear, as if his conscience winced to the very core at this home charge from the priest. He looked abashed at his reverence for a moment, then at the window, then at the grate, and finally into the bottom of his own hat, as if he expected to find there some relief from the deep and damning embarrassment into which he made the priest believe that his reverence's observation had thrown him.

The reader, in the mean time, is to bear in mind, that Bosthoon had never yet opened his lips to my aunt Molshy; and that, of course, the whole material of the dialogue between him and the priest was as pure fiction, on his part, as ever proceeded from the imagination of man.

"Yes, you villainous he-Gorgon—after having destroyed the girl—a decent girl, too—I know the M'Funs well—I am her confessor, you reprobate, and acquainted with the whole of it;—after having destroyed her, you want to get a character from me, and then to run off to America, and abandon her."

"*Dar an afrin neev*, I don't, if she will marry me—but if she stands out this way——"

"No wonder for her to stand out, you blackguard, after what has happened. But why should she refuse to marry you *now*?"

"Why, be gorra, sir, she stands up for a single life, God pardon her."

"Well—how is that?"

"She says, your reverence, that she will never marry me or any one else—that she'll live single, and a vargin, all her life to come—then, agin, even if I do go to America, I am sure my father, for my sake, would provide for any charge I might lave behind me. I know he likes grandchildre."

"But I will take very good care," said the worthy priest, "that you shall not leave the country till you are made man and wife; and not even then, unless *she* goes with you."

"And I am willin' to do it," replied Bosthoon; "but why should she hold out against the marriage herself? I tould her I'd bring her by force to you, and she said, if I did, she'd deny every word of what I've now said. So, what am I to do?"

"Never mind what she says," said the credulous priest; "haul her down here, and I'll soon give you a legitimate authority over her."

Bosthoon, however, who had a proper regard for his own neck, felt not the slightest inclination to follow the priest's advice. "No—no," he replied, "if she wont do it willinly, the devil a one o' me will force her. *She* may take *her* way, an' *I'll* take *mine*. As to the twistimonial, if your reverence wont give it, why, be gorra, I must only do without it. In the mane time, I hope that your reverence, for *my* sake, as I'm about lavin' the counthry, wont be sayin' any thing regardin' what passed betune us—wishin' your reverence a good mornin'!"

Bosthoon's point was gained; for ere three days had elapsed the worthy priest, in the height of his indignation against his baseness and treachery, had sent the history of my aunt Molshy's fabricated weakness to the uttermost ends of that and the adjoining parishes. In fact, Bosthoon had made Father M'Flewsther himself the principal criminal in the scandal; and the upshot was, that the M'Funs finding aunt Molshy's character blown upon, and by such a competent authority as the priest of the parish, deemed it better, as there was no calling in the scandal, to marry her to Bosthoon at once; and we need scarcely add, that Father M'Flewsther's advice strongly contributed to fix them in this resolution.

Such was the *simplicity* of Bosthoon M'Flail—and Father Blackthorn was his son.

It is unnecessary to give a detail of their wedding, which, indeed, presented the usual traits to be found at such festivities in Ireland—that is to say, a pleasant alternation of mirth and pug-nacity. It could not indeed pass without this necessary admixture of enjoyment. The M'Flails, from a spirit of family pride, and a determination to preserve the consistency of their character, could not allow the M'Funs to have it all their own way. Nor could the M'Funs, on the contrary, allow the M'Flails to turn such a scene of convivial hilarity into a continuous battle.

The opposition, therefore, between the contending principles of the two parties, produced those agreeable lights and shadows—in other words, that fun and fighting, which so eminently distinguish the Irish climate and the Irish heart from all others with which I happen to be acquainted, or of which I have ever read.

In other countries, it is true, and I am forced to admit it, that Bosthoon's most signal exploit, at his own wedding would have been looked on as a kind of small sacrilege. Bosthoon, however, who was not a theologian, and no great shakes of a moralist, felt no remorse in perpetrating the exploit I have alluded to. In plain truth, then, as it was family against family—the M'Flails against the M'Funs, backed by the M'Flummeries on one side, and the M'Scuts on the other—honest Bosthoon, whose sympathy with his new connexion was too fresh to be practical, entertained no scruple at all in giving to his own father-in-law the "crame" of a sound drubbing.—This, however, though looked upon by his relations as heroism of no ordinary character, was inferior to that which Molshy, his bride, acting under an indignant sense of filial duty, achieved for herself. I do not wish to be unpleasantly particular; it is enough to say that Bosthoon went to his nuptial couch that night with a broken head, and that the hand by which it was broken, was the same that had in the early part of the day, plighted to him its troth, when its fair owner promised him love, honour, and *obedience*. Some marks, I admit, she did receive in thus signalizing herself, but then Bosthoon expressed deep contrition in the course of that night for having inflicted them, and Molshy assured him she was perfectly satisfied.

From this forward, they lived harmoniously enough together. The gambolings of Bosthoon during the honey-moon, though uncouth, were not disagreeable to his strapping bride. Taking them, therefore, each as the representative of their class, it is enough to say that they were very well paired, and that she as a M'Fun was quite a match for him as a M'Flail.

In this way things went on well enough on both sides, for about two months, when one evening as Bosthoon and his wife sat together enjoying a comfortable *tele-a-tete*, he noticed a peculiar embarrassment of manner in

his amiable partner for which he could not account. He saw very well that the bashful creature was labouring under some extraordinary secret which she felt a blushing reluctance to disclose. Bosthoon, of course, was sorely puzzled as to what the nature of her communication could be, for as he had little knowledge of the sex, or of their teasing agreeable moods and whims, so was he signally deficient in that sagacity which so often enables wit to anticipate experience. Though deficient in penetration, however, he was no fool, and consequently took a most excellent method of making her abandon that coquettish fondness which she seemed disposed to work up into nothing less than a mystery. This imperturbable indifference on his part succeeded. Molshy, after patting him on the cheek, and playfully shaking a pair of ears (his, of course,) nearly equal to Bottom's, at length said,

"Bosthoon, darlin."

"Well, Molsh."

Molsh hung down her head, first giving him a timid, pleasant, significant, roguish glance from the tail of her eye, after which she placed the palm of her right hand on that of her left, and began to inspect the joints of her fingers, passing her left thumb over the back of the right hand, which was uppermost, and seeming to examine them joint by joint.

"What wor you goin to say, my thracle?"

"Oh, bad scran to you, Bosthoon! you'r the dickens!"

"How, darlin?"

"Go to the sarra, the never a one o' me will tell you."

"Well, jewell, sure I can't help that?"

"Oh, but Bosthoon—sure—no; bad cess to the word. Still, I'll take one myself, so I will—(a huge smack inflicted on Bosthoon.)"

"Bedad," said Bosthoon, licking his lips, "that's what I call doin it honest. Faix, Molsh, you laid your shoulder to it there. Upon my party, that *was* a sappy one."

"But, Bosthoon, jewel and darlin, you don't know what I have to tell you."

"No, in troth, Molshy, but I hope I'll hear it soon."

"Go way wid you," she replied in a pet, "you have no curocity; the never a kiss I'll give you this month to come."

"Faith, I suspected as much by reason of that last one. It would cover three weeks and nine days any how; but why have I no curocity, goslin?"

"Bekase, you hav'n't."

"Well, sure I'm the less like a woman, Molsh."

Here his indifference to her secret induced Molshy to show strong symptoms of getting pathetic, which is always the *dernier resort* of a woman.

"You may thrate me as bad as you please, Bosthoon, but I'm not in a state to be"—

Here her tears came with great fluency, and Bosthoon's indolence was actually stirred into something like interest in consequence of her emotion.

"But darlin," he replied, "tell me—tell your own Bosthoon, at wanst what is wrong?"

"Wrong," said Molshy, drying her eyes, and with something of a proud but indignant feeling, "wrong, there's nothing wrong;" then all at once, gliding into caresses and endearments, she added tenderly,

"No, darlin, jewel—no, my own Bosthoon, there's nothing wrong wid me—no, jewel, *but the conthrairy*."

Her voice, while uttering these words, sank by degrees into a tone of most affectionate and significant confidence.

"Faith," said the obtuse husband, "I'm as proud as a paycock that there's nothing wrong wid you. Why you frightened the life out o'me. I thought you had *cotch* this complaint that's goin."

Molshy, seeing that all the usual *inuendoes* in such cases were absolutely lost upon him, bent her face, and placing her lips to his ear, said,

"Whisper, jewel."

She must have disclosed something of singular importance, for Bosthoon on hearing it, raised his head, and fastening his gray eyes upon her with a grin of delight, that raised his white heavy brows halfway up his forehead, and distending his mouth chuckle after chuckle, until it almost reached those ears the reader wots of, exclaimed,

"Tundher and whiskey, do you tell me so?"

"Yes, I do, Bosthoon. Yes, I do, darlin, jewel, and now don't you like me better than ever? Don't you now? Tell me, Bosthoon, darlin?"

There was no verbal reply given to this query, but a powerful grappling

match immediately took place, which from the loudness and frequency of the smacks, bore a strong resemblance to what is called a running fire in a regiment of cavalry.

We cannot dwell long upon this scene, for the fact is, that the billings, and coings, and palmings, and nursings, and whisperings, and squeezings, and pressures, with the other nonsensical endearments that make the honey-moon look like a beslobbered cake of liquorice in the hands of two over-grown children, may all do very well in the proper place, but to a spectator they are in the mean time anything but delicate or agreeable.

Still we cannot help assuring our readers that when this billing match between Bosthoon and Molshy was over, he once again expanded his cavernous mouth into a gap that resembled the cleft of an earthquake, and raising his huge brows one after another like the lumbering portcullis of a drawbridge, at the same time exposing the whites of his eyes, he gazed upon her with an ogle which we can compare to nothing except the disconsolate look of a dying calf.

Molshy in return gave him a diffident but playful pat on the face, which were it not for a further disclosure that she had to make, would have led to a repetition of the scene we have declined to describe as being rather too sweet for mere lookers-on.

"Bosthoon, behave, dear—behave now. Sure I have more to tell you."

"What! more good news of the same kind; begad you're worth goold."

"No, jewel, its consarnin' my health for the last two or three days. You know, yourself, I never cared much about what I'm spakin' of, although I could take an odd sup now and thin whin I got it."

"A sup o' what, my thracle?"

"Arra, Bosthoon, don't you see what I mane?"

"Faith, I don't think I do, but let us hear it first, and then I may get a glimpse of it."

"I feel quare for a sup o' whiskey."

"You want a sup of whiskey. Well an you must get it. I'll thrate you to share of a naggin, or half a pint in the market on next Saturday. Wont that be something? Buds! woman, couldn't you tell me at wanst that you wanted it?"

Is it *me* want it, Bosthoon, jewel!

Oh, the sorra sup for my part ever I'd care about it; sure it's not that at all, dear."

"Upon my purty, thin, it looks devilish like it, thracleen. If it's not that, then what is it, coaxy?"

"The never a one of him understands me a bit, so he doesn't. Sure it's not me that wishes for it, Bosthoon."

"By my soul, an it's not me then, Molsh; and who the puck is it, for there's but the two of us?"

Molshy's contempt was beginning to rise at Bosthoon's stupidity and slowness of apprehension, but checking this, she proceeded in a wheedling and confidential tone.

"Sure it wouldn't be right to refuse it to me *now*, Bosthoon—*now* man alive, I mightn't, or somebody else mightn't be the better of not getting it; only two of us!—the sorrow one but you're bright."

Bosthoon expanded his grey eyes, and first looked at Molshy with a sadly puzzled countenance, after which he cast a bewildered glance slowly about the room, and again fixed his eyes on Molsh without appearing one whit the wiser. Molsh felt that she was reduced to the alternative as before of becoming her own interpreter; so bending her face again, and putting her lips to his ear, she said,

"Bosthoon, whisper jewel."

And in a few words she conveyed the communication and received an answer similar to the last.

"Tundher and whiskey, Molsh, my thracle, do you tell me so."

"Yes I do, and I feel very quare for want of a sup."

Now, the reader ignorant of physiology may not see the direct bearing which the circumstances I am now detailing are calculated to have on the life and character of him who is the subject of my autobiography. This, however, will be better explained by what I am about to narrate.

Bosthoon no sooner understood the nature of the longing desire expressed by Molshy for the sup of whiskey, than he put a pint bottle in his pocket and went off to Peter Byrne's public house, at the cross-roads, for the purpose of procuring the desired beverage for her.

The truth is, however, that one cause of his alacrity to comply with the wishes of his wife proceeded from the simple fact that from the moment she mentioned the whiskey, he felt his own

longing for it nearly as powerful as her's. Bosthoon was never the fellow to flinch from his glass, and indeed there was scarcely a man in his native country who possessed a head more impervious to its influence than his.— On reaching the cross-roads, like a dutiful husband, he lost no time in getting his bottle filled with the best whiskey the house afforded, with which he would have immediately returned home, were it not for the very natural circumstance of his meeting a few of his neighbours who were going to have something to drink. Bosthoon passed to an inner room, and without much reluctance sat down along with them, placing his bottle of whiskey on the ground by the side of his chair. Glass followed glass for an hour or two, during which time they sang and chatted with great cheerfulness and good humour. Indeed for the last twenty-five or thirty minutes, their mirth was excessive, so much so that in Bosthoon's opinion there was a pound of laughter to every ounce of joke.— They drank his own health with great glee, then Molshy's and young Bosthoon's, and accompanied each toast with peals of mirth that made the house ring. At length he remembered the state of earnest expectation in which he had left the wife, and after bidding them a hearty good night, he put his bottle in his pocket, and returned home, somewhat crestfallen, we admit, in consequence of having delayed so long upon so important a message.

"Oyeh, Bosthoon, darlin," said the wife, "but I thought you'd never come, an me the way I'm in!"

"Why I met with a few friends, and could neither by hook or crook get away from them. But never mind, Molsh, here's a pint of stuff that 'ud take a tear off a pig, my thracle. Get me a glass."

He immediately filled her a glass, which she no sooner tasted, than with a strong shudder of aversion she laid it down, exclaiming—

"By the blessed saints, Bosthoon man alive, it's pure wather."

"Wather my thracle," replied the astonished husband, "didnt I taste the whiskey out o' the pint, afore it wint into the bottle?"

He then filled a glass for himself, and found that Molshy was certainly right, nor unless she herself had seen through the trick, which his boon companions

played upon him by exchanging his whiskey for water, would he, by any means, have discovered it.

"Oh, Bosthoon, darlin," said the wife, "I feel very poorly."

"Don't be poorly, Tuckey, I'll get you another, and bate the worth of a gallon upon the first o' the skamers I meet."

"It's too late, jewel—it's too late now; the harm's done, Bosthoon, darlin; the harm's done."

"Why, I won't be long out; sure I'll be here wid it in no time. And if I meet—"

"No, no, dear—you won't go out any more to-night," she replied, apprehensive of his getting into a quarrel, a propensity at which, notwithstanding his sluggishness, he was rather active; "no, no, darlin', all the harm is done; it's gone aff o' me; so that even if I had it, it would be no use."

Mrs. M'Flail, in truth, had stated the fact; the harm had been done in consequence of Bosthoon's having bungled the performance of so simple a matter as carrying home a pint of whiskey to his longing and loving wife.

Thus, gentle reader, have I accounted on natural principles for that indomitable *hydrophobia* which their first-born son was afflicted with, as well as for that facetious propensity to good liquor, which formed so agreeable a quality in his character.

It has been generally observed, and experience confirms the observation, that genius, talent, and all the more striking points of character are inherited from the mother. To this, however, there have undoubtedly been many outstanding exceptions. As for Father M'Flail, he had the singular good fortune to verify not only the general rule but the exception also. It was remarked of his mother, that from the occurrence of the incident we have just mentioned, until the time of her death she never could relish water, except, as the quack said, "when more or less diluted with whiskey." From her this naturally descended to her son, as did that readiness to use the cudgel for which his whole family by the *father's side* were noted.

Since their marriage, Bosthoon's affection for Molshy grew very fast. It was indeed impossible to find a couple happier in each other. Quarrels they had few or none, for Bosthoon was

heavy in his intellect and easy in his temper, except when powerfully provoked, or when a point was to be gained. Molshy was also of a placid disposition, unless upon rare occasions, and both, as I have said before, were admirably adapted to each other. In this way they lived a pattern of conjugal attachment to their neighbours, whilst in fairs and markets they were equally conspicuous for a social spirit. No two, standing in the same relation towards each other, ever took their naggin or half pint with greater comfort, or set the world more decidedly at defiance after they had taken it.

The period for Molshy's confinement however, was now drawing near, and Bosthoon was literally on the tiptoe of expectation. His manner and disposition were now considerably changed. Instead of crooning over the old lachrymose airs which he was accustomed to dole out with such a dismal drawl, he confined himself altogether to brisk and lively tunes, such as "Drops of Brandy," "The Black Joke," "Deed an' you Sha'nt," "Harvest Home," and others that were of a cheerful and appropriate character; for Bosthoon, in something of a prophetic spirit and a grateful heart, considered it as a time very proper for rejoicing.

Such was their condition and prospects, when one morning Molshy rose up and after breakfast, addressing her husband with rather a thoughtful, if not a disturbed brow, said—

"Bosthoon, dear."

"Well, Molsh, my Tiuckey?"

"I'm not asy in my mind this mornin', the Lord be praised!"

"Why, Molsh?"

"Why, in regard of a dhrame I had last night—the Lord guard me an' what I'm carryin'."

"Amin, I pray Jasus this day, responded Bosthoon," turning his grey eyes upon her with the stare of a man who had seen a ghost. "What was the dhrame, Molsheen? Let us hear it any how."

"Why—och throth, I donna what to make of it; it was a quare one—the nerra one but I'm ashamed, so I am."

"Is it wid me—wid your own Bosthoon, you'd be ashamed?"

"Why, it's so quare; but sure any how, it's *only* a dhrame, an' they say that dhramas go by contraries."

"Well, now for it."

"Why—but Bosthoon, you mus'nt laugh; the sorra one if you do, but I'll stop short, and won't tell it."

"Ont wid it—out wid it."

"Why, ha, ha, ha—throth I can't help laughin' myself. I dhramed thin that I was brought to bed of a blackthorn staff, wid a priest's surplus on the one end of it, an' the sorra purtier blackthorn ever my eyes beheld."

Now, whenever Bosthoon was sorely puzzled, his countenance assumed an expression of most significant vacancy. On this occasion the earnest stare remained, but all the other features of his face became lapsed or entangled into each other, in a manner so ludicrously grave and perplexed, that nothing but great command of muscle could prevent a stranger on looking at them from indulging in excessive mirth.

"Oyeh Molsh! brought to bed of a Blackthorn!"

"Only in my dhrame, sure."

"Derrydages!—be the shamrock, there's something in that, Molsh! How will we get the sinse out of it?"

"I'm not out o' the notion of goin' to the priest about it. Father M'Flewster, they say, knows everything."

"He that knows every thing, may know a thing or two too much, Molsh; besides, he'd only call you a fool, for runnin' to throuble him about a Blackthorn you never saw only in a dhrame."

"But what's to be done?" said the wife. "I'm not at all aisy in my mind since I *dremt* it—nor wont, till I hear the manin' of it."

Desperately was the husband perplexed at a mystery so completely out of the range of his thought as this was. Women, however, possess a readier talent for solving small difficulties than men; a fact, of which Molsh, after a few minutes' close attention, gave ample proof.

"I'd hould goold to silver," she exclaimed, "I have it."

"Faith, I'm not disputing that," said the husband.

"I'm epakin' of the manin'," she continued, "and here it is—the priest's surplus signifies that he'll be a priest."

"And what part of a priest's gear is his surplus?" enquired Bosthoon.

"Why, it's the white shirt, man-alive, that he puts on him of a Sunday."

"But how will you rekinsile the blackthorn an' the surplus?" continued Bosthoon again.

"Why, it signifies, that he'll be a thorn in the side of the heretics, an' a black thorn, too, to them."

"Be the shamrogue, Molsh, that's great arguin' entirely—almost as deep as Scripther. Faith, you des'erve a sup

o' something for that, and must get it, too. Come, hand out the bottle—by the three blessed laves, we'll drink success to young Father Blackthorn in spite o' the world, an' long life to him."

No man could see a dark or difficult point, when duly and satisfactorily explained, better than Bosthoon. He, therefore, clung to his wife's interpretation of the dream with a pertinacity worthy of his character. In point of fact, he was nearly as proud of young Blackthorn before he entered upon the stage of life at all, as ever he was afterwards. A more literal individual could not possibly exist. If he might be said to calculate at all upon a mere speculative point, which is a matter not easily settled, it is certain, that he never for a moment took such a thing as a contingency into consideration. It entered not once into his head, for instance, that his wife might present him with a daughter, instead of a son; and when she pointed out to him the probability of such an event, he treated it with great scorn, and stuck to the dream as an oracle. From that dialogue until Molshy's confinement, whenever he happened to get a glass or two in, he sadly puzzled his friends and neighbours by his huge winks, grotesque grimaces, and nods so ominous, that they might very well precede the birth of a prodigy. Often and often he insisted that they should drink the health of young Father Blackthorn; but who young Father Blackthorn was, from whence he came, or where he might be found, no human ingenuity could get out of him. Even Molshy herself was rather annoyed with him, for scarcely a day passed in which he did not give her a dismal leer, whilst, at the same time he enquired in an astounding whisper, with one eyebrow raised, probably half way up his forehead, and the other unmoved,

"Well, my thracle, how is Father Blackthorn? Eh, Molsh? Faith he'll be a credit to the McFlails,—an' I'm as proud as a paycock out of him already. As for you, I'll dhrame you against any woman in the barony."

Much mirth, indeed, was occasioned by his perpetual allusions to Father Blackthorn; and many persons, overrating their own powers of penetration, undertook to extract the secret out of him, as to who his reverence might be. All they could get, however, was a portentous dislocation of the features, designed for a right knowing wink, or a grin of defiance, that

would not have disgraced Frankenstein.

Molshy's female relatives, however, having come to a knowledge of the mysterious Father Blackthorn, his reverence in a short time became a well-known character in the parish, and had his health drank many's the good time and often, at the convivial meetings of Bosthoon and his friends, even before he had the good fortune of being endowed with visible existence.

The reader sees from what I have already written, that Father Blackthorn was much more fortunate than other men. I believe he stands the only solitary instance, from among all those who have been illustrious since the world began, of any man; (setting aside scriptural and prophetic characters,) who was ever celebrated before his birth. No wonder for him to say, as he often solemnly did, that he was never created to be a nonentity;—and surely the man whom Fame claimed to herself before his entrance into life, she will not now abandon, after he has departed out of it. She met him halfway in the beginning, and now let her give him a decent convoy at the end. To neglect him, however, is out of her power. Father McFlail was not doomed to be remembered only to be forgotten. No: for as the poet said upon an occasion not dissimilar to that which renders the quotation so applicable:—

Vocalem breviant alia subeunte Latini.

At length the important crisis and the midwife both arrived,—and Bosthoon saw the latter personage enter with a chuckle, that seemed to be a cross between a laugh and a groan. He immediately betook himself to the barn, where he lay down on a couch of straw, and with his face to the roof tried to manage the right merry jig of "Harvest-Home." Every now and then, however, he arose, and putting in his face, which was more than ordinarily disjointed by the contending effects of hope and anxiety, he asked, in a voice which defies description,—

"Has Father Blackthorn arrived yet?"

"No, indeed," replied the servanwench; "and plaze Goodness there wont be any occasion for either priest or docthor. Go out o' that wid you, masher, till you're sent for."

"By the shamrogue, when his reverence appears I'll soon hear of it, any how, Breid.—Wahaw! wee ho! ho!" And out he straggled once more to the

barn, resumed his horizontal position on the straw, and commenced the cross I have just alluded to.

But in truth I must say a word or two more about Bosthoon's character, before his reverence himself makes his *debut* upon that stage where he is destined to play so conspicuous a part. Bosthoon in fact was the representative of a class of men who have not yet, at least as far as I remember, been described by any writer upon Irish character. In the common affairs of life he was, notwithstanding his ponderous stupidity, as little of a fool as ever drove a bargain. Instead of that, in matters where he felt a direct or personal interest, no human being could outwit him. There was a dogged ingenuity about him which, whilst it lulled suspicion, seldom left the keenest rogue of his acquaintance any thing but discomfiture to boast of. Yet what was strange enough, he had the character of being a fool with all those who only met him in conversation; whilst, on the other hand, if you asked the opinion of those who dealt with him, and who themselves stood high as keen and cautious men of business, you would hear something to this effect:—

"Bosthoon M'Flail a fool!—Ay, ay! Well, go and buy him for one, and then see if you can boast of your bargain. To look in his face you wouldn't turn him out of a cabbage-garden; but, if you want to know Bosthoon, go and dale wid him. A fool!—be me sow! he'd buy and sell half the parish, for all so simple as he looks."

What contributed very much to the depreciation of Bosthoon's character was the blank, unsymmetrical expression of his great features, and the fumbling sheepishness of his manners,—to which I may add the possession of a head so utterly foreign to any thing like pure intellect, that it was indeed no wonder he bore the character of being deficient in sense. Indeed, like most men of his class, it might be truly affirmed of him, that he possessed a large share of cunning and shrewdness, with a slender development of the moral and intellectual powers.

When the announcement of the birth of a "thumpin' boy" was made to him by the servant, there was an aw-

fully impatient struggle among the straw, occasioned by his hurry to get up—for it is but just to say, that the huge fellow was by no means insensible to the better domestic feelings. The history of his own iniquity, for instance, given to Father M'Flewsther, was occasioned nearly as much by a kind of unshaped hallucinative affection for my aunt Molshy's person, as by a powerful hankering after her wealth.

"Tundher-an'-whiskey, is he come at last! Hurroo, boys—'There's fire on the mountains—run, boys, run!'" saying which, he started from the barn at a sling-trot, with one shoulder far in advance of his body, and, entering the kitchen, shouted as if he were announcing the final conflagration—"Where's the priest?—haugh-agh, agh-ogh-o!—where's the clargy?—show forth his reverence—tundher-an'-whiskey, how does he look?"

"I'm striving"—said the midwife, coming out of another room—"I'm striving to give him a little sugar an' wather—it *acts* upon the crathurs—an's aisy taken; but sorra *spudh* of it he'll taste, of all the childher ever I brought to the world, whatever's the reason of it."

"No—nor the *dional* saize the drop o' your sugar and wather he'll let cross his lips—the same clargy"—said Bosthoon—"faith he knows a thrick worth two o' that—but, I'll tell you what, my ould fingersmith, put the whiskey to it—put the stiff drop to it, an' thin see how he'll act—bagh-agh-agh, ogh-hogh. Ax his mother, Norry—ax *her* for that. Darrydages! the shaver to be cute so soon—wee, ho! ho!"

And he uttered a neigh of indescribable exultation.

"Well, avourneen," replied Norry, "you might give a worse advice, sure enough—an' indeed I often do the same thing. The sorra better *furshat** ever crossed a child's lips, any how."

"My life on him," said Bosthoon, "it'll go down like new milk." She accordingly, in compliance with the father's prescription, added a *quantum sufficit* of the whiskey to the sugar and water, after which she tried his reverence with the draught thus improved; and precisely as Bosthoon had predicted he set his eye and laying his gum to the spoon, drew in its contents with a keen sense of enjoyment that could not be mistaken for mere animal appetite.

"Saints in Paredies!" exclaimed the midwife, "how he takes it in!" That I may never if he's not following the spoon! Wurrah! look at the little mouth of him searching about for it! Faith it'll come nathral to you when you get up, avourneen, or I'm not here; but any how, faith here's another thrial duck—you tuck the first so manly."

Norry had scarcely concluded, when the youngster feeling himself probably refreshed by what he had first gotten, gave a crow of satisfaction that was heard through the whole house.

"Whagh-agh!" shouted Bosthoon; "Be me sowl, the game drop's in you, my cock—you'll *do* yet."

Saying which, he forced the midwife to place her charge in his arms; and having then secured his reverence, he strided up and down the kitchen, hugging and eating him, and uttering noises of delight so singular, that I can find in the range of natural sounds none at all with which to compare them. Indeed, he appeared not unlike a white bear carrying the young one in its paws, and tastefully licking it into shapes.

As Bosthoon's determination to make the first forthcoming issue of his marriage a priest had taken wind through the agency of his wife's female relations, the appearance of a son was, of course, hailed by them all with great delight and satisfaction. It would, indeed, be hard to guess how he might have acted had their first-born been of a different sex. Whether in the dogged fatuity of a mind like his he would have put her into inexpressibles, in order to bear out his predeterminate intention, and sent her to Maynooth as a candidate for the mission. As it happened the chubby face of "a beautiful boy" saved him much doleful anxiety, and the ceaseless currying of a huge frizzled head upon the subject. One determination, however, he came to, and that was, to give the "young clargy" such a christening as had never been seen in that part of the parish during time immemorial. As soon, therefore, as Molshy was able to stir abroad, Bosthoon pressed upon her the necessity of making immediate preparations for that festive ceremony. 'Tis true she demurred heavily to the scale on which he had fixed his heart to conduct it. All that deprecation, entreaty and point-blank resistance could do was attempted on her part. She had not, however, to grapple with a man, but a bear, and although his hugs were

not hugs of destructiveness, still there was a loving ferocity about them which no mere woman could resist with safety to her bones. The fact is, that Bosthoon either actually got into a fresh fit of fondness, or as he had a design in it, probably feigned the fit. Be this as it may, such an eternal grappling did he keep with her, that out of mere self-defence, she consented to let him have his own way as to the christening, and, indeed, as to everything else connected with young Blackthorn and his prospects.

Bosthoon, having now gained this important point, spared neither time, labour, nor expense in marking the bold outline of this grand festivity.—The fellow was not only big himself, but had a heart worthy of a Colossus. Though keen at a bargain, he was no niggard, and never had the same heart in a penny, for a right good reason, because his Majesty never issued a coin large enough in circumference to contain it. No, no, faith. Poor Bosthoon with all his sheepishness could never see a friend in distress without relieving him, and in this did his son Father Blackthorn resemble him, as the reader will find if he have patience to peruse the events of his life to its close. The same reader may infer from what I have already written, and from what he supposes I may write, that Father Blackthorn was a drunkard, but with great respect to his sagacity, I beg to inform him that though fond of his glass, he was never drunk in his life, which is more than every sober man can say.

When his father, Bosthoon, or big Bosthoon, as he was in general called, had hugged Molshy into compliance with his extensive notion of what young Blackthorn's christening ought to be, he immediately invited to the remotest branch, his wife's connexions and his own. First in importance was Father Roger M'Flewather, the parish priest, and his curate, Father Bartle O'Fag; after whom came a large and varied assortment of the M'Flails, M'Funs, M'Flummerys, M'Fuds, their cousins, the M'Scutts, and the O'Sleeveens, all of whom assembled to celebrate the baptismal festivity of our hero.

But as this is a matter of too much importance to be brought in at the end of a chapter, I must defer it until next month.

Kind reader, thine for the present.

PHILIP M'FUN.

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA.—NO. IX.

SCHILLER'S DRAMA OF WALLENSTEIN'S CAMP.—PART II.

SCENE VIII.—*Gipsy-lads come forward and go through a waltz, first to a slow and afterwards gradually to a quick measure. The First Yager dances with the Servant-girl, and the Recruit with the Sutleress; after a while the Servant-girl runs off, and the Yager, in attempting to catch her, lays hold of a Capuchin Friar who has just entered.*

CAPUCHIN.

"Huzza! huzza! Ri ti tum ti!"

Rare sport! fine doings!—and I, too, by!
Is this an army of Christians or not?

Are ye Turks? or Anabaptists? or what?

That thus ye profane the Sabbath day,
As if the Almighty God had got

The gout in his hand, and so couldn't slay.

Is this, pray, a time for dancing and trolling

Lascivious lays, for feasting and lolling?

Quid hic statis otiosi?

The thunders of War break o'er the Donau,*

Arousing to action or striking with awe,

And here ye sit wreathing your temples with rosy

Chaplets!—Bavaria's bulwark is gone,

And Ratisbon lies in the grasp of the foe,

Yet the army here caper and banquet on,

Not caring one rush how matters may go;

Look less by far to *battles* than *bottles*,

And load with *grape-shot*, not their rifles, but throttles;

Seek *trenchers*, not *trenches*, are much more contentious

For *girls* than *girdles*, as all may discern;

And prefer eating *oxen* to *Oxenstern*.†

But while your battalions are thus regaling,

In sackcloth and ashes Religion is wailing;

For this is a time of terror and woe,

There are signs above and troubles below;

The comet is flaming aloft like a sword;

Strange lightnings are driven through each lattice of Heaven,

And forth from the clouds by the hand of the Lord

The blood-red Banner of War is unfurled.

One great lazar-house is the groaning world!

Where, where shall we look for the Heralds of Good?

The Ark of the Church is drifting in blood,

And alas, for the Holy *Roman Empire*!

A prey to the *roaming empirics* that vex

Her quiet, and drain her veins as a vampire!

The *bishoprics* are but *bishopwrecks*,

And the *aisles* of our church *unpeopled isles*;

The *holy* places are *wholly* places

Which Rapine plunders and Riot defiles,

And the shattering axe of War defaces.

The waters of *Rhine* are waters of *brine*,

Nor in *Germany* yet is found *any germ*

Of hope that her ills will soon flow to a term.

Whence cometh all this? What is it entices

These evils? What, pray, but your crimes and vices—

* The Danube.

† Director-General of the affairs of Sweden after the death of Gustavus Adolphus.

Your loose and heathenish lives, wherein
 Both soldier and officer share the sin ?
 Yes ! Sin is the drag-net, or rather the magnet
 That draws the sharp steel through the core of the land,
 For Punishment follows what Sin has planned,
 As tears must trickle when onions are smelled to—
 And here is the rule you scholars are held to—
 So long as you con Sin's A, B, C,
 (Though the truth may P Q,*) R, (e) S, T,
 Will fly from U wherever U be.

Si offenditur Deus, ubi erit

Victoriæ spes ?—how can ye have spirit
 To combat and conquer, if ye pass
 Your hours in the pot-house, and sculk from Mass ?
 The woman the Gospel speaks of found
 The penny again she had dropped on the ground ;
 Saul met with his father's asses anew,
 And Joseph his penitent brethren too ;
 But reverence either for God or his Church,
 Or the sense of shame, or the feeling of right,
 No man among soldiers can find, though he light
 A hundred candles to aid his search.
 In Sacred Writ we are also apprized
 That the soldiers were wont to throng and press
 The preacher, John, in the Wilderness :
 These men did penance and were baptized,
 And sought a light from their holy guide :
Quid faciemus nos ? they enquired,
 What things shall we do ? or, what are desired ?
Et ait illis—to whom he replied
 Thus : *Neminem concutatis*,
 That is, Do violence unto none ;
Neque calumniam faciatis,
 Nor yet calumniate any ;
Contenti estote—and never desire—
Stipendius vestris—more than your hire.
 Accursed is every wicked hand !
Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord
Thy God in vain—so saith the command ;
 Yet where were more blasphemies ever out-poured,
 Where now is there more that shocks the ear,
 Than in your Duke Friedland's head quarters here ?
 If at every *Donner und Blütz* ye bawl
 One bell were to ring from each steeple, the most
 Of the bells would soon cease ringing at all,
 For none would adventure the sexton's post ;
 And if for each of the evil wishes,
 Each malison out of your mouths that issues,
 There dropped from your heads but one little hair
 Those heads, though like Absalom's poll in the morn,
 Ere night arrived would be bald and bare.
 By Joshua arms, as by ye, were borne ;
 King David o'erthrew the giant Goliath ;
 But where is it written, or where will ye spy a
 Page stating that either of these, or both,
 Were foul-mouthed swearers ? Pray, why could ye not
 As well say *Lord spare us !* as *Kreuz Sackerlot ?*
 Or would it be double your common lip-trouble
 To mutter a prayer where ye splutter an oath ?
 But, verily, out of the heart's abundance
 The mouth ever speaketh in wordy redundancy.

Again, it is written, *Thou shalt not steal* ;
 But this commandment ye do *not* break,
 For ye openly plunder whatever ye take :
 From your ferreting eyes it is hard to conceal
 A pin'sworth of goods ;—with your vulture-clutch
 Ye pounce on the cow while the calf is within her ;
 Ye seize on the hen and egg both for your dinner ;
 And ye ransack the till for your pockets : yea, such
 Is the answer ye make to St. John's exhortations,
Contenti estote, Put up with your rations.

But how should I hope to give laud to the men,
 If the Master himself is a reprobate ? When
 The head is unsound the members will suffer ;
 Now, what is *his* creed ? Has it ever been known ?

FIRST YAGER.

Sir Priest, you may handle *us* even yet rougher,
 But, as to the General, let him alone !

CAPUCHIN.

Ne custodias gregem meum !

The Achab ! the Jeroboam ! we see him
 Seducing the people away from the truth,
 To the idols his hand sets up, forsooth !

TRUMPETER and RECRUIT.

Friar ! take our advice, and don't tell us that twice !

CAPUCHIN.

Such a belswagger and mouthing dare-devil,
 Who brags that he's able to capture and level
 All castles and towns, and swears he'll obtain
 Even Stralsund itself, although it were knitted
 To Heaven's own vault with a brazen chain—

TRUMPETER.

Will nobody gag him ? Shall this be permitted ?

CAPUCHIN.

Such a wallower in sorcery—such a King Saul—
 A Jehu—a Holofernes to all,

Who denies, like Peter, his Master and Lord,
 And by whom the cock's crowing is therefore abhorred.*

BOTH YAGERS.

Another word, Priest, and your doom is sure !

CAPUCHIN.

Such a Herod-like fox and over-reacher—

TRUMPETER and BOTH YAGERS, (*closing round him.*)

Be silent, or die !

THE CROATS, (*interposing.*)

Rattle on, old preacher !

Speak out like a man ; you are quite secure.

CAPUCHIN, (*at the pitch of his voice.*)

Such a backslider and Nebuchadnezzar,

Such a saint-flouter and infidel-pleaser,

Is called, they say, WALLENSTEIN—that's to say *Wallastone*,

And a fit name it is, for he is unto *all a stone*—

A stone, too, of stumbling, and while, for our humbling,

The Kaiser shall thus vest his powers in Duke *Friedland*,

Bohemia from troubles will ne'er be a *freed land*.

(*He gradually retreats while uttering the last words, the Croats, in the interim, keeping the soldiers at bay.*)

SCENE IX.—*The same persons, the Capuchin excepted.*

FIRST YAGER, (*to the Serjeant-Major.*)

Pray, tell me, what led the preacher to say

* Wallenstein was said to shudder whenever he heard a cock crow.

That our General hated the crow of a cock ?
Was't a tale of a tub ? Did he mean but to mock ?

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

To tell you the truth, he was no way astray ;
Our leader is fearfully made, it appears,
And has got a most exquisite pair of ears :
He starts if the cat mew suddenly near him,
And when the cock crows, he shudders to hear him.

FIRST YAGER.

The lion, they say, has the same kind of dread.

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Around him all things must be hushed as the dead.
The guards upon duty have got that command,
For in silence alone can his projects be planned.
VOICES (*from the tent, amid great uproar.*)

Ha ! whack him, the knave ! lay on ! don't cease !

THE PEASANT'S VOICE.

Help ! mercy !

OTHER VOICES.

Peace ! peace ! for Heaven's sake, peace !

FIRST YAGER.

The devil ! they've kicked up some dust !—what a clatter !

SECOND YAGER.

I'll have share of the fun.

(*Both run into the tent.*)

SUTLERESS, (*coming out of it.*)

The robber ! the wretch !

TRUMPETER.

How now, my good dame ! why so wroth ? what's the matter ?

SUTLERESS.

The rag-stack ! the scamp ! the villain ! I'll teach
Him to come to my tent and fling sand in my eye,
And so many great officers standing by !

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

What's all this about ?

SUTLERESS.

What is it about ?

That vagabond peasant has just been found out
Throwing loaded dice on my table there !

TRUMPETER.

And here he comes with his worthy heir.

SCENE X.—*The Peasant enters, dragged along by troopers.*

FIRST YAGER.

He'll swing !

RIFLEMEN and DRAGOONS.

To the Provost-marshal !

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Who'll send

Him a line to peruse, though it won't much amuse.

SUTLERESS.

Ay ! that line he shall read, ere an hour, in the noose !

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Well, Frost and Fraud will have each a foul end.

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

This is just the fair fruit of desperation ;
When a man is broke horse and foot he must chuse,
Without further ado, between theft and starvation.

TRUMPETER.

What the plague ! Do you, then, stand up to excuse
The dog ? You had best keep your tongue in your cheek.

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

The peasant, at worst, is a man, so to speak.

FIRST YAGER, (*to the Trumpeter.*)

Poh ! Tiefenbach's corps !—who'd mind what they tell us ?
First cousins of snobs and glove-patchers !—fellows

Shut up in Brieg garrison! Much they know
Of the way that matters in wartime go!

SCENE XI.—*To these enter two Cuirassiers.*

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Peace! Why is the peasant here? What does this mean?

FIRST RIFLEMAN.

The scoundrel has bubbled the soldiers at play.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

He has bubbled *you*, do you mean to say?

FIRST RIFLEMAN.

Ay, of every rap—has plucked me clean.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Shame! You are a Friedlander, yet you throw dice
With a hobnail! I'm glad you were foiled by his cunning.

Perhaps you can match him, however, in running:

There! deuce take the hindmost!—they're off in a trice!

(The Peasant scampers off. The Riflemen follow, but return before the conclusion of the piece.)

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

A man of decision, who knows how to come
To the point in a jiffy! Pray, where is he from?
He's not a Bohemian, I'd swear, somehow.

SUTLERESS.

No, no; a Walloon! The army reveres
The name of the Pappenheim Cuirassiers!

FIRST DRAGOON.

Young Piccolomini commands them now;
They elected him Colonel themselves the day
Of the bloody and bootless Lutzen affray,
When a musquet-ball laid Pappenheim flat.

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

Were they never called over the coals for that?

FIRST DRAGOON.

Deuce a bit! They have always encountered the brunt
Of the fiercest shocks in the battle's front;
So they've got their own by-laws apart from all others,
And the Friedlander loves the whole regiment as brothers.

FIRST CUIRASSIER, *(to the second.)*

Are you certain? Who told you? Who spread the report?

SECOND CUIRASSIER.

Who told me? The Colonel himself, in short.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

What! are we his dogs, that he treats us thus?

FIRST YAGER.

What ails them? They seem to be splitting with spite.

SECOND YAGER.

Is there any thing, brothers, relating to us?

FIRST CUIRASSIER—*(coming forward.)*

O, enough; but not much that you'll hear with delight.
Here are we, eight thousand good cavaliers,
Sharpshooters, and Yagers, and Cuirassiers,
Who must troop to the Netherlands, now, it appears.

SUTLERESS.

The Netherlands? What! again, do you say?

Why, I came from Holland but yesterday.

SECOND CUIRASSIER, *(to the Dragoons.)*

You also must come with us, you Dragoons.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

And we in the van, of course, the Walloons!

SUTLERESS.

Good lack! then the flower of the army is lost.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

We join that Milanese General's host.

FIRST YAGER.

The Cardinal Infant? That is curious!

SECOND YAGER.

The priest? 'Tis enough to set one furious!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Shall we thus be driven to that beggarly Flanders,
 Away from Duke Friedland, the best of commanders?
 Shall we march to the field for Spaniards?—for those
 Whom we hate from our hearts, and should rather oppose?
 I'll be hanged if I do so! I'll first run away.

TRUMPETER.

Why, this is the devil! Admitting we may
 Have disposed of our hides to the Kaiser, is that
 A cause why we should fight for a Spanish Red Hat?

SECOND YAGER.

We have taken up arms, let all understand,
 At the Friedlander's wish and word alone;
 Were it not for Wallenstein Ferdinand
 Might look elsewhere for the props of his throne.

FIRST DRAGOON.

Since 'tis to the Friedlander's genius we all owe
 Our triumphs, his fortunes alone we will follow.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

My friends! will you listen to me for a moment?
 A matter like this is fit subject for comment.
 I see rather farther, I think, than you all,
 And I fear that all this but preludes a fall.

FIRST YAGER.

Attend to Sir Oracle! Silence! Be still!

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

But first of all, Gusty, I beg you will fill
 Me a glass of Melnecker—my stomach is weak,
 And the wine may give me some spirit to speak.

SUTLERESS, (*filling the glass for him.*)

Here, good Serjeant-major! You frighten one sadly:
 I do hope your story won't turn out so badly!

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Now, Sirs, though the truth is contested by none
 That a man's first care should be Number One,
 Yet still—as the General says—and 'tis true—
 The Many should always be kept in view.
 We, all of us here, are the Friedlander's troops—
 Before us the burgher his door unlocks—
 He gives us good beds, and suppers, and soups;
 And the peasant must yoke his horse and his ox
 To our baggage-waggons—he dares not refuse—
 We can deal with his property just as we chuse.
 Let a Lancepesade* with a handful of men
 But quarter himself and his troop in a village,
 He is despot and autocrat there and then,
 And at will can range, and ravage, and pillage.
 They like us not, therefore; they dread us—and would
 As soon see the devil himself as see
 Our curst yellow jackets. How, then, can it be
 That they rush not down on us, fierce as a flood,

* A soldier who holds a rank midway between a private and a corporal. *Lancepesade* is now almost obsolete, but was in use among the English writers of the seventeenth century. It is derived from the Italian *Lancia Spezzata*—a broken lance, (viz. a reduced officer;) and the French *Anspezzade*—an inferior corporal—is a corruption of the term. *Lancepesade* is not to be confounded with *Lance corporal*—the latter being a full corporal, though he receives but the pay of a private. The word in the text is *Gefreiter*, i. e. an *Exempt*—a soldier who has the command of from four to seven men, and is *exempt* from mounting guard.

And sweep from the land each plundering band ?
 The sword might be met by the quarter-staff,
 And they, of the two, are far the more numerous :
 How is it, then, that we force the riff-raff
 To crouch at our feet, to serve us, and humour us—
 How, I say, is it that this comes to pass,
 But because we combine in one terrible mass ?

FIRST YAGER.

You are right, boy !—all power in the Aggregate lies ;
 A truth not hid from the Friedlander neither,
 When eight years ago he brought under the eyes
 Of the Kaiser the whole of the army together.
 " Twelve thousand," 'twas told him, " they must not exceed."
 " Pooh !—twelve," said the Duke, " I never can feed—
 But let me have *sixty* thousand, and see
 If they're not as well quartered as troops can be."
 So the Kaiser agreed to shell out the shiners ;
 And in double quick time we were all Wallensteiners.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

No doubt. For example, unsheath your brand
 And lop the least finger off my hand,
 Do you think that in lopping that finger away
 You have taken the finger alone ? I say
 You have robbed my hand of all strength and worth,
 And that which remains is a stump thenceforth.
 So is it with these eight thousand horse
 Now ordered for Flanders ; they are, as it were,
 No more than the army's least finger in force ;
 But, lop them away, and say, if you dare,
 That the army is only a fifth part the worse !
 I tell you, these lost, it is up with the host ;
 All fear is gone by—all respect and dread—
 The peasant replumes his crest, and again a
 Black series of bills in the Courts of Vienna
 Are filed against us for board and bed ;
 And then we may dine with Duke Humphrey instead
 Of Duke Friedland, who also will sink in the wreck ;
 There are creatures at court just now who would not
 Be sorry to stamp, if they could, on his neck ;
 In short, we and ours will all go to pot,
 For, who is to stand to us ? How can we build
 On the hope that our contracts will e'er be fulfilled ?
 Division is Ruin, while Union is Power—
 Put the case : look at us, as we are at this hour !
 What skill or what strength could avail to pierce
 Our square battalions, united and fierce,
 Though of different climes, as I'll shew you.—Dragoon,
 Pray, what may the name of your fatherland be ?

FIRST DRAGOON.

Old Ireland, my hearty ! Slap that down for me.

SERJEANT-MAJOR, (*to the two Cuirassiers.*)

And you, as I take it, are—one a Walloon,
 And one an Italian—I guess from your tongue.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

O ! deuce a know I know from whom I am sprung ;
 Some vagabonds kidnapped me when I was young.

SERJEANT-MAJOR, (*to the first Harquebussier.*)

You were born, I am positive somewhere near this.

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

I come from Buchau, by the blue Feder Sea.

SERJEANT-MAJOR, (*to the second Harquebussier.*)

And you, neighbour, yonder there ?

SECOND HARQUEBUSSIER.

I am a Swiss.

SERJEANT-MAJOR, (*to the first Yager.*)

And you, from what part of the land are you, Yager?

FIRST YAGER.

'Twas Wismar gave birth to my people and me.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

And you and I, Trumpeter, we are from Eger.

Yet, who that had seen us summoned to horse,
And combined by one blast from the trumpet's mouth,
Would have dreamed we thus met from north and from south,
And not rather beheld in us one dense force?
Are we not, like the complicate works of a mill,
Put in motion at once by one governing will?
Is it not by one impulse we move to oppose—
We charge—we sweep down on—we sabre our foes?
And what is the power that hath knitted and fixed us
Till none who behold can distinguish betwixt us?
What is it but Wallenstein's tact and address?

SECOND YAGER.

To me such a view is new, I confess;

My way is to let the rest of the horse

Fight devil, fight dog, and take my own course.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

The Serjeant-Major is right! There's a most
Diabolical tampering now with the Crown;
They are hungering to trample the army down,
That they and their clique may rule the roast.
It is all a conspiracy, all a damn'd plot!

SUTLERESS.

A plot? a conspiracy? *Ach! mein Gott!*

Then I am blown up, I am dished—that's clear!

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Yes, yes! we shall soon be all bankrupts here.

I happen to know of some officers who

Are paying their men from their own privy purse,

Expecting their cash, with fat interest too,

In the end:—now these, when the Duke falls, of course,

In lieu of their having a fortune to lose,

Will find it, I'm thinking, a cursèd bad job.

SUTLERESS.

O, Heavens above!—and the half of the army

So deep in my books! You sadly alarm me:

There's Count Isolani, one of the chief—

He owes me two hundred dollars, the thief!

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Well, comrades, here's matter, no doubt, to scare us;

However 'tis plain what must be our plan;

They will not, they dare not overbear us

If we only stand out and combine as one man.

Let them issue their mandates and proclamations;

We'll stick to our old Bohemian stations;

We will not truckle—we never will bow—

The soldier contends for his honor now!

SECOND YAGER.

We'll not go a-tramping, the Lord knows whither:

If the Dutch want a trouncing, why, let them come hither.

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

My friends, you should ponder this well at your leisure.

'Tis the Kaiser's own order—his high will and pleasure.

TRUMPETER.

A fig for the Kaiser! He's nothing to us.

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

Come, come, my good fellow, you mustn't talk thus.

TRUMPETER.

I say but the truth, and what's doubted by none.

FIRST YAGER.

'Tis too true for a ballad : the Kaiser *did* govern,
But the Friedlander now is the Sovereign's Sovereign.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Yes, that's the condition he holds office on.
He has absolute power, without shackle or bar,
To rule in the councils—make peace or make war ;
Can confiscate lands—can amerce and ban—
Proscribe and proclaim—can save and can kill—
Can hang as he pleases, or pardon at will—
Can make and unmake all field-officers—can
In fine, act as Monarch himself in the land—
This privilege he holds from the Kaiser's own hand.

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

He has great prerogatives—fearful powers—
That can't be denied ; but the Emperor still,
I insist, is *his* master as much as ours.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Not quite *as much*, because Wallenstein
Is, mind, a Frey-herr,—an enfranchised Prince
Of the Empire, fully as good in his line
As he of Bavaria. Not very long since
When on duty at Brandeis, did I not see
That Wallenstein's princely head was suffered
By the Kaiser himself to continue covered ?

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

Ay, ay, friend ; but that was in witness that he
Had transferred and made over into the hands
Of his General the whole of the Mecklenburgh lands.

FIRST YAGER.

What ! wore he his hat and the Emperor by ?
Confoundedly strange, if true, say I !

SERJEANT-MAJOR. (*putting his hand in his pocket and producing a coin.*)
If you think that I color the truth overmuch,
Perhaps you'll believe what you see and touch.
Whose image and title are stamped on this ore ?

SUTLERESS.

Shew here :—I protest, there is Wallenstein's face !

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

And pray, let me ask, what would you have more ?
Is he not as a prince ? Doth he not from his place
Mint money, as well as King Ferdinand ?
Has he not, like a prince, his own lieges and land ?
Is he not styled Serene, and Illustrious, and so forth ?
And has he not armies to marshal and shew forth ?

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

In that which you state we all agree ;
But we are the Emperor's lieges, you see ;
Who pays us is Emperor, that I maintain.

TRUMPETER.

And that I deny, and deny to your face.
Here nine or ten months have rolled over and we
Have been dancing attendance for payment in vain :
Who pays us *not* stands in our Emperor's place.

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER (*sharply.*)

Our pay is in pretty good hands, I suppose.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Peace, gentlemen ! peace ! Would you finish with blows ?
You brangle and wrangle—to ascertain what ?
If the Kaiser be really Kaiser or not !
We owe to the Kaiser profound obedience ;
But because we would yield him a just allegiance
We will ne'er troop to battle like herds of cattle.
We will not, because priests and princes command,
Be driven out thus from our old Fatherland.

It is best in the end for both vassal and lord
 When the soldier acts of his own accord.
 Who isn't but his soldiers alone that have made
 The Kaiser the mighty monarch we see him?
 Who is it but they that still guarantee him
 His throne as a Christian Prince by their aid?
 His lickspittle sycophants—they who surround
 That throne—they who feast at his gilded board,
 May kneel at his feet—may sprawl on the ground—
 But the soldier bulwarks the State by his sword;
 Though toil is his guerdon on this side the grave.
 Why, then, should he yield up his MIND as a slave?

SECOND YAGER.

All ancient potentates, Tyrant and Kaiser,*
 Took care of their soldiers—and those were the wiser.
 'Twas easy to fleece and plunder away
 When the army was kept in regular pay.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Let the soldier, then, feel his own rank and place!
 Whose bosom by self-respect is not fenced
 Will meet and deserve but contempt and disgrace.
 If I gamble my life I must stake it against
 A something as precious, or else I am base
 Enough, like the Croät, to stand and hold
 My throat up to be cut for a scantling of gold.

BOTH YAGERS.

Yes! Honor is dearer than Life!—nothing's clearer.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

It is one thing to fight, and another to labour:
 You can't make a ploughshare or spade of the sabre.
 It grows you no corn, bids blossom no thorn.
 The soldier is homeless, countryless;—over
 The earth he must wander, a fugitive rover.
 He has no flocks, no ass and no ox.
 He wearily marches through strange and far lands.
 The city's luxuriant and luring sheen,
 The festal hamlet, the meadowy green,
 The clustering vines and the harvest garlands
 Are things he can only remotely survey.
 Where, then, is his pleasure, or what can he treasure?
 His self-respect is his single stay;
 And he must have something he calls his own,
 Or he slaughters and burns as a savage alone.

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

'Tis a dolorous life, God knows! to inherit.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Not so!—for myself, at least, I prefer it.
 I have trod the round world from land to land,
 Have noted and proved all modes of existence,
 Served under the Spanish Monarchy and
 The Venetian Republic, and lent my assistance
 To the kingdom of Naples; but Fortune's cup
 Was ever for me distasteful and bitter.
 I have seen Priest, Merchant, Mechanic and Ritter,†
 All ranks from the least to the loftiest up,
 And my iron doublet is still the vest
 That pleases me better than all the rest.

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

I can't say as much for my own, I protest.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Let those who are chasing some phantom of Life
 Go bustling and fuming through hubbub and strife.

* Pronounced *Kyser*.

† Knight or Cavalier.

Let those who seek titles and ribbons and honors
Crouch down, if they chuse, at the feet of the donors.
Let those who would delve on their forefathers' ground
Till their children and grand-children spring up around,
Pursue their sequestered labours in peace—
I cannot go partners with any of these ;
Free will I live and free will I die,
Indebted, to none and defrauding none,
And glancing down from my charger on
The moiling world with a soldier's eye.

FIRST YAGER.

Bravo ! you speak like a Trojan, my lad !

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

So, then, you think it exceedingly pleasant
To ride roughshod o'er the wretched peasant ?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Comrade !—the times are hard and sad ;
The sword is bared and the scales are gone ;
But let no man say that the warrior therefore
The gladlier girds his weapon on.
Though a soldier I can and *will* be a man !
But this let me add—I will never be one
To be trod on myself, without first knowing wherefore !

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER.

And whose is the fault, except our own,
If we look for subsistence away from the Throne ?
Here are sixteen years of war, hardship and dole,
And the burgher and peasant must still pay the whole.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

My friend, the good God who rules over Earth's ball,
Can't equally meet the fancies of all :
Some clamour for sun ; more wish he were set ;
This asks for dry weather ; the other wants wet ;
So, that which seems hardship and suffering to you
Is to me but Life under a bright point of view.
If I eat and drink at the burgher's cost,
I pity the burgher for what he has lost,
But how can I alter the course of things ?
It is just as when my charger springs
O'er the field in his foaming and fiery wrath,
Come who come may in front of my path—
Let my brother be there—let me hear the wild,
The heartwringing shrieks of my only child—
I cannot rein in my steed—he must
Tread down the dear form in the bloody dust.

FIRST YAGER.

Poh ! when are such accidents ever discussed ?

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

But now, friends, seeing a crisis is come,
Shall we slink into rat-holes, timid and dumb ?
No ! seize the occasion while yet you may.
Don't think that War's harvests will last away.
Peace will come, and that soon—ere a man can say *Trapstick !*
What then will the soldier's calling avail ?
We shall all, when the peasant rewilds his crabstick,
Be dragging the devil again by the tail.
Here are we in thousands ; why should we be mute ?
We have now got the ball, for once, at our foot ;
Let us make one bold simultaneous endeavour,
Or the breadbasket henceforth hangs higher than ever.

FIRST YAGER.

A blue look-out ! But it never shall be !
Come, then ! let us all speak up without fear.

SECOND YAGER.

Yes, let us confer—let us settle things here.

FIRST HARQUEBUSSIER (*to the Sutleress.*)

Here, Gossip! how much is your reckoning with me?

SUTLERESS.

O! tisn't worth speaking about.—We'll see.

(*They reckon.*)

TRUMPETER,

What, then, you fight shy? But we shan't much fret;

For one tainted sheep infects a whole flock.

(*The Harquebusniers withdraw.*)

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

How shabby! In battle they're firm as a rock.

FIRST YAGER.

They're a pitiful, sculking, shirking, set!

SECOND YAGER.

Now, then, that they're off, it were well to consult

How best we shall plant our grand catapult.

TRUMPETER.

Our planting plan is to plant ourselves here.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

'Tis by discipline still, my friends, we must steer.

Let every man rejoin his corps,

And deport himself just as he did before,

That all may perceive and understand

We are not in the least a mutinous band.

I'll answer for all the Walloons that they

Will not be behind where I lead the way.

SERGEANT-MAJOR.

Count Tertzky's regiments, foot and horse,

Will follow the same determined course.

SECOND CUIRASSIER (*taking his place beside the First.*)

Ne'er from the Walloon will the Lombard sever!

FIRST YAGER.

The whoop of the Yager is, Freedom for ever!

SECOND YAGER.

In Power and with Power doth Freedom alone lie;

For Life or for Death I am Wallenstein's only.

FIRST RIFLEMAN.

The light-hearted Lothringian* goes with the crowd,

Where the goblet foams and the laugh is loud.

FIRST DRAGOON.

The Irishman follows where Fortune may guide.

SECOND RIFLEMAN.

The Tyrolese clings to his lord and hill-side.

FIRST CUIRASSIER.

Let the regiments, then, get neatly engrossed

A respectful memorial from every host,

Stating that none will abandon the land,

That none of the troops will be forced or trepanned

Into leaving the Friedlander—him who has been

The soldier's protector in every scene;

And a deputation shall wait with this

On Piccolomini—the Younger, that is,

For he knows how to manage all things in that line;

He is hand and glove with Wallenstein;

And his influence as a discreet adviser

Is likewise great with the King and Kaiser.

SECOND YAGER.

Good! Thus it shall stand, then! Let all agree

That Piccolomini our spokesman shall be!

TRUMPETERS, DRAGOONS, FIRST YAGER, SECOND CUIRASSIER and RIFLEMAN, (*una voce.*)

Yes, Piccolomini our spokesman shall be!

(*They are about to go away.*)

* Native of Lorraine.

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

First, Comrades, let's quaff one glass from this place
To Piccolomini's Noble Grace!

SUTLERESS, (*bringing a flagon.*)

No scores for this flagon! you have it free cost:
Drink, sirs; and success to the Friedlander's host!

CUIRASSIERS.

Killing and levelling, strong may they flourish!

BOTH YAGERS.

Swilling and revelling, long may they nourish!

DRAGOONS and RIFLEMEN.

Long may the army lend lustre to Story!

TRUMPETER and SERJEANT-MAJOR.

Long may the Friedlander lead it to glory!

SECOND CUIRASSIER, (*sings.*)

Up, up, gallant comrades! to horse! to horse!

It is Freedom and Glory that summon:

In battle Man feels his masculine force,

Elsewhere he is weak, he is Woman!

In battle no proxy avails him—none;

He stands for himself, and must struggle alone.

(*The troopers in the back ground come to the front of the stage and join in the chorus.*)

CHORUS.

In battle no proxy avails him—none;

He stands for himself, and must struggle alone.

FIRST DRAGOON.

Fair Freedom has flown to some worthier zone;

Earth cradles but tyrants and tremblers;

Craft sits on the throne and Mankind have grown

A herd of poltroons and dissemblers.

But he who Death's face can unquaveringly scan,

The soldier, the soldier is still a free man!

CHORUS.

But he who Death's face can unquaveringly scan,

The soldier, the soldier is still a free man!

FIRST YAGER.

Mirth dwells with him all the gay garlanded year;

He knows not despondence or sorrow;

He tilts against Fortune herself without fear,

And looks through the Night for the Morrow;

But waiting tomorrow, still let him today

Drain the Brimmer of Time to the lees while he may!

CHORUS.

But, waiting tomorrow, still let him to-day

Drain the Brimmer of Time to the lees while he may!

(*The glasses are refilled, and the troopers pledge one another and drink.*)

SERJEANT-MAJOR.

In Heaven is woven his victory-wreath;

His toil is a vaunt and a pleasure:—

The serf may dig deep in the clay beneath,

And dream of unearthing a treasure;

In vain!—he digs on till his Autumn is past—

He digs till he digs his own grave at the last!

CHORUS.

In vain!—he digs on till his Autumn is past—

He digs till he digs his own grave at the last!

FIRST YAGER.

The guest at the feast whose shadow appals

Is the rapidly-riding Ritter:

Unbidden he enters the proud castle-halls,

Where the pied lamps cluster and glitter.

He proffers no gold—he sues not in form—

He woos and he wins his bride by storm!

CHORUS.

He proffers no gold—he sues not in form—
He woos and he wins his bride by storm!

SECOND YAGER.

Why weeps his beloved? Why wails she her lot?
Ah! the newly-wedded must sever!
On earth is for him no abiding spot;
He leaves her,—and haply for ever!
His headlong destiny drives him afar,
For the world is again the Arena of War!

CHORUS.

His headlong destiny drives him afar,
For the world is again the Arena of War!
(The First Yager takes the two nearest troopers by the hand; the others follow his example, and all form a wide semicircle.)

FIRST YAGER.

Then up, gallant comrades!—to horse and away!
The foam of Life's fountains is flowing;
Youth burns in our veins—shall we shrink from the fray?
No!—hence, while the spirit is glowing!
Remember, if Life be not hazarded, none
Can cherish that life as a prize he has won.

CHORUS.

Remember, if Life be not hazarded, none
Can cherish that life as a prize he has won.
(The curtain falls before the chorus has completely ceased.)

THE CAPABILITIES OF IRELAND ;

BEING A SEQUEL TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF IRELAND.

HAVING concluded our rapid glance at Irish scenery and society, we now proceed to a still more concise view of the Capabilities of the Country.

We address ourselves to the capitalist and the man of mercantile enterprise. Such men require facts only, and we shall endeavour to state the leading facts that suggest themselves with businesslike despatch.

It is an admitted fact that property to an enormous amount lies, as far as we are concerned, almost dormant in the hands of moneyed men in Great Britain, who would willingly embark it in any safe speculation that offered a permanent remunerative interest of more than the same property could now realize if vested in the funds.

To constitute a safe speculation the requisites generally looked to are, first, a full protection of the rights of property similarly situated with the property to be risked; and secondly, a reasonable prospect that if so protected, the property risked will realize a certain profit.

On these premises, we consider ourselves safe in stating our opinion that property embarked in agriculture, in manufactures, in fisheries, in mining operations, and in general mercantile in Ireland, has, and will continue

to have, as full protection as can be secured elsewhere in these islands: and that capital judiciously invested in any of these pursuits in Ireland may be made to render a permanent remunerative interest *greater* than could be realized on the same amount in the funds.

Here at the outset a few words are demanded in explanation of our views with regard to the security of property—particularly of property vested in agriculture, in this country. We are far from overlooking the danger to be apprehended from Whiteboyism and predial outrage. We acknowledge with regret and shame that such danger exists to a degree that is both formidable and disgraceful. But, reflecting that these dangers chiefly befall individuals of the lower class, and arise from an impression on the part of our rural inquisitors that these individuals have been unjustly intruded on the rights of labour—(for the rights of labour are in Ireland synonymous with the rights of subsistence among all below the rank of the farmer)—of other humble persons, and that they rarely or never befall the extensive purchaser of fee-simple estates or even of large leasehold interests; and joining to this the consideration that it is palpably the interest of this body of men,

misguided though they are, not to obstruct the operation of any change by which the rights of labour will be rendered more secure ; and recollecting the fact, that while haggards have been burning, and farmers, between the malice of the incendiary and the drag of the pauper, have been despairing throughout every quarter of Great Britain, almost every successive sale of landed property in Ireland has brought an additional year's purchase in the market—we cannot but consider ourselves justified in the conclusion that there is ample security for the investment of capital in any agricultural speculation that does not tend to diminish local employment in Ireland. While we remain without poor-laws more cannot be expected from us ; and in the meantime we consider the danger of predial outrage resulting chiefly from the want of poor laws, as no more than a just counterbalance to the evils which attend their maladministration on the other side of the channel. So far of the security of property invested in agriculture ; as to that of capital embarked in manufactures or general trade, there cannot be a doubt that security exists in Ireland to a much greater degree than in Great Britain. Malicious burnings, destruction of machinery, breaking of weirs, milldams and stake nets, dictations of operatives, strikes and combination outrages in general (matters of daily occurrence in Great Britain), are here comparatively unknown. We appeal to the press of the two countries for confirmation of the fact. With regard to mining operations, we recollect no instance on this side of the water, since the year 1641, of any malicious destruction of property whatever ; and we have no doubt that the same policy which insures the fishing vessel in the inhospitable German ocean might be effected for a much lower premium on the same craft off the well-harbour'd west of Ireland.

Dismissing the question of security, we proceed to the more important point of remunerative return, and first, with regard to agriculture.

There are in Great Britain, according to the tables laid before the Emigration Committee of the House of Commons in 1827, by Mr. Cowling,

34,014,000 acres of cultivated land ; to which if we add, for 140 subsequent enclosure acts, at an average of about 1700 acres per act, 240,000 acres, we shall have a total of 34,254,000 acres of cultivated land in Great Britain, yielding, as appears by an estimate formed from the property tax returns of 1810, an agricultural produce of the annual value of £150,000,000.

There are in Ireland, according to the estimate of Mr. Griffith, under whom the valuation of Ireland is now taking place, 14,603,000 acres of cultivated land, yielding, on the estimate of the same high authority, an agricultural produce of the annual value of £36,000,000.

Now, assuming that the arable land of Ireland is capable, by tillage and culture, of an equal degree of productiveness with that of Great Britain,—a position which no practical man acquainted with our great limestone plain will dispute—it appears from the simple comparison of extents cultivated and produce yielded in either country, that, before the soil of Ireland attains an equality in present productiveness with that of Great Britain, the value of her produce must increase from £36,000,000 to nearly £64,000,000 per annum—or, in other words, it appears that the productive powers of the soil of Ireland, as compared with the soil of Great Britain, *are as yet scarcely more than half developed*, and that the profits on an increased produce of the yearly value of *twenty-eight millions of money* are still to be realized in this country.

Such are the results of a simple comparison of the extents cultivated and produce yielded. But if we take into consideration the extent to which produce may still be increased by a greater degree of cultivation than Great Britain at present possesses, we shall obtain the data of still more startling conclusions. The 34,254,000 acres of cultivated land in Great Britain are tilled by 1,055,982 agricultural labourers ; the 14,603,000 acres of cultivated land in Ireland are tilled by 1,131,715 agricultural labourers.*—That is, in other words, “there are in Ireland about *five* agricultural labourers for every *two* that there are for the same quantity of land in Great Britain.”

* This total, in both cases, includes occupiers not employing labourers, as well as labourers not occupying.—See *Population Abstracts for Great Britain and Ireland for 1831*.

(See third Report of Commissioners for inquiring into the condition of the poorer classes in Ireland.)

Now, if we assume the extreme case, that every acre of arable land in Ireland could be made to yield a return for the amount of labour that could be bestowed upon it, proportionate to the present rate yielded by each acre according to its amount of cultivation in Great Britain, the question would stand thus :—Every acre of arable land in Ireland ought to yield a produce greater than an acre of arable land in Great Britain, in the proportion of five to two. But 34,254,000 acres of arable land in Great Britain yield a produce of the annual value of £150,000,000, therefore, 14,603,000 acres of arable land in Ireland ought to yield a produce of the annual value of about

$$\frac{\text{£64,000,000}}{2} \times 5 = \text{£160,000,000,}$$

or in other words, the agricultural produce of Ireland ought to exceed that of Great Britain by ten millions a year.

But this is manifestly an overstatement : first, from the omission of brute labour, which forms so material an ingredient in the culture of Great Britain, where there are perhaps three horses for every two that there are for the same extent of ground in Ireland, and oxen twenty to one ; and secondly, from the unwarrantable assumption that land is capable of production to any extent in proportion to the amount of labour expended on it ; whereas the fact seems to be that most of the land of Great Britain has already approached a point of productiveness beyond which no expenditure of labour is likely, in the present state of agricultural science, to carry it. Still, that unlimited culture, the means of which we may be fairly said to possess, is capable of making the soil of Ireland somewhat more productive than the average of the land in Great Britain, must be clear to any one who has travelled in both countries, and observed the still slow progress which correct principles of farming have made in many of the English counties. If all the arable land of the United Kingdom could be rendered as productive as the average of the Lothians in Scotland, our annual produce would amount in Great Britain to the value of two hundred and forty

millions, and in Ireland to the value of one hundred millions and upwards.—

We may, therefore, safely assume that the soil of Ireland has only developed one half of its productive power, and that the profits on an increased agricultural produce of the annual value of *thirty-six millions of money* are still to be realized in the country.

It now remains to inquire what net profit this increased produce ought to yield. The 1,170,000* Irish labourers who now receive on an average 8½d. per day, for 166 days out of the year, each, which is at the miserable rate of 2s. 3d. per week during the whole year, must, in the first place have their wages raised to 1s. per day each, or 6s. per week all the year round, so that to the £6,844,500 now received as agricultural wages by the labourers of Ireland, we must add £11,407,500 for the difference of increased wages and full employment. Next we will allow an increase in the rental equal to the proportion of rent now reserved in Great Britain, which is estimated at somewhat less than two ninths of the produce, and amounts on our supposed increase to a sum of nearly £8,000,000 ; and deducting these two items of increased wages and increased rent from the gross increase of produce, we will have a remainder of, say in round numbers, £16,600,000 per annum to meet the interest on capital invested in buildings, stock, and implements. The value of the farming stock of Ireland at present is, we will suppose, equal to two years' produce, a large estimate ; we will allow the same value for the additional stock required, and the interest at 6 per cent. will amount to £3,600,000 per annum ; and leave a net balance of *thirteen millions a year clear profit on the increased produce which Ireland may be made to yield.* Here then, we trust we have shown that an ample field for the profitable employment of capital lies open to the moneyed man. It is true there are difficulties in the way : many of these difficulties will soon be correctly estimated by the newly incorporated company for the improvement of waste lands in Ireland ; and from their experience, future speculators will better know what to avoid, and what to seek in the investment of their capital. That the company will be successful we entertain no doubt

* Calculating on the increase of population since 1831.

Their principle is patriotic and their design judicious: lands, as they are reclaimed and put in heart by their exertions, will be again offered to the competition of the public, who will thus derive the same advantage in the investment of capital in agriculture, as they do from the introduction of a superior article in any of the other markets.

If any reader be sceptical, we can only repeat, we have as good land as the British; we can afford to till it better; we ought therefore to have at least as good a crop. But we have not half so good a crop in proportion to our capabilities; we therefore look to double our annual produce at least before we rest satisfied. How the improvement is to take place is another subject of important speculation. In the first place, any one looking at the face of the country must see that immense quantities of arable land lie unproductive in the nooks and corners of our misshapen enclosures; that the soil lost in ragged head-ridges, gries, and *bohereens* is very considerable; that thousands of acres of wet and rushy bottoms might easily be made productive meadowland; and that almost universally a vast improvement has still to take place in all our implements of husbandry. Next, the intelligent observer must be struck with the want of proper roads for the transport of manure and produce, but particularly with the inaccessible condition of thousands of noble limestone quarries, which only wait a practicable avenue through which to pour fertility over whole parishes and baronies. Then, when our fences are reduced to convenient forms—when all the available surface of the land is cleared and drained, and made accessible—when our mines of manure are opened up, and all our mechanical aids of labour

ready to be put in operation—the question of the most profitable rotation of crops, and the best description of seeds, will still remain to exercise the ingenuity of the farmer.* We have now surely made out a sufficient case of improvements to be looked for, to justify our speculation on the possibility of obtaining an additional produce from the arable land of the island; and will next proceed to consider how far the bog lands of Ireland invite the attention of the capitalist.

The waste lands of Ireland are estimated by Mr. Griffith at 5,340,736 acres†: of these it is estimated by the commissioners for reporting on the bogs of Ireland, that 2,830,000 acres are bog, either flat or mountain, and all reclaimable at a greater or a less expense. In estimating the expense of these reclamations, the engineers employed by the commissioners took into account the expense only of the main drainages which would be required to make the land fit to receive its first crop of potatoes, and these expenses they estimated at under £2 per acre in all cases, and at so low as £1 10s. per acre in many cases. But however intelligent this scientific class of men might be, it is now certain that they considerably underrated the expense which must be incurred before bog lands can be rendered fit for the reception of any crop. It is true that the experimental improvements which have since taken place, and which seem so decidedly to contradict these original estimates, have been conducted on a scale not sufficiently extensive to give full fair play to the capital embarked: still where we find Mr. Featherstone, whose operations are conducted on a considerable scale and in the best manner, unable to reclaim bog lands under an expense of £8 per acre,‡ and Lord Palmerston expending

* "If Ireland received seed from Pomerania, Silesia, and Poland, the value of her agricultural products would be increased many millions annually."—*Report on the State of Agriculture, 1836; Mr. Saunders' Evidence.*

† The waste lands of Great Britain amount to no less than 22,579,330 acres, an extent greater than the whole superficies of Ireland.—*See Poor Inquiry, Ireland, Appendix, H. Part I. Table, No. 2.*

‡ Some of these improvements are thus described by Mr. Griffith:—"In the neighbourhood of Killucan, in the county of Westmeath, Mr. Featherstone is now improving a large tract of bog, apparently with great success. He has imported wrought-iron rails, railroad waggons, and all the variety of draining tools that have been used at Chatmoss, near Manchester, which moss is exactly similar to our flat bogs. Mr. Murphy is also making improvements on a portion of the great Bog of Allen, in the county of Kildare. Both these gentlemen have followed the system of draining adopted at Chatmoss. They plough the surface by horses having square wooden pat-

as much as £25 per acre on bog-lands on his estate, (*Report on the state of Agriculture, 1836, Mr. Clarke's evidence.*) we cannot see reason to expect that any amount of capital or extent of operations would enable us to reclaim our bogs at so low a rate as was hoped for at the time of the original estimates. It is, however, in evidence before the committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the condition of the Irish poor in 1830, that bog land in the county of Sligo has been reclaimed and rendered worth a rent of 30s. per acre per annum, at an expense of about £7 an acre; or, if retained in the hands of the proprietor, that it would repay all expenses by three years' produce, leaving all subsequent returns clear gain. (*Report of Committee.*) Let us, however, say £10 an acre for purchase and improvements, and if the land be made worth 30s. an acre yearly rent by the expenditure, it is clear that a large profit is still to be realized on even our wastes and bogs. That the improvement of land already arable is the better speculation at present, we believe there is no doubt. Mr. Griffith and Mr. Weale concur in the opinion that the same capital and skill might be applied to the old enclosures and the hilly ground with a much greater certainty of profit to the proprietors, and of commensurate advantage to the tenantry than if expended on a speculative project of reclaiming bogs. (*See Papers on the Experimental Improvements at King William's-town, 1834.*)

We now proceed to state the case of manufactures, and have no doubt that we shall be able to show sufficient inducement to men of capital to entitle us to their most serious attention.

The subjects of most interest to the manufacturer, whom we will suppose secure of a market, are Power, Hands, and Raw Material, the last involving facility of access. Power we possess from two sources, water and fuel. Our water power has never been calculated: it is in fact so great as almost to defy calculation. There is no country in the world where water-powers and navigable levels are so

combined in almost any river that traverses it. The rivers of England and Lowland Scotland are slow and navigable, but it is a fictitious power that turns the machinery upon their banks; the rivers of Highland Scotland are unnavigable torrents, possessing immense water power it is true, but wasting it in the midst of sterility.—The chief rivers of Ireland, on the other hand, as they flow through a rich corn-bearing country, afford by their gradual descent a prolonged succession of water-powers to grind the grain that grows upon their banks, or to turn to various manufactures the raw material that their navigable levels float upwards from the sea. The Suir, while it converts to flour the produce of the rich plains of Tipperary, brings up the cotton which it turns to thread in the spinning-mills upon its banks, and afterwards bears down both manufactured articles to be exported to Liverpool or London, from the quay of Waterford. It needs but a little further investment of capital, and the same might be said of the Barrow, the Boyue, the Blackwater, the Slaney, the Suck, the Bann, the Maig, the Fergus, the Lee, and the Liffey—all more or less navigable, and all abounding in water power. But what shall we say of the Shannon, navigable from source to mouth, a distance of 240 miles, and possessing one concentrated waterpower at Castleconnell, able to drive more than four times all the machinery now worked by all the steam-engines of Glasgow? And we have but touched upon river power: every feeder of every river enumerated, every minor river and each of its feeders is equal to horse powers unnumbered. Nor have we yet enumerated the waterpowers of our lakes. The surplus waters of Loch Erne alone would drive half the mill-wheels in Ulster. Loch Conn pours through the Moy a waterpower equal to all the steam-engines of Belfast. Loch Corrib, Loch Mask, and Loch Curra, may be looked on as one great mill-dam, covering 64,000 acres of ground—the whole waters of which descend from 64 to 14 feet to the sea at Galway. Loch Beltra is another natural mill-dam, 1000 acres in extent,

tens attached to their hoofs; and afterwards by means of the railroad and waggons, cover the bog, to the depth of four inches, with clayey limestone gravel. In these experiments great attention is paid to economy; and I expect in the course of a year or two, we shall be enabled to determine with certainty as to the advantage of speculating largely in the reclamation of bogs in this country."—*Experimental Improvement Reports.*

with a catch-water basin of 50 square miles, and a fall of 40 feet into Clew Bay at Newport. Loch Ina, and the Lochs of Ballinahinch send their united waters into the bay of Briterbay, with the force of thousands of horse powers. The lakes of Westmeath pour a slower stream, but a greater body of water, and perhaps an equal power through the Innay to the Shannon. The discharge of Loch Teroig, Loch Graney, and Loch O'Grady, all seated high in the Slieve Baughta mountains—is an unestimated force that daily runs to waste in the bay of Scariff. The overflow of the Lakes of Killarney cries out for occupation from all the rocks that line the channel of the Laune, while from the remoter recesses of Iveragh and Dunkerron, streams pouring from mountain lochs unnumbered clamour for wheels to drive as they descend unnoticed to the sea. The enumeration is not half complete: the lakes of Donegal, of Leitrim, of Sligo, and Roscommon—national treasures in any less favoured land—are still behind. But space compels us, and the fear that we have already dwelt too long on a subject which ought to be known to every man acquainted with the commonest map of the country, reconciles us to leave this section without farther illustration.

With respect to fuel or steam power we are not so rich; still we can show sufficient cause for the prevalence of the impression that we are, so far as fuel is concerned, decidedly poor, as well as for a cheering expectation that proper measures can at any time develop very great local resources in this essential material of national wealth. The coal fields of Ireland differ from those of Great Britain in quality and in situation. The fuel produced in Britain is bright coal—that raised in Ireland is in great part anthracite or blind coal; the localities in which the coal measures lie in Great Britain are chiefly on the sea-coast—but in Ireland they are, with the single exception of the Ballycastle colliery, all inland. Here, then, are two great inducements to prosecute the working of coal-mines in Great Britain in preference to those on this side of the channel—general superiority of produce for the domestic uses of life, and facility of transport. But this superiority in quality extends no farther than the domestic uses of fuel. In the generation of steam, blind coal is an equally efficient agent; and in smelting

and kiln-drying it is much superior. Why then have the great beds of blind coal with which Ireland abounds not been worked to a greater extent? The answer is plain—because they are, comparatively speaking, inaccessible. The Leinster district, which is in point of present access much the most favoured, lies at a distance of sixty miles from the capital on one side, and is separated from the southern market by a lofty range of mountains on the other: the district, it is true, abuts pretty nearly on the Barrow; but hitherto no profitable workings have been obtained near enough to that navigation to make the water transit available for the produce; for as to constructing a railway from the mouth of the river to the nearest means of carriage, that is an undertaking altogether out of the sphere of Irish speculation. The seams of coal, besides, lie deep, and what with the expense of working, and the length of overland carriage on carts, it is no wonder that expectations of national benefit from the Castlecomer and Kille-naule coal country have hitherto been anything but sanguine with the public. The Munster district again lies in the very heart of the country described as so inaccessible in a former portion of this paper: the Blackwater, which runs through part of it, is not there navigable; and to carry the coal across the Boggra mountains to Cork, or over the range of Slievemish to Tralee, or through the wilds of Newmarket to Limerick, would be a work so expensive as to cut up all remuneration. The remaining portions of the district lying chiefly in Clare, are even more out of the way. It costs 12s. 6d. per ton to convey goods overland from Ennis to Limerick: the expense would be nearly doubled in transporting coal from the remoter districts of Moyferta and Burrin—the ill success of the Munster collieries is therefore not to be wondered at. We have said that the coal of Ireland is in great part of the blind quality. All the coal south of a line drawn from Dublin to Galway is of this description; the coal north of the same line is chiefly bituminous, and the quality is generally of a medium between the quick blazing coal of Scotland, and the caking coal of Whitehaven. “On the whole,” says Mr. Griffith, “a very good coal for culinary and manufacturing purposes.”—*Report on Survey and Valuation of Ireland, 1824.*

The chief deposit of this coal, which

is associated with most valuable beds of iron-stone, richer in quality than that of Shropshire itself, lies in the vicinity of Loch Allen, about the sources of the Shannon, in the counties of Leitrim, Sligo, and Roscommon, and extends northward and eastward into Cavan. Here it is estimated there are in one stratum thirty millions of tons of good coal, capable of being raised at an expense which would enable the proprietor to sell them with ample profit at the rate of 5s. per ton at the pit mouth. An equal quantity, but of a quality less good, lies in the stratum below, but these would neither realize the same price, nor be raised so cheaply. Now, here again, the reason of failure in former workings, as of present lukewarmness in commencing new operations, is the same—difficulty of access and transport. To convey a ton of coals from Loch Allen to Dublin used to cost 12s.—this was prior to the time of opening the Shannon navigation; it is therefore not surprising that the enterprise did not go on at that time. The navigation is now opened, but is still incomplete, and even at this day the carriage of goods from Loch Allen to the capital would be attended with a very heavy expense. Meanwhile the district has no other outlet, and the damp on public speculation, arising from the failure of the old Arigna iron-works—a failure chiefly attributable to mismanagement and want of title—still continues to connect the very names of Arigna and Loch Allen with ideas of loss and failure.

So far we have, we think, shown good grounds for our opinion that the impression which sets us down as deficient in fuel is fallacious; we now proceed to state our reason for looking forward to better times. Whatever main trunk of railroad may be laid down towards the south, must pass through the Leinster coal district. A line of railroad is, it is true, a more expensive means of transit than the German Sea, or the Irish Channel; still, wherever the traffic of a railroad exists, there will be a demand for the best species of fuel, not only for the generation of steam, but for the supply of the local comforts attending on the improved condition of the country; so that, whether the cost of transport permit the supply of Kilkenny coal to the capital or not, there is, at least, the certainty of a considerable increase of local consumption; demand will cer-

tainly increase facility of produce, and with a better system of operations a cheaper article must eventually be brought to market. Thus we have no doubt that the formation of the first main-trunk of a southern railway will immediately bring the Leinster coal country into extensive and profitable occupation, and that manufacturers of the midland district will have no difficulty in procuring fuel at as cheap a rate as that commodity is now supplied to some of the manufacturing counties of England. The question of the extension of such a trunk to Valentia or to Beerhaven is in like manner the question of idleness or occupation for the collieries of Munster. Go as it will, such an extension must cross the district somewhere between Mallow and Abbeyfeale, and wherever it penetrates it, the effects are certain in a greater or a less degree of immediate profitable occupation. That such works will in all probability be executed, and that such effects will ere long follow, we firmly believe; but whether the Leinster and Munster coal-fields are to be so benefitted in our time or not, it is certain that one work of the utmost importance to the Loch Allen district is at present in progress of completion, we mean the Ulster canal, which will open up the whole of the south of Ulster, from Coalisland and Dunganon on the east, to Belturbet and the skirts of the more immediate district of Loch Allen at Swanlinbar on the west, and give another outlet beside the Shannon to all that now inaccessible country between Loch Allen and Loch Erne. Finally, with regard to the quantity of coal capable of being raised in Ireland, we believe that although the superficial extent of our coal-fields equals that of the coal-fields of Great Britain, the good coal contained in our beds does not amount to one fiftieth part of that contained in the British. One-fiftieth part of a supply which is calculated to be equal to the consumption of at least a thousand years, is, however, a sufficient quantity to be worth the consideration of speculators either in the article itself, or on the effects of its supply upon trade in general.

But even though coal were a production unknown in the country, we would still have an amount of mechanical power from water and other sources so great as to entitle us to the most serious attention of the manufacturer. The principal source to which we refer, besides that of water, is bog turf, a species of

fuel of which the supply may be said to be inexhaustible, and of which the uses are only beginning to be known. Turf fuel is now employed under the engines of the Inland Navigation Company's steam-boats upon the Shannon, and is found to generate steam as powerfully as coal, and at a much cheaper rate.* The supply, we have said, may be called inexhaustible; and when we consider that a cubic yard of bog furnishes, with a liberal allowance for waste, the material of at least a hundred turf, each eighteen inches long by four on the side, previous to drying; that four hundred of these turf constitute a large kish, which is equal to at least three bags of coal; and that there are in Ireland 2,800,000 acres of bog, of an average depth of three yards, that is forty billions of cubic yards of bog and upwards,† or better than ten billions of kishes of turf, equal to two billions and a half of tons of coal nearly, that is, more than one hundred and fifty years' consumption of fuel for the united kingdom, at the rate of fifteen millions of tons of coal per year—the assertion will not, we think, appear extravagant. In estimating our bogs at an average depth of nine feet, let it be remembered that many parts of the great bogs of Mayo, Galway, and the district of the Bog of Allen, are thirty and forty feet in depth, and that the deeper the bog the more compact, bituminous, and inflammable is the turf. It is true, bog-turf is at present an expensive and unsatisfactory species of fuel, but if private individuals quarried their own

coal, as they now cut and prepare their own turf, the consequences would be the same with regard to coal also. The time, we have no doubt, is coming when the preparation of turf fuel will be conducted on a large scale, and with vastly increased efficiency; and the removal of the turf is the most effective step to the reclamation of the soil below, so that should turf fuel at any time come to be extensively used in this country, the consequences would be equally satisfactory to the manufacturer and the agriculturist.

Thus far of power—the main object of the manufacturer's search. As to hands, a short statement shall suffice. There are in the country about three million eight hundred thousand adults of both sexes: of these, upwards of two millions and a half are ready for any honest employment that will pay them on an average better than their present pittance of 2s. per week, men and women, all the year round. The necessities of agriculture cannot at any time require more than eight hundred thousand male, and two hundred thousand female adults in full employment: all the remainder are at the manufacturer's service. They will need instruction, it is true, but the difference of cheap wages would well compensate for the expense of bringing over British foremen.

Power and hands, then, are abundant; and so far as the mere import of the raw material goes, we are furnished with every possible facility. To convey the raw material from the sea-port to the inland factory, or, where the

* "I have in my evidence already given to the Committee on Public Works for Ireland, the fact of the Lady Dunally steam-boat, on the Shannon, going 30 miles per day, consuming 30 boxes of turf fuel, at 4d. per box, which is at the rate of 4d. per mile for propelling the vessel. The steam company of the Shannon river deserve the highest praise for the application of turf fuel, the production of the country, in preference to that of coal, for working the steam engine; and although the application of turf fuel in working a steam-engine be not in this case new, yet it is very important to Ireland to see it practically applied to so useful a purpose—because it is to be hoped that all the engines on board the steam-boats navigating the lakes and rivers of Ireland, will be worked by turf fuel alone, which will give ample employment to the labouring population, and be the means of draining and improving the extensive bogs which lie adjacent to these lake and river navigations."—*Evidence of Mr. Bald before the Committee appointed to report on the Connaught lakes. 20th June, 1833.*

† We must here correct an important mistake, most likely of the printer, in an estimate given before the Select Committee of Survey and Valuation of Ireland in 1824. It is stated (see page 64 of Minutes of Evidence) that "Ireland contains, between flat bog and mountain bog, three millions of acres; and if the mean depth be taken at three yards, there will be in Ireland 7,055,247,360 cubic yards of bog soil." Instead of 7,055,247,360, the amount of cubic yards on the data assumed should be 43,560,000,000.

material is the growth of the country, to transport the manufactured article from the factory to the seaport with equal advantage, will, we admit, require a much better system of communication, either by extended inland navigation, or by railroads. Still there is a great open for the investment of capital in those manufactures, which encourage the local production of their own material—we allude particularly to the flax-spinning and corn-milling trades, in which capital well applied is invariably found to create a market at the mill-door. Thus an increased growth of flax, to an immense extent, has followed the investment of capital in linnen-spinning mills in Ulster: and the erection of the flour and corn mills on the Suir and Barrow within the last fifty years, has increased the grain produce of the adjacent districts to an extent that will appear scarce credible. We will confirm our views in the latter instance by quoting an account of all the flour sent into Dublin from the mills of the county Carlow, in the year 1785, now fifty years since; extracted from returns printed in the journals of the Irish House of Commons, vol. xii.; and will add a comparative statement of the quantity of grain ground in the same county within the last year, on the authority of a leading mercantile house in Dublin. It is to be borne in mind that in 1785 Dublin was the only channel of export from this county.

Cuts of flour sent to Dublin by land carriage and canal, for the year 1784—5, from the County of Carlow.

Mills.	Cwts.
Burrin Mills,	2489
Bridewell Mills,	48
Carlow Mills,	535
Carlow Mills,	201
Clashganny Mills,	16
Lodge Mills,	8966
Add for home consumption,	20,000
	<u>31,555</u>

Cuts of flour manufactured in the mills of the County of Carlow, for the year 1835—6.

Mills.	Cwts.
Mr. Clarke, Burrin Mills,	15,000
Ballyellan Mills,	15,000
Mr. John Haughton, Barrow Mills,	22,700
Messrs J. & W. Haughton, Lovetstown Mills,	10,500
Clashganny Mills,	9,080
Messrs Crothwaite, Lodge Mills,	60,000
Messrs Alexander, Milford Mills,	45,000
Mr. Handy, Bettymount Mills,	45,000
	<u>222,280</u>

From this statement it would appear that, taking the export of raw grain as equal in each year, (although it is certain that it also has greatly increased,) the quantity of corn grown in this county is now seven times as great as it was fifty years ago, when Carlow had the name of being one of the most agricultural counties in Ireland; and this change upon the face of the country has been unquestionably produced by the demands of an increased capital vested in mill powers on the Barrow. One illustration of the creation of a supply in the district of the Suir, is perhaps still more striking. About eighty years since, Mr. Samuel Grubb of Clonmel proposed to erect a flour mill. There was already a small mill in Clonmel, which did the grinding of the neighbourhood; and the proprietor, looking on competition in so limited a trade as certain ruin both to himself and his rival, expostulated seriously with Mr. Grubb on the supposed unreasonableness of such a project. Both gentlemen being, we believe, members of the Society of Friends, the matter, ridiculous as it may appear, was left to arbitration, when it was determined that Mr. Grubb had the right to invest his money in the scheme if he thought fit; at the same time, the speculation was pronounced as extremely dangerous, from the fact that the vicinity of Clonmel was at that time any thing but a corn-growing country, and that in fact Mr. Grubb had no chance of getting grist for his mill. Mr. Grubb, however, persevered, and built his mill; had always ready money at his door—never sent any but a prime article to market—and the consequences are, that his grandson, Mr. Richard Grubb, now grinds annually 40,000 barrels of wheat at Clogheen, and as much more at Cahir; Mr. Samuel Grubb, another grandson, grinds also 40,000 barrels in Clogheen; and Mr. Robert Grubb, a third, from 15,000 to 20,000 in Clonmel; and to supply these splendid establishments, a district which 80 years since produced little more than 5000 barrels of wheat in the year, now waves with annual harvests of white wheat for miles, and teems with a well-occupied and happy peasantry. We could quote numberless instances of the same kind in this, as well as other branches of

* On the border of the county.

trade. Mr. David Malcomson of Clonmel would furnish an example of the power of capital and industry in training an agricultural population to the successful pursuit of factory labour. The Messrs. Mulholland might be cited as the revivers of the yarn-spinning trade, which now occupies perhaps a fourth part of the capital of Belfast, and owes its present prosperity mainly to their spirited example. Mr. Henry of Island-bridge is a proof of what taste and enterprise can effect in making the labours of Irish artizans rival the most beautiful productions of the looms of France and England. Mr. Bianconi might be referred to as an example of perseverance rewarded in the success of such an establishment as, perhaps, cannot be equalled in the annals of posting. But why multiply examples? The voice of experience unequivocally proclaims the fact, that the man of integrity and business-like habits has an open for successful exertion in every quarter of the country, in any *bona fide* mercantile pursuit.

From the manufacturer we turn to the capitalist, who vests his money in mining operations. The mines of Ireland have hitherto been worked to a very small extent; yet that working, limited as it is, has been, until lately, much more extensive than the capital embarked could justify. The work attempted, and the means by which it is to be done, are now much more nearly balanced, and the consequence is, a most flourishing condition of affairs. We refer with pleasure to their last report, by which it appears that the lead and copper of our Wicklow mountains compete successfully with the richest ores of Anglesea and Cornwall in the English market. There is ample room for competition: in fact the chief drawback on the early success of the present company, arose from the multiplicity of mines among which they had to choose. We trust the time is coming when the capitalist will no longer have this complaint to make of the rich veins of iron, copper, lead, and manganese, which now solicit his attention in so many neglected corners of the country, or excite his pity going to waste in the hands of incompetent and unskilful workers.

From the report which the Board of Works are now preparing on Irish fisheries, we expect a mass of valuable particulars; but the document is not yet published. The general fact is, however, notomous, that a *well ap-*

pointed fishing-boat of twenty tons is not to be found upon our whole western coast. It is equally well known that there is ample employment for *fleets* of fishing vessels off that coast during a great part of every year. The fishermen of Clare and Galway, in their canvas-bottomed coracles, are the only labourers in the field; and they may be compared to labourers attempting to cut a harvest without sickles—for they have neither tackle nor stowage, nor seaworthy craft at sea; nor cooperage, nor storeage, nor regular markets on shore. A company, we rejoice to hear, has been formed, and early in the season we look for a few tubs of sunfish oil in the market, from Blacksod or the Killeries; nor should we be surprised, although much gratified, to hear that some huge wanderer from Arctic seas had fallen a prey to the harpoon, and was lying high and dry on the strands of the Mullet, or under the cliffs of Donegal, before next midsummer. The field, we repeat, is rich and ample; there is room enough, and work enough for all; but we willingly wait the appearance of the report before we further dilate upon a subject too important to be treated only in a section.

As to the general pursuits of trade, wherever we turn our attention we see men of even moderate application decidedly successful; while attention to business, punctuality and integrity command, here as elsewhere, the warmest smiles of fortune. Let any one look around among his cotemporaries: is the diligent and upright man anywhere in want? Who sees the sheriff's sale advertised on the door-posts of the active, the temperate, the punctual? Are working men briefless above, or clientless below, the bar? Is the skilful surgeon without patients? Is the fair trader without customers? Is the steady, active servant without a master? If there be any such, they are exceptions. The rule holds here, as it must continue to do wherever society exists, that the business-like man, whether his business be a service or a trade, or a mercantile occupation, or a profession, will never be at a loss for either work or wages. So far we arrogate no peculiar mercantile advantages to the country. It would be a wretched place indeed if activity and honesty had not their accustomed rewards in it. But we purpose to show that we have among us more men of the class described than the country

generally gets credit for ; and that every accession to their numbers must for many years to come, increase the existing inducements for others of the same stamp to join them.

The prejudice against the Irish is, unfortunately, strongest in those places where its effects tell most sensibly.— Give a man a doubtful name on the Exchange, and it is much worse for him in a worldly point of view, than if his next-door neighbour, nay even his own family entertained a decidedly bad opinion of him. It is thus with us : we are in disgrace in the market. In London and in New York, the conduct of our transplanted countrymen is unfortunately much worse than at home ; and everything Irish suffers from a proportionate odium. Go through the streets of business in London ; you will find no thriving tradesman with a Milesian name over his door. The O' is fatal. We speak it with a mixture of regret and indignation, that no man whose name marks a mere Irish origin, can look for success in any trade depending on the patronage of the west-end inhabitants of London. We have heard of an adventurer called Patrick O'Shaughnessy, a fashionable boot-maker, who once made the attempt. Conscious of his danger, he did his best to neutralize the obnoxious words by the introduction of an English *pre-nomen*. It was at the time of the Marquis of Anglesea's popularity, and he chose, as the most auspicious, the family name of that nobleman, calling himself Patrick Paget O'Shaughnessy. Thus, the "Paget" shone forth in golden letters over his door, while the "Patrick" at one side, and the "O'Shaughnessy" at the other, were partly screened from public animadversion by the friendly curve of either window. Had he lived opposite to a thoroughfare his fortune would have been made. Unhappily for Patrick, however, his shop was so situated that whether going or coming, the proscribed words first caught the eye of the passenger. He was in the Gazette in three months after. We know another instance of an Irish gentleman in lodgings in London, asking the name of his servant. The girl said her name was Jane Williams. The gentleman expressed surprise, as, he said, her countenance had assured him she was a countrywoman. The girl, after some hesitation, confessed that her real name was Jane Lynch, that she had been born in Cork, but reared in

St. Giles's, and that she had been obliged to take the English name of Williams to obtain a place. The anecdotes may appear trifling : such trifles have been of material injury to Ireland. How strongly does the conduct of the absentee Irish, whose heartless and cowardly subserviency to fashion, forces their own countrymen to these unworthy shifts for subsistence in a foreign land, contrast with that of the kindly Scot wherever he is to be found. But it is not in London only, nor in servile occupations alone, that the mischief of this cruel prejudice is felt. Many of the manufacturers of Dublin must cross the channel and return under fictitious names into their native market before they can conciliate the custom of our own resident gentry.— Let us give the history of an English made saddle purchased some time since in Dublin. The beasts from whose hides the greater part of it is made, were probably reared in Connaught, sold at Ballinasloe, slaughtered and skinned in Cork, and the hides tanned in Dublin. The leather was then sent to England to dress, and returned to Dublin to be manufactured ; was again reshipped to England in its manufactured shape, to get a name, and has been a third time sent back to Dublin to command that market under false pretences, which it dared not solicit in its genuine character. If the statement seem too startling, we will corroborate it with another. A fashionable Dublin lady purchases a dress at a high price as a French or Swiss muslin ; the piece from which it has been cut is the produce of an Irish loom ; the yarn was spun in Belfast, the fabric was woven in Dublin ; the pattern was designed and stamped upon it on the banks of the Liffey ; yet the goods have been regularly consigned from London or Bristol to the retailer. Let us give another anecdote. There is a metal billiard table manufactory in Dublin. The metal platform of the table is planed by machinery which shaves it as smooth as a plate of glass. The tables are supplied for sale to a London house. Some months ago, a Galway gentleman came to the ingenious and enterprising proprietor, and priced a table. The sum asked was fifty pounds. The Connaught man demurred, thinking it better to give more money for a superior article in the English market. The manufacturer, who knew his business, made no abatement, and the customer went his way.

In less than a month after, the same table brought seventy guineas in a London warehouse, *and the purchaser was the identical gentleman from Galway.* It is thus the country loses the credit of the little industry it possesses. It must be plain that every accession to that industry will tend to make the Irish manufacturer more confident.—The character of being Irish-made must soon cease to be an objection to any article in the market : if the article be good enough to pass for French or English now, it will surely be good enough to hold its own when brought into the market in quantity sufficient to warrant open competition. True, many branches of trade have declined, but these were supported by a fictitious system of protective duties, before they fell away. The old system of copyright gave peculiar advantages to the Irish bookseller.* Many large works were accordingly published in Dublin in an expensive and creditable manner. After our capitals were put upon a literary footing, the publishing business of Dublin declined, and many thought it never could revive. What is the fact? We refer with confidence to the advertising sheet appended to our Magazine ; we refer with pride to this work which is the vehicle of our views, for proof of the fallacy of this, as well as of every other speculation founded

on the assumption that equal means and equal intelligence in their application will not command as profitable a return here as in England or elsewhere. The man acquainted with the various restrictions, prohibitive duties, and contumacious hindrances thrown in the way of the early trade of Ireland, will not be surprised at these remnants of antiquated prejudice. The time for any other than a free trade between the constituent parts of our united kingdom is now gone by—the wanderer from Connaught can sell his labour at par before the gate of Saint James's. Prejudice unsupported by active injustice will soon perish of inanition ; and a weak lingering prejudice is all we now have to get over, to put ourselves on an equality in trade with all the world.

In fine, whether we consider our country as a scene in which the tourist may converse with nature under her most agreeable forms ; or as a theatre in which the philosophic traveller may study society under its most interesting and characteristic aspects ; or as a field of commercial adventure, in which the practical and the moneyed man may look for a fair reward for industry, and a compensating return for capital, in the prosecution of meritorious labours and benevolent speculations, we see on every hand good cause for hope, and honest pride, and self-congratulation.

* " Previous to the consolidation of the copyright acts, the copyright of books printed in England and Scotland, extended to Great Britain and its colonies, but *not* to Ireland ; while, *vice versa*, the copyright of books published in Ireland, was circumscribed within the limits of the island. At the Union all this was changed,* and the copyright of a book printed in any part of the British islands was extended throughout the whole empire. This, of course, materially damaged the publishing trade of Ireland, because most of the books hitherto printed were piracies of English and Scotch works, thus saving to the Dublin publishers all risk in the purchase of copyrights, and inducement to encourage native literature. But this change in the law gave ample equivalent in extending the property in Irish publications to the whole of Great Britain and its dependencies. Had some bookseller possessed intelligence, as many had capital enough, *at this time*, to retain at home the productions of Edgeworth, Moore, and a mass of Irish genius, then as well as now, floating on the surface of the world, Dublin might have occupied a very different position in our literary history : but, from whatever cause it arose, this desirable event did not happen, and the publishing trade of Ireland fell to the lowest ebb—periodical literature was extinct, and the productions of the Irish press were confined to school-books, and a few pamphlets of political or theological controversy—even our local guide books were the property of a house in Paternoster Row."—(*The Picture of Dublin*,—Curry and Co. ; 1835—pp. 72–3.)

* Hence, in a great measure, the decrease of occupation at our custom-house, so much lamented, but really beneficial to the interest of free trade in the country.

THE MOUNTAIN RIVER.—A DREAM.—EVENING.

*Nec tu perge precor sacras contemnere musas,
Nec vanas inopesque puta.*

MILTON AD PATREM.

I.

THE MOUNTAIN RIVER.

How calm thy waters travel to their rest !

No angry surges ruffle thy still way :

A few light bubbles glittering on thy breast,

And crushed reeds murmuring, alone betray

Thy gentle wanderings through the flowers and grass

Stooping to kiss the sweet waves, as they pass.

Thy youth was bold and daring,—in wild war

Bursting a channel down the mountain-steep,

And dashing madly over every bar.—

Now, thou hast hushed thine angry roar asleep,

And stilled thy foaming waters, ere they come

To yonder glassy lake, their tranquil home.

Hear in what gentle tones it chides thy stay :

“ Come to my blue depths, and there find repose ;

For thou hast travelled long a weary way,

And shapes of ill and earthly taints arose

To stain the first pure freshness thou didst bring

From out the bosom of thy parent spring.

“ Come from the haunts of poverty and care,

Come from the sounds of misery and grief,

From the scarce-breathed complainings of despair,

Seeking, in thy sweet voice, a short relief :

From all the hindrances that prison thee,

The rock, the mound, the bank—Oh haste to me.

“ Here shalt thou find but images of heaven,

The beautiful alone are mirrored here ;

The starry skies, the golden clouds of even,

Each lovely hue, that gilds the sunlit sphere,

Here shalt thou rest—while the true moon doth keep

A faithful watch of light above thy sleep.”

And thou art murmuring back, O gentle river,

A song scarce audible. Hushed all around,

Save when the tall reeds gently bend and quiver,

Deepening the silence by their thrilling sound ;

Or light winds stirring thro’ the old oak-boughs,

A few faint tones of distant music rouse.

Oh there is nothing here of care or pain,

No trace of age, or weariness, or woe :

Scarce the soothed spirit feels life’s fettering chain,

Scarce heeds the happy moments as they go.

All speak of peace : her presence seems to brood

O’er the calm hill and music-haunted wood.

And can we marvel old religion gave

Celestial habitants to every bower,

Heard in the gush of each low-murmuring wave

The gentle voice of some mysterious power,

And felt a presence in each holy thrill

For aught of earthly mould, too pure, too still ?

Beautiful visions ! never can ye die,
 Never from earth your worship pass away :
 Still float your forms along the evening sky,
 Still hover round to cheer us on our way.
 Where—where the heart that hath not some bright dream
 Haunting the waters of life's troubled stream ?

'Tis the sweet spirit of poetry, that gives
 To this our world its majesty and might :
 Round each lone hill, a deep enchantment weaves,
 Pours on each lawn a flood of golden light,
 Teaching the heart in every thing to see
 A grace—a beauty—and a mystery.

All—all around me is instinct with her :
 The silence on the lonely mountain sleeping,
 The gush of waters, light leaves as they stir
 Through the still air, her spells are gently creeping,
 Breathing a blessing on the softened heart
 Sweet hopes and dreams, that may not all depart.

Yes ! 'mid the weariness of life's dull round,
 Oft shall remembrance turn to this calm vale ;
 Recall the thoughts that make it holy ground,
 The inspiration breathed in every gale.
 Oft lingering pause to hear the gentle song
 Of the still river, as it glides along.

 II.

A DREAM.

“ A dream, a golden dream
 What fancies wait upon our sleep.”—*Shirley*.

Sleep hath its own creations—forms
 Fairer than bless our waking eyes :
 And kinder smiles, and brighter hopes
 Glimpses of sunnier skies.

Come, reader, hear a blessed vision,
 A vision of that golden time,
 When earth itself seems not of clay
 But a sweet fairy clime.

A lovely girl, enwreathed with flowers,
 “ Herself the fairest flower of all ;”
 And laughing eyes and sunny hours
 Come trooping at her call.

Just of that age, when womanish thoughts
 And new-born fears begin to start :
 And maiden dignity controls
 The gladness of the heart.

How vain were all my skill to paint
 Those soft dark eyes, where feeling plays,
 And each emotion of the soul
 Speaks through their dewy rays.

That figure of such faultless mould
 As grace itself alone could form :
 The mind that sparkling all around
 Gives light to every charm.

Come let me from sweet nature's store
 Borrow some types to image thee :
 The breeze across the rippling wave,
 The fawn upon the lea.

The beauteous bud, that nature's self
 Hath reared in sunshine and in calm,
 And given its leaves her richest hues
 Its breath, her sweetest balm.

The gentle stream, whose waves have strayed
 'Mid forms of beauty and of grace ;
 No shape of ill, no envious shade
 To cloud its placid face.

Beautiful girl, ah, who would care,
 Sorrow, or dark misfortune fear ?
 Wert thou but nigh to kiss away
 The happy, happy tear.

III.

EVENING.

Oh not unhallowed is the softening hour
 When twilight steals o'er glen and mountain peak :
 From the lone cavern and the leafy bower,
 Thro' the still air unearthly voices speak,
 And mistwreathed shapes and shadowy figures glide
 Slowly along the pathless mountain-side.

Yet glitter in the west a thousand dyes,
 Yet lingers on the hill the sun's last ray :
 A moment more, and from the glimmering skies
 The gorgeous pageant hath all waned away ;
 And night o'er every hill, and grove, and dale
 Draws, with soft hand, the shadow of her veil.

The dews are falling round—the gentle dews !
 And calm repose, descending on yon hill,
 Into the heart doth its own self infuse.
 From far the music of one gushing rill
 Sinks on the ear—a murmur—a low sigh
 In harmony with the still night and starry sky.

If thou be one, whose worn and wearied heart
 Mourns that the freshness of its youth is gone :
 If thou hast seen peace, joy—even hope depart,
 And leave thee in this bleak, cold world alone,
 Oh wander hither, and forget awhile
 These gloomy thoughts in Nature's gentle smile.

Come, and while beauty feeds thy raptured eye,
 And to thine ear the softest harmonies speak,
 While influences from yon starry sky
 A blessing breathe upon thy careworn cheek,
 Kneel, and adore that mercy which hath given
 To this sad sinful world so much of heaven.

J. T. B.

DR. WALL'S REPLY TO THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

To the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged by your inserting the subjoined letter, and accompanying observations, in the next Number of your publication; or, if my application be too late for that purpose, I request a place for them in the one immediately after the next, and am your very obedient servant,

CHARLES W. WALL.

Trin. Col. Dub. Nov. 22, 1836.

To Messrs. Adam and Charles Black, Booksellers, Edinburgh.

GENTLEMEN,—I have just read, I confess with some degree of surprise, an article in your last Number, commenting with great, and, as I conceive, unmerited severity, on my "Essay on the Egyptian Hieroglyphs." The person you have employed to write this article has not only charged me with ignorance, incompetence, and dishonesty, but he has also *defied* me to meet the charges thus made against me; and, consequently, has challenged me to refute them, if I can.

Gentlemen, I accept the challenge, and I demand from you, as a matter of right, space, in the pages of your next Number, for my vindication. If you think proper to comply with this demand, I wish to know what time I shall be allowed for preparing an answer, and what number of pages can be allotted to it.

I shall feel obliged by your returning an early answer to this letter, and

I remain, Gentlemen, your humble servant,

CHARLES W. WALL.

Trin. Col. Dub. Nov. 1, 1836.

On the 9th inst. I received from the conductors of the "Edinburgh Review," a refusal of the demand contained in the above letter. I am sorry for this, as their complying with my application would have enabled me to put a better construction on their conduct than I now can do. However, I shall not dwell upon the circumstance of their declining to act up to the spirit of a challenge which originated with themselves; but will proceed at once to show the extreme unfairness of the attack which they have made on my work, premising only one observation.

Why these reviewers should have felt such animosity against me, I really am at a loss to conceive. (Thank God, I am not actuated by a correspondent feeling, notwithstanding the wanton provocation I have received.) Their political principles and mine may differ; but they can scarcely be acquainted with the views, upon public questions, of an individual who leads so retired a life as I do; and even if they were, surely party feelings ought not to be allowed to influence the judgment, in the discussion of a sub-

ject which is purely of a literary nature. In a former article of theirs, which—very unlike the one now under consideration—was written with some degree of ability and fairness, there occurs a ridiculous mistake, which, as connected with my subject, I had to expose; but I did so playfully, without the slightest intention of inflicting injury, or giving offence. Surely they ought not to feel so sore from an exposure which was made in such a mitigated form, and in so very lenient a manner; and even if it wounded their pride ever so much, this would not justify their resorting to misrepresentation and abuse as the weapons of retaliation.

The critic commissioned by those gentlemen to assail me, commences with an attack upon my choice of words; and here I freely admit that I am very vulnerable. No one can be more sensible than I am myself of my deficiencies in this respect; but I should hope that the fair and candid reader will pardon the occasional use of an old-fashioned, or even of a provincial expression, if I convey to him information of any value or interest;

and that he will estimate the fruit of my labours, not by the shell, but by the kernel. The word which is, on the present occasion, held up for censure, is marked in italics in the following copy of a passage, extracted from the advertisement prefixed to my "Essay :—

"Having, in the course of writing this preliminary treatise, *lit* upon what I believe to be the true key to the deciphering of the Rosetta hieroglyphs, I have been induced to hope that the publication of so much of my work might excite some interest."

That my censor should resort here to a mere verbal criticism, and avoid all discussion on the subject of the announcement, does not appear to me to reflect credit on either his taste or his abilities. But to confine myself to the point which he considers of most importance, I have to inform him that the expression he has found such fault with, may be seen in the writings of men who were neither vulgar nor inaccurate. Locke, I think, often made use of it; but for the present purpose, one instance is sufficient, which I give from his "Essay on the Human Understanding :—

"Whoever first *lit* on a parcel of that substance we call gold, could not rationally take the bulk and figure to depend on its real essence."

However, I by no means wish to shelter myself under this authority from the imputation of having used a phrase that has, in some degree, gone out of modern use; and I should have been obliged to the reviewer for pointing out this fault to me, if he had done so in the spirit of equity and candour. But when he goes on to say, "whatever he '*lits* upon' he disputes;" I beg to assure him that, if he intended this as a sample of my style, he has not given a fair representation of it, and that the bad grammar of the sentence is not mine, but his own.

The more serious point, however, to be considered in connexion with the above sentence is, the disputatious character which the critic attempts to fasten on me,—a character which, I trust, never will be mine; and to

which, at all events, no one can feel a greater aversion than I do. My work, indeed, abounds in discussion; or, if my accuser so pleases to call it, in disputation; but this has arisen from the necessity of the case, and the nature of the subjects in the investigation of which I have engaged. I have been drawn into a lengthened train of argument, not from a wrangling, contentious disposition, but from a love of truth, and an earnest desire to remove errors interfering with the progress of human knowledge. Surely when I introduce new views upon interesting topics, I cannot expect that others will concur in those views without being told the steps that have led to them, or the reasoning by which they are sustained. I now put out of consideration my inquiry into the origin of alphabetic writing, on which the reviewer has said but little, (though even in that little he has contrived to show great ignorance of the subject;) and, turning to the Egyptian hieroglyphs, on which alone he has dilated, I may observe that there are many questions connected with them, which, though not of essential importance, are yet matter of interesting curiosity to the metaphysician, the philologist, and the antiquarian. I shall here very briefly allude to one of these questions.

What is the nature of the hieroglyphic writing in the general text of the Egyptian legends, outside the cartouches, and of that inside such of them as contain the names of the more ancient sovereigns of Egypt? M. Champollion pretended he had made out that it is, in the main, alphabetic; that not merely the part to which Dr. Young's discovery applies, in deciphering the contents of the later cartouches, but the whole of it is chiefly of this description. I maintain, on the contrary, that the general text of this writing, at least as far down as the date of the Rosetta monument, and the inscriptions in all the cartouches older than that of Psammetichus, are ideographic; that, with whatever plausibility the French author has put forward his interpretations of the more ancient hieroglyphic legends, they are utterly valueless; (as indeed must likewise be all those which have since

* M. Klaproth is entitled to the credit of having been the first who exposed the error of some of the attempts to decipher the Egyptian hieroglyphs, according to phonetic theory now in vogue. But he never imagined that the theory itself was erroneous: he still held that the characters in question were generally employed as phonetic powers, but that in several instances those powers were not yet discovered.

been grounded upon the same erroneous principle;) and that the only chance we have of making any progress in the solution of this problem, depends upon our retracing our steps, and resuming the investigation at the stage at which Young left it. But it seems I was wrong in appealing on the subject to the understanding of the learned, and in supporting my appeal by a great variety of facts and arguments. I was quite wrong in trying to draw them off from what appears to be a fruitless line of pursuit, and in combating error with that intention. The reviewer disapproves of such conduct, and, in consequence, pronounces that I am a disputer, and a sceptic:

"Whatever he *'hits upon'* he disputes; and he seems to think that the only certain way of discovering something is to begin by questioning every thing."

In the very same paragraph I am accused of dogmatism:—

"He dogmatizes with a confidence which bears an immense disproportion to his knowledge of the subject which he undertakes to treat of."

I confess I do not see how the two charges can hang well together; but I am not at all surprised at a mistake of this kind in the effusions of my present assailant. Even persons of clear intellect are liable to fall into inconsistencies, when they lose their temper. The most amusing circumstance, however, connected with the latter charge is, that the reviewer appears to be totally unconscious of the applicability of this very charge to himself. The observation occurs in the "*Spectator*," that "critics write in a positive, dogmatic way, without either language, genius, or imagination." And I rather think the candid reader will agree with me, that a more dogmatic article than the one now under consideration could not easily be penned. This article contains a number of very bitter accusations against me, most of which are advanced with the confidence of certainty, but without even the shadow of a proof,—assent to them being required upon the sole authority of the *ipse dixit* of the critic. The following specimen, taken from near the commencement of the critique, may serve as a voucher for the correctness of what is here stated.

"In this amiable and philosophic spirit, he assails Bishop Warburton without

mercy; accuses Dr. Young, and the author of the article on *Hieroglyphics* which appeared in this Journal, of 'forgery;' defends Athanasius Kircher against the charge of indulging in fanciful and imaginary interpretation; and denounces the late M. Champollion as a writer who 'endeavoured to sap the foundation of religious belief, by attacking the historic truth of the Bible.' Dr. Wall, indeed, seems to write in as great a heat as if he had been discussing the theory of impersonal verbs, and had gotten the worst in the argument;—the language which he habitually employs is more nearly akin to the emphatic malediction of the exasperated grammarian than the sober phraseology of the philosopher. He appears to view everything through the distorting medium of passionate excitement; nor can he discuss a difference of opinion on subjects, where there is still but too much room for conjecture, without casting the most unwarrantable imputations. He has no talent for commendation, however much it may be deserved. His *forte* consists in seeking, or in making, occasions of censure. He dogmatizes with a confidence which bears an immense disproportion to his knowledge of the subject which he undertakes to treat of; and in accusing others of ignorance, he is oftentimes preeminently successful in exposing his own."

On the dogmatic assumption of superior knowledge, which this extract displays, it is unnecessary for me to dwell; but perhaps I may have opportunities of showing, as I proceed, that other features, also, of the author's own portrait, are very strikingly depicted in the literary character which he has here drawn for me. Of the whole passage, considered as an indictment, I shall for the present merely observe generally that, when an accuser brings forward severe charges, without establishing any one of them by any sort of evidence, or proof, the discredit which results from the proceeding is exclusively his own, and the blow which he has levelled against another recoils upon himself.

I shall not stop to refute the charge of having assailed Warburton without mercy, as no instance, or proof of any kind, is given of this unmerciful treatment of the Bishop.

Of my having defamed Young, proof indeed is attempted:—but what is the nature of this proof? Is it grounded on the quotation of some passage from my "*Essay*," in which I have spoken ill of him? By no means. It actually

consists in a reference, not to anything I have said, but to something said by Young himself.

The charge against me is made only by implication, and when the suppressed part of the reasoning is supplied, the substance of the argument on which my accusation rests may be stated as follows:—Dr. Wall has accused the *Edinburgh Review* of a certain comical mistake. But, says the champion for the *Review*, Young committed the same mistake; and, therefore, Dr. Wall is Young's accuser also! So, to screen his employers from a little well-deserved ridicule, this champion endeavours to throw the blame of the hallucination in question upon an author who, I believe, never was guilty of any such blunder, and whom, certainly, I never accused of such.

The proof, such as it is, of which a description has been just given, is contained in the following note of the *Review*:—

"The same 'misstatement,' (as Dr. Wall is pleased to term it,) will be found in Dr. Young's '*Account of some recent Discoveries in Hieroglyphical Literature and Egyptian Antiquities*,' pp. 5-6, London, 1823, in 8vo. Accuracy not being amongst the number of the learned professor's literary virtues, he is, as usual, completely ignorant of the history of the alleged 'misstatement,' which, in the passage above quoted, he professes to expose."

Except the first sentence of this note, nothing whatever is throughout the entire article brought forward to sustain the charge of my having accused Dr. Young of 'forgery.' The paragraph of his, which is here referred to, but not quoted, will, I think, afford some amusement, by its bearing on the present subject; it is as follows:—

"A cursory inspection of the Greek inscription, contained in the pillar of Rosetta, was sufficient to establish, as incontrovertible, the opinion, which had been very ably maintained by our acute and learned countryman, Bishop Warburton, that the hieroglyphics, or sacred characters, were not so denominated, as being exclusively appropriated to sacred subjects, but that they constituted a real written language, applicable to the purposes of history and common life, as well as to those of religion and mythology; since this inscription speaks of the three divisions of the pillar, as containing different versions of the same decree, in the

sacred and the vulgar character, and in the Greek language respectively; and that there was no fraud in this description, was at once made evident by the just observation of Akerblad, who pointed out, at the end of the hieroglyphical inscription, the three first numerals, indicated by I, II, and III, respectively, where the Greek has 'the first and the second . . . : ' the end being broken off. It was also evident, that the hieroglyphical language continued to be understood and employed in the time of Ptolemy Epiphanes; but here the matter rested for several years; no single representation of an existing object having been so identified, on this or any other monument, among the hieroglyphics, as to have its signification determined, even by a probable conjecture."

The first part of this paragraph points out very distinctly the place where the former reviewer found the expression *written language*, applied to the hieroglyphic legends of the Egyptians; and affords strong reason for suspecting that he and my present assailant are one and the same person.—But, however that may be, the writer of the former article, as I hope to be able, a little further on to establish beyond a doubt, used the words in question in the sense of alphabetic or phonetic writing, in order to give Warburton credit for some share in a discovery to which he did not, in the remotest degree, contribute; whereas Young certainly employed those words in the place referred to, merely to express writing in general; it is quite evident from the context that he did not mean by them to attribute to the Bishop any knowledge of the particular nature of hieroglyphic writing—a knowledge, which, in the conclusion of the paragraph, it is stated, was not arrived at even several years after the discovery of the Rosetta stone. The absurdity, then, in one of the passages I quoted from the *Review*—that beginning with the words, "a very cursory inspection of the pillar of Rosetta," which, it now appears, the writer of the article took with scarcely any alteration from Young, though he passed it off as his own—does not at all exist in that passage as originally used, but only in its subsequent misapplication. The absurdity in question belongs solely to the reviewer; and I must still consider the passage, as employed by him, to be his exclusive property, notwithstanding the great candour with which he now wishes to restore it, in its damaged state, to the original owner.

Why my assailant, in his effort to prove me a calumniator of Young, did not resort to any direct evidence in support of the charge, can be very easily accounted for. My Essay is from one end to the other, filled with praises of the extraordinary genius and sagacity of this very writer. Delighted with the instances of ingenuity which I found every where in his hieroglyphic investigations, I have closely analysed the steps by which he advanced, and have given a full account of the origin and progress of his discovery. I have vindicated his exclusive right to the credit of the invention in question;* have exposed the vain boasting of Champollion on this point; and have proved, even upon his own showing, that he has been not an inventor, but merely the improver upon an invention previously made by another; and that, too, to a very limited extent, as his later decipherings, in consequence of being founded on an erroneous principle, are totally worthless. In fact, my admiration of Young carried me a great deal farther than I had originally intended, into a subject which, though highly interesting in itself, is still of very subordinate importance to that which I have yet to unfold. I could not, however, resist the pleasure I felt; first in doing justice to his memory, and next in trying to follow up his investigations. How far I may have succeeded in the latter attempt, it is not for me to say, but for the public to decide. The following sketch of his other discoveries is contained in a note upon an opinion expressed in my text, that if the Enchorial writing on the Rosetta stone had been alphabetic, he would have completely succeeded in his attempt to decipher it. The note is long, but I shall make no apology for its insertion here; as whatever relates to this author carries with it some degree of interest.

"The investigating powers which he displayed in his subsequent Enchorial researches, warrant, I conceive, this opinion. Indeed what he therein effected appears to afford a far more surprising proof of talent than his hieroglyphic discovery. For instance, one cannot avoid being astonished at his making out the meaning of an Enchorial manuscript of

some length, without the help of any translation, and actually without knowing the exact nature and use of the characters in which it was written, excepting those employed to denote proper names; and yet there can be little doubt but that he succeeded to a considerable extent in this task, since his explanation was in the main verified by a Greek translation afterwards found. However, it would be too great a digression from my subject to enter into any detail upon the point, and it would, besides, be a superfluous labour, as accounts of it are already before the public in books of easy access. I admit that the sameness of the general subject to which the Enchorial MSS. are confined, lessens the difficulty of getting at the meaning of any one of them; 'les papyrus, que quelques personnes peu éclairées prennent pour des livres, n'offrent qu'une perpétuelle répétition des mêmes formules toujours relatives au même sujet, la mort et ses conséquences.'—

Exam. Crit. p. 18. Still, there is quite a sufficient variety in the particulars of the circumstances to which the different MSS. relate, to render Dr. Young's success in the instance to which I have alluded, truly wonderful; and the fact of the information thence derived being of very little value, does not at all lessen our estimate of the ingenuity which must have been brought into play upon the occasion. It is also to be noticed, and the circumstance is very remarkable, that his researches were extended with equal success to subjects of quite a different kind. Many branches of physical science have received important accessions at his hands. But it was in his discoveries concerning the nature and properties of light that the penetrating and original character of his genius seems to have been most fully displayed. He it was who revived the theory of Huygens, which seemed to have sunk under the opposition of Newton and Laplace; and he brought forward whole classes of new facts, which lent it an unexpected support. The fertile principle of *interference* is due to his sagacity, and he was the first to suggest the theory of *transversal vibrations*; a theory which, developed in the hands of Fresnel, has not only afforded a clue to the explanation of the known phenomena of polarized light, but has even led to the anticipation of many others which had been before unobserved. To complete the picture, however, and enable us to form

* This, as far as concerns the external history of the discovery, has been attempted, but not very correctly executed, by the writer of the first article upon hieroglyphs in the Edinburgh Review. As to the proof to be derived from the internal evidence of the case, that would appear to have been quite beyond his reach.

a just notion of the full extent of his talent, it should be added, that he engaged in those different investigations under all the difficulties and disadvantages of poverty, while he was frequently compelled to write anonymous articles for the periodical publications in order to support himself, and put to other shifts to earn a precarious and a scanty subsistence.'—*Note on pp. 133-4.*

I now beg to remind the reader of the feature in the literary portrait intended for me—"He has no talent for commendation, however much it may be deserved. His *forte* consists in seeking, or in making occasions of censure"—and I appeal to him whether the reviewer has not been here drawing his own likeness rather than mine. This likeness is indeed placed in a point of view that renders it, if possible, still more amusingly striking, by the next count of the indictment preferred against me. He "defends Athanasius Kircher against the charge of indulging in fanciful and imaginary interpretation." Now, I have never said a single word in favour of Kircher but on one occasion; and my object then was to show, not at all that he was right in his view of a particular subject, but merely that he was not, upon that subject, quite as much in the wrong as Bishop Warburton; and to this very qualified defence, I premised the observation—

"I am as little disposed as any one else to defend his reveries."—p. 75.

It is unnecessary to quote more of the passage, in order to pointing out the gross misrepresentation which, in this instance, it has been attempted to impose upon the public. To use the language of my accuser, he has been here '*making* an occasion for censure;' the entire ground of this imputation upon my judgment has been created by his own imaginative powers.

But throughout the article in which I am so bitterly assailed, the point upon which the Edinburgh Reviewers seem to feel most sore, is that of my having presumed to detect a mistake committed in a former number of their publication. I, however, exposed the error merely because it intertered with the theory I was supporting at the time; but I did not dwell upon it, nor, as must be evident from the tone adopted by me on the occasion, did I wish to represent it as a fault of any serious importance. From the ability generally displayed in their critical essays, they could, I supposed, afford

to be convicted of occasional errors on minor points; and I had given them credit for strength of mind superior to taking offence, when offence was obviously not intended to be given. I shall not affect to conceal my regret at finding the case turn out otherwise; and that I have, though undesignedly, excited the hostility of individuals who exercise so considerable an influence in the literary world.

I shall now quote the passage which has, it seems, given such mortal offence; and I beg leave to present it to the reader, as also the reply, just as they are exhibited in the review, with all the prominent distinctions of capitals, italics, interpolations, and notes of admiration, which are usually employed by those experienced in the art of depreciation.

"The second of his (Warburton's) objections, deserves attention, because it not only affords his own direct testimony against his having discovered the phonetic use of hieroglyphs made by the ancient Egyptians [which no one ever attributed to him!], but also shows that he considered the very idea of such a use of them absurd, to such a degree, that when the discovery was suggested to him by the words of Clemens, he absolutely perverted the meaning of those words, in order to get rid of the suggestion. And yet several of the popular works of the present day team with his praises on account of this very discovery [not one of them ever imagined that Warburton had made such a discovery!], and dilate upon the profound judgment and admirable sagacity which he displayed in making it. Indeed, the authors of these works would have us believe, that his penetration reached not only to what is now actually known upon the subject, but a great deal farther; and that he discerned the hieroglyphic texts of the Egyptians to be *wholly phonetic* [this is not true!], so as to constitute a written language, which is more than any one else has been since able to prove. To show to what an extent these writers impose upon themselves and on the public, I subjoin an extract from one of their works, which, I believe, is generally conducted with ability, and stands high among the periodical publications. In the article of the '*Edinburgh Review*' to which I have already referred, and which has been extensively read on the Continent, as well as here, the reviewer gives us the following information:—

"But the cabalistical reveries of Kircher failed to impose on the strong sense and powerful intellect of Bishop War-

burton. In his celebrated work, *The Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated*, that learned prelate has discussed with consummate scholarship, the different ancient texts relative to the Egyptian modes of writing; distinguished *theoretically* the several sorts of characters employed;* and made the important observation, now completely verified, that the hieroglyphics, or sacred characters, were not so denominated, as being exclusively appropriated to sacred subjects, but that they constituted a real written language, applicable to the purposes of history and common life, as well as to those of religion and mythology. He was undoubtedly mistaken in concluding that each of the three sorts of characters mentioned by Clemens, formed a distinct and separate system of writing; but as he confined himself exclusively to such general inferences as the ancient authorities seemed to warrant, without attempting to verify his deductions by a direct application to the Egyptian monuments then existing in Europe, his error in this respect is venial, and calculated, in no degree, to lessen our admiration of the sagacity which led him to divine a truth so far beyond the reach of an ordinary mind. Had Warburton's profound remark been prosecuted to its consequences, the *questio verata* of the Egyptian hieroglyphics would probably have been resolved half a century earlier."—p. 107.

And a little further on:—

"A very cursory inspection of the pillar of Rosetta was sufficient to establish as incontrovertible, Bishop Warburton's profound observations, already noticed, that the hieroglyphics constituted a real written language."—p. 111.

"The same error, committed in such direct opposition to the real state of the case [!], may be found in still later publications, though the matter is, perhaps, not so forcibly or so fully insisted upon as in the above extract. The misstatement seems to have been transmitted from one popular writer to another, just as a forged bank note sometimes passes current through a number of hands without detection. But although I have exposed the *forgery*, I have not the least

wish to hang the reviewer: the probability is, that he took the note from some one else, and that his *fault* consisted only in vouching for its goodness without sufficient examination, and in promoting the circulation of bad paper by some additions to its embellishment."—p. 73-5.

Immediately after this comes the defence made by the champion of the review. Let us examine its nature and we shall find that it rests upon a misapplication of the metaphoric illustration which I had given; and the shallow subterfuge of equivocating on the words, *written language*; it is conveyed in the following terms:—

"The certainty is, that the reviewer did nothing of the kind here imputed to him; and that if any one is to be hanged for '*forgery*,' it must be Dr. Wall himself. The reviewer 'took the note from' Bishop Warburton, who, in the *Divine Legation*, expressly says, in concluding an elaborate statement: 'The Egyptians, therefore, employed, as we say, the proper hieroglyphics to record, openly and plainly [not secretly or mystically], their laws, policies, public morals, and history; and, in a word, ALL KINDS OF CIVIL MATTERS.' That is, they employed the hieroglyphics as 'a written language, applicable to the purposes of history and common life, as well as to those of religion and mythology.' But if the Egyptians employed the sacred characters in the manner Bishop Warburton describes, and as the reviewer less specifically and comprehensively states, on his authority, how could they possibly do so, except as 'a real written language?' If these characters, thus employed, did not constitute 'a written language,' it would be curious to ascertain how the Egyptians could, by means of them, 'record openly and plainly their laws, policies, public morals, and history; in a word, all kinds of civil matters.' Is not this the peculiar function, the very object and end of writing, whatever form it may assume?"

In commenting on this defence, I shall, for the sake of distinctness, call the gentleman I have now to deal with

* Dr. Warburton was mistaken with respect to every one of the three kinds of characters employed of old in Egyptian writing; for he held that the epistolographic and hieratic characters corresponded in their powers to the letters of an alphabet, and that none of the hieroglyphs were ever used with any such powers. He was also mistaken in many of the distinctions he drew between hieroglyphs, which not only are not warranted by any sufficient authority, but also are inconsistent with each other. I should not here notice these facts, if it were not that the air of superior knowledge, assumed by the reviewer, renders it necessary to show the real extent of his ignorance in a subject upon which he has so dogmatically descanted.

A, and the writer of the former article in the review, B. Having premised this much, I beg the reader to observe that the sentence which follows the expression printed in capital letters is not—as from its position it has the appearance of being—a quotation from Warburton, but from B. So that the words, *written language*, are not expressly used in the adduced passage of the bishop, but merely in that of B, which is subjoined to the former as its paraphrase. The defence, then, which is set up for B in the application of the figurative case which I had put, amounts really to this, not that he had taken the banknote from Warburton, but that he had taken it from himself—rather an odd way of proving that it was no fabrication of his. But A is so angry [‘seems to write in as great a heat as if he had been discussing the theory of impersonal verbs, and had gotten the worst in the argument.’] that he has confounded all the analogies of the case, and says that “if any one is to be hanged for the forgery, it must be Dr. Wall himself.” What! hang the prosecutor! It would certainly be a very strange law by which that could be done. For my part, I should be sorry that either of the counsel employed in this cause should be hanged; but if one of us must suffer, I submit to my learned opponent that he has the higher claim to this distinction, since I have not, I trust, egregiously failed in the discharge of my official duty on the occasion, while he, on the other hand, by bungling the defence, has actually injured his own client, and made out the offence committed worse than I had represented it.

Dismissing metaphor, I shall now proceed to consider the reasoning which B has made use of. But first I must complain of a little want of candour on the part of my learned adversary; for, after I had pointed out to the public the gross absurdity of attributing to Warburton any knowledge or even suspicion of the phonetic use made of hieroglyphs by the Egyptians, he turns round upon me, and, without acknowledging the source from which he got his information, avails himself of it to deny that any one ever had been guilty of this absurdity. He is so eager to impress the point upon the mind of his readers that he does not wait till the end of the quotation he gives from my work on the subject, but every now and again interrupts me to repeat the denial. I am glad, how-

ever, that he and I are agreed upon the bishop's ignorance in the case in question, as that circumstance will considerably shorten the present discussion. It appears, then, that this passage from Warburton which B has so ostentatiously quoted in capitals and italics, really tells us nothing whatever that would lead to the discovery of the fact that the Egyptians employed some of their hieroglyphs as letters; and, after all, contains no more than a trite observation, made many centuries before—that these hieroglyphs were used in records intended to be read by the public as well as in the secret mysterious writings of the priests.

In following up the information thus arrived at, A argues that the words, *written language*, in the passages I have quoted from B, mean only writing in general without any reference to the particular nature of that writing. Here I differ entirely from the learned critic; the *data* with which he has been supplied do not warrant any such position. He, however, goes yet further, for he insists that the words in question can never have any other than the above general signification. But the reason he assigns for this, shows that he is still very much in the dark upon the subject; for according to his view of the case, all writing must be immediately connected with language, since it can be read out only through the medium of language. Now I readily admit that the expression, *written language*, is often applied in a loose popular sense to ideographic writing, this deviation from strict accuracy being a very natural one for alphabetic writers to fall into. Thus in books relating to China, one often meets with the expression, the *written language of the Chinese*, although the writing of this people may be understood without any knowledge of their language. The Chinese indeed read out their writing in Chinese; but the Coreans, and I mention them merely as affording one out of many instances that might be given, read out the same writing in quite a different language, and understand it, although quite ignorant of Chinese. In like manner, as the hieroglyphic writing of the Egyptians is found upon monuments evidently intended for public records, in districts far to the south of Egypt, where there is no likelihood of the Egyptian language having been in common use, and spoken generally

by the inhabitants ; we have reason to conclude, even from this circumstance alone independent of a great many others, that the Nubian, for instance, read the hieroglyphic inscriptions on the monuments in his country in the Nubian language, and understood them without a knowledge of the Egyptian tongue. Still I, by no means, object to the expression, *written language of the Egyptians*, as applied loosely to their writing, without being intended to indicate any thing of its nature.

But the question at issue is not at all how the words, *written language* may be used ; but how they actually are used in the passages I quoted from B. And here it is perfectly clear from the context (in spite of all the interpolations and notes of admiration employed by A), that they are to be taken in their strict sense, and denote a species of writing which has an immediate reference to some one particular language, and which, therefore, must be alphabetic, or at least phonetic. At the time when B wrote his article on the Egyptian hieroglyphs, the learned world was imposed upon by the boasting pretensions of M. Champollion, who maintained that he had discovered the true method of deciphering those characters, and that the texts written in them were for the most part alphabetic [I said *wholly* phonetic in my former allusion to this subject, in which I was not strictly right, as Champollion admitted that some of the characters are ideographic ; and I am obliged to A for correcting my inaccuracy of expression in this instance, although I think he might as well have done so in terms less harsh]. By these pretensions the Edinburgh reviewers were just as much imposed upon as other people ; and B, participating in the general delusion, is loud in his praises of Champollion's supposed discovery of the phonetic nature of the old Egyptian writing. He is, however, not content with extolling the French author in a very extravagant manner for a discovery which has never been made, but he forces in by the head and shoulders Bishop Warburton for a share of the panegyric ; and speaks of "*the important observation*," made by the bishop which is "*now completely verified*," namely, that the hieroglyphs "*constitute a real written language* ; in reference to which important observation he goes on to say :—

"Had Warburton's profound remark

been prosecuted to its consequences, the *questio vexata* of the Egyptian hieroglyphics would probably have been resolved half a century earlier."

"A very cursory inspection of the pillar of Rosetta was sufficient to establish as *incontrovertible*, Bishop Warburton's *profound observation*, already noticed, that the hieroglyphics constituted a *real written language*."

We are above told expressly, that the discovery of the phonetic signification of the Egyptian hieroglyphs, at which B supposed Champollion had arrived, would have been made long before, if a certain remark of Warburton's had been prosecuted to its consequences. Now, I request the reader to examine this *profound observation* of the bishop, which has been quoted by A with all the emphasis that capitals and italics can give it ; and when he has done so, I rather think he will concur with me that it cannot possibly lead to Champollion's theory, unless we attribute to the words *written language*, (which have been subjoined by way of paraphrase) the meaning of alphabetic or phonetic writing immediately expressive of language. Indeed the whole drift of the reviewer's argument makes it as clear as day, that the words in question must have been used by him in this sense.

And here it is amusing to observe, that there is not the slightest connexion between the adduced passage of Warburton, unaccompanied by its paraphrase, and the position of Champollion to which it is said to lead ; and the reviewer has placed himself in somewhat a curious light by attempting to deduce the latter from the former, the sole connecting link being one of his own manufacture. This link seems to have been very strangely introduced for the purpose of giving some pretext for B's praise of the bishop on account of the admirable "*sagacity which led him to divine a truth so far beyond the reach of an ordinary mind*"—a truth (as the reviewer is pleased to call it) of which the bishop never had the least conception. Champollion held that most part of each of the hieroglyphic legends is alphabetic ; Warburton, on the other hand, thought it a manifest absurdity to suppose that any part of them is of that nature. The opinion, therefore, of the English author, could never have led to that of the Frenchman, except

through the ingenious contrivance of the "Edinburgh Review."

A closes this part of his subject with a long quotation from Dugald Stewart, which is altogether irrelevant. The fondness of Scotch authors to quote from the literary productions of their countrymen, is often the result of an amiable feeling, which, when kept within due bounds and exercised on fit occasions, is rather creditable than otherwise. But with all the respect which I entertain for the Scotch as a nation—and no one admires more than I do their sterling worth; their gallant bearing abroad; their love of peace and good order at home; their strict integrity of principle; their attachment to the honour and the interests of their country;—yet I must say that the mode of manifesting this last mentioned sentiment which is adopted by some of their writers, has a very ludicrous appearance. The case before us affords an amusing illustration of my remark; for by the way in which the critic has here indulged his national vanity he has been betrayed into a whole mass of puerilities and inconsistencies. Dugald Stewart undoubtedly was an able metaphysician, but he was totally ignorant of the manner in which the Egyptian hieroglyphs were significant, and all he ever wrote would not, in the remotest degree, assist us to arrive at the meaning of even one single hieroglyphic character. Yet because he, in a certain passage, alludes to Egyptian symbols, our Scotch critic, as if his imagination had been caught by a watchword, quotes and extravagantly praises the entire passage; although it neither has the least connexion with the point under discussion, nor conveys any information of the slightest value or interest. The main purport of this passage is contained in the two following sentences:—

"The symbols which still remain in that celebrated country, inscribed on eternal monuments, have long lost the correspondent minds which reflected upon them their own intellectual attributes. To us they are useless and silent, and serve only to attest the existence of arts, of which it is impossible to unriddle the nature and objects."

If I rightly understand these sentences, the first of them conveys a mere truism—that the persons who formerly were able to read the Egyptian hieroglyphic records are long since dead; and the second tells us

that the author not only did not himself know anything whatever of the signification of the symbols alluded to, but also that he considered the deciphering or unriddling them to be an absolute impossibility.

I now request the reader's attention to the Scotch commentary on the above extract, it runs in the following strain:—

"This is the language of a true philosopher, who, even while hopeless of ever seeing the mystery unveiled, comprehends the true character of the difficulty to be overcome, and perceives that 'the symbols which still remain in that celebrated country, inscribed on eternal monuments,' might again become significant and intelligible if we could conjure up 'the correspondent minds which reflected upon them their own intellectual attributes;' or in other words, if by some fortunate discovery, we should ever be enabled in some measure to place ourselves in the situation of those 'minds,' and to apply the principles of interpretation with which they were familiar. Nor is such a consummation at all beyond the limits of rational probability. Enough has already been done to warrant a well-founded belief that more will ere long be achieved; and that, by pursuing a cautious inductive method of investigation, the most untractable texts may at length be resolved."

Here, in the eagerness to give his countryman credit to which he was not at all entitled, the Scotchman contradicts himself; for he at first admits that Dugald Stewart was "hopeless of ever seeing the mystery unveiled;" yet he afterwards, by a strange perversion of this author's words, attributes to him the penetration and sagacity of foreseeing the present state of the hieroglyphic problem, and the final success of the investigation. By "the principles of interpretation," applied to the production of this paraphrase, it is evident that our critic might extract any meaning he pleased out of any assigned proposition. Bishop Warburton has sometimes so treated a Greek sentence, and taken chance for the reader's not going to the trouble of analysing the original and comparing it with his translation. But it was reserved for the Edinburgh Review to place an English passage before the English reader, and to attempt to impose upon him a meaning of it directly the reverse of the true one. Upon the modesty of this attempt it is unnecessary to dilate, and I shall merely

observe that in the course of my literary experience, I have scarcely ever met with its parallel. The language of Stewart in the extract above given is not very clear, and so far it is unlike that of a "true philosopher;" but enough may be collected from his expressions to render it perfectly certain that he did not "comprehend the true character of the difficulty to be overcome" in the case referred to; and that he did not "perceive," or even entertain the most distant hope that the Egyptian symbols "might again become significant and intelligible."

The steadiness of this Review is pretty much on a par with the modesty displayed in it. In the first article which A wrote upon hieroglyphs, (for I now drop the imaginary distinction I made between the persons designated A and B, as there can be very little doubt of their identity,) he was quite in raptures at the abilities and success of Champollion, and talked of the *questio verata* respecting the Egyptian hieroglyphs, as if it had been completely resolved by this writer. In a subsequent number, however, he quite altered his tone and declared:

"It is high time, indeed, that the public mind were disabused of those extravagant notions with which the enthusiasm of some, and the ignorance of others, have filled it on the subject of Egyptian literature.—*Vol. lvii, p. 461.*

"He [Champollion] attributes values to signs denominated phonetic, which are not contained in his alphabet, and of which no account is given any where else. . . . In the interpretation of ideographic characters or symbols, he has

adopted conjectures and fancies of his own, without a tittle of evidence, or even of probability to support them."—p. 475.

But now he appears to be relapsing into his first opinion, and tells us—

"Enough has already been done to warrant a well-founded belief that more will ere long be achieved; and that, by pursuing a cautious inductive method of investigation, the most untractable texts may at length be resolved."

His description, indeed, of the method from the use of which a successful result may be expected, does not at all accord with that of Champollion and his followers; nor is it, I believe, by any of their investigations, that the idea of such a method was suggested to him. Still, however, the compliment conveyed in the above quotation, certainly was not intended for me, but must be referred to the phonetic system at present acted on, and consequently to its founder.* How soon A may, by the oscillations of his judgment respecting Champollion, be brought back again to the side of disapprobation and distrust, I cannot venture to determine; indeed, it appears to me as difficult and hopeless an undertaking to calculate the vibrations of this literary pendulum, as it would be to ascertain beforehand the various turnings of a weathercock.

Business prevents my pursuing these observations any further at present. In a little time I hope to be able to resume the subject, and bring it to a conclusion.

* Though Young was the original discoverer of the phonetic use of hieroglyphs made by the Egyptians, yet Champollion must be considered as the founder of the erroneous system now prevailing, in which the general text of the hieroglyphic records is assumed to be phonetic, since the former author did not approve of this system, but on the contrary held that the whole of the writing in question was ideographic, except merely the part of it applied to the designation of names inside the cartouches. Had Young made out the modes used for denoting actions by means of these characters—had he understood the forms of expression which may from analogy be called the hieroglyphic verbs—there can be little doubt but that he would have succeeded in deciphering the hieroglyphic part of the Rosetta inscription. But now I trust it will be found that the disadvantage under which he laboured in this respect has been removed; and, consequently, there is reason to hope that the working of the problem upon right principles will be resumed, and thus at length be brought to a successful issue.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. VII.

JAMES, EARL OF CHARLEMONT.—PART IV.

IRELAND was now an independent nation. Lord Charlemont's early day-dreams were, beyond his expectations, realized. A combination of circumstances such as has never before occurred, and a constellation of great men, such as never before appeared together, compelled the British minister to strike the last link off the chain of restrictive laws and usages, by which this country had been previously fettered, and to suffer its exultant legislature to riot in the unaccustomed enjoyment of an all but unrestricted freedom.

During the first excess of that half-frenzied delight, by which the nation was seized, nought was thought of but universal gratulation. In the magical words of Grattan, "the country rose, as it were, from its bed, and got nearer to the sun." And as he was the demi-god by whom its liberation was effected, he was treated almost with divine honours. Nor was it forgotten that his illustrious friend was entitled to a large share of the acclamations with which the patriot was greeted, as, without his aid and patronage, he could not have taken his place in parliament.

His borough interest Lord Charlemont always considered a sacred trust, to be employed for the benefit of his country. Never, in any single instance, was he known, or we believe, suspected to bestow his patronage with reference to any personal advantage. And this disinterestedness, on his part, was the more praiseworthy, because he lived in the midst of a very "crooked and perverse generation" of worldly politicians, whose maxims on such subjects were the very reverse of his, and who, instead of employing their power for the good of the country, were ready, at any moment, to sacrifice the country, for what, in their shortsightedness, they believed to be the good of themselves.*

The Irish parliament never acted more fully in accordance with the wishes of the Irish people, than when they conferred upon their deliverer a donation of fifty thousand pounds.

Nor can we deny that it was a suitable expression of national feeling, on such an occasion, towards the man who was supposed to have laid anew the foundation, and thrown an impregnable bulwark around the citadel of constitutional freedom. He was, himself, perhaps, the only individual in the country by whom this grant was sincerely deprecated; and, had it not been for the determination of his friends, it is highly probable that it would have been declined.

"Respecting the grant," Lord Charlemont writes to his friend Dr. Halliday, "I know with certainty, that Grattan, though he felt himself flattered by the intention, looked upon the act with the deepest concern, and did all in his power to deprecate it. As it was found impossible to defeat the design, all his friends, and I among others, were employed to lessen the sum. It was, accordingly, decreased by one-half, and that, principally, by his positive declaration through us, that, if the whole were insisted on, he would refuse all but a few hundreds, which he would retain as an honourable mark of the goodness of his country."

But the days were coming, when both he and Lord Charlemont were to experience something very different from the adulation by which they were now surrounded. There was a small, but active party, at the head of whom was Mr. Flood, who either felt, or pretended to feel, that the constitutional victory was as yet incomplete, and that the repeal of the sixth of George the First, by which the usurped authority of England was suffered to be for ever overthrown, must be regarded as incomplete without a formal act of renunciation.

We have, in former Numbers, so fully expressed our own feelings upon the subject, that it must be needless, and it would, indeed, be unjustifiable to introduce any repetition of them here:—and we shall only say, that the man who now started up to criticise the finished work of Grattan, appeared in an invidious character, and that, al-

* "What!" said a popular orator, at a later period of our history, to one of this class, "will you sell your country?" "Sell my country!" was the reply, "I am very glad to have a country to sell!"

though their eloquence was powerful, and their logic keen, yet their policy was questionable, and their view but narrowly bounded.

But vain would have been all the efforts of the discontented or the factious to disturb the happy unanimity which now prevailed in the nation respecting the completeness of their constitutional victory, if circumstances had not arisen which gave but too much plausibility to the reasoning by which they were supported. A decision of Lord Mansfield, in the King's Bench, in England, seemed to affirm the continued existence of that *foreign* judicature, against which such an outcry had been raised, and the establishment of which was regarded as a most injurious and insulting usurpation. An act had, also, passed the British parliament, regulating the importation of sugars "to all his majesty's dominions;" and as the words were construed so as to embrace Ireland, it was regarded as an attempt to bind Ireland by English statutes,—the very grievance which was supposed to have been effectually redressed by the measure which so graciously conferred upon this country perfect legislative freedom. And Lord Abingdon, a member of the British House of Lords, feeling, that, by the late concession, his country was virtually divested of a sovereignty which she had exercised for nearly a thousand years, gave notice, in that assembly of a bill, which it was his intention to introduce, and which would have for its object the affirming of the following proposition, namely, "that the kings of England being masters of the British Seas for eighteen centuries, and the Western Sea, which surrounded Ireland, belonging to the kings of England, the British parliament has the sole right to make laws to regulate the commerce of Ireland."

There can be no doubt that Lord Abingdon was fully justified in contending for the position thus laid down. It was, in effect, no other than the position for which Selden contended against Grotius, and which the illustrious English antiquary established, to the utter confusion of the Dutchman, and the entire conviction of enlightened Europe. But neither can there be any doubt, that its assertion, in the manner, and with the view now contemplated, would have humbled the pride, and disappointed the expectations of the Irish patriots, who justly conceived, that little would have been

gained, if their power of external legislation was denied, and their hands continued to be shackled by the authority of a British parliament.

Accordingly, an outcry was raised, which resounded from one extremity to the other of the kingdom. Never, probably, since Ireland was a nation, was the supposed treachery of England regarded with so loud or so unanimous a shout of execration. Flood was suddenly deified in the popular regards; and Grattan, all at once, hurled from that preeminence to which, for his recent splendid services, he had been exalted. Lord Charlemont, now, for the first time, began to feel the difficulties of managing a wayward and an excited people. All his popularity was not more than sufficient to enable him to maintain his ground against the heady violence of those, who, but a little before, were his warmest and most devoted admirers, and whom, it may be, nothing but the influence which he still possessed prevented from rushing upon courses, which would have led directly to civil war.

In the tumult of national gratitude, which was consequent upon the acquisition of their independence, the Irish parliament resolved to raise twenty thousand sailors for the British navy. As soon as Lord Abingdon's notice reached the country, an immediate check was given to this important service; and the Volunteer corps in Dublin, which was under Lord Charlemont's immediate command, entered into very warm resolutions upon the subject, which were transmitted to his Lordship, who was then in the North of Ireland. We cannot better exhibit the difficulties of his position than by extracting from the work of Mr. Hardy, his answer to their communication. It is distinguished by mildness and prudence; and while the refractory, no doubt, to a certain degree, acknowledged his influence, he could not but feel that it was no longer unbounded:—

"SIR,—However I may disapprove of the resolutions which you sent me inclosed, I cannot but thank the gentlemen of the corps for their kind conduct with regard to me; and you, for the politeness of your letter. Your wish to apply to me for my approbation, was all the compliment I had any right to expect, and, in my unlucky absence, an application to your lieutenant-colonel was right and proper. It happens, however, unfortunately that in this instance, my senti-

ments and those of Colonel Flood, which have usually been similar, essentially differ, and I trust that, had I been in town, I should have been able to have urged such arguments as would have prevented a proceeding, which, coming from a corps that I have the honour to command, has, I confess, given me much uneasiness. In the perpetual hurry of my present occupations, it is impossible for me to detail upon paper, the many reasons which, in my opinion, ought to have induced you at least to suspend your resolution. I shall, therefore, content myself for the present with saying, that this country would indeed be in a condition miserably precarious and humiliating, if every rash expression, which may fall from any imprudent individual, should be able to change our sentiments, shake our determinations, and, by exciting our jealousies, to disturb the national confidence and tranquillity. Is it reasonable to expect, or possible to suppose, that the whole people of Great Britain should, in any sentiment whatever, be perfectly unanimous; or that, in a populous nation, there should not arise some unreasonable individuals who will give vent to their passions, and make use of their privilege of speaking, to declare their crude ideas, in contradiction to the generally received opinions and resolves? And shall we suffer ourselves to be agitated by their wild suggestions? Shall a people, such as we have shown ourselves, forfeit our character of steadiness, and veer at the slight impulse of every breath of discontent? but it will be said, that the speech of Lord Abingdon ought to be replied to; and so it was in the most proper and explicit manner. As no motion whatsoever was made, no debate could arise; but the Chancellor asked Lord Abingdon if he intended to make any motion? For that if he did, such motion would be opposed. In consequence of this, Lord Abingdon pocketed his bill, and it does not even lie upon the table. Such is the transaction which has given you so much disquiet! Such is the transaction which has agitated the minds of men, upon whom a great nation relies for support. Such is the transaction which has induced you to disclaim proceeding in a service to which the nation is pledged both by honour and interest. A service, essentially necessary to yourselves, as the only intent of the present levy is, to man the Channel Fleet for the defence of your own coast, as well as that of Great Britain, and to enable us to cope with our inveterate enemies in those seas, where their decided superiority must necessarily end in invasion.

at I did not mean to say so much, and

have not now leisure to write more. Indeed, even what I have written has been injured by frequent interruptions. I shall only add, that from my heart I disclaim with you all distinction between external and internal legislation, and shall at all times equally oppose by every possible means, every attempt which may be made to legislate for us, either externally or internally. But I will not madly suppose any such attempt, and till it shall be made, which I trust will never be the case, I will remain in perfect tranquillity, do my utmost to promote the security and welfare, both of Ireland and the empire at large, strengthen this country and her constitution with all my efforts, and quietly rest upon my arms.

"From what I have now said, you will readily conceive how uneasy your resolution has made me, and how happy I should be, that a service which I am here endeavouring to forward, should equally succeed every where, and more especially in a corps, which I have the honour of peculiarly calling my own; the credit of which is, in my opinion, in this instance, essentially concerned, and which I am bound to love by every motive of gratitude and esteem.

"I am, sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"CHARLEMONT."

Here we shall only say, that the right of England to exercise an authority over the commercial concerns of Ireland, in all that related to our intercourse with the colonies, was a direct corollary from *her sovereignty of the seas*; and that Ireland could only be enabled to participate in that sovereignty, by becoming amenable to the same regulations, and subject to the same restrictions which were deemed expedient or necessary in every other portion of the empire. Ireland, it must be held in mind, now claimed the privileges which it enjoyed, *as an independent kingdom*. And, as such, it could have no more claim to an interference with the peculiar and distinguishing prerogative of Great Britain, than France, or Spain, or Portugal, or any other independent state. The claim which it did set up, amounted, in fact, to a claim to legislate externally for Great Britain, while it was disguised, by the popular orators, under the appearance of resistance to an attempt, on the part of Great Britain, to legislate externally for it;—and, if admitted, would amount to this: surrender of a privilege which the kings and

the parliaments of England had proudly asserted, in the worst of times, against the combined hostility of the princes and potentates of Europe. When Lord Charlemont and his friend contended that this claim was founded in justice, and sanctioned by policy, we do conceive that there were no premises from which they could fairly draw any such conclusions; and that their pressure upon the British minister, on that occasion, gave him the first significant intimation, that the difficulties which the question involved were such as could be settled alone by a *legislative union*.

The death of the Marquis of Rockingham led to a partial change in the ministry, and gave rise, in the end, to

the celebrated coalition administration, in which Lord North and Mr. Fox were drawn into a forced, an unnatural alliance. Lord Charlemont was deeply affected by the loss of his distinguished friend, which he lamented equally upon public and upon private grounds, and never ceased to regard it as an event most calamitous to the empire. We consider his estimate of that amiable nobleman overcharged, but can well believe there was much to justify his love and admiration. He gave expression to his feelings in a warm panegyric, which he composed as an inscription for a bust of his noble friend, which he set up in Charlemont-house, and which we subjoin below, for the gratification of our readers.*

* "The most noble, Charles Watson Wentworth,
 Marquis of Rockingham,
 On whose Character,
 A consciousness of partiality would prevent my expatiating,
 If I were not confident,
 That the utmost ardour of friendship may be necessary
 To give warmth to a delineation,
 Which, even thus inspired, must fall far short of his merits.
 Genuine patriotism, unshaken fortitude,
 And immaculate honour,
 Dignified his public conduct.
 While his private life
 Was marked, adorned, and sweetened
 By every elegance of taste,
 By all the tender endearments of friendship,
 And by the constant practice of every social duty.
 A Patron of all the Arts, useful and ornamental,
 His Perspicuity discovered,
 His Influence protected, his Liberality encouraged,
 His Courtesy distinguished, and animated
 Innumerable Votaries to true Genius,
 Whose modest Merit might otherwise have been concealed,
 And lost to their Country.
 As a Minister,
 History will best speak his Praise.
 He rescued the Dominions committed to his charge,
 From the rage of Faction,
 And the destructive tendency of Unconstitutional Principles;
 In his first Administration,
 His Conciliatory Endeavours were effectual
 To the Restoration of Harmony
 Between Great Britain and her Colonies;
 Which Blessing was, however, quickly forfeited
 By a fatal change of men and measures.
 Public Necessity

The Volunteers still continued to be regarded, by the people, with unreserved delight, and by the government with secret apprehension; and an expedient was devised, by which, if it succeeded, their consequence might have been overthrown. A deficiency in the regulated number of troops for the public service, gave plausibility to a proposal, on the part of government, to raise four provincial regiments, of one thousand men each, for three years, or for the war, to be officered by Irish gentlemen, "who were to receive rank according to the men they raised, and not to be sent out of Ireland." The plan was submitted to Lord Charlemont, and he was told, officially, that he might command the whole, or any part of the troops thus proposed to be raised, with the rank of major-general. The command, he at once, and positively, declined; and the whole plan appeared to him either impracticable or objectionable, upon the most mature consideration. The following observations on the subject, which we extract from Mr. Hardy, are equally cre-

ditable to his candor and his sagacity. He observed that,—

"The Volunteers would undoubtedly regard it, not as an oblique, but very direct effort, to undermine them: and considering their alacrity and eagerness to meet the common foe, why not call on them again, if it was necessary? That, if from such an army, some danger was apprehended, that danger would not be diminished by depriving them of officers of experience and moderation, who had acquired an undoubted influence over them, and by that influence controlled many occasional irregularities. Who would then command them? Assuredly they would not disband themselves? and the most unprincipled, dangerous men in the kingdom might, in an evil hour, become their leaders. That if young officers were to be taken from the volunteer army, neither they nor the men could be of much use, as, in all probability, the war would be over before either soldier or subaltern were disciplined. For any present purpose, therefore, they would be inefficient, and any distant purpose could hardly be brought into contemplation.

And the Voice of the People,
 Again called him to the helm of the sinking State,
 Which, though now reduced to the last extremity,
 By weak and evil governance,
 Was saved from impending destruction,
 By his persevering skill and courage.
 The most jarring and discordant spirits
 Were harmonized and kept together,
 By the love of his person, the reverence for his Character,
 And the universal confidence in his honesty.
 Upon him, as the great centre of attraction,
 The confidence, and consequent safety of the whole depended.
 He found the Empire involved in the fatal consequences
 Of short-sighted, arbitrary, and tyrannic Policy,
 When, following the dictates of wisdom,
 And of justice,
 He gave peace and security to his Native Land,
 Liberty to America,
 And coinciding with the unparalleled efforts
 Of her virtuous sons,
 Restored her rights to Ireland.
 As his life was the support,
 His death had nearly been the ruin
 Of the British Empire,
 As if his lamenting Country
 Had been loth to survive her darling Son,
 Her friend, her benefactor, her preserver.
 M. S. P.
 CHARLEMONT.

Lord Charlemont added, that he imagined his predictions respecting the almost general odium attendant on the plan, would be found not the less true, because the Lord Lieutenant might have many applications for commissions; he would, undoubtedly, have many, and when rank and money were to be had, he knew not that country, especially one circumstanced as Ireland was, where similar applications would not be abundant. Such were, in part, Lord Charlemont's objections; but it seems they were not regarded as of sufficient weight to occasion an immediate extinction of the plan, for, whilst reviewing the southern army at Cork, he heard that it had been carried into execution, and all the officers taken from the Volunteers. That body became outrageous, and the people sympathizing with them, the general indignation overflowed all bounds.

"This took place in the summer of 1782, as I have stated, but so fixed was the popular abhorrence of the fencible scheme, that on the dissolution of parliament, in the ensuing year, some members lost their seats, in consequence of accepting fencible commissions. A circumstance occurred, which it is the duty of an historian to mention. When Lord Charlemont again waited on the Lord Lieutenant, he lamented that he was so good a prophet, for the fencibles had created more disturbance than he had even ventured to foretel; but begged leave, at the same time, to ask the Duke, if his prediction was not equally outstripped in the number of applications which had been received? 'Certainly,' replied his Grace; 'I have had, at the least, a hundred and fifty applications; and some persons, whom I was obliged to refuse, have been the most outrageously abusive of the fencibles, and decried the plan infinitely more than its original enemies. The Volunteers are all content and mildness compared to them.'"

Lord Temple had now succeeded the Duke of Portland. He was accompanied as secretary by his brother, Mr. (afterwards Lord) Grenville; and the most assiduous court was paid to Lord Charlemont, as the individual by whose countenance and aid they might best ingratiate themselves with the patriotic members. The honorable secretary seemed bent upon distinguishing himself by hunting out the malversations of various conspicuous individuals, in the many boards, and commissions of excise, and revenue, and public works which were at that time in Ireland; and some very flagrant cases of delinquency were, no doubt,

brought to light, and no power of borough patronage was sufficient to screen the delinquents. But this was a sort of political sea-killing, with which, under ordinary circumstances, the people would have been amused, and by which they might have been satisfied. Now, however, higher game was in view, and the Lord Lieutenant and his Secretary derived comparatively little political profit from their innocent amusement.

In reply to a letter from the Lord Lieutenant, soliciting his support, Lord Charlemont, alluding to the Duke of Portland, observes:—

"If any thing however could console us for such a loss, it would be the character of the noble person who is destined to succeed him; a consolation, which is greatly increased by the sentiments conveyed in your lordship's letter. With such a pledge of your sincerity, I cannot doubt, or fear; and shall only add, that as, notwithstanding my opinion of, and my good wishes for the Duke of Portland, his conduct was the only thing that insured to him my support; in the same manner, and on the same account only, will your lordship be certain to receive it. With every acknowledgment of your goodness towards me, and every good wish for the happiness of your future government,

"I have the honour to be,

"My Lord, &c. &c.

"CHARLEMONT."

It was during the viceroyalty of this nobleman, that the order of the Knights of St. Patrick was instituted. It was intended, Lord Temple observes, in a letter to Lord Charlemont, as a measure calculated to convey, to his Irish subjects, the sense which his majesty entertained of the present respectable situation of the kingdom; and he adds a wish, couched in very flattering words, that Lord Charlemont would permit himself to be nominated amongst those who were then deemed most worthy of that honourable distinction. Gratifying as this proposal was, he hesitated long before he acceded to it. Against the order itself, he could see no objection; and the time chosen for creating it, was of all others, the most fitting. But he knew not how far his political independence might not, in the eyes of many, be compromised, by receiving such a favour at the hands of government; and he was not the man who could consent, even in the remotest degree, to risk

his public usefulness, by any prospect of personal advantage. In the end, however, his scruples gave way, as, indeed, they should never have been entertained; and the Volunteers, whose suspicions, it was feared, might be excited by the circumstance, "exulted in his promotion, and universally declared, that they never would have pardoned a government, which, in such an institution, could have omitted him."*

This took place in 1783. The following extract from a letter, written about two years afterwards, to Lord Charlemont, by Horace Walpole, contains a suggestion, which, for the sake of the arts, it is to be regretted was not at that time adopted:—

"Strawberry-Hill, Nov. 23, 1785.

"As your Lordship has given me this opportunity, I cannot resist saying, what I was exceedingly tempted to mention two or three years ago, but had not the confidence. In short, my Lord, when the order of St. Patrick was instituted, I had a mind to hint to your Lordship, that it was exactly the moment for seizing an occasion that had been irretrievably lost to this country. When I was at Paris, I found in the convent of Les Grands Augustins, three vast chambers filled with the portraits (and their names and titles beneath,) of all the Knights of the St. Esprit, from the foundation of the order. Every new knight, with few exceptions, gives his own portrait on his creation. Of the order of St. Patrick, I think but one founder is dead yet, and his picture perhaps may be retrieved. I will not make any apology to so good a patriot as your Lordship, for proposing a plan that tends to the honour of his country, which I will presume to call mine too, as it is so both by union and my affection for it. I should wish the name of the painter inscribed too, which would excite emulation in your artists. But it is unnecessary to dilate on the subject to your Lordship, who, as a patron of the arts, as well as a patriot, will improve on my imperfect thoughts, and, if you approve of them, can give them stability.

"I have the honour to be, &c.

"HOR. WALPOLE."

Mr. Hardy tells us, that Lord Charlemont himself, before the receipt of this letter, entertained a similar idea; which would, had the state of the country, or his own position, been more

favourable to the prosecution of the refined and peaceful enjoyments which he loved, have been, no doubt realized. As it was, he felt the calls upon his time, from the numerous and distracting avocations which had claims upon him, quite as many as he had strength to answer,—and any serious attempt to accomplish this national object, was, of necessity, laid aside, although, from some memoranda, which were found amongst his papers, it is very clear that he was entitled to the praise of good intentions.

Lord Temple did not remain quite a year in the Irish viceroyalty, and was succeeded by the Earl of Northington. Now had commenced the coalition ministry, who fondly hoped, by the united influence of the respective leaders, Lord North and Mr. Fox, to bear down all opposition, and to combine the suffrages of almost every class of Englishmen, in favour of the continuance of their administration. But, as Swift said of ill-considered taxation, that two and two often only make one, so might it be said of this combination of opposites, which operated upon each other according to the rule of subtraction, not of addition, and led to a common result, in which each was rendered nearly powerless. In Ireland, Barry Yelverton, a popular name, was promoted to the office of Chief Baron, but only to make way for Fitzgibbon, who succeeded to the place of Attorney General. Scot, also, was again taken into power, and soon became more powerful than ever; and, altogether, the division of the loaves and fishes amongst the partizans on both sides, seemed to indicate a disposition on the part of ministers, to gull the popular leaders by honours and emoluments, while their adversaries, who had now determined to make a stand against the innovating spirit of the times, were put in possession of the more substantial advantages. The following letter from Lord Northington evinces the high respect which he entertained for the subject of this sketch:—

"Dublin Castle, Monday Evening.

"I much disappointed to find, after the liberty I had taken to desire your Lordship's advice in private, upon a former occasion, that I was not to expect to receive it in a more public manner. As I am sure it will not only contribute

much to the honour of my administration, but be of essential service to the affairs of this kingdom, to have the advantage of your Lordship's councils, I am to request of your Lordship to allow me to remove the impediment, and give me leave to have the honour of submitting your name for his Majesty's gracious consideration, to be placed as one of the Privy Council of this kingdom. If it will be a measure agreeable to your Lordship, I shall have the highest satisfaction in shewing your Lordship this mark of my esteem and regard.

“ Being, with great esteem,

“ My Lord, your most, &c.

“ ‘NORTHINGTON.’ ”

To this Lord Charlemont immediately replied:—

“ That although he had not thought of requesting such a favour, he could not decline a compliment so politely offered to him. One condition, however, he begged to propose, that Mr. Grattan, with whom, close as was their political union, he was still more closely allied by friendship, should be recommended, at the same time, for a seat in the privy council, otherwise he should, although with not less grateful respect to the Lord Lieutenant, totally relinquish the proposal.”

This condition, so honourable to Lord Charlemont, was promptly and cordially acceded to by his Excellency; and the Irish people were gratified at seeing their two most incorruptible patriots enrolled amongst the number of his Majesty's constitutional advisers.

It was during this administration that the celebrated convention was held in Dublin, in which the indiscretion, (to call it no worse name,) of the popular advocates, for the first time opened the eyes of the nation to the danger of a military assembly, and led to the downfall of the Volunteers. After every constitutional grievance had been redressed, and a declaration had received the sanction of parliament, that nothing could, thenceforward, interrupt the harmony which existed between Great Britain and Ireland, that powerful body, who felt that to their energy was owing the concessions which had been made, affected to deem these concessions insecure, unless they were followed by a reform in parliament. For this purpose, numerous deputies from their body as-

sembled in Dungannon, and came to a resolution expressive of their determination to hold a convention in Dublin, in which the Volunteers might be fully represented by delegates, chosen by their several corps, who might sit and deliberate upon the best means of carrying into effect their important object.

Although it was very well known that Lord Charlemont inclined against the extremes to which many were now about to push matters, it could not be that the opinion of one whose station and character entitled him to so much deference, should be altogether neglected. He was, therefore, consulted by the Volunteers of Belfast, previously to the meeting at Dungannon, and asked to point out some *specific plan* of reform, to be recommended to the consideration of parliament. The following is an extract from the answer which he returned to this solicitation, and clearly shows how little he sympathised with the dissatisfied spirits who now began to exercise a pernicious influence over the people.

“ A reform in the representation of Ireland is a measure which most certainly meets with my warmest approbation, and you may be assured that I shall co-operate with every sincere lover of his country, towards the attainment of that desirable object; but to point out a specific mode, is a matter of so difficult a nature, that I should esteem myself presumptuous, if I should attempt it—certain as I am, that it will require the united efforts and the most deliberate consideration of the wisest men in this kingdom, to produce such a plan as may be deemed unexceptionable. The pain, however, which I must at all times feel from being compelled to refuse my immediate compliance with any request of your's, is in the present instance somewhat alleviated, by my being clearly of opinion that it is not now necessary that such mode should be pointed out to you; and since you have been pleased to ask my advice, permit me, as a sincere friend to the object of our mutual wishes, to advise that, at the Dungannon meeting, the measure alone should be recommended, without specifying any mode whatsoever; which last consideration ought, according to the best of my judgment, to be left *entirely to the mature deliberation of your parliament*, and particularly of those representatives whom you are now about to chuse.”

This was good advice, but, had it been adopted, the doom of the volunteers would not have been so speedily sealed; and their extinction was now as necessary for national repose, as ever their embodying had been for national honour or national safety.

It was not without considerable misgivings that Lord Charlemont suffered himself to be chosen as one of the delegates to the convention. But he deemed it necessary that whatever now existed of virtue or of moderation amongst the assertors of the people's rights, should assemble and use all their influence for the purpose of imposing some salutary check upon the violence of those from whose extravagances most disastrous results might be expected. With the same view he prevailed upon several of his friends to consent to be nominated as his associates; and, by their aid, he hoped that the assembly about to be called together might be made to assume a constitutional aspect, and that any serious danger to be apprehended from it might be asserted, even though he should not be able

"To smoothe the raven down
Of blackness 'till it smiled."

His private opinion was decidedly against the holding any such convention; but in that he could not prevail;—and he resolved, as he thought, patriotically, to encounter its perils, in the hope that, by so doing, he might best mitigate its evils. A fearful alternative! by which popular leaders must often be embarrassed, when the spirit which they have excited has once passed the limits within which they would fain have it restrained, and when it may become as pernicious in its excess, as it might have been salutary in its moderation.

The convention had now assembled, and Lord Charlemont was chosen to preside over their deliberations. This was an important point gained, for his rival, the Bishop of Derry, would have valued that dignity more than his Episcopal rank; and had he been chosen to fill such an office at such a time, we have very little doubt that his leaning to the intemperate party would have led to a civil war, which would have perilled the connection of Great Britain and Ireland. The following account of the procession of that ambitious prelate to take his seat in that assembly, is given by an eye-witness, Sir Jonah Barrington, and without, we

are sorry to say, that reprobation by which such dangerous and discreditable folly in an ecclesiastic should be stigmatised.

"Previous to the meeting of the delegates, the Bishop of Derry had determined to convince the Irish people that he was no lukewarm professor of adherence to their interest; his character, already given, is confirmed by every act of his life when in Ireland. He took his seat amongst the Irish delegates at the Rotunda, with the greatest splendour; and to prove that he preferred the claims of the Irish Volunteers to both his English rank as Earl of Bristol, and his Irish rank as a spiritual noble, he entered Dublin in royal state, drew up his equipage at the entrance to the House of Lords, as if he halted to teach the peers their duty to their country, and then moved forward to take his seat at the Rotunda, as an Irish delegate in the National Convention. Such a circumstance can be scarcely credited in England; but had not Lord Charlemont's temporizing neutralized his spirit, it is probable that the Convention might have succeeded in its object. It is not, therefore, wonderful, that a British peer, an Englishman, and above all a Bishop, taking so decided a part in the cause of Ireland, should gain a popularity that few before him ever had so fully, or perhaps more justly experienced. He certainly was sincere; his proceedings on this occasion were extraordinary, and not unworthy of a special notice.

"The lords had taken their seats in the House of Peers, when the Bishop of Derry began his procession to take his seat in the Convention. He had several carriages in his suite, and sat in an open landau, drawn by six beautiful horses, caparisoned with purple ribands. He was dressed in purple, his horses, equipages, and servants being in the most splendid trappings and liveries. He had brought to Dublin, as his escort, a troop of light cavalry, raised by his unfortunate and guilty nephew, George Robert Fitzgerald; they were splendidly dressed and accoutred, and were mounted on the finest chargers that the Bishop or their commander could procure. A part of these dragoons led the procession, another closed it, and some rode on each side of his lordship's carriage. Trumpets announced his approach, and detachments from several volunteer corps of Dublin joined his lordship's cavalcade. He never ceased making dignified obeisances to the multitude: his salutations were enthusiastically returned on every side—"Long live the Bishop," echoed from every win-

dow; yet all was peace and harmony, and never did there appear so extraordinary a procession within the realm of Ireland.

"This cavalcade marched slowly through the different streets, till it arrived at the portico of the House of Lords, which adjoined that of the Commons. A short halt was then made, the trumpets sounded, the sudden and unexpected clangor of which echoed throughout the long corridors. Both Houses had just finished prayers, and were proceeding to business, and, totally unconscious of the cause, several members rushed to the entrance. The Bishop saluted all with royal dignity, the Volunteers presented arms, and the bands played the Volunteers' march. Of a sudden another clangor of trumpets was heard; the astonished Lords and Commons, unable to divine what was to ensue, or the reason of the extraordinary appearance of the Bishop, retired to their respective chambers, and with great solicitude awaited the result.

"The Bishop, however, had done what he intended; he had astonished both Houses, and had proved to them his principles and his determination. Amidst the shouts and cheers of thousands, he proceeded to the Rotunda, where, in point of dignity and importance, he certainly appeared to surpass the whole of his brother delegates. He entered the chamber in the greatest form, presented his credentials, took his seat, conversed a few moments with all the ceremony of a temporal prince, and then, with the excess of that dignified courtesy of which he was a perfect master, he retired as he had entered, and drove away in the same majestic style, and amidst reiterated applauses, to his house, where the Volunteers had previously mounted a guard of honour. He entertained a great number of persons of rank at a magnificent dinner, and the ensuing day began his course amongst the delegates as an ordinary man of business."

Such was the individual who now attracted much of popular regard, and whose influence in the assembly began to be most formidable to the friends of peace and social order; but fortunately he was the advocate of a measure which was at that time but little relished even by many of his most factious adherents. This was the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, upon which he was strongly opposed both by Lord Charlemont and Mr. Flood, and which, after endeavouring to force it upon the attention of the meeting, he was obliged reluctantly to relinquish, but not before a division of sentiment had been produced by the introduction of it,

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which afterwards contributed its full share to the dissolution of the Volunteers.

It is needless to dwell upon the various topics which were brought under the notice of this extraordinary assembly of armed men. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Flood obtained an entire ascendency over them, which he used for the purpose of procuring their sanction to a plan of reform peculiarly his own, which, at his instance, and to the consternation of Lord Charlemont, it was resolved that he, accompanied by such members of the convention as were also members of parliament, should bring down and present to the House of Commons, and that the convention should remain in deliberation until its reception or its rejection was ascertained. A bolder attempt to overawe a legislature never was made. Had it succeeded, it would have overthrown all legitimate authority, and been the commencement of a military tyranny in Ireland.

Of the stormy debate which ensued upon the presentation of this imperious mandate, we cannot afford space to speak. Suffice it to say, it excited all the constitutional indignation which was to be found in that assembly, and the manner in which the question was forced upon their notice, cooled the zeal, or determined the opposition of many of the most strenuous reformers. The debate continued until an early hour the next morning, when it was decided, by a large majority, not only to reject the petition, but to present an address to his majesty expressive of the loyalty of the house, and the determination of its members to pledge their lives and fortunes for the maintenance of their happy constitution.

Meanwhile, the delegates, after two hours' anxious deliberation, were induced by Lord Charlemont, who began to fear what had really taken place, to adjourn until the following Monday. The intervening Sunday was spent in consultation with his friends, as to the course most fitting now to be pursued; and they wisely resolved to anticipate the usual hour of meeting on the following morning, and to adjourn the convention *sine die*, before any opportunity was afforded for those angry remarks, or that intemperate and stormy eloquence, which might

"Fright the Isle from its propriety."

Accordingly, on Monday they assembled; and resolutions having been

passed expressive of their determination still to prosecute parliamentary reform *in a constitutional way*, this armed body quietly dissolved, to the great relief of every hater of discord, and the manifest confusion of those who were bent upon going lengths which would have periled the existence of the monarchy, and who, even though "Chaos should come again," would have resolved society into its original elements, rather than be defeated in their machinations.

This was, probably, the greatest service which Lord Charlemont ever performed for his country; and yet, his conduct in breaking up this assembly did not more strongly provoke the ire of the demagogues, than his countenancing it so far as to become a member, excited the wrath of administration. This we state, because he has been suspected by some of having acted in obedience to the suggestions of the court, in defeating, as he did, the objects of the intemperate party in the convention. Barrington broadly insinuates as much; but never was insinuation more unfounded. Although success may in some measure justify him, we will not by any means, justify his lordship for becoming associated with a body which he deemed both dangerous and unconstitutional. He thereby incurred a fearful weight of responsibility, and the consequences might have been very fatal. But of the purity of his motives in so doing, there should be but one opinion; as he encountered great personal risque without any personal object, and with the perfect certainty of offending the government, and displeasing some of his most valued friends.

Of the eminent senators of this period, by whom the dignity and the privileges of parliament were vindicated, Barry Yelverton, (afterwards Lord Avonmore,) was, perhaps, the individual who filled the largest space in the public eye, and whose eloquence and authority were alike influential in procuring the rejection of the dangerous and unconstitutional motion of Mr. Flood, both by the convictions which he inspired, and the respect with which he was regarded. He was, indeed, no common man, but one who was alike distinguished and adorned by his genius and his virtues. His head was enriched by the treasures of classic antiquity, and by legal and constitutional lore, while his heart was the seat of every kindly affection, and every

generous impulse, which could endear, or exalt, or dignify humanity. His eloquence, when he entered, as he did on the present occasion, in earnest into the field of discussion, was spontaneous, glowing, splendid, and profound; exuberant of rich, impassioned imagery; and abounding in those graces of expressions and those classical idioms of thought which threw a sort of pellucid atmosphere around the feelings and the sentiments to which he gave utterance, and made his hearers often fancy that they were listening to a sage in the region of Greece, rather than to a senator or a judge, in the kingdom of Ireland. His mind, though steeped in learning, was never overlayed by his acquisitions. The native strength of his intellect always enabled him to *appropriate*, in the strictest sense of the word, to his own immediate use, his rich and varied attainments. He never, by his assimilating in sentiment to the great characters in Greece and Rome, lost his personal identity. His admiration of them was not exhibited by tame subserviency, but by congenial ardour; and his influence with his hearers was as frequently owing to the transparent purity of his motives, and the excellence of his heart, as to the captivations of his classical imagery, or the cogency of his lordly ratiocination. Yet was he, at times, very unequal. Nature was not more liberal to him of those endowments which lead to eminence, than he was himself careless in turning them to the best account, or setting them off to most advantage. His faculties seemed like petted children, not wholly obedient to his own control. Sometimes they would unite in an effort of surpassing power. At other times they would scatter, and leave him in a state of the most pitiable destitution. And no one, not even he himself, could predict the moment, when, some brilliant train of thought enkindling in his mind, he would be taken, as it were, involuntarily, into one of those lofty strains of oratory, which may almost be described as the apotheosis of human elocution. When his great powers were summoned and marshalled for a great achievement, *and when they obeyed the call*, his march was, as Grattan described it, "like the march of an elephant;" and the admiration which he caused was less the tribute which is extorted by transcendent intellect, than the homage which men involuntarily pay to one of

the great productions of nature. The movements of his mind were like the heavings of the ocean, and even when he was most despotic in his influence over the feelings and understandings of others, he was himself as much the child of impulse, as any amongst the agitated group over whom he was exercising a momentary fascination. But, it may be truly said, the straggling disarray of Falstaff's recruits would hardly be too extravagant a metaphor, to represent the negligence and the disorder of his ideas, when his faculties were not amenable to his will, or when he did not brace them for the onset. In private, the richness and variety of his conversation was as inexhaustible as it was delightful; and there the playful urbanity of his manners, and the social zest with which he entered into all the innocent festivity of his companions, conciliated universal love. But there, also, was his weakness most conspicuous; and, it must be admitted, what should have been "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," not unfrequently was converted into a theatre of ribaldry, and even sometimes degenerated into a scene of dissipation. The unfenced garden of his virtues was a prey to every spoiler. Sharpers too frequently abused his generosity; and parasites were suffered to play, without rebuke, upon the easy credulity of his nature. Peace to his ashes! The subject of this sketch loved him cordially while he lived; and we could not suffer him to pass before our mind's eye, sustaining the part that he did, in the drama of life that has been brought before our view, without offering, poor and worthless as it may be, our tribute of commemorative admiration.

The viceroyalty of Lord Northington soon came to an end. It shared the fate of the coalition ministry. He was succeeded by the Duke of Rutland; and the patriots, who had recovered their constitution from the grasp of the British minister, began to abuse their newly acquired privileges, by urging the parliament to commence a war of prohibitory duties against the English manufactures; a measure which, if adopted, must have thenceforth led to a system of retaliatory enactments, which would have ruined the trade of Ireland. Fortunately the proposal was rejected.

But the difficulty of regulating the commercial interests of two independent portions of a common empire,

strikingly appeared, when the commercial propositions of Mr. Secretary Ord were brought under discussion. These, as they were modified by Mr. Pitt, (who felt it his duty to take in a larger horizon than that which bounded the view of the Irish politicians,) were construed as invading the independence of the Irish parliament, in matters of external legislation; and although the advantages of the proposed arrangements were sufficiently great, because they were hyperbolically described by Grattan and others, as a barter of constitution for commerce, they were indignantly rejected. Nor was Lord Charlemont free from the prevailing insatiation. He was as earnest as any in contending for that exclusive national competency for the regulation of our affairs, both foreign and domestic, which could not consist with any due regard to the exigencies of imperial legislation; and thus, a theory, not only idly visionary, but absurdly false, was made the pretext of a contrarious and impracticable policy, by which important national interests were neglected. This system could not last. It contained the seeds of its own dissolution.

In 1786 Lord Charlemont was elected president of the Royal Irish Academy, a situation which he continued to fill, with honour to himself, and advantage to that learned body, during the remainder of his life. His duties in that capacity were far more congenial to his elegant and cultivated mind, than those which awaited him in those more conspicuous stations, in which he was constrained to do a violence to the retiring gentleness of his nature. But, in the Academy, he felt himself at home, and he presided over its concerns with a gracious urbanity and intelligence which greatly endeared him to its enlightened members.

"Not one of the members attended the Academy meetings oftener than he did; few so constantly. Those who were his contemporary academicians must long call to mind his urbanity, the graces of his conversation, and the variety of literary anecdote, ancient or modern, with which he amused, and indeed instructed them, during the intervals of their agreeable labours at the Academy. In such labours he bore himself no inglorious part; and, in their first session, he favoured them with an essay, drawn from no common sources, in which he undertakes to prove, from an Italian author, Fazio Delli Uberti, a nobleman of Flo-

rence, who flourished not long after Dante, the antiquity of the woollen manufacture in Ireland. It is recorded of some of our countrymen, that the severe blow which that manufacture sustained, somewhat more than a century ago, was owing to their boast of its extent and prosperous condition. Had Lord Charlemont lived in those days, he would have defended its privileges with no less ardour as a senator, than in the present he traced its history with the ingenuity of a learned academician."

The Marquess of Buckingham, (formerly Lord Temple,) now succeeded a second time to the Irish viceroyalty, which was vacated by the death of the Duke of Rutland. His administration moved on with a tolerable degree of smoothness, until the discussion of the regency question, which was caused by the illness of the king. Here, the evil of two jarring legislatures again strikingly presented itself, and, had it not pleased Providence to restore his majesty to health, the consequences might have been very fatal. The English parliament maintained the right of the two houses of assembly to choose a regent; the Irish, the *duty* of nominating to that office the heir apparent to the throne. The English parliament elected the Prince of Wales *with conditions*; the Irish *called upon* him to *assume* the functions of royalty, in all the plenitude in which they were exercised before disease had impaired the intellect of the king. Could any propositions be more directly at variance? And could any differences be more important? And this *second* conflict with the English parliament occurred only six years after the assertion of our independence!

Lord Charlemont again took the wrong side, his nationality prevailing against his reason. He was the mover, in the House of Lords, of the resolution requesting the Prince of Wales to take upon him the office of regent. This resolution the Lord Lieutenant refused to transmit. And Lord Charlemont, then, accompanied a deputation to England, who were authorised to wait upon his royal highness, and present the address in person. This they did. It was graciously received. But the matter terminated there; as recovery of the king rendered it unnecessary to proceed in this perilous business any farther.

Now it was that Lord Charlemont's political conduct began to cause some alarm to the best friends of social

order. The indiscretion of the Irish parliament, respecting the regency, led to many dismissals from office; and this, again, caused an accession of strength to the opposition, which it had not known before, and from which, on the part of the government, considerable embarrassment might be apprehended. The conduct of Lord Buckingham was fully justified by the provocation which he received, (for parliament had passed a vote of censure upon him for his refusal to forward the address;) and those who were made to feel the weight of his displeasure, for what they conceived to be a strictly constitutional exercise of their parliamentary privileges, must naturally have felt very strong resentment. It was when these feelings were rankling in the minds of himself and his friends, that Lord Charlemont promoted the establishment of the Whig Club, a society which comprised most of the eminent persons with whom he was in the habit of acting in public life, and which served to give that energy and concentration to their exertions, which rendered them not only formidable to their antagonists in parliament, but dangerous at that particular crisis, to the peace of the empire. For never was there a time when a strong government was more imperatively required to quell the insubordination and the disaffection which now began to be ripe in many parts of Ireland. Of this, Lord Charlemont could not be persuaded, nor was it to be expected that he should. And we only do him common justice when we say, that had he been fully aware of the dangerous spirit which it was the tendency of the measures which he promoted to excite and to cherish, these measures would never have had, from him, the countenance with which they were regarded. But where he only saw the workings of constitutional principle, others could discern the heavings of secret treason. And well was it for the country that those whose views were juster, and whose foresight was clearer, were at that time placed in stations of authority, which enabled them to exercise such a vigilant guardianship over the public weal, that the machinations of the disaffected were defeated. We shall take occasion, in a future number, to present to the reader a full-length portrait of Lord Clare, who now filled the important office of Irish Lord Chancellor, and, without whose energy and determina-

tion, it is our firm belief, that the rebellion, the seeds of which now began to appear, and which afterwards blazed out with so much fury, would have terminated in the separation of Great Britain and Ireland.

"As to the politics of Ireland," says Burke, writing to Lord Charlemont at this period, (1789,) "as I see nothing in them very pleasant, I do not wish to revive in your mind what your best philosophy is required to make tolerable. Enjoy your mansion, and your amiable and excellent family. These are comfortable sanctuaries, when more extensive views of society are gloomy, unpleasant, or unsafe."

As the French revolution progressed, so the designs of the disaffected in Ireland became more and more apparent; and although the policy of Lord Charlemont was not calculated to counteract them, it is needless to say that, with the principles of that dangerous faction, he never sympathised. Almost to the latest period of his life, he continued an enemy to Catholic emancipation. We have Lord Plunkett's authority for saying, that in the end, he parted with what he called his prejudice upon that subject; but had he lived to witness the experiment that has since been made, he would, perhaps, account his *first* his most *enlightened* conviction. He thus writes to Dr. Haldiday with reference to that subject:—

"Thank you for your letter;—thank you for the explicit, manly, and friendly manner in which you avow and explain your sentiments; a manner worthy of my friend, and for which I must thank you, notwithstanding the painful situation into which your letter, kind as it is, has cast me. Not to be able perfectly to agree with you, must at all times give me pain; but the sensation is aggravated tenfold by my finding myself utterly incapable of explaining, as I could wish, the reasons of my disagreement. I cannot entirely adopt your opinions, nor coincide with your reasoning, and yet the wretched state of my nerves absolutely precludes my entering into the argument, or endeavouring to justify myself where I differ."

"As the best part of this letter was confidential, it would be improper to publish it altogether; I shall only insert such extracts from it as cannot be considered as strictly so, and do credit to the head and heart of the noble writer.

The difference of sentiment between him and his friend, seemed to be chiefly with regard to some claims of the Catholics, which it was expected would be brought forward in the session of parliament then fast approaching.

"For heaven's sake, let us not amuse ourselves with dangerous experiments. In one of Lucian's Dialogues, the wily Proteus desires Menelaus, who doubted the reality of that fire into which he was about to transform himself, to try the effect, by taking him by the hand: to which the shrewd Spartan laconically replies, 'Οὐκ ἀρπαλὴν ἡ Πύρα ἢ Περσεύς.'"

Already had the Whig Club, which, by his encouragement at least, he had contributed to establish in Belfast, began to take the hue of treason. He thus writes, in 1796, to the same respected individual, and gives way to an indignation never before exhibited by him, when he found that the body, for whose good reputation he was so solicitous, had rejected a declaration recommended by him, in which a profession was made of attachment to the constitution.

"Dublin, September 12th, 1796.

"What! Do the good people of your town consider it as a matter of very little moment, to be confounded in the mass of those whose principles they must detest? Is the present situation of this country, and more especially of your neighbourhood, such as to render an avowal of amity to the constitution, a matter of very little moment? As for the arguments, if such they may be called, made use of by those who wished to refuse their signature, they are really too futile to deserve an answer. That the spirit of discontent has struck its roots deep indeed, I am alas! well aware. But is it merely a spirit of discontent? I also am discontented; yet that shall not prevent me from endeavouring to save my country from destruction. But the spirit that has gone abroad, is, I fear, of a far worse nature, and proceeds from the machinations of a set of wretches, who wish for confusion, because by that alone they can hope to thrive. They wish for a restoration of Chaos, not from the hope, though that would be sufficiently foolish, that a better world might be created out of it, but, because they suppose that in the confusion of elements, the lightest must necessarily float at the top. The divine Milton, certainly no courtier, has well, and beautifully, pointed out the close connection which exists

* The experiment is not easy, Proteus.

between Chaos and the author of all evil, where Satan addresses the powers and spirits of the nethermost abyss, in words not ill-adapted to a modern anarchist.

“—Direct my course;
Directed no mean recompense it brings
To your behoof, if I that region lost,
All usurpation thence expelled, reduce
To her original darkness, and your sway,
Which is my present journey, and once more
Erect the standard there of ancient night.”

“To whom the old Anarch answers, with the utmost kindness, and bids him ‘Go, and speed.’ ‘Havoc and spoil, and ruin are my gain.’ There was a time when my opinion might have had some little weight at Belfast, but those halcyon days are fled. My only consolation is, that I am no way changed, whatever they may be who formerly honoured me with their esteem.”

But the floodgates of democracy had now been pulled up, and it was not in Lord Charlemont's power to close them. The secret association of United Irishmen was rapidly spreading through the country. While the friends of the people, as they were called, in parliament, were denouncing ministers, for not yielding to the “pressure from without,” by granting reform in parliament, and other measures of a like tendency, Wolfe Tone, M'Neven, Emmet, and their associates, were secretly laughing at their folly, and determined to rest satisfied with nothing short of the overthrow of the monarchy and the church, and the establishment of an independent republic in Ireland. But we shall reserve what we have to say on this subject for our notice of Lord Clare, who was, indeed, at this period a terror to evil-doers, and who was afterwards acknowledged, (by one of the rebel leaders, in his examination before the secret committee,) to have shaped his measures for the suppression of rebellion with almost as much skill as if he had had an intimate knowledge of all the hidden designs of the traitors.

Lord Charlemont's health was now very much broken, and his anxiety now respecting the state of the country did not contribute to improve it. The arrest of the committees in Belfast, and the seizure of their papers, put government into possession of much valuable information, and caused many, who were either hostile or neutral, to give a cordial approbation to the vigorous measures of administration. The following extract from a letter to

Dr. Halliday, bears date, June 9th, 1797 :—

“Dublin, June 9th, 1797.

“Deplorable indeed, is the account you give, and your experience of my sentiments will enable you readily to judge, how sensible I feel the misfortune of a town, which, with all its errors, must ever be dear to me; neither does my having long foreseen, and fruitlessly warned your fellow citizens against what has happened, tend in any great degree to lessen my concern, since, perhaps, *they* are the most unhappy, and consequently the most to be pitied, who suffer from their own faults or follies; and far be from me that hardness of heart, which can view with indifference, or sometimes even with pleasure, the sufferings of a friend, merely because he brought them on himself.—To avert these evils, you well know what pains I have taken. My advice has, indeed, been lavished on both parties, with equally ill success; but how could I expect that it would influence those with whom I was wholly unconnected, when it had produced little or no effect upon my friends? Would to heaven it had been otherwise; but spurred on by destiny, we seem on all hands to run a rapid course towards a frightful precipice. But it is criminal to despair of our country. I will then endeavour yet to hope. My conscience at least is clear, and with a clear conscience, utter despondency can scarcely exist. Every thing in my power has been done. I have recommended conciliation, I have recommended concession, and, though my advice, however strongly urged, has proved ineffectual, still I have disburthened my mind; neither is it utterly impossible that, in the fluctuation of these unsteady times, my opinion may yet prevail.”

Of the dreadful scene which shortly after took place, it is not our intention to speak at present. A more fitting opportunity for so doing will be presented in some of our future numbers. But he must have been but a short-sighted statesman, who could not now see the perils to which the country must be exposed, if the boasted constitution of 1782 continued to constitute the basis of its government, and who was not fully persuaded that the integrity of the empire could only be guaranteed by a legislative union.

It is not, however, surprising, that the fathers of that constitution should still continue to regard it with a partial fondness, and that every attempt to extinguish their national legislature should be strongly and indignantly re-

sented. When it was noised abroad that it was the intention of government to propose the measure of an union, Lord Charlemont waited on the Lord Lieutenant for the purpose of offering his respectful but earnest remonstrance against it. The interview he thus describes, in a letter to Mr. Hardy :—

"I prefaced my discourse by assuring him, that I expected no answer to what I meant to say, conscious as I was that, considering his situation, it would be impertinent even to desire it; but that, as a proposition of the highest importance was openly and generally spoken of, and as there was a possibility, that the report might be founded on truth, I had deemed it an incumbent duty, shortly to lay before him my sentiments, not only for my own sake, but for his also, as I could not doubt but that, in a matter of this nature, he would wish to know the opinion of every individual. That I deprecated the measure for many, many reasons, but would now trouble him with one only: that it would, more than any other, contribute to the separation of two countries, the perpetual connexion of which was one of the warmest wishes of my heart. His Excellency received my discourse with the utmost politeness; expressed his obligation, and his firm assurance, that every opinion of mine was founded on the best motives; but, in compliance with my desire, declined for the present, saying any more on the subject. From this you may

readily perceive that this business is most certainly in agitation. Lord Clare, as I am told, makes no secret of its being a principal cause of his voyage to England, and two things only can, I fear, prevent its being brought forward; remonstrances from the English trading towns, and the firm opposition of individuals here. The former is, I am assured, probable, but may only tend to render the treaty worse for this country; and as to the latter, both you and I are too well acquainted with our fellow legislators, to put much trust in them."

But his remonstrances were, happily, unavailing. When the measure was first brought forward, it was, to his great joy, defeated by a small majority. This gave a momentary sunshine to his existence, in which, for a time, he seemed to revive. But age and infirmities now pressed heavily upon him, and he was rapidly approaching towards his latter end. His health visibly declined more and more every day. His appetite almost entirely failed him; his legs swelled, and it was evident, to all who saw him, that his dissolution was near at hand. After lingering for some time in this distressing state, a species of stupor seized him which lasted some days, when he expired, at Charlemont house, in Dublin, on the 4th of August, 1799, in the 70th year of his age. Amongst his papers was found the following :—

"My own epitaph.

Here lies the body of
James, Earl of Charlemont,
A sincere, zealous, and active friend
To his country.

Let his posterity imitate him in that alone,
And forget
His manifold errors."

THE TWO INHIBITIONS, AND THE "LIBERAL" PRESS.

WE believe it was in the first year of his Archiepiscopate, that the late lamented Prelate of this diocese found himself under the necessity of executing an extreme act of power, by issuing an Inhibition. The circumstances of the case which called for this severity, left Archbishop Magee without alternative. They were these :—A gentleman who has since become notorious for the perseverance with which he has inveighed against the truths of revealed religion, and who has indeed been thought to have rendered such services

to an evil master as have procured for him a title which is not likely to be disputed, had found means to possess himself of two posts of a very commanding influence. He was principal assistant in a school in the vicinity of the metropolis, and had been appointed the substitute of the absent curate for the discharge of his parochial duties. What use was likely to be made of the opportunities afforded to him, the reader will scarcely ask, after having learned that the instructor of boyhood and maturity of whom we speak was the Rev.

Robert Taylor. The use actually made of one at least was such as might have been expected. The ministration of the pulpit was profaned to the office of undermining Christianity.

It would occasion no surprise to any who should hear, now, for the first time, that an inhibition was issued against such a preacher; and yet, we can remember well, when the whole force of Archbishop Magee's high character was demanded to sustain him against the storm of calumny and invective which the conscientious discharge of an imperative duty brought down upon him. We remember well the placarded walls—the corners of every street occupied by the busy and brawling agents who upheld standards testifying against episcopal intolerance, and the shrill clamours of importunate urchins still ring in our ears, "Mr. Taylor's letter, sir, to Magee;" "Mr. Taylor, sir, giving it to the Archbishop of Dublin." We remember, too, how the liberal press greedily seized upon the opportunity of assailing dignity—with what unmitigated rancour it poured forth slanders against the illustrious guardian of the churches of this diocese, and how pathetically it appealed to the sympathies which distress awakens, to enlist the compassion of men against their sense of justice, and to beguile them into a notion that because Robert Taylor was a suffering, he was an injured, man, and that Archbishop Magee, because he exercised authority to restrain him, was a tyrant.

After an interval of fourteen years, an Archiepiscopal Inhibition has again created some excitement in the public mind. The circumstances under which it has issued are not similar to those in which the former was called for—the subject of it is a man of zeal and piety; his discourses are of a character to procure many attestations in their favour, and to provoke no complaint or censure—he has been inhibited from preaching in the diocese of Dublin,—and the same press which left no species of vituperative eloquence unattempted in the generous endeavour to expose and bear down the despotism of Archbishop Magee, has "aggravated" its most gentle voice, and speaks smooth and small to justify and eulogise the inhibition of the more enterprising Archbishop Whately. Does this change in the "spirit of the journals" admit of explanation? Is it to be accounted for by the circumstances

under which it has been manifested? We shall see.

Robert Taylor was an Englishman, having no clerical appointment either in his own country or in this. L. J. Nolan is curate in a very ostensible position in the diocese of Meath, within less than thirty miles of this metropolis. Mr. Taylor, it is said, was pursued into his retreat in this country by rumours that in England he had acted in such a manner as to have incurred the penalty of suspension. Mr. Nolan entered upon the duties of his cure amidst unsuspecting testimonials that he had, to the utmost of his abilities, promoted the good of the reformed religion, and without any evil report, except from those who hated him because he had entered the Protestant Church, and was likely to prove an active and zealous minister. Mr. Taylor preached against the fundamental doctrines of revealed religion, and impugned, in his discourses, the authority of Scripture. Mr. Nolan has preached Christ and him crucified, and strenuously contended for the great principle that the Bible contains all truths necessary to salvation. Mr. Taylor was represented to Archbishop Magee as one who sought privily to bring in damnable doctrine. Mr. Nolan, it is said, has been represented to Archbishop Whately as one whose discourses, and whose life have taught and exemplified genuine Christianity. These are not discrepancies which would seem to call for eulogies on the silence of Nolan, from the same class of persons by whom the inhibition issued against Taylor was stigmatised as an unpardonable crime. Where then shall we find the essential difference? What is it which recommended Taylor and Archbishop Whately to the favour of the "liberal press" which provoked against Archbishop Magee and Nolan its rancorous hostility? Can it be this.—Taylor preached against Christianity; Nolan against the errors of the Church of Rome? We bid Mr. Nolan be of good cheer. The press which calumniate him is that which "so persecuted also" William Magee. We do not think it matter of congratulation to any party, to add, that the champions of Robert Taylor in times past are now the apologists of Dr. Whately.

Our course begins to emerge into the light. The motives for eulogy and vituperation are becoming intelligible, and the consistency of the liberal press begins to be apparent. No man will

admit of a doubt, that the individual, against whom the inhibition of Archbishop Magee was issued, was the decided enemy of revealed religion, and, consequently, of the Protestant Church. The illustrious Prelate, therefore, who displaced him rendered the Church a service. The opinions of dispassionate men appear made up that Mr. Nolan is one whose exertions, Roman Catholics think, would be beneficial to Protestantism—the act of silencing him therefore was, in their judgment, the depriving the reformed religion of an efficient minister. To complain that Mr. Taylor was silenced and to panegyrise the offering an indignity to Mr. Nolan, are, therefore, acts ascribable to the same consistent policy.

Let it be, here, clearly understood, that we confine our observations within the letter of their meaning. We insinuate nothing—we suggest nothing. We affirm, and we contend, on sufficient grounds, that Archbishop Whately is eulogised and encouraged by the partizans of Popery, because they think he has done injury to the Protestant Church; but we do not say, nor have we formed a judgment on the subject, that it was with a design to injure Protestantism, or to purchase the praise of any party, Dr. Whately performed the act in which the enemies of his church are exulting. We shall consider impartially what the Most Rev. Prelate, in the administration of his high office, has thought it becoming of him to do; we shall consider such reasons as have been officially given to justify his extreme exercise of authority; we feel it within our province to advert also to the consequences likely to wait upon it; but into the motives from which it proceeded, we feel our inability to penetrate, nor do we think ourselves at liberty even to speculate concerning them. Premising, therefore, that wherever we are constrained to complain of the conduct of the Archbishop of Dublin, we shall do so openly; that when we do not directly complain, we hold it unworthy of us to insinuate, we proceed fearlessly with our review. The eulogies of the liberal press we have regarded as lights which served to shew the *tendency* of the Most Rev. Prelate's act, not the *motives* from which it proceeded. A very brief consideration of the difficulties besetting the Church of Rome will show that they gave correct intelligence.

It is well known, that doubts which threaten the demolition of their system,

have been widely disseminated, and have been deposited in the minds of many of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland. We do not believe that the "healing measure" of 1829, which has made the country sore, had the power to blast the good fruits for which we were taught to look immediately before that year, although it certainly had the effect of checking their growth, and of defacing those manifestations of promise which encouraged even the superficial and the distrustful to expect them. The Roman Catholic clergy had been engaged in controversial discussions. In the endeavour to defend their church, they had been frequently constrained to abandon and deny her principles; their assaults upon the Church of England had provoked replies which taught them for the first time that antiquity bore testimony in favour of that pure faith which was approved by Scripture and right reason; and although boldness of assertion and denial often secured to them a temporary triumph or a happy escape, it could not protect them against a recurrence of thoughts which disturbed the trust with which they relied on their church, and increased their reverence for the great rule of faith and morals with which they had become habituated to compare it. The consequence was beginning to be apparent in the conduct of priests and people, when the political measures of 1829, interrupted the progress of religious discussion by giving a new direction to the public mind, and by causing the interest of argument and reasoning to fade in the more commanding splendor of what the great mass of the Roman Catholic people were taught to acknowledge as their miraculous deliverance.

An interruption of what had become a popular pursuit, thus produced, could not be permanently effectual. The excitement to which sober enquiry had been distasteful, subsided, and the interrupted studies would have been resumed, had not new topics of agitation been discovered and adopted. Instead of meeting the advocates of Protestantism, to discuss points of faith, the priests entered into associations to discuss and advance political interests, instead of defending the doctrines of their own church, they assailed the temporalities of the Protestant establishment, and instead of appealing to truth, and Scripture, and righteousness for the justice of their cause, they ad-

dressed themselves to the passions of a misguided people, to men's discontent, and envy, and uncharitableness, and strove, by such auxiliaries, to maintain themselves in the station of power to which they had been raised, and to overthrow all obstacles which impeded them in their efforts to obtain still higher dominion, or menaced them with insecurity in the positions they already occupied. But reflection comes to all men. Such a policy was desperate. It was impossible that at times it must not have appeared to many who were guided by it, dishonest as well as uncertain. Many a priest must have thought the cause bad which was driven to the adoption of such modes of defence. Many a laic must have felt that the boasted characteristic of sanctity had been effaced from the aspect of a church whose ministers were engaged in so unholty practices; and the natural result has followed, in the well-known disposition of many to renounce the errors of Rome, in the actual withdrawal of many laics and ecclesiastics from her communion, and in the doubts which it is ascertained, have been awakened in the minds of multitudes by the exertions of Protestant instructors, and, still more, by the confessions which their own clergy have made, or the methods of counteracting the efforts of their antagonists, to which they have resorted.

Of all the incidents which, at the same time, betray the unsoundness of the Church of Rome, and increase the evil of her condition, the most remarkable and the most dreaded is the frequent withdrawal of priests from her communion. The injury is two-fold—the affections of some go after the ecclesiastics who have departed—the reliance of others is shaken in the ecclesiastics who remain. The reformed priest is a witness against the church from which he has separated; and, in proportion to the frequency of such separations, will be the facility with which the minds of men may be drawn into conjectures and presages of new conversions, and the degree in which the stability of their dependance will be weakened on the priests who have not yet avowed a change. When a congregation has learned that a vehement assertor of the superiority of their church has joined the ranks of those who testify against it, some among them will be led to believe in the possibility that his successor may also change; and, gradually, something like distrust

will spread, whether the confessional or the sacrifice of the altar may not have been invaded by uncertainties and doubts, such as disturb the intention of the officiating priest and mar the sacrament. We do not set this down as in itself a severe injury to the Church of Rome, but we regard it as one of the approaches by which doubt may enter into her citadel. It will furnish an occasion for thought and enquiry and speculation, and will, to many minds, suggest consequences arising out of Romish doctrine, by which their unsoundness will be rendered more apprehensible than by the scriptural testimonies which condemn them.

It requires little sagacity to determine what should, and what must be the policy of the Church of Rome in this emergency. Whatever can disparage the testimony of reformed priests who bear witness against her; whatever is likely to deter waverers from renouncing her authority, and attaching themselves to those who have gone out from her, she must naturally hold desirable. The inhibition of the Archbishop of Dublin, and the reasons assigned for it serves to both uses.—To all who respect the authority or judgment of the Most Rev. Prelate, it damages the authority of Mr. Nolan's teaching—to those who, within the Church of Rome in profession, and estranged from it in belief, meditate upon the course they will pursue, it utters a dissuasive from the making a good confession. They are wise in their generation, therefore, who applaud the conduct of the Archbishop of Dublin, and pour their invectives on the reformed priest, Mr. Nolan.

There might have been one unavoidable drawback on the satisfaction with which the radical press lent itself to the defence of a Protestant Archbishop. It might have done so under circumstances which involved a defence of the church in which he was a ruler. To vindicate episcopal authority from calumnious aspersions, to assert the duty of submission to canonical government, might have become a necessary part of the duty undertaken by the men who discontinued their assaults on Mr. Nolan, only while they panegyrised the judge who had exposed him to their fury. This would have been a distressing necessity. It would not perhaps have released the sufferer from his tormentors, but it would, to some little extent have abated the gratification with which they dealt their blows, and

hurled their foul missiles at him. The manner in which the Archbishop thought proper to proceed—the ground on which he justifies his proceeding—has enabled the adversaries of the Church to enjoy their freedom without alloy. There is no necessary connection between the vindication of Dr. Whately, and a defence of the episcopal order.—There is no difficulty in pronouncing a eulogy on his Archiepiscopal judgment, without ascribing authority to the canons by which his decisions should be governed. In short, a Roman Catholic may praise the late inhibition with its accompanying commentary, because it not only restrained a preacher whom he dreaded, but cast disparagement also on the heads of the Protestant Church; because, in his judgment, the Prelate who proclaimed the ignorance, and censured the presumption, and punished the disobedience of the convert from Popery, betrayed in his own acts, unacquaintance with the canons according to which it behoved him to rule, disregard for the judgment of those whose authority he was bound to respect, and a fixed determination to take his own will and wisdom, as more trust-worthy guides, than the spirit of those laws by which church government is edifyingly conducted. The Roman Catholic may be lavish of encomium, because, as it seems to him, the blow aimed at the reputation of the convert was so awkwardly levelled, that Protestant discipline must take hurt from it. We shall see whether such an anticipation is groundless.

Although the terms of the inhibition against Mr. Nolan may be familiar to our reader's memory, we think it not unsuitable, for many reasons to give it a place in our pages:—

“INHIBITION.

“Richard, by Divine Providence, Archbishop of Dublin, Primate and Metropolitan of Ireland, and Bishop of Glandelagh, to all and singular clerks and literate persons within our dioceses of Dublin and Glandelagh, greeting.—Whereas the Rev. L. J. Nolan hath taken upon himself to officiate in performing divine offices in the parish churches of Lucan and Saint John, within our said diocese and jurisdiction, without our license or authority, contrary to the laws and canons of the Church of Ireland, in that case made and provided: We, therefore by these presents, strictly charge and command you, that you inhibit peremptorily the said L. J. Nolan, whom we

also, by the tenor of these presents, inhibit that he presume not to preach, or perform any other clerical office within our said dioceses and jurisdiction, without our special license and authority first had and obtained, under pain of the law and contempt thereof; and that you certify to us, or our Vicar-General, or some other judge competent in this behalf, what you shall do in the premises, together with these presents. Dated under our Archiepiscopal Seal, the eighteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six.

(Seal.) “RICHARD DUBLIN.

“JOHN SAMUELS,

“Deputy Registrar.”

Before we offer any observations on the substantial matter of this document, we think it right to enter our protest against what we conceive to be a very objectionable form of expression. Mr. Nolan's alleged offence is declared to be “contrary to the laws and canons of the Church of Ireland.” We would ask respectfully, what is the “Church of Ireland?” Is it a Church, in its constitution, character, doctrine, or discipline, different from the established church of these realms? As we read the 5th article of Union, it runs thus—

“That the Churches of England and Ireland, as now by law established, *“be united into one Protestant Episcopal Church, to be called the United Church of England and Ireland,* and the doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the said United Church shall be, and shall remain in full force for ever, as the same are now by law established for the Church of England, &c. &c. &c.”

Such is the article of Union. We ask—are the laws and canons which Mr. Nolan has transgressed, different from those of this United Church?—If they are, we propose another question—was it right that he should be judged by them? Are they the same? Are the times such as justify an abandonment of the appellation to which the Church in Ireland has become entitled? Is it right to familiarize the public mind to the idea of a separation between churches which have been, so far as laws have power, indissolubly united? We know that something may be said respecting adherence to form. We have no opportunity of comparing the form of inhibition issued against Mr. Taylor with that of which we now complain. We can, however, imagine, that an inadvertence

may have been committed in 1822, which, in 1836, it is much more difficult to excuse; and we earnestly hope that the heads of the church, if their interposition be necessary, will rectify an error which should not at any time have been permitted, but which the temper of the present day renders peculiarly obnoxious to censure. In times when a minister of the crown can rear up his scheme of municipal reform on an assumption that in every thing by which legislation should be affected, there is sameness in the condition and circumstances of Great Britain and Ireland, while his accompanying measure of Church Reform is based on the recognition of a difference and discrepancy amounting to not less than irreconcilable opposition, it would be well to have provided that no Tigellius of law-makers—no present or future Lord John Russell—should avail himself of the precedent set by an Archbishop of Dublin as his excuse for forgetting that the Protestant Church in Ireland had not become disentitled to the protective guarantee assured to it in the articles of the legislative union.

But to come to the more substantial matter of the inhibition. It alleges that the Rev. L. J. Nolan has taken upon him to officiate in the diocese of Dublin, without authority or license from the Archbishop, "contrary to the laws and canons of the church." This is to be regarded either as a general proposition, affirming that a stranger officiating in the diocese of Dublin, without license from the Archbishop, transgresses, and infringes the canons, or it contemplates some peculiarity in his particular instance, by which Mr. Nolan was rendered culpable. In either case we think his Grace took an erroneous view of the subject. In the explanation which has been given, (we believe officially) of his procedure, we have certainly seen nothing to satisfy us that he did not act under a misconception.

That a stranger officiating in Dublin is not accounted a transgressor of ecclesiastical rule, although he has not sought or obtained a license or authority from the Archbishop, the frequency of such ministrations renders abundantly manifest. Nor is usage at variance with the canons of the Church, which direct, not that a stranger shall obtain authority from the bishop of the diocese in which he performs an occasional office, but that he be licensed by the diocesan to whom his canonical obedience

is primarily due. The canons bearing reference directly to the qualifications which a stranger must possess in order that he be permitted to perform a clerical office, are two, the 38th and 39th. The latter enjoins that,

"Neither the minister, churchwardens, or other officers of any parochial or collegiate church, shall suffer any stranger to preach unto the people in their churches, except they know him to be sufficiently authorised thereto as is aforesaid;"

And the "aforesaid" authority is declared, in the preceding canon, to be,

"The testimony of the bishop of the diocese, or ordinary of the place, as aforesaid, whence they came, in writing, of their honesty, ability, and conformity to the ecclesiastical laws of the Church of Ireland."

All this is rational and intelligible. The ministers and officers of each parochial or collegiate church are responsible for the doctrines which shall be preached in their respective pulpits. If they invite strangers to officiate, they are bound to see that they select persons duly qualified; for which purpose it is incumbent upon them to procure, not a license from the bishop of the diocese in which their offices are held, but to have assurance that the stranger has been duly authorised to officiate in the place from whence he came. In a word, the ministers and officers of the church may admit strangers to officiate under certain specified restrictions. The canons which limit their power, by prohibiting them from introducing improper persons to their pulpits, recognise and secure their right to avail themselves of the services of such ministers as are not canonically disqualified.

It would seem, therefore, that a stranger solicited by the minister of a Dublin church to preach in his pulpit, does not necessarily violate the canons by accepting the invitation. He is justified in assuming that he would not have been requested to officiate if any local regulation excluded him; if it were necessary to obtain a special permission from the diocesan, he is justified in assuming that it should be sought, not by him, but by the minister of the place; and that, indeed, had not such a permission been generally understood, or, in that particular instance obtained, he would not have received the invitation to officiate. As to the

canons, he knows that they do not require of him to obtain an episcopal sanction to his preaching other than that which he has received from the bishop of the diocese in which he holds his cure or preferment. So much for the question as affecting strangers generally. We shall now consider it as it may be effected by peculiarities in the recent case of inhibition.

Mr. Nolan, it appears, about three years since, having withdrawn from the Church of Rome, applied to the Archbishop of Dublin, requesting employment in his Grace's diocese. The application was entertained, and Mr. Nolan was required to undergo an examination, for the purpose of ascertaining his competency to discharge clerical duties. He did not succeed in obtaining the Archbishop's approbation, and was accordingly refused permission to officiate. His Grace, however, did not bid Mr. Nolan despair; he pointed out to him a course of study, and declared his willingness to admit him, when better prepared, to a re-examination. So far the conduct of the Archbishop may have been consistent with a due regard to the interests of religion, and with a benevolent consideration for the individual whom he pronounced deficient in scriptural knowledge. Of all this we are officially informed. We are further instructed, that Mr. Nolan was recently refused permission to officiate in Dublin, on the ground that he had been found incompetent when he was formerly examined, and that the Archbishop of Dublin had not had an opportunity of ascertaining that he had so benefitted by his Grace's counsel as to have become capable of discharging clerical duties with advantage. We subjoin the document in which this explanation is given with authority—

"To the Editor of Saunders' News-Letter.

"Nov. 26, 1836.

"SIR,—Many statements and remarks having appeared in various newspapers relative to Mr. Nolan, who has been inhibited by the Archbishop of Dublin from officiating in his diocese, we observe that the transaction in question is assumed to have some connexion with the circumstance of Mr. Nolan's having been formerly a Roman Catholic Priest, and that accordingly the whole matter is mixed up, more or less, with Roman Catholic controversy. We think it right, therefore, to undeceive the public as to

the point by a simple statement of facts, which have come under our knowledge. The transaction alluded to is, in reality, totally unconnected with any thing relating to the church of Rome, in its doctrines, or to its members, considered as such. The Archbishop proceeded exactly in the same manner in which he, and it is to be presumed every other Bishop would, in the cause of an individual brought up either in the Protestant or Roman Catholic persuasion. Mr. Nolan having some time ago appeared before the Archbishop, applying for some clerical appointment, was found on examination not to possess that knowledge which is required for candidates for Holy Orders. His Grace was of course obliged to decline giving him at that time what would be equivalent to ordination, permission to officiate as a clergyman. The Archbishop at the same time pointed out a course of study, and expressed his readiness to admit him to a re-examination when better prepared. In an interview with us lately, Mr. Nolan admitted that he was ignorant of the Scriptures at the period of that examination, and that the Archbishop had acted rightly in refusing him leave to preach. He added that since that period he had acquired religious knowledge. Of this the Archbishop had no opportunity of judging, Mr. Nolan having never presented himself a second time to his Grace. When, therefore, Mr. Nolan commenced preaching in the diocese of Dublin, after having been refused permission as above stated, it became necessary, as a matter of course, to direct an inhibition against him, without any reference whatever to any topics introduced or designed to be introduced in his discourses, and without reference to any popular commotion, actual or apprehended. The whole transaction was, as we have before said, from first to last, totally unconnected with any question between Roman Catholics and Protestants. We remain, your obedient humble servants.

"CHARLES DICKENSON.

"JAMES WILSON,

Chaplains to the Archbishop of Dublin.

This must be regarded as a document of importance. Answering as it does for the motives by which the Archbishop of Dublin was influenced, it is natural to suppose that it was submitted to his Grace's inspection. Indeed it would imply a degree of supine indifference, of which we should be sorry to accuse the Archbishop, were he to permit such a statement to go forth to the public without his consent and approbation. It professes to de-

clare with authority what were, and what were not, his views in issuing the inhibition—it records an acknowledgement from Mr. Nolan, that when the Archbishop pronounced him incompetent to discharge clerical duties with propriety, (which was, as Mr. Nolan affirms, two years and seven months since,) his Grace was justified in denying him permission to officiate—and it exhibits an opinion as held by his Grace of Dublin and his chaplains, in which we fondly hope no other bishop and chaplains in the united Church of England and Ireland will be found to participate. We do not wish to be censorious in our observations. We do not wish to inflict, even had we the power, unnecessary pain. For one of the parties whose name has become connected with this unhappy transaction, we have long entertained feelings of respect and affection, from which it would be very painful to us to be severed; but, as we impute no blame to the holders of the opinion, as they have courageously and candidly, because unnecessarily, avowed it, we will not think, that any private feeling can be embittered by entering a protest against it, in respectful terms, but in the strongest also which our temperate vocabulary can supply; because of what we believe to be its unsoundness in doctrine, and its most injurious tendency.

The opinion to which we feel thus

constrained to advert, is that which is expressed in the following words—"what would have been *equivalent to ordination*, permission to officiate as a clergyman." The meaning of this expression is either general, that permission from the Archbishop of Dublin to any person is equivalent to ordination, or it is limited, and intimates the value of such permission if given to the individual who then sought it, Mr. L. J. Nolan. In either sense, we contend, the expression is incorrect. The permission of the Archbishop would not, in any case whatever, be equivalent to ordination. Deliberately to affirm that it would, indicates a very exaggerated notion of the Archbishop's power, or denotes a very inadequate comprehension of the solemn rite of ordination.* Power to administer, and permission to officiate, are, in truth, privileges altogether distinct and independent of each other. The one is derived through the imposition of hands in ordination—the other is conferred at the will of the ordinary, by his license. The one is a power which abides with the individual on whom it has been bestowed, so that by no human authority can he divest himself of it—the other is a right which may be resigned at will, and of which for a variety of causes, the possessor may be deprived. The one imprints an indelible character—the other assigns an office of which the holder may be-

* "Ministerial power is a mark of separation, because it severeth them that have it from other men, and maketh a special order, consecrated unto the service of the Most High, in things wherewith others may not meddle. Their difference, therefore, from other men is in that they are a distinct order. So Tertullian calleth them. And St. Paul himself, dividing the body of the Church of Christ into two moieties, nameth the one part *diácones*, which is as much as to say the order of the laity, the opposite part whereunto we in like sort term the order of God's clergy, and the spiritual power which he hath given them, the power of their order, so far forth as the same consisteth in the bare execution of holy things, called properly the affairs of God; for of the power of their jurisdiction over men's persons we are to speak in the books following. They which have once received this power may not think to put it off or on like a cloak, as the weather serveth, to take it, reject, and resume it as oft as themselves list; of which profane and impious contempt these latter times have yielded, as of other kinds of iniquity and apostacy—strange examples. But let them know, which put their hand unto this plough, that once consecrated unto God, they are made his peculiar inheritance for ever. Suspensions may stop, and degradations utterly cut off the use or exercise of power before given; but voluntarily it is not in the power of man to separate and pull asunder what God by his authority completh. So that although there may be through this desert degradation, as there be cause of just separation after matrimony; yet if (as sometimes it doth) restitution to former dignity, or reconciliation after breach doth happen, neither doth the one nor the other ever iterate the first knot; much less is it necessary, which some have urged, concerning the reordination of such, as others in times more corrupt did consecrate heretofore—which error, already quelled by St. Jerome, doth not now require any other refutation."—*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, Book 5.*

come dispossessed. In what sense, then, can permission to officiate and ordination be termed equivalent?

If permission to officiate as a clergyman be equivalent to ordination, ordination is unnecessary. But the Church of England declares that no man who has not been duly ordained, shall presume to officiate.

"No man shall be accounted, or taken to be a lawful bishop, priest, or deacon in the united Church of England and Ireland, or suffered to execute any of the said functions, except he be called, tried, examined, and admitted thereunto, according to the form hereafter following, or hath before had Episcopal ordination or consecration."—*Book of Common Prayer—preface to the form and manner of making, ordaining, &c. &c.*

If the Archbishop of Dublin would admit a person not thus qualified to officiate as a clergyman, we do not hesitate to affirm that he would in so doing transgress the laws of his church. If he require ordination as an indispensable pre-requisite to his granting such permission, he cannot, rationally, account "permission" an equivalent for what it cannot represent, for what it presupposes, for that of which it cannot supply the absence or want. It is clear, then, that in the ordinary and general sense of the terms, it would be a very grave error to pronounce "permission to officiate, equivalent to ordination."

Is there any such peculiarity in the circumstances or condition of Mr. Nolan, as justify the use of such expressions, if limited to his particular case? It would appear to us that the limitation rather serves to render the incorrectness more manifest. The Archbishop of Dublin regarded that gentleman either as a layman or an ecclesiastic; as an individual seeking admission into priest's orders, or as one who had been already ordained. If he accounted Mr. Nolan a layman, his case is of the kind which has been already considered. We need not return to it. If, on the other hand, his Grace regarded him as a person in orders, he must have known, surely, that he did not a second time require ordination, in order to his engaging in clerical duties. Why should, therefore, the grace to be accorded to him be pronounced equivalent to ordination? Had it been described as supplemental, as conferring a right to exercise powers bestowed by ordination, we could un-

derstand, and would acknowledge its propriety. But to affirm that an equivalent for ordination was granted to, or was withheld from, one who had already received that of which it was the equivalent, is not to speak rationally; it is, indeed, to pronounce that in the case of Mr. Nolan, the permission sought and refused was wholly superfluous, because its use was that it should serve as an equivalent for ordination, and he had already been ordained.

There is another supposition by which the efficacy ascribed to "permission" might be rendered intelligible, namely, that the present Archbishop of Dublin is invested with a species of dispensing power—according to which he can supersede the constitutions of the Church, can disregard the book of common prayer, and by his simple "*eo volo*" convey all the power and authority imparted in the rite of ordination. But we are persuaded that no such power will be asserted on his Grace's behalf, and accordingly, we conclude that the proposition on which we have been commenting is in itself untrue, and that no privileges belonging to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, and no peculiarities in the case of Mr. Nolan furnish an excuse for it.

Perhaps, although not correctly expressed, the proposition has an intelligible meaning. We shall recite the sentence preceding that in which the censurable expression occurs.

"Mr. Nolan having some time ago appeared before the Archbishop, applying for some clerical appointment, was found on examination not to possess that knowledge which is requisite for a candidate for holy orders."

Then follows the objectionable passage—

"His Grace was of course obliged to decline giving him at that time *what would have been equivalent to ordination, permission to officiate as a clergyman.*"

It is possible that the term "equivalent" may have been designed to convey no more emphatic idea, and have been used in no higher sense than to intimate that permission to officiate would be as effectual a recognition of Mr. Nolan's competency to discharge clerical duties, as that which takes place when, under other circumstances, a candidate is admitted to holy orders. In the ceremonial of ordination there

is a solemn attestation given to the learning and godly conversation of those persons who are candidates. There is also a solemn service, holy and earnest prayers, and the appointed imposition of hands through which graces are sought and imparted to those who are commissioned to preach God's word, and to administer sacraments. If it be the habit of his Grace the Archbishop to think or speak with slight regard of the deep spiritualities of ordination, and if his thoughts are accustomed to rest on the public notification of the candidates' worth, as that which is alone, or principally, important, we can understand that the word "equivalent" has been deliberately employed—the ceremonial of ordination, and the forms of permission having, according to his Grace's judgment, one meaning; but if he believe the elevating and subduing service by which the Church sets apart an order of men to minister before the Lord, and supplicates that he will bestow upon them richly his promised graces, to be more than idle words, he cannot have wilfully suggested or permitted the application to it of a disparaging, and indeed a profaning expression, and he will, we are persuaded, take some public opportunity to undo the mischief it is likely to effect wherever his name possesses authority.

Having assigned the reason why Mr. Nolan's application to the Archbishop proved unsuccessful, the official statement proceeds to explain the refusal, continued to this day, of the permission which nearly three years since had been vainly solicited.

"In an interview with us lately, Mr. Nolan admitted that he was ignorant of the Scriptures at the period of that examination, and that the Archbishop had acted rightly in refusing him leave to preach. He added that since that period he had acquired knowledge. OF THIS THE ARCHBISHOP HAD NO MEANS OF JUDGING, MR. NOLAN HAVING NEVER PRESENTED HIMSELF A SECOND TIME TO HIS GRACE. When, therefore, Mr. Nolan commenced preaching in the diocese of Dublin, after having been refused permission as above stated, it became necessary, as a matter of course, to direct an inhibition against him."

We have no right, and certainly

have no wish, to sit in judgment on any exercise of power which men in authority may think themselves called on to make. We have no wish to spy out blemishes, and are far, indeed, from the desire to abridge episcopal authority, or to bring it into disrepute. For ourselves we distinctly and deliberately affirm that we would not willingly, had we opportunity and power, officiate in the diocese of Dublin, in opposition to the Archbishop's expressed direction and will; and with all our respect for Mr. Nolan's high character and attainments, and without at all presuming to judge whether the motives by which he was influenced ought not to be more constraining than ours, we should be well pleased to find that when that excellent man undertook to officiate in Dublin, he did so not deliberately and with full knowledge of his Grace's objection. We are not, therefore, to be regarded as condemning an exercise of episcopal authority of which we cannot see the advantage. But the same disposition to respect legitimate power which draws from us this declaration, induces us also to protest against any exercise by which legitimacy itself is threatened or shaken. The same jealousy with which, had we power, we would defend the rights or dignity of Archbishop Whately, would arouse us to remonstrate, if, inadvertently, or of set design, we found his Grace "removing his neighbour's land-mark;" and, as we would express unfeigned regret that Mr. Nolan, coming from the diocese of Meath, should take upon him, in opposition to the Archbishop's will, to preach in Dublin, so must we also regret that, in the explanation of his Grace's conduct which has been officially sent forth, an expression is to be found by which the authority and jurisdiction of every prelate of the Church in Ireland seems virtually, though indirectly, abrogated.

"Of this the Archbishop had no means of judging, Mr. Nolan having never presented himself a second time to his Grace."

"No means of judging!!" Mr. Nolan was a curate in the diocese of Meath—he had obtained that permission* to officiate which the Archbishop of

* It has been affirmed that Mr. Nolan was not duly licensed by his diocese. We have not ascertained whether the assertion is correct. It may have been in his case, as we have known it to be in the instance of many curates, that permission to

Dublin pronounces equivalent to ordination, and which, accordingly, in his Grace's judgment, at least bears testimony to the "learning and godly conversation" of the individual to whom it is granted—and yet it is said that "the Archbishop had no means of judging" whether Mr. Nolan "had acquired knowledge." Surely to ascertain that the important "permission" had been obtained, a personal interview with Mr. Nolan was not necessary.

But we must be more exact. When the Archbishop declined giving Mr. Nolan permission to officiate as a clergyman, he "pointed out to him a course of study, and expressed his readiness to admit him to a re-examination when better prepared." When next his Grace's attention was drawn to the rev. gentleman, it found him in circumstances which rendered the proffered re-examination unnecessary. Mr. Nolan was curate of Athboy. The fact of his having obtained the requisite permission to officiate had become notorious, and if the Archbishop desired no further satisfaction than an assurance upon this point, he could have obtained it from a still more unsuspecting source than the lips of a party interested, by directing an inquiry to be made at the office of the Ecclesiastical Commission. When, therefore, his Grace is represented as having no means of judging as to the proficiency of Mr. Nolan, because that gentleman had not sought a second audience, it seems evident that a "re-examination" was the sole "means of judging" by which the Archbishop of Dublin desired to be satisfied.

This "means of judging," the canons of the Church, in our opinion, most wisely disallow. A bishop may ex-

amine a minister who seeks at his hands collation to a benefice. It is right that he should be afforded all facilities to judge the fitness of one to whom momentous interests are to be entrusted, for the duties he is about to undertake. It is right that he should have assurance not only of general ability and good conversation, but also of those qualities which promise harmonious and edifying correspondence and intercourse between the minister and his particular congregation. But where there is no permanent relation formed—where the matter to be considered is the qualification required in a stranger who is solicited to perform some occasional act of ministerial duty, it appears that no such authority is given. It is directed, in this case, to ascertain that the stranger is subject to episcopal governance, and that he is duly accredited and authorised by his proper superior. Where the requisite testimonials are found, they are assumed to certify competent knowledge and propriety of life. By this regulation the Church is preserved as a *national* establishment. If bishops were to disallow the testimonials of their brethren, (and to insist on an examination is to disallow them,) each diocese would become an established church, separate and estranged from every other diocese, and perhaps hostile also. By insisting on re-examining Mr. Nolan the Archbishop of Dublin claimed a power which would have proved detrimental to the general well-being of the church, and with which, therefore, the canons did not endow him. The power to inhibit we do not dispute. Upon the exercise of that power we do not sit in judgment; but the reason given for the late exercise has been thrown out before the public, and we

officiate was not given with all the formalities which ecclesiastical discipline in its strictness enjoins. We do not enter at large into this part of the case, because our limited space will not allow of our undertaking it with a hope of giving it a full examination. We confine ourselves to a review of the reasons assigned on behalf of the Archbishop for his act of power. Mr. Nolan was inhibited, not for want of a license from the Bishop of Meath, but because he had not license or authority from his Grace of Dublin. Had the want of letters testimonial from his diocesan been the reason why Mr. Nolan was denied permission to preach, it is, we trust, no more than justice to affirm that the inhibition or the explanation would have stated as much. The reasons assigned, however, are that the authority of the Archbishop of Dublin had not been obtained, and that his Grace did not consider Mr. Nolan competent to the discharge of clerical duties. Such being the case, it would be superfluous labour to investigate the ground of assertions relative to a license from Meath, or to the degree in which such considerations affect the question at issue. That question is not, was Mr. Nolan rightly inhibited from preaching?—but, are the reasons assigned on the part of his Grace the Archbishop satisfactory?

have no hesitation in declaring that it is unsatisfactory and incorrect. Mr. L. J. Nolan was refused permission to officiate because of his alleged ignorance. That cause, with due respect for the regulations of the Church, could not be assigned against a settled and officiating minister. If Mr. Nolan were, as he professed, curate of Athboy, to accuse him of ignorance would be a violation of decorum, a wide departure from the respect and deference owing to the bishop who had admitted him into his diocese, and indeed a contumelious disregard of the canons. If he was not what he professed to be, there was a still better ground than ignorance for the inhibition. But Mr. Nolan was, we hope, we may say (unless promotion has removed him) is, curate of Athboy. The Archbishop does not express a doubt of the fact. We therefore complain, not that he issued an inhibition, which we believe it may have been competent for him to do, but that he required what was not competent for him, a minister in the diocese of Meath, to submit to his examination; or, what was still more objectionable, that he imputed ignorance to that minister, because he had considered him ignorant before he had qualified himself to undertake the duties of a cure, and because in despite of the testimony borne by his clerical appointment, he was resolved to think him so still.

It is not matter of surprise that an inhibition issued under such circumstances, and justified by such explanations, shall have brought gladness to the enemies of the Protestant Church and religion, or that it should cause to us much anxiety and sorrow. The whole transaction seems to indicate a separation of the diocese of Dublin

from the national establishment, disclosing a very remarkable peculiarity of religious opinion, and assuming a very extraordinary privilege in matters of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. There may be found some who will say that in commenting on such manifestations of sentiment and belief, we have applied ourselves to topics incidental and collateral, to the exclusion of what was more obviously the matter most to be regarded. Our reply is, that we have addressed our observations to that which we accounted of the highest moment—to principles which must ever be matter of grave alarm, rather than to an incident which, considered apart from the maxims by which it is justified, might have been, for a time a subject of poignant regret, and then a warning against subsequent inadvertencies. We looked upon the documents issued in the Archbishop's justification, as containing expressions by which the holy rite of ordination was profaned, and advancing claims by which episcopal authority is disallowed; and wherever we find such expressions, whether they are set forth as constituting professedly the substance of the document in which they occur, or seem parenthetically insinuated, like the celebrated "*proponentibus legatis*" of Pius IV. we shall continue to pronounce them the scandals which most imperatively demand correction, holding that the severity under which the purest individual may suffer or sink, is not worthy to be compared with the injury done by a proposition, appearing as part of an official statement, which a knowledge of its author alone would prevent us from pronouncing a defamatory libel on the spiritual offices of our Church, and an avowal of contempt for her constituted authorities.

ESSAYS ON THE ENGLISH POETS,—NO. II.

HENRY MORE.

THE poems of Henry More, the Platonist, are but seldom opened in our day; the neglect into which they have fallen, though easily enough accounted for, is we think undeserved. We know but of two accounts of the volume, one in the *Omniana*, and a second in the fifth volume of the *Retrospective*

Review, neither of them exhibiting the peculiar character of the poems; and both critics, it would seem, wholly uninterested by the philosophy of the writer on whom they were commenting. We therefore think we are doing some service in bringing before the public some extracts from the works of

a man, some of whose writings were more admired and more influential than any appearing at the same period; the correspondent of Descartes—the opponent of Hobbes—the friend of Milton—one whom Burnett describes as “an open-hearted and sincere Christian philosopher,”—of whom Hobbes said “that if his own philosophy was not true he knew none that he should sooner like than More’s of Cambridge.”

He was born at Grantham in Lincolnshire, in the year 1614. His father, Alexander More, a zealous Calvinist, took anxious care to educate his son in his own sentiments; and the after-life of the young student being passed in combating these opinions, has made him anxious to record that a master was selected for him of rigid Calvinistic opinions. At this period, an uncle of his prevailed upon his father to send him to Eton. He relates his departure for Eton, and his father’s parting injunction not to desert those religious principles in which he had been carefully instructed. But the young enquirer had already taught himself to regard the doctrine of predestination as taught by his father and his tutor to be inconsistent with any adequate notions of the justice and goodness of God. At Eton he had the opportunity of expressing his opinions aloud; and the theologian tells of a dispute between him and his uncle, in which at the age of fourteen he stoutly maintained his own opinions though chidden by his uncle and menaced with correction for his “immature forwardness in philosophising.”

In spite of this controversial divinity the boy was religious, and contemplative; he tells us, that from his earliest childhood an inward sense of the divine presence was so strong upon him and so habitual, that he did then believe and feel there could be no thought or word hidden from God. At Eton his progress in Greek is described as unusual. In due time he was removed to Cambridge and placed under a tutor, not a Calvinist.

“And now,” says he, “a mighty and almost immoderate thirst after knowledge possessed me throughout, especially for that which was Natural, and above all others, that which is said to dive into the deepest causes of things, and Aristotle calls the first and the highest philosophy or wisdom.”

In this temper he read, before he took his first degree, Aristotle, Cardan,

and Scaliger. The Platonists, whose works he next studied, coincided more with the peculiar turn of his mind; and he read with delight Ficinus, Plotinus, Trismezistus, and the rest of them. A volume of mystical divinity—the famous “*Theologia Germanica*” about this time fell into his hands and gave him great delight. The authorship of this work is doubtful; but it has been ascribed with great probability to Lauterus, a Dominican monk, who was styled the *illuminated divine*; and in whose writings Luther was fond of acknowledging that he had found more “solid and sincere theology than in all the scholastic doctors of all the universities put together.”

“That precept,” says More, giving an account of this period of his life, “which this author so mightily inculcates, namely, that we should thoroughly put off and extinguish our own proper will; that being thus dead to ourselves we may live alone to God and do all things whatsoever by his instinct or plenary permission, was so connatural as it were, and agreeable to my most intimate reason and conscience that I could not of anything whatsoever be more clearly or certainly convinced.”

More speaks of his habitual indolence at this period, by which, however, he seems to mean little more than his unwillingness to commit to writing the result of his studies; for his mind seems to have been engaged with the fullest strife of all its powers, on the highest subjects that can be proposed to human investigation. The writing his contemplations, he represents as in a manner a necessary result of his natural constitution, “which,” to use his own words,

“freeing me from all the servitude of those petty designs of ambition, covetousness, and pleasing entanglements of the body, I might either lie first for ever in an inactive idleness, or else be moved by none but very great objects, amongst which the least was the contemplation of this outward world, whose several powers and properties, touching variously on my tender senses, made to me such enravishing music, and snatched away my soul into so great admiration, love and desire of a nearer acquaintance with that principle from which all these things did flow, that the pleasure and joy that frequently accrued to me from hence, is plainly unutterable, though I have attempted to leave some marks and traces thereof in my philosophical poems. But being well advised by the dictates of my own con-

science and clear information of those holy oracles which we all deservedly reverence that God reserves his choicest secrets for the purest minds, and that it is uncleanness of spirit, not distance of place, that dissevers us from the Deity. I was fully convinced that true holiness was the only safe entrance into divine knowledge, and having an unshaken belief of the existence of God and of his will, that we should be holy even as he is holy; there was nothing that is truly sinful that could appear to me, assisted by such a power to be unconquerable which therefore urged me seriously to set myself to the task. Of the experience and events of which enterprize my second and third canto of the life of the soul is a real and faithful record. My enjoyments then increasing with my victories, and innocency, and simplicity, filling my mind with ineffable delight in God and his creation, I found myself as loath to die, that is, to think my soul mortal, as I was when I was a child to be called to go to bed in summer evenings, there being still light enough as I thought to enjoy my play, which solitude put me upon my first search into the nature of the soul which I pursued chiefly by the guidance of the school of Plato, whose philosophy to this very day I look upon to be more than human in the chief strokes thereof."

More pursued his studies so intently that he soon reduced himself to "great thinness of body." His language was coloured with the expressions of the mystical divines. He spoke of his experiences and his communications with the divine spirit with such fervour that his enthusiasm was made a ground of objection to him when he was candidate for a fellowship; and he was nearly rejected till they, in whose hand the election was, were satisfied by those who knew him intimately, that that the same student was a pleasant companion and "in his way, one of the merriest Greeks they were acquainted with." His earliest publication was "Psychozia, or the first part of the song of the soul; containing a Christiano-Platonical display of life." In a few years after, he reprinted it with the other poems of which we purpose to give an account. The volume was inscribed to his father.

"You deserve," says the young poet, "you deserve the patronage of better poems than these; though you may lay a more proper claim to them than any, you having from my childhood tuned mine ears to Spenser's rhymes; entertaining us on winter nights with that incompara-

ble piece of his 'The Fairy Queen,' a poem as richly fraught with divine morality as plausie."

The first of these poems, *Psychozia*, is a bold effort to present to the reader's conceptions the Platonic Triad. He expresses great anxiety that his reader should not regard him as doing more than explaining the theology of Plotinus, and the later Platonists. Like Coleridge in our own day, he regards the doctrine of the Trinity as a truth deducible from the idea of God, even without revelation. But while he thinks it aids the argument for the doctrine that "the Platonists, the best and divinest of philosophers, and the Christians, the best of all that do profess religion, do both concur that there is a Trinity;" he yet adds, "in what they differ I leave to be found out according to the safe direction of that infallible rule of faith, the Holy Word." The Platonic Triad, then—and not any mystery of revelation—is the subject of the poem. But our Platonist does not seek to conceal that he is a Christian, and in this way the language of two systems becomes insensibly blended,—we think unwisely, though assuredly not irreverently.—Platonism becomes with More an allegory, under which he veils some points of Christianity, as Spenser, under the name of Pan, sings of our Lord,—as Paul—the illustration is More's—transfers what Aratus says of Jupiter to God himself:

Πάντῳ δὲ Διὸς κίχρημιθ' ἑστίαις
Τοῦ γὰρ καὶ γένος ἱερὸν

More—though he disclaims contending for the identity of the thought, yet is anxious to show that the correspondence of names and attributes, in the Platonic scheme, with those in the books of the New Testament, imply some agreement of nature,—that there is such similitude that one may conveniently be regarded as the symbol of the other,—and that it is no unnatural digression in the poet, if the lower forms of the Platonic schools suggest to him analogies, more or less obscure, by which he may recall to the minds of his hearers spiritual truths, and perhaps persuade some spirits that even with respect to the highest truths, God was not left without a witness among the Gentiles.

In a preface to his first poem, More exhibits the parallelism of titles be-

longing to the second *Unity* of each *Triad*.

The verbal resemblances, at least, are very remarkable. In the Platonic scheme God is spoken of as making the world by his Word. The visible and outward creation is formed according to the Wisdom of God, or the Intellectual World. In their language, this Intellectual World is the *idea* of the outward creation. In their language, too, the Logos is the Redeemer of the lapsed world, viz. mankind,—whom he restores again into *man*; i. e. into wisdom and righteousness.

"Take in the whole Trinity," says More, "and you shall find a strange concordance and harmony betwixt the nature of each hypostatis (person) in either in their order. *Atove*, or *Ahad*, [*Ατὸν* is the *Good*—*AHAD*, *One*,] is simply the first principle of all beings, the father of all existences,—and the universal creation is but his family, and therefore, he has a right of imposing laws on the whole creation. The natural creation keepeth this law, but man breaks it; however, it is still propounded to him, and when it takes hold of him strikes him with dread and horror,—hence his external compliance with the law through fear and force as it were. And this," says More, "I conceive is to be under the law that makes nothing perfect. This God vouchsafes, sometimes, to second with the gift of his Son. 'ο υἱος θεου λογος πρωτογεντος υἱος, as Philo, the Platonist, calls him. He cleanseth us of our sins, he healeth us of our infirmities, shapes us from an inward vital principle (even as the *ratio seminalis* figures out a tree) into a new life and shape, even into the image of God."

More now quotes from Aristotle his judgment of those who are eminently good in themselves, living from a vital principle of morality within. *Κατα τὴν εὐνοίαν οὐκ ἔστι νόμος, αὐτοὶ γὰρ οὗτο νόμος*. Against such there is no law, for they are themselves a law; the very words of the Apostle. And in the same passage Aristotle says, they are no more under the law than a deity can be under the law,—for 'tis as if they should take upon them to rule Jupiter himself, and share his kingdom.

The last hypostasis in the Platonic Triad is Uranore, or Psyche, whom Plotinus calls the celestial Venus, from whom is born the heavenly Cupid—Divine Love. In this More again sees a correspondence with Christian truth; but he entreats his reader to remember that the happiness of man

is not to know the essence, but to feel the influence of the Divinity, and to be baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, is of more consequence than to understand all curious and acute school-tracts.

Before we transcribe any part of the *Psychozoia* we find it necessary to say that Psyche is the soul of the world—that then she is described as the soul of all *Alterity*. The meaning may be thus explained: as the seed of a plant hath the whole tree, branches, leaves, and fruits at once, in one point, after a manner closed up, but potentially, so eternity is said by the Platonist to have all the world indivisibly present at once, and that actually. As the seminal form spreads out itself, and the body it animates into distant branches, from the quiet and silent seed, (*ὡς τὸ σπέρμα τὸ σιωπῶντος ψυχῆς*) so doth Psyche, the soul of the world, make that actual in time and succession which could not be here below in bodies at once. This the Platonists called *alterity*. When our readers have reconciled themselves to the names which More gives his allegorical persons and places,—names supplied to him either from the rabbinical Hebrew, and the dialect of the Cabalists, from the Greek of Plotinus, and from the Latin of his interpreters—we think they will admire the extreme freedom of his style. His vocabulary is neither abundant nor very poetical, but is distinguished for great clearness, so that on a very difficult subject no reader giving fair attention, can be at any loss for his meaning.

It has been said—untruly we think—that Spenser is most interesting to those readers who forget, or who have never attended to the allegory. However this be, the contrary is certainly the case with More. The poet is lost in the philosopher—he in fact deals with subjects which are beyond the range of fancy—which refuse the aid of ordinary illustration—and his best praise is, that he succeeds in fastening his reader's watchful attention upon the operations of his own mind. The opening of the poem gives no unfavourable specimen of his manner. Let not the reader be deterred by the half-dozen scholastic words which, with a moment's attention, will cease to interrupt his progress, but give More the benefit of the same attention which he would to any other writer, either of our own or any other country, whose style is not yet quite familiar:

" Nor ladies loves, nor knights brave martiall deeds,
Ywrapt in rolls of hid antiquitie;
But th' inward fountain, and the unseen seeds,
From whence are these, and what so under eye
Doth fall, or is record in memorie,
Psyche, I'll sing. Psyche! from thee they sprong.
O life of time, and all alterity!
The life of lives instill his nectar strong,
My soul t'inebriate, while I sing Psyche's song.

" But thou, whoe're thou art that hear'st this strain,
Or read'st these rhymes which from Platonick rage
Do powerfully flow forth, dare not to blame
My forward pen of foul miscarriage,
If all that's spoke, with thoughts more sadly sage
Doth not agree. My task is not to try
What's simply true, I onely do engage
My self to make a fit discovery,
Give some fair glimpse of Plato's hid philosophy.

" What man alive that hath but common wit
(When skilfull limmer 'suing his intent,
Shall fairly well pourtray and wisely hit
The true proportion of each lineament,
And in right colours to the life depaint
The fulvid eagle with her sun-bright eye)
Would waxen wroth with inward choler brent
'Cause 'tis no buzard or discolour'd Pie?
Why man? I meant it not. Cease thy fond oblique.

" So if what's consonant to Plato's school,
(Which well agrees with learned Pythagore,
Egyptian Trismegist, and th' antique roll
Of Chaldee wisdom, all which time hath tore,
But Plato and deep Plotin do restore,
Which is my scope, I sing out lustily:
If any twitten me for such strange lore,
And me all blamelesse brand with infamy,
God purge that man from fault of foul malignity.

" The Ancient of dayes, Sire of Eternitie,
Sprung of himself, or rather no wise sprong:
Father of lights and everlasting glee,

" This Ahad of himself the Æon fair
Begot the brightnesse of his father's grace:
No living wight in heav'n to him compare,
No work his goodly honour such disgrace,
Nor lose thy time in telling of his race.
His beauty and his race no man can tell:
His glory darkeneth the sunne's bright face;
Or if ought else the sunne's bright face excell,
His splendour would it dim, and all that glory quell.

" This is that ancient Eidos omniiform,
Fount of all beauty, root of flow'ring glee.

" Farre otherwise it fares in this same Lond
Of truth and beauty, then in mortall brood
Of earthly lovers, who impation'd
With outward forms (not rightly understood
From whence proceeds this amorous sweet flood,
And choice delight which in their spright they feel:
Can outward idole yield so heavenly mood?)

" Like to Narcissus, on the grasseie shore,
Viewing his outward face in watery glasse;
Still as he looks, his looks adde evermore
New fire, new light, new love, new comely grace

To's inward form ; and it displayes apace
 Its hidden rayes, and so new lustre sends
 To that vain shadow ; but the boy, alas !
 Unhappy boy ! the inward nought attends,
 But in foul filthy mire, love, life, and form he blends.

" And this I wot is the soul's excellence,
 That from the hint of every painted glance
 Of shadows sensible, she doth from hence
 Her radiant life, and lovely hue advance
 To higher pitch, and by good governance
 May wained be from love of fading light
 In outward forms, having true cognizance,
 That those vain shows are not the beauty bright
 That takes men so, but what they cause in humane spright.

" Farre otherwise it fares in Æon's realm.
 O happy close of sight and that there's seen !
 That there is seen is good Abinoam,
 Who Atove hight : and Atuvus I ween,
 Cannot be lesse then he that sets his eyen
 On that abysses of good eternally,
 The youthfull Æon, whose fair face doth shine
 While he his father's glory doth espy,
 Which waters his fine flowering forms with light from high.

" Not that his forms increase, or that they die :
 For Æon-land, which men Idea call,
 Is nought but life in full serenity,
 Vigour of life is root, stock, branch, and all ;
 Nought here increaseth, nought here hath its fall :

But th' eldest daughter of this aged sire,
 She Uranora hight

" Whilome me chanced (O my happy chance !)
 To spie this spotlesse, pure, fair Uranore :
 I spi'd her, but, alas ! with slighter glance
 Beheld her on the Atuvæan shore.
 She stood the last ; for her did stand before
 The lovely Autocal. But first of all
 Was mighty Atove, deeply covered o'er
 With unseen light. No might imaginall
 May reach that vast profunditie,

The rest of the canto is occupied with a description of the dress and the marriage of Psyche. The garment of Psyche, the Soul of the Universe, is this outward visible world—no new fancy, for in the Sybilline Oracles this is made the apparel of the deity. We quote More's own translation—

" I am Jehovah, well my words perpend,
 Clad with the frory sea, all mantled o'er
 With the blue heavens, shod with the earth I wend,
 The stars around me dance, th' air doth me cover."

In our own days, the philosophic poet of Germany gives something of the same language to his Macrocosmus—

" In the tempests of life, in the currents of motion,
 Hither and thither,
 Over and under,
 Wend I and wander ;
 Birth and the grave—
 A limitless ocean—
 Where the restless wave
 Undulates ever—

Under and over,
Their toiling strife,
I mingle and hover
The spirit of life—

Hear the murmuring looms of Time unawed,
As I weave the living mantle of God."

The language of Philo Judæus in describing the garment of Aaron, in which he says a symbol of the visible world was intended, suggested More's dress of Uranore, and is alluded to by him in the passage we shall quote. This mixture of Gentile and Hebrew fancies seems to have given singular delight to More. There seems to us, however, to be some confusion in his thoughts between the Globe which we inhabit, which at times seems the only thing he would typify by the garment of Psyche, (as, for instance, where he

says that the garment is circular, to express the shape of the world,) and the whole Universe. In this, however, it is possible that we have not read him aright. The golden balls that hung upon the fringes of Aaron's sacred garments, and the interpretation given by Philo, certainly suggested the balls at the hem of Psyche's robe, and the allusion to the planetary system. The whole passage is a pleasing one. The music of the verse, though less rich and complex, is not unlike Spenser.

" But if conjecture may stand in truth's stead
The garment circular I do read.

" For who can it unfold, and read aright
The divers colours, and the tinctures fair,
Which in this various vesture changes write
Of light, of duskyhness, of thick, of rare
Consistences: ever new changes marre
Former impressions. The dubious shine
Of changeable silk stuffs, this passeth farre.
Farre more variety, and farre more fine,
Then interwoven silk with gold or silver twine.

" There you may see the eyelids of the morn,
With lofty silver arch displaid ith' east,
And in the midst the burnisht gold doth burn;
A lucid purple mantle in the west
Doth close the day, and hap the sun at rest.
Nor doth these lamping shews the asur quell,
Or others colours: where't bescometh best
There they themselves dispose; so seemly well
Doth light and changing tinctures deck this goodly veil.

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" But yet one thing I saw that I'll not passe,
At the low hem of this large garment gay
Number of goodly balls there pendent was,
Some like the sun, some like the moone's white ray,
Some like discoloured Tellus, when the day
Descries her painted coat: in wondrous wise
These coloured ones do circle, float, and play,
As those farre shining rounds in open skies:

This is but the external form of the stole—the outward and visible. The successive films of which it consists, the poet thinks it now difficult to describe. The first, that which is nearest to the outward surface, he calls *physis*; and this typifies—say rather is, life—life in its lowest degree—that which is alike shared by plants and animals. This he now and then calls plantal

life. The next film is that in which touch, *Aphe* or *Haphe*, reside—sensitive or irritable life. And the third inward and more mysterious web, is imaginative life—*Semele*, in the language of the platonic poet. When we have added that by *Hyle* is meant matter as opposed to spirit—or rather the incapacity or malignity (to use the language of Plotinus and his followers)

of the creature apart or divided from difficult as any writing of the same
the divine life, we have said enough period.
to render the following passage as little

" The first of these fair films, we Physis name.
Nothing in nature did you ever spy,
But there's pourtraid : all beasts both wild and tame,
Each bird is here, and every buzzing fly ;
All Forrest-work is in this tapestry :
The oke, the holm, the ash, the aspine tree,
The lonesome buzzard, th' eagle, and the py,
The buck, the bear, the boar, the hare, the bee,
The brize, the black-arm'd clock, the gnat, the butterflie.

" Snakes, adders, hydraes, dragons, toads, and frogs,
Th' own-litter-loving ape, the worm, and snail,
Th' undaunted lion, horses, men, and dogs,
Their number's infinite.

" Foul Hyle, mistresse of the mory strond,
Oft her withstands, and taketh great delight
To hinder Physis' work, and work her all despight.

" The self-same envious witch with poyson'd dew,
From her foul eben-box, all tinctures stains,
Which fairly good be in hid Physis hew :
That film all tinctures fair in it contains ;
But she their goodly glory much restrains.
She colours dims ; clogs tastes ; and dampes the sounds
Of sweetest musick ; touch to scorching pains
She turns, or baser tumults ; smells confounds.
O horrid womb of hell, that with such ill abounds.

" So Physis. Next is Arachnea thin,
The thinner of these two, but thinn'et of all
Is Semele, that's next to Psyche's skin.
The second we thin Arachnea call,
Because the spider, that in princes hall
Takes hold with her industrious hand, and weaves
Her dainty tender web, far short doth fall
Of this soft yielding vest—this vest deceives
The spider's curious touch, and of her praise bereaves.

" In midst of this fine web doth Haphe sit ;
She is the centre from whence all the light
Dispreads, and goodly, glorious forms do slit
Hither and thither.

" In this clear shining mirror Psyche sees
All that falls under sense, what ere is done
Upon the earth, the deserts shaken trees,
The mournful winds, the solitary wonne
Of dreadful beasts, the Lybian lions moan,
When their hot entrails scorch with hunger keen,
And they to God for meat do deeply groan ;
He hears their cry, he sees of them unseen—
His eyelids compass all that in the wide world been.

" He sees the weary traveller sit down
In the waste field oft-times with carefull chear :
His chafed feet, and the long way to town,
His burning thirst, faintnesse, and panick fear,
Because he sees not him that stands so near,
Fetch from his soul deep sighs with count nance sad,
But he looks on to whom nought doth dispear :
O happy man that full persuasion had
Of this ! if right at home, naught of him were ydrad

" A many sparrows for small price be sold,
 Yet none of them on his wings on earth doth close
 Lighting full soft, but that eye doth behold,
 Their jets, their jumps, that mirour doth disclose.
 Thrice happy he that putteth his repose
 In his all-present God. That Africk rock
 But touch't with heedlesse hand, Auster arose
 With blust'ring rage, that with his irefull shock
 And moody might be made the worlds frame nigh to rock.

" And shall not He, when his anointed be
 Ill handled, rise, and in his wrathfull stour
 Disperse, and quell the haughty enemy,
 Make their brisk sprights to lout and lowly lowr ?
 Or else confound them quite with mighty power ?
 Touch not my kings, my prophets let alone,
 Harm not my priests ; or you shall ill endure
 Your works sad payment and that deadly lone ;
 Keep off your hand from that high holy rock of stone.

" Do not I see ? I slumber not nor sleep.
 Do not I hear ? each noise by shudy night
 My mirour represents ; when mortals sleep
 Their languid limbs in Morpheus' dull delight,
 I hear such sounds as Adam's brood would fright.
 The dolefull echoes from the hollow hill
 Mock howling wolves ; the woods with black bedight
 Answer rough Pan, his pipe and eke his skill,
 And ali the Satyr-routs rude whoops and shoutings shrill.

" But Haphe and Arachne I'll dismisse,
 And that fourth vest, rich Semele* display ;
 The largest of all foure and loosest is
 This floting flouring changeable array.
 How fairly doth it shine, and nimbly play,
 Whiles gentle windes of Paradise do blow,
 And that bright sun of the eternall day
 Upon it glorious light and forms doth strow,
 And Ahad it with love and joy doth overflow.

" This all-spread Semele doth Bacchus bear,
 Impregn'd of Jove or On. He is the wine
 That sad down-drooping senses wont to rear,
 And chearlesse hearts to comfort in ill time.
 He 'flames chaste poets brains with fire divine ;
 The stronger spright the weaker spright doth sway ;
 No wonder then each phansie doth incline
 To their great mother Semel, and obey
 The vigorous impresse of her enforcing ray.

" Prophets and poets have their life from hence ;
 Life fire into their marrow it searcheth deep ;
 This flaming fiery flake doth choak all sense,
 And binds the lower man with brazen sleep :
 Corruption through all his bones doth creep,
 And raging raptures do his soul outsnatch :
 Round-turning whirlwinds on Olympus steep
 Do cast the soul, that earst they out did catch :
 Then stiller whispering winds dark visions unlatch.

" But not too farre, thou bold platonick Swain.
 Strive not at once all myst'ries to discover
 Of that strange school : more and more hard remain
 As yet untold. But let us now recover
 Strength to ourselves by rest in duly houre.
 Great Psyche's parentage, marriage, and weeds,
 We having sung according to our power,
 That we may rise more fresh for morning deeds,
 Let's here take inne and rest our weary sweating steeds."

* Imagination.

The marriage of *Æon* and *Uranore*, and the emanation of each particular life from the union of the Divine Reason with the Spirit of Universal Life, in *Æonland* is fancifully described. The poet has not yet descended to earth. The plantal, and irritable, and imaginative life—nay, the outward robe of *Psyche* with all its ornaments, are as yet but *ideas*. The union of *Æon* and *Psyche* is indissoluble. The poet denies them to be of the same essence, but says that the union is of that intimate nature which, subsisting between the body and the soul, forms of both one

man. The Platonists sought thus to explain the mysteries of natural philosophy, by stating in their symbolical language that Nature or *Psyche* was united with the divine intellect—that she beheld there as in a mirror the forms afterwards to be exhibited in actual and outward manifestations, and that all things created were in conformity with that intellect—that without him was made nothing that was made. The moral mysteries hidden by this their Platonic veil, are, we think, beautifully touched by our poet. *Ahad* speaks—

“ My first borne sonne, and thou my daughter dear,
Look on your aged sire, the deep abyse,
In which and out of which you first appear ;
I *Ahad* hight, and *Ahad* onenesse is :
Therefore be one (his words do never misse)
They one became. I *Hattove* also hight,
Said he ; and *Hattove* goodness is and blisse :
Therefore in goodness be ye fast unite :
Let unity, love, good, be measures of your might.”

The second canto of the *Psychozoia* describes, in the first instance, the Universe, (including *Ahad*, the First—the Eternal—and *Hyle*—which we must describe in the poet's own words as “positive negation,”) as one uniform being, “no particular straightened being as yet being made ; no earth or any other orb being as yet kneaded together ; all homogenous, simple, single, pure, pervious, unknotted, uncoacted—nothing existing but those eight orders.” The eight orders are *Hyle*—

“ The lowest step of that profundity.”

Next is *Taxis* or extension—next to that is *Plantal life*—then *Sensient life* ; next to that *Imagination*—then *Psyche* or *Uranore*, the universal spirit—then *Æon*, and last *Ahad* or *Atove*.

The sun with his rays, and with shadow or fuliginous darkness, is the favourite illustration of the Platonists, when they would represent the universe regarded as including the maker of the universe—and the evil of their system seems to be that it resolves itself into something not altogether unlike the pantheism of Spinoza—a system that with unimaginative minds is almost atheism, and with better men ends in dreamy mysticism.

To the poet, however, we must allow his allegory—to the philosopher his dream. If the figures which he paints be but abstractions—if personality be with difficulty ascribed to them—we cannot refuse to look at the

coloured shadows as they are made to pass by us. To express the Infinite by words borrowed from Time and space, may be impossible ; to suggest devotional thought by analogies, however remote, is another task, and one in which More is not unsuccessful. After describing the eight orders included in the notion of the All-containing One, he proceeds to state that particular *lives* flow like rays from this the fountain of universal life.

The land of Souls is next described. The abode of the body is this earth, but the habitation of the soul is “her own energy, which is exceeding vast, at least in some.” Every man, our philosopher teaches, has a proper world, or particular horizon, enlarged or contracted according to the capacity of his mind. In our allegory, *Psychania* is the name by which the land of souls is called. The sun exceeds Saturn in magnitude—Saturn exceeds the earth—the earth exceeds the moon. The “fixed rounds” are still larger.

But *Psychanie* those fixed rounds exceeds
As far as those fixed rounds excel small mustard seeds.”

Psychania is divided into two kingdoms. The one *Theoprepia*, which typifies a condition of the soul, in which self-will and self-love are dead, and in which we become one with God. In this kingdom Michael, “the image of God, the true man, the lord from heaven,” rules supreme. This is He, of whom the soul will say, when

he cometh to abide in her, and when he is known of her "who is like unto God for either beauty or power? who so comely and strong as he." The second kingdom is Autæsthesia, or the land of selfishness, which is again subdivided into two provinces—the one *Adamah* or *Beirah*, which typifies the corrupt natural life, the old Adam, or *Beirah* "the brute," because the old Adam is still in the bestial state, actually, perhaps, and certainly so in comparison with the true man, whose form, and shape, and life—we here translate the words of Plotinus—is wisdom and righteousness. The low life in the body is *leonine*, or rather exhibits a mixture of the nature of every kind of brute. The other part of Autæsthesia is *Dizoiæ*. The condition of its inhabitants is mongrel, between man and beast. The soul in this region is struggling between light and darkness. "*Jacob* and *Eean*," says our poet, "struggle in them." The name of the province expresses this double or divided life. *Demon* (the word in its

first meaning expresses any particular life as apart from the universal life, any divided spirit, or rather the power ruling in these—from *dein* divide) is the king of this land—his wife is *Duesæa*, is "the natural life of the body or the natural spirit." Through her influence we are subjected to magical delusions. The world, says Plotinus, is the first magician and enchanter; all others are imitators. Magic, says our poet, has no power over Israel. They are established in a principle above the world. In that strength they are beyond the danger of all enchantments. "Neither astral spirit nor angel can prevail against one ray of the Deity." From this no doubt, and from the feeling that to the pure all things are pure, arose the beautiful fancy so frequent in the old romances, that true love could not be deceived by any magic delusions.

The poet proceeds to give an account of a visit to *Beiron* land and *Dizoiæ*, by an old friend *Mnemon*, whom, we must allow him to introduce to the reader—

"Old Mnemon's head and beard was hoary white,
But yet a chearfull countenance he had:
His vigorous eyes did shine like starres bright,
And in good decent freez he was yclad,
As blith and buxom as was any lad
Of one and twenty cloth'd in forrest green;
Both blith he was, and eke of counsell sad:
Like winter-morn bedight with snow and rine
And sunny rayes, so did his goodly eldship shine."

In "*Psittachus* land," or the country of parrots, *Mnemon* travels in company with some half dozen chattering. The natives of the country are proud of their birth. They are in shape men, but date their origin from the fifth day of the creation, before the time Adam was born. They are disputative on all points, chiefly on religion. Their words are not without meaning, but the meaning of their words is not understood by the speakers—they are logicians skil-

ful in the mysteries of mode and figure, but their art is to prolong dispute, not to ascertain any thing. They are zealots for established forms of religion—but they are represented as without the possibility of ever attaining any. *Mnemon*'s account of his first meeting the learned and aged *Don Psittaco*, is, we think, exceedingly amusing, and shews that with a happier subject, *More* might have attained a high name among our poets—

"His concave nose, great head, and grave aspect,
Affected tone, words without inward sense,
My inly tickled spright made me detect
By outward laughter; but by best pretence
I purg'd my self, and gave due reverence.
Then he gan gravely treat of codicils,
And of book-readings passing excellence,
And tri'd his wit in praying geese's quills:
O happy age! quoth he, the world *Minerva* fills."

"I gave the talk to him, which pleas'd him well:
For then he seem'd a learned clerk to be,
When none contrary'd his uncontrolled spell."

"As we yode softly on, a yonster gent
 With bever cock't, and arm set on one side
 (His youthfull fire quickly our pace out-went)
 Full fiercely pricked on in madcap pride,
 The mettle of his horses heels he tri'd,
 He hasted to hit countrey Pithecuse.
 Most haste, worst speed: still on our way we ride,
 And him o'retake halting through haplesse bruize;
 We help him up again, our help he would refuse.

"Then gan the learn'd and ag'd Don Psittaco,
 When he another auditor had got,
 To spruse his plumes, and wisdom sage to show,
 And with his sacred lore to wash the spot
 Of youthfull blemishes; but frequent jot
 Of his hard setting jade did so confound
 The words that he by paper-stealth had got,
 That their lost sense the yongster could not sound,
 Though he with mimickall attention did abound.

"When Psittaco look'd up to holy place,
 Pithecus straight with sanctimonious grace
 Cast up his eyes; and when the shape divine,
 Which Adam had from God, he gan to praise,
 Pithecus draws himself straight from that line,
 And phantasies his sweet face with heavenly hiew to shine.

"He pinch't his hat, and from his horse's side
 Stretcht forth his risset legs, himself inclin'd
 Now here, now there, and most exactly eyed
 His comely lineaments, that he might find
 What ever beauty else he had not mind
 As yet in his fair corse. But that full right
 And vast prerogative did so vnbind
 His straighted sprights, that with tyrannick might
 He forc'd his feeble beast, and straight fled out of sight."

When Mnemon and Psittaco are left to themselves, the conversation turns on such points as may impress the traveller with the highest opinion of Psittaco's learning. The derivation of the name of the country, and how he would prefer calling it Anthropolion to Beiron, occupies them for a while. In this conversation, Mnemon seems to have the best of it.

A congregation of dissenters which they fall in with, is amusingly fancied, and Psittaco's assertion of church authority—his conviction, too, that the preacher is a rogue, with purposes of his own, and not altogether a gull or a parrot like his disciples—

"And here I think we both as dumb had been
 As were the slow-foot beasts on which we rode
 Had not Don Psittaco by fortune seen
 A place which well he knew though disallow'd;
 Which he to me with earnest countenance show'd
 Hist'ing me nearer; nearer both we go
 And closely under the thick hedges crowd,
 Which were not yet so thick but they did show
 Through their false sprays all the whole place and persons too.

"It was to weet, a trimly deck'd close
 Whose grassie pavement wrought with even line
 Ran from the morn upon the evening-close.
 The eastern end by certain-steps they climbe
 To do their holy things (O sight divine!)
 There on the middle of the highest flore
 A large green turf squar'd out, all fresh and fine.
 Not much unlike to altars us'd of yore
 Right fairly was adorn'd with every glittering flower,

" At either end of this well-raised sod
 A stately stalk shot up of torchwood high
 Whose yellow flames small light did cast abroad
 But yet a pleasant show they yield the eye.
 A pretty space from this we did descry.
 An hollow oak, whose navell the rough saw
 Long since had clove : so standing wet and dry
 Around the stumped top soft mosse did grow
 Whose velvet hue and verdure cushion-like did show.

" Within the higher hedge of thicken'd trees
 A lower rank on either side we saw
 Of lesser shrubs even-set with artifice.
 There the wood-querristers sat on a row.
 And sweetly sung while Boreas did blow
 Above their heads, with various whistling,
 As his blasts hap to break, (now high, now low,)
 Against the branches of the waving pines
 And other neighbour plants, still rocking with the winds.

" But above these birds of more sightly plume
 With gold and purple feathers gayly dight
 Are rank'd aloft. But th' eagle doth assume
 The highest sprig. For his it is by right.
 Therefore in seemly sort he there is pight
 Sitting aloft in his green cabinet,
 From whence he all beholds with awfull sight,
 Who ever in that solemne place were met,
 At the west end for better view, right stately set.

" After a song loud chanted by that quire,
 Tun'd to the whistling of the hollow winde,
 Comes out a gay pye in his rich attire,
 The snowie white with the black satin shin'd,
 On's head a silken cap he wore unlin'd.
 When he had hopped to the middle flore
 His bowing head right lowly he inclin'd,
 As if some deity he did adore,
 And seemly gestures make, courting the heavenly pow'r.

" Thus cring'd he toward th' east with shivering wings,
 With eyes on the square sod devoutly bent.
 Then with short flight up to the oak he springs,
 Where he thrice conried after his ascent,
 With posture chang'd from th' east to th' occident,
 Thrice bowed he down, and easily thrice he rose;
 Bow'd down so low as if't had been's intent
 On the green mosse to wipe his swarthy nose.
 Anon he chatters loud, but why himself best knows.

" There we him leave, impatient of stay,
 My self amaz'd such actions to see,
 And pretty gestures 'mongst those creatures gay :
 So unexpected uniformitie,
 And such a semblance of due piety ;
 For every crow, as when he cries for rain,
 Did eastward nod ; and every daw we see
 When they first entered this grassie plain
 With shaking wings and bended bills ador'd the same.

" O that the spirit of Pythagoras
 Would now invade my breast, dear Psittaco !
 Said I. In nature he so cunning was
 As both the mind of birds and beasts to know,
 What meant their voyces, and their gestures too.
 So might we riddle out some mystery
 Which lieth hid in this strange uncouth show :
 But thy grave self may be as wise as he
 I wote. Aread then Psittaco what sights these be.

" Certes, said he, thine eyes be waxen dim.
 These be the people of wide Adamah;
 These be no birds. 'Tis true, they're sons of sin,
 And vessels of Heaven's ire: for, sooth to say,
 They have no faith.—I fear nor ever may;
 But be shap'd out for everlasting shame,
 Though they deride us of Psittacusa;
 Yet well I wot we have the onely name
 Above, and though all foul yet there devoyd of blame.

" And that green spot which thou maist deem a close,
 It is to them no close, but holy place,
 Ycleep'd a church, whose sight doth well dispose
 Approaching souls. The rest thy self maist trace
 By true analogy. But I'll not passe
 One thing remarkable, said he to me:
 It was Don Pico took the preaching place—
 A man of mighty power in his own see:
 A man, no bird, as he did fondly seem to thee.

" MN. Tell then Don Psittaco, what Pico ment
 By his three bowings to the setting sun,
 And single obesance toward th' orient.
 What! were they postures of religion?
 If so, why had those yellow flames but one?
 The eagle three?—That th' eagle was his God
 It is, said he, a strong presumption;
 Whom he first slightly in that holy sod
 After ador'd more fully with a triple nod.

" O had we once the power in our hands,
 How carefully the youth wee'd catechise,
 But bind God's enemies in iron bands,—
 (Such honour have his saints,)—and would devise
 Set forms of truth, on discipline advise,
 That unto both all men might needs conform.

MN. But what if any tender heart denies?

PS. If he will his own fortunes overturn

It cannot well be help, *we must be uniform.*"

While the discussion on church authority, with the expediency or necessity of coercing conscience is insisted on by Psittaco, the party is encreased

by two acquaintances of Psittaco.—We greatly overrate the merit of the passage or it will amuse our readers like some of the portraits in Chaucer:

" The one on a lean fiery jade did sit,
 And seem'd a wight of a right subtle brain.
 Both cloth'd as black as jet. But he was fit
 With a dry wall-nut shell to fence his wit.
 Which like a quilted cap on's head he wore,
 Lin'd with white taffity, wherein were writ,
 More trimly than the Iliads of yore,
 The laws of mood and figure, and many precepts more.

" All the nice questions of the school-men old,
 And subtilties as thin as cobwebs bet,
 Which he wore thinner in his thoughts yrold.
 And his warm brains, they say, were closer set
 With sharp distinctions than a cushionet
 With pins and needles; which he can shoot out
 Like angry porcupine, where e're they hit.
 Certes, a doughty clerk and champion stout
 He seem'd, and well appointed against every doubt.

" The other rod on a fat resty jade
 That neighed loud. His rider was not lean.
 His black, plump belly fairly outward swai'd,
 And pressed somewhat hard on th' horse's mane.

Most like, methought, to a cathedrall dean.
A man of prudence and great courtesie,
And wisely in the world he knew to glean.
His sweaty neck did shine right greasily,
Top heavy was his head with earthly policy.

" This wight Corvino, Psittacus me told
Was named, and the other Graculo.
They both of his acquaintance were of old,
Though so near friendship now they did not owe,
But yet in generalls agreed, I trow.
For they all dearly hug dominion,
And love to hold men's consciences in awe;
Each standing stiff for his opinion
In holy things, against all contradiction.

" But most of all Corvin and Psittaco,
Prudentiall men, and of a mighty reach,
Who through their wisdom sage th' events foreknow
Of future things; and confidently preach
Unlesse there be a form which men must teach,
Of sound opinions, (each meaning his own,)
But 't be left free to doubt and countrey-speech,
Authority is lost, our trade is gone,
Our Tyrian wares forsaken, we, alas! shall mone.

" Or at the best our life will bitter be:
For we must toil to make our doctrine good;
Which will empair the flesh and weak the knee.
Our mind cannot attend our trencher-ood,
Nor be let loose to sue the worldly good.
All's our dear wives, poore wenches! they alone
Must ly long part of night, when we, withstood
By scrupulous wits, must watch to night's high noon.

" Heaps of such inconveniences arise
From conscience-freedom, Christian liberty.
Beside, our office all men will despise
Unlesse our lives gain us authority.
Which, in good sooth, a harder task will be.
Dear brethren! sacred souls of Behiron!
Help, help, as you desire to liven free
To ease, to wealth, to honour and renown,
And away th' affrighted world with your disguised frown."

There is no object in our continuing a dialogue, which, of course, leaves each of the speakers of his own opinion. Their companions pass on, and Mnemon and Psittaco continue their ride and the discussion. Mnemon says something of an inward light its own evidence to the soul. This mys-

tic feeling, it is not easy to distinguish from blind enthusiasm, and Psittaco in real or affected rapture speaks of his daughter *Glaucis*. The reader of the allegory who remembers his Greek, will not be surprised at the name—for the character of the dull enthusiast is not ill typified by the owl.

" Here Psittaco,
Though what I said did not well satisfie
His grave judicious self, yet he did know
Of whom this talk much 'plause would gain and kindness too,

" And straight 'gan say. Dear Glaucis! hadst thou been
At this discourse, how would thy joyous spright
Have danc'd along. For thou art or well seen
In these queint points, or dost at least delight
Exceeding much to hear them open'd right.

And, well I wot, on earth scarce can be found
 So witty girl, so wily female wight
 As this ~~gay~~ Glaucia, over all renown'd;
 I mean for quicker parts, if not for judgment sound.

"How fit an auditour would she then prov'd
 To thee, young Mnemon? how had she admired
 Thy sifting wit, thy speech and person lov'd,
 Clove to that mouth with melting zeal all fired,
 And hung upon those lips so highly inspired?"

For your conspiring minds exactly agree
 In points, which the wide world through wrath and teen
 Rudely divide, I mean free liberty.
 Be't so, said I, yet may our grounds farre different be.

"For might I but repeat without offence
 What I have heard, ill sytomes men descry
 In this thy Glaucia, though the nimble wench
 So dexterously can pray and prophecy,
 And lectures read of dread mortality,
 Clapping her palms with fatal noise and shrieks,
 Inculcating approaching misery
 To sad afflicted houses, when she strikes
 With brushing strokes the glassie doors and entrance seeks.

"Nor doth her solemn looks, much like her sire,
 Or native zeal, which she did once derive
 From thee, grave Psittaco! exalt her higher
 Than earth and nature. For men do conceive
 Black sanguine fumes my spouse do thus deceive;
 Translating her into fools paradise,
 And so of sense and reason her bereave."

When Psittaco sees there is no Beiron land, he begins himself to tell
 chance of thus providing for his daughter of her wild follies—
 ter or inducing Mnemon to settle in

"So with full bitter words he did chastise
 His absent child; but whether zeal it be,
 Or deep conceived hatred, I no're well descry.

"Nor stopt he here, but told me all her guise—
 How law-lesse quite and out of shape she's grown,
 Affecting still wilde contrarieties,
 Averse from what for good all others own.
 Preposterous girl! how often hast thou thrown
 Thy self into dark corners at mid-day,
 And then at dead of night away art flown
 To some old barn, thereon to perch and pray,
 Ending thy dark devotions just at break of day.

"When others sleep or weep, then dost thou sing
 In frosty night, on neighbour's chimney set.
 When others fast 'gainst thou thy revelling;
 Thy lustfull sparrows greedily dost eat."

They journey on till they come to
 a place where three roads meet. The
 middle road led out of Beiron—that to
 the right was the way to Leontopolis;
 and third to Onopolis—the land of
 Asses, whither Don Psittaco was
 bound. In firm alliance with these
 two towns, were united the city of the
 Foxes, and that of the Pismires. The
 one expressing the subtlety of the law,
 the other the principle of Utilitarian ex-

pediency—for in Beiron no higher
 principle actuates any of its inhabitants.

We, who do not venture to discuss
 the politics of More, cannot conceal
 the fact that Don Psittaco, the intol-
 erant advocate for a tyrannical controul
 over conscience, belongs to the city of
 the Asses—or Democrats. Leonto-
 polis, or a Monarchy of Force, is not
 in the philosopher's opinion a much
 better condition.

" No truth of justice in Beira lond.
 No sincere faith void of slie subtilty,
 That always seeks it self, is to be fe and;
 But law delusion and false polity,
 False polity that into tyrannie
 Would quickly wend, did not steru fear restrain
 And keep in aw. Th' Onites democracy
 Is nought but a large hungry tyrant-train;
 Oppression from the poore is an all-sweeping rain.

" A sweeping torrent that beats down the corn,
 And wastes the oxens labour, head-long throws
 The tallest trees up by the root ytorn,
 Its ranging force in all the land it shows;
 Woods, rent from hence, its rowling rage bestows
 In other places that were bare before;
 With muddied arms of trees the earth it strows;
 The list'ning shepherd is amazed sore,
 While it with swift descent so hideously doth rore.

" Such is the out-rage of Democracie,
 When fearlesse it doth rule in Beirah:
 And little better is false monarchy,
 When it in this same countrey bears the sway.

There's no society in Behirah,
 But beastlike grazing in one pasture ground.
 No love but of the animated clay
 With beaties fading flowers trimly crowned.

Macmon parts from Psittaco and pursues the middle way alone—

When I came near the end, there was in view
 No passage: for the wall was very high,
 But there no doore to me it self did shew:
 Looking about at length I did espy
 A lively youth,* to whom I presently 'gan cry.

When I 'gan call, forthwith in seemly sort
 He me approach'd in decent russet clad,
 More fit for labour then the flaunting court.
 When he came near, in chearfull wise he lad
 Tell what I would; then I unto the lad
 'Gan thus reply; alas! too long astray
 Here have I trampled foul Behirons pad:†
 Out of this land I thought this the next way,
 But I no gate can find, so vain is mine assay.

Then the wise youth, good Sir, you look too high;
 The wall aloft is raised; but that same doore
 Where you must passe in deep descent doth lie:
 But he bad follow, he would go before.
 Hard by there was a place, all covered o're
 With stinging nettles and such weedery,
 The pricking thistles the hard'et legs would gore,
 Under the wall a straight doore we decory;
 The wall hight self-conceit; the doore humility.

When we came at the doore fast lockt it was,
 And Simon had the key, but he would grant
 That I into that other land should passe,
 Without I made him my Concomitant.
 It pleased me well, I mused not much upon't,
 But straight accord: for why? a jolly swain
 Me thought he was; meek, chearfull, and pleasant.
 When he saw this, he thus to me again,
 Sir, see you that sad couple? Then I; I see those twain.

* Simon.

† Path.

A sorry couple certainly they be.
 The man a bloody knife holds at his heart
 With cheerlesse countenance ; as sad is she.
 Or eld, or else intolerable smart,
 Which she can not decline by any art,
 Doth thus distort and writh her wrinkled face ;
 A leaden Quadrate swayes hard on that part
 That's fit for burdens ; foulnesse doth deface
 Her aged looks ; with a strait staff her steps she stayes.

The parents of Simon, who typifies accompanied by Simon, our pilgrim
 Obedience, are Autoparnes and Hy- leaves Beiron land, and passes into
 pomene, in English words Self-denial Dizoiā. The third canto opens not
 and Patience. Guided by these, and unpleasingly—

“ But now new stories I 'gin to relate,
 Which aged Mnemon unto us did tell,
 Whiles we on grassie bed did lie prostrate
 Under a shady beach, which did repell
 The fiery scorching shafts which Uriel
 From southern quarter darted with strong hand,
 No other help we had ; for Gabriel
 His wholesome cooling blasts then quite restrained.
 The lions flaming breath with heat parch'd all the land.”

The sage proceeds to describe the state of mind when the soul is first
 awakened to a sense of higher power than that which rules the mere brute
 animal man, when the conscience is first affected by the terrors of the law.
 The passage is, we think nobly conceived. Nothing can be finer than the
 sight of the sun of righteousness seen through the clouds of Dizoiā from Ida,
 or the mountain of vision. The way in which it is distorted and becomes an
 image of wrath to the mind unprepared to behold it is scarcely equalled
 by any passage in any poet.

“ Here seemly sitting down, thus gan that sage,
 Last time we were together here ymet,
 Beirah wall, that was the utmost stage
 Of our discourse, if I do not forget.
 When we departed thence the sun was set,
 Yet nathelasse we past that lofty wall
 That very evening. The night's nimble net
 That doth encompassse every opake ball,
 That swims in liquid aire, did Simon nought appall.

“ When we that stately wall had undercrept,
 We straightway found ourselves in Dizoiā :
 The melting clouds chill drizzling tears then weep ;
 The mistie aire wet for deep agony,
 Sweet a cold sweat, and loose frigidity
 Fill'd all with a white smoke ; pale Cynthia
 Did foul her silver limbe with filthy die,
 Whiles wading on she measured out her way,
 And cut the muddy heavens defil'd with whitish clay.

“ No light to guide but the moon's pallid ray,
 And that even lost in mistie troubled aire :
 No tract to take, there was no beaten way ;
 No chearing strength, but that which might appear
 From Dian's face ; her face then shin'd not clear,
 And when it shineth clearest, little might
 She yieldeth, yet the goddessesse is severe.
 Hence wrathfull dogs do bark at her dead light :
 Christ help the man thus clos'd and prison'd in dread night

" O' rewhelmed with irksome toyl of strange annoyee
 In stony stound like senselesse stake I stood,
 Till the vast thumps of massie hammers noise,
 That on the groning steel laid on such lode,
 Empierc'd mine ears in that sad stupid mood.
 I weening then some harbour to be nigh,
 In sory pace thitherward slowly yode,
 By ear directed more then by mine eye,
 But here, alas! I found small hospitality.

" Foure grisly black-smiths stoutly did their task
 Upon an anvile form'd in conick wise.
 They neither minded who, nor what I ask,
 But with sterna grimy look do still advise
 Upon their works; but I my first emprise
 Would not forsake, and therefore venture in.
 Or none hath list to speak, or none espies,
 Or hears; the heavy hammers never lin;
 And bot a blue faint light in this black shop did shine.

" There I into a darksome corner creep,
 And lay my weary limbs on dusty floor,
 Expecting still when soft down-sliding sleep
 Should seize mine eyes, and strength to me restore:
 But when with hovering wings she 'prouch'd, e'remore
 The mighty souses those foul knaves laid on,*
 And those huge bellows that aloud did rore,
 Chac'd her away that she was ever gone.
 Before she came, on pitchy plumes, for fear yfloe.

" The first of those rude rascals Lypon† hight,
 A foul great stooping slouch with heavie eyes,
 And hanging lip: the second ugly sight
 Pale Phobon,‡ with his hedghog-hairs disguise.
 Aelpon§ is the third, he the false skies
 No longer trusts. The fourth of furious fashion
 Phrenition|| hight, fraught with impatencies,
 The bellows be ycleep'd deep aspiration:
 Each knave these bellows blow in mutuall circulation.

" There is a number of these lonesome forges
 In Bacha¶ vale (this was in Bacha vale,)
 There be no innes but these, and these but scourges;
 Instead of ease they work much deadly dale
 To those that in this lowly trench do trale
 Their feeble loins. Ah me! who here would fare?
 Sad ghosts oft crosse the way with visage pale,
 Sharp thorns and thistles wound their feeten bare:
 Yet happy is the man that here doth bear a share.

" When I in this sad vale no little time
 Had measured, and oft had taken Inne,
 And by long penance paid for mine ill crime
 Methought the sunne itself began to ahine,
 And that I'd past Diana's discipline.
 But day was not yet come, 'twas perfect night':
 I Phœbus head from Ida hill had seen:
 For Ida hill doth give to men the sight,
 Of Phœbus form, before Aurora's silver light.

" But Phœbus form from that high hill's not clear
 Nor figure perfect. It's enveloped
 In purple cloudy veil; and if't appear
 In rounder shape with skouling drery head
 A glowing face it shows, ne rayes doth shed

* This powerful fiction will remind many readers of Carleton's *Pilgrimage to Lough Dearg*.

† Sorrow. ‡ Fear. § Despair. || Frenzy. ¶ The valley of tears.

Of light's serenity, yet duller eyes
 With gazing on this irefull sight be fed
 Best to their pleasing ; small things they will prise,
 That never better saw, nor better can devise."

On the top of Ida hill, is a strong whose names might have excited the
 fortress, with a number of inhabitants, envy of a Cromwellite regiment.

" That rabble rout that in this castle won,
 Is Irefull-ignorance, unseemly-zeal,
 Strong self-conceit, rotten-religion,
 Contentious-reproach 'gainst Michael-
 If he of Moses' body-ought-reveal-
 Which-their-dull-skones-cannot-eas'ly-reach,
 Love-of-the-carkas, an inept appeal-
 T' uncertain-papyrs, a false-formall-fetch-
 Of-feign'd-sighs, contempt-of-poorer-and-sinfull-wretch.

" A deep self-love, want of true sympathy-
 With all mankind, th' admiring their own herd,
 Fond pride a sanctimonious cruelty
 'Gainst those by whom their wrathfull minds be stir'd
 By strangling reason, and are so afraid
 To lose their credit with the vulgar sort ;
 Opinion and long speech 'fore life preferred,
 Lesse reverence of God then of the court,
 Fear, and despair, evil surmises, false report.

" Oppression-of-the-poorer, fell-righteousnesse,
 Contempt-of-Government, fierceness, fleshly-lust,
 The-measuring-of-all-true-righteousness
 By-their-own-modell, cleaving-unto-dust,
 Rash-censure, and despising-of-the-just-
 That-are-not-of-their-sect, False-reasoning-
 Concerning-God, vain-hope, needlesse-mistrust,
 Strutting-in-knowledge, egre slaving-
 After hid-skill, with every inward uncouth thing.

" No such enchantment in all Dizois
 As on this hill : nor sadder sight was seen
 Then you may in this rufull place espy.
 'Twixt two huge walls on solitary green,
 Of funerall cypresse many groves there beean,
 And eke of ewe, eben, and poppy trees :
 And in their gloomy shade foul grisly fiend
 Use to resort, and busily to seize
 The darker phansied souls that live in ill disease.

" Hence you may see, if that you dare to mind,
 Upon the side of this accursed hill,
 Many a dreadfull corse ytoast in wind,
 Which with hard halter their loath'd life did spill.
 There lies another which himself did kill
 With rusty knife, all roll'd in his own blood,
 And ever and anon a dolefull knell
 Comes from the fatall owl, that in sad mood
 With drery sound doth pierce through the death-shadow'd wood.

Who can expresse with pen the irksome state
 Of those that be in this strong castle thrall ?
 Yet hard it is this fort to ruinate,
 It is so strongly fenc'd with double wall.
 The fiercest but of ram no'te make them fall :

The first Inevitable Destiny
Of God's decree; the other they do call
Invincible fleshie Infirmities:
But keeper of the tower's Unfelt Hypocrisy.

"Aye me! who shall this fort so strongly fenced win!

"I hear the clattering of an armed troupe;
My ears do ring with the strong prancers' heels.
(My soul get up out of thy drowsie droop,
And look unto the everlasting hills)
The hollow ground, ah! how my sense it fills
With sound of solid horses' hoofs. A wonder
It is, to think how cold my spirit thrills,
With strange amaze. Who can this strength dissunder?
Hark how the warlike steeds do neigh, their necks do thunder.

"All milkwhite steeds in trappings goodly gay,
On which in golden letters be ywrit
These words (even as that runs it readen may)
True righteousness unto the Lord of might
O comely spectacle! O glorious sight!
'Twould easily ravish the beholder's eye
To see such beasts, so fair, so full of spright,
All in due ranks, to prance so gallantly,
Bearing their riders arm'd with perfect panoply.

"In perfect silver glistening panoply
They ride, the army of the highest God.
Ten thousands of his saints approachen nie,
To judge the world, and rule it with his rod.
They leave all plain whereever they have trod.
Each rider on his shield doth bear the Sun
With golden shining beams disspread abroad,
The Sun of Righteousness at high day noon,
By this same strength, I ween, this fort is easily wonna.

Mnemon then describes the country of the Apterites—a sluggish people—overcome by the enchantments of the land in which they live. He passes through other provinces which we cannot delay to describe—among temptations which have little effect on him. However, the philosopher has other dangers to surmount. They ascend a hill on which they meet three nymphs, which typify the philosophies of Pythagoras, of Plato, and of the Stoics. Mnemon leaves them reluctantly.

The narrative hastens to its close. A black wall rises up before the travellers.

As they pass this boundary vale, the aged parents of Simon die.

Self-denial and Patience are virtues but of this life, and our travellers Mnemon and his companion are passing into the better land.

Thus terminates the poem of Psychozoia—and with the close of this, the first division of the Song of the Soul, must we, for the present, take leave of our readers.

A.

THE PAST YEAR—POPERY—AND THE PEERAGE.

WHEN a state has survived the perils of infancy or foreign invasion, and arrived at the maturity of its strength, the wisdom of the chief magistrate is not more exercised in directing than his firmness in controlling—since the very elements that have contributed to

its rise become thenceforward, if unresisted, the sources of its dissolution. The discontented restlessness, the insatiable longings of an ambition, exalted or depraved according to the character of its object, will still be overflowing its narrow channel, if not to fertilize

and bless, to destroy and curse. Through the adventurous energy of this principle it is that nations have been raised to fame and dominion; but the same agency, when it could no longer expand, has, by its unchequered violence, shattered the fabric it reared, and left but a ruin to attest its power. From it spring the arts of Greece, the arms of Rome, the sway of Britain; but also the factions of Athens, the civil wars of Rome, the bloody reign of the Directory;—while the true caloric, that animates within the national bosom the sleeping germs of future glory, it also generates those volcanic elements, whose mighty and unresisted heavings have crumbled empires to dust. In every state that groans not beneath a tyrant's yoke, its operation is incessant, and when not enlisted in the cause of patriotism, becomes an engine potent to destroy, if not itself destroyed. Promptitude in detecting, and determination in resisting the first workings of this evil leaven, display the statesman's power and genius. When zeal for national freedom betrays the first symptoms of the morbid change, as it gradually advances to the fever of democratic ambition—when, not the pain of experienced evils, but the cravings of anticipated power, become the incentive to action—when, not the reason of the legislator, but the passions of the multitude are appealed to—when popular triumph, and not national weal is the motive that impels—then to hesitate is to fall. This is the moment to shew the determined front to the spirit of change, and that restless passion, which

*Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo,
Parva metu primo, mox sese attolet in auras,
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit,*
will, when the anticipations on which it lives are blasted, of itself expire. But delay is death—a few moments can swell the ripple that murmurs to the surge that overwhelms.

The vigilance of the magistrate in detecting and guarding against this danger can never for a moment be relaxed, since materials are never wanting wherewith a sordid ambition can gratify its lust. Even in the highest

state of national prosperity, the cry of want and impatience will still be heard; and though the philanthropist may lament, the philosopher will admit the fact, that in the most perfect of our institutions, as the scale of society descends, causes of complaint will multiply. In the straitness of increasing numbers, and the proportionate increase of pauperism—in the unequal distribution of wealth, and the consequent limitation of civil privileges—in the advance of science and civilization, by whose increasing light constitutional errors will ever be observed—and in other evils inseparable from human society—the fruitful seeds of commotion will ever be found. And in addition to those antagonist influences which ever exist to threaten and perturb, there are others, less frequent in their occurrence, but more perilous in their results. States, like individuals, have their peculiar periods, when there is an increased degree of susceptibility to irritation—when the poison of disaffection is more easily infused. Varied and numerous are the causes which may originate this morbid state. The reactions of newly awakened energies after the thralldom of a moral despotism*—the works of some perverted genius, which, flowing through the souls of men, sap the foundations of truth and purity†—the efforts of an ambitious hierarchy to extend their iron sway,‡ or other causes more inscrutable, but not less potent—may rouse a nation to violent and increasing fervour; but whatever be the source of excitement—whatever be the character it assumes, or the aspect it displays—whether fanaticism, superstition, or infidelity—the channel it finally flows in has ever been the same—hostility to existing government, and organization to effect its overthrow. Every age of civil dissension has witnessed the unholy alliance between democratic passion and fanatic or infidel zeal—religion or scepticism being first the watch-word, but soon becoming the war-cry to revolt and revolution. The language of virtue may be prostituted to its service—the mantle of patriotism may be worn, but it cannot long conceal the dagger

* The fanaticism which brought Charles I. to the scaffold displayed itself early in Elizabeth's reign, soon after the final extinction of Popery in England. The rites and ceremonies of the Established Church chiefly exasperated them.—*Hume*.

† Voltaire and the French Revolution.

‡ The Irish Rebellion of 1798.

that lurks beneath, nor prevent the character and designs of the wearer from being soon revealed; and blood-bought experience at last attests, that from such polluted fountains the streams of freedom can never flow, nor aught but the corrupt and corrupting license of ochlocratic tyranny. At such periods as these, when popular excitement is stung to frenzy by superstitious zeal—when civil strife dips its dagger in the venom of religious hate—the democrat is flung to the surface from the filth which gave him birth—his depraved lust obtaining a theatre on which it may expatiate—and he soon enacts his part. To expand the mephitic vapours of faction, and ripen them into deadlier pestilence—to foster the brooding elements of revolution in the popular mind—to foment the troubles which are at once the source and condition of his existence—becomes the great end and object of every effort, and experience abundantly proves how successfully the task may be accomplished. At such periods prompt resistance is more imperatively called for—deference to the popular will becomes a crime—concession, then, instead of allaying, pours oil on the kindling embers of disaffection. If vacillating weakness then characterize the ruling power, the nation's doom is sealed—as at such a time the genial influence of a timid policy swells discontent to sedition, sedition to rebellion, rebellion to revolution and iron despotism—each step in the fatal series being at once the offspring of the past, and the parent of the future.

These reflections have been suggested by the contemplation of the occurrences of the past year—a retrospect, every glance of which curdles the blood with indignation. One sentence may epitomize the character of its policy—passive imbecility in the ruler, unequalled but by the daring ambition of the subject—an unvarying reiteration of concessions, measured only by the insatiable lust to which they ministered—a scene of incessant rivalry between the legislator and the people, to try whether the one could yield or the other encroach to the more fatal degree. And behold the result—never since the days of Emmet and Fitzgerald has our situation been so precarious—all the elements which then gloomingly mingled and gathered as a thunder-cloud to burst upon us being now in motion, and lowering more portentously over us. Ireland, all but under a foreign

yoke, is at this moment without any legislature but the will of a demagogue, one of the slaves of a hostile power, dependant on that will for peace or revolt, expecting each moment the boding stillness of a treacherous tranquillity to be broken by the drunken roar of an insurgent populace. A mindless crowd, harmonized by agency, potent as subtle, cemented by infernal rites in a brotherhood of sedition, have become the arbiters of a nation's destinies. The mask of moderation which was assumed and retained until power was accumulated, has been flung away—the language of solicitation abandoned—and while the most daring demands are made, the means of enforcing them are paraded—physical force becoming the final tribunal of appeal. While yet neophytes in sedition, enlargement of privilege was the extent and limit of their desires; but rash concession to their demands has at once stimulated the cravings of their lust, and multiplied the instruments of its gratification. They have in their progress through the phases of incipient revolution (a succession, uniform as a law of nature,) discovered the difference between privilege and spoliation, and the former is now valued only as subservient to the latter. With power has experience been acquired, and the sphere of action enlarged. The question is not now one of franchise, but property—not of equality of rights, but encroachment on vested property—not of religious liberty, but of sacrilege and extirpation—every new concession being made the incentive to a fresh and more daring assault, and paraded forth as the triumph of indignant patriotism over a tyrannic and debilitated oligarchy.

And no marvel that such is the state of things. In the policy our rulers have adopted may be found a specimen of misgovernment, wholly without example, destructive in its influence on the present, and opening out a future of strife and horror. If their object from the outset had been to scourge our countrymen to discord and convulsion—to fill Ireland with the flames of civil war—to extirpate every vestige of our church—and to sever the British empire—the ingenuity of infernal malice could not have succeeded better—while a lawless faction, drunk with the intoxication of fancied triumph, are clamouring for our destruction, they regard their advance with passive acquiescence; or worse, they

are the advocates of their demands, and the instruments of their accomplishment. Instead of controlling a wild ochlocracy—instead of withering with indignant scorn an ambitious priesthood, and their incendiary missions—they have condescended to the infamous distinction of being the leaders of a mob, taking the post of honour and forming the vanguard in the assault—they have elevated to an unnatural dominion the mindless herd, the rabble of the city, the

Kennel—puddle—sink—whose filth and dirt
Pollutes the silver spring where Britain drinks,

and swelled to the bloated dimensions
of gigantic stature

that overgrown hydra,

The poisonous heads of whose venomous body
Have breathed a pestilence upon us all,

pandering to the quenchless cravings of an appetite, which “grows with what it feeds on,” ministering to the flames that must yet consume them. They have bowed down before an idol of clay, and brought to its unhallowed altar the kindred sacrifice of craven hearts and treacherous hands, offering up character and country to win, without securing a Judas’s smile; but wretched creatures of a despot’s will! what alternative have they left? To this they owe their place—that treasure which kicks the beam, though loaded with all, the wise and good hold precious. They must obey the demon whose word has raised them, and now commands them; resist they cannot; resign they will not; yield they must, and crouch to the monster whose frown would blast them again to nothingness, caressing the filth from which they shrink with instinctive and ill-concealed loathing—fawning on the base-born serfs whom they have the pride to detest, the baseness to fear, but not the courage to resist. “* And so must it ever be when rank and wealth, and education stoop to combine in a secret bond with the vulgar and the ignorant; they must not expect to govern them—they may be suffered to lead, but in vain will they endeavour to alter their direction, or moderate their violence. When the evil spirit is unchained and let loose, the spell that raised it will be unavailing to allay it—for the purposes of a greater excitement they may be powerful and dangerous—for those

of repression and restraint altogether impotent.”

Nor can a doubt darken conviction as to the final consummation to which we are advancing, unless some barrier be interposed. Not alone for their own aggrandizement are democrats toiling, to unninge the frame of society and unlock the perilous torrent of popular ambition; their personal advantage is but an accident in the fatal progress of growing evils—the ceaseless stimulant, but neither the source nor object of existing agitation; the fountain of bitter waters lies deeper. They are but the instruments in the accomplishment of a fell design, the leaders in a religious war, the hired mercenaries of an ambitious hierarchy, which seeks to exalt itself to undisputed supremacy. Our devoted country has been selected by the papal power as the seat of western empire that here her iron throne may be lifted up and her relentless sceptre swayed in uncontrolled ascendancy—that Ireland may remain a sterile rock in the spreading ocean of truth and knowledge, on which every germ of light and hope must wither—that it may be set apart among the nations of a world, as the mouldering but unfallen monument of her dark ambition, her inexpiable guilt—that here she may take

“ Her royal seat, and bid the torturing wheel

Be brought, and fire and placers, and the hook,

And scorpions, that her soul on its revenge may
look.”

This is the sole object and must be the inevitable result of the present course of events, if their progress be not stayed—the elevation of the papal hierarchy upon the ruins of Protestantism. Not a measure has been passed, not a change attempted, with reference to Irish affairs but such as should accelerate this consummation—take a glance at their late efforts—

Is a revenue necessary to the support and dissemination of religious truth? have those that ministered at the altar always subsisted by the altar? has a fund been set apart for centuries to that sacred object? do the labourers who hold forth unto us the word of life, thence draw their means of existence? then is not the remorseless violation of that fund, the deepest wound that man can give to the creed which it supports?

Does the possession of advocates in

* Mr. (now Lord) Plunket—tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illa.

high places tend to the maintenance and security of the church against a sleepless foe? do the political privileges of her professors present a barrier to the destructives that assail her? are those privileges illusory, when their possessors are vastly outnumbered, then is it not adding the insult of mockery to the deadliest injury, if franchise is so modified that numerical superiority is the only energy developed?

But further and worse, does the *man* exhibit what has been implanted in the *child*? does the fruit, in riper years, bear the character of the germ in youth? does the hoary head carry to the grave the principles the *boy* imbibed? Then we denounce this last great triumph of a crafty priesthood as the deadliest wound that thought could devise or malice execute. Convictions, feelings, faith, and principles, are hereby polluted at their very source: the poison is infused into the very fountain of truth and knowledge; and instead of its waters flowing in a pure and healthful stream, they have been rendered a pestilential current, bringing death to all among whom they flow; and thus might we enumerate, were it necessary, the endless items of this fatal catalogue; but can a doubt exist as to the conclusion to which it leads. When encroachments can be made on property and privileges, without aggrandizing the aggressor, when error can be diffused without darkening truth, when the assassin's arm can be nerved without endangering his victim, then may we hesitate to pronounce upon the atrocious designs of the papal hierarchy.

And let England look well to it; with the preservation of Irish Protestantism inviolate, her own is inseparably interwoven. By it alone, is English authority and alliance supported against the most inveterate malice; every successful assault, therefore, made upon the one, must impair and endanger the security of the other; the continuance of that alliance is not less precarious than its existence is odious in the minds of our deluded and enfevered peasantry; hostility against the Sassenach and the stranger, has been associated with and strengthened by religious obligation; their natural hatred being quickened to a fiercer intensity by the sacred sanctions of divine injunction, until it has ripened to a spirit of sanguinary ven-

geance, to be terminated only by the ruin of its object. And further, that the rankling imagination of fancied wrongs might sharpen the sting which goads them, England is held up to their deepest execration as their haughty conqueror and ruthless oppressor, that on her, and her children, and her faith, and her friends, the hottest vials of a people's wrath might be poured without mercy or remorse. In their ignorance of the past, in the moral slavery of the present, their blind credulity is open to every impression which lynx-eyed subtlety and sordid lust deem essential to their purpose; and thus are they led to view the English as proud intruders, the invaders of their hallowed soil, the spoilers of their ancient temples, the usurpers of their forefathers' homes, the blighting and withering curse of their once happy isle. While such feelings exist to fester to its inmost core the popular mind, is it not madness to weaken the links that strengthen so precarious an alliance, which, if once severed, must erect an independent and rival standard here, or render this country a highway to continental ambition, in subduing England to a foreign yoke. The Protestant establishment here is to her as an incorruptible fortress in a hostile land, at once a sentinel over open violence or secret treachery; a stable barrier against the first outbreak of revolt; a tower of strength and refuge to which the loyal may look and rally when the incendiary is abroad, and the work of blood has commenced. Protestantism and English authority must terminate in Ireland together, with the fall of either one of the eyes of Britain is put out; for this purpose alone is that establishment assailed, that the bonds of fraternity may be broken, and in the dismemberment of the empire her downfall be accomplished.

Nor is this the only evil which threatens that empire; the weapon may pierce a member and stop not there, but enter the trunk itself. If Britain be rent asunder by the convulsions which are now portended, the events that lead to it will entail destruction on England; the gangrene which corrupts the limb will fester and irritate the body and render the whole a mouldering, putrescent mass; and has not this morbid change partially commenced then? Already has the Irish incendiary traversed the length and

breadth of that land, planting the germs of future decay, unless their growth be arrested, and with consummate skill conducted the campaign to effect the twofold purpose. To avert the protecting arm which England had extended over the destined victim, her own plains have been made the scene of agitation—her own guardians the traitors of her security. With an infatuation, unequalled but by the skill of the enemy, the objects of destruction are induced to become their own executioners, and England made to deal home upon herself the suicidal blow. Long since would she have been at rest—long since would the calm of reason there have resumed its sway but for the ceaseless irritation of the Irish demagogues, by whom the ebbing tide of disaffection has there been made to flow, and the standard of revolt erected, that every haunt of turbulence and crime, throughout the British empire, might pour forth its filthy occupants to swell the insurgent roar.

A second time, therefore, within the same half century does revolution and dismemberment threaten the British empire, and force her again to grapple with her malignant and once crushed foe. It is now nearly forty years since the Romish priesthood attempted the subjugation of Ireland by an effort, in daring ferocity rivalling the present, but in depth and danger immeasurably below it. Strengths, and numbers, and fierceness, and sanguinary hate, were there; but the master-mind to direct, concentrate, and control was wanting; the blow was thus too suddenly given, and recoiling on the murderer levelled him prostrate. When organization was then complete, and through the agency of the secret counsel, every hand was united in a fraternity of rebellion; the match was at once

applied, without reflecting on the enormous power which existed, to damp or neutralize the explosion. The attempt was, therefore, unsuccessful, but the causes of its failure have been analysed and carefully guarded against.* A new system of tactics has been adopted, less rapid in its progress, but more certain in its results; while the instrumentality employed—sanguinary outrage, secret organization, and religious animosity—remains unchanged. The priesthood of Ireland have since erected a court,† where their paid revolutionists exercise supreme power over the physical force of the kingdom, with a senate house of their own, and a dictator to preside under its authority; taxes are levied, ambassadors supported in every district, laws promulgated, and constituted authority either superseded or nullified. While on the one hand, through the altar and the confessional, the tremendous power of religious despotism cooperates with its present and future terrors; on the other an incessant fever of excitement is maintained by emissaries from the great centre of action; the one multiplying the channels through which the venom of bigotry and the hot fire of passion might circulate, while the other increases the diseased and fervid mass which is destined to receive it. But though by this master-stroke of policy a nation is leagued and pledged as one man, to a democrat's will the power thus accumulated is differently wielded; no fierce convulsion threatens—no startling onset now is made, no volcanic burst now, as before, awakes the sleeper. Not by a single *coup-de-main* is the constitution now assailed—the new plan is to cut up in detail. The forces they have arrayed, are now used subsidiary to the *means* and not to the *end*. It is not in a general and decisive action that their sanctions of terror are

* While our rulers are despising the lessons of experience, our enemies are acting upon them. It is important to observe that the line of policy adopted towards the Catholics of Ireland before the rebellion of 1798, coincides precisely with that of the present day—see Barrington's *Rise and Fall* (and observe his puerile attempts to assign other causes), but especially pages 341–2, &c. “though many of the penal and restrictive statutes were repealed, . . . these concessions were but a stimulus to further exertion, . . . being important and greater than could have been credible before Lord Westmoreland's administration,” &c. In 1793, the last concession, the elective franchise, was made: and soon after organization, insurrection, and rebellion commenced. We quote from his work, not out of respect, for that inane congeries of pointless reasoning and perverted facts, but on the principle that the evidence of an adverse witness is conclusive against one's opponent.

† The Catholic Association—now the National Ass——.

now put forth, but in the small and more fatal skirmish at the *hustings* and *court-house*. The country is traversed in every quarter, by ruthless ruffians to gather into the registry or to the election, the peasant and the pauper, that they may risk the penalties of unqualified perjury—that a profligate representation may be secured, and the very armoury of the constitution turned against itself.

In this emergency, engirt by sleepless assailants, betrayed by our natural guardians, do we sit down in despair and give up all for lost?—in verity no. Our case is critical, but not desperate; not even dangerous, if we acquit ourselves like men, and therefore have we traced the history of fools and cowards, of plunderers and traitors—therefore have we sketched the progress of folly and madness, aggression and robbery, bigotry, profligacy, blood, and crime; well knowing that all required for our security is—the *deepfelt conviction* of the enmity of our foes, and the treachery of our friends—of the actual existence of impending danger that its approach may be arrested by firmness and energy in the use of our rights.

And already do we see streaks of nascent light dawning along the political horizon; dim and faint, but still giving promise of a brighter day; amid the gloomy retrospect of the past, there is one bright spot of fixed and abiding lustre, on which delighted reminiscence dwells with untiring gaze, as it glows into stronger radiance, and wreathes from out the mists that would quench it, a halo to encircle it with glory; while hope expands the growing splendour and traces in every ray a message of future peace—peace, the first and greatest blessing—"tired nature's sweet restorer"—the soothing balm of life—the emblem pledge and foretaste, the crowning joy, the great presiding spirit of Heaven itself.

The Protestants of Ireland are not alone in the field, without an earthly aim to defend them or an earthly shield to cover them. The great and noble ones of the land have arisen, and stood between the living and the dead opposing a barrier to the sweeping flood of popular fury. The democrat's career has been arrested—shall we say permanently? The British peers have met the assault, and quailed not before its violence, but fearlessly dared the

vengeance of a sanguinary faction, by refusing to be the instruments of their crime; and in that conflict for life and death made displays of heroism and endurance, that will form the richest recollections of a future age. On them now rest the destinies of the empire.—To them a nation's eyes are turned, watching the issue of that struggle on which their fate depends; we would therefore implore them to pause, consider and weigh the consequences before they shrink from the post which their value has so ably defended, and tell them, with all the earnestness which danger inspires, that if they retreat, their doom is sealed; and with them the empire falls. If one inch be yielded, the point of the wedge is inserted and what can then stay its progress. The measures they have rejected, go to the root of vested rights and established religion. Without their consent, they can never become law. Will they then give them the sanction of their authority and thus strengthen the hands of the spoliator and the bigot? And what will concession obtain from them? Have they not tried it over and over again, nerving the arm that is uplifted for their destruction? Twice with peculiar weakness have they bent their necks beneath a traitor's foot—have they secured his smile? After many a well-fought field they yielded to menace,* and what has been the result? Has contentment and gratitude marked the conduct of those to whom they stooped? After bearing for years, the angry assaults of the priesthood and their minions, they at length succumbed, and loosed the bands which had coerced their disaffection, and for what? To raise to the altitude of British senators the slaves of a hostile power, the sworn enemies of their rights and privileges. The instruments of inquisitorial ferocity, that the leaven of their malice might spread and prevail and poison the sources of law and government.

This was the first great wound given to Protestantism in Ireland. In addition to the host of evils which followed in its train, it rendered a second defeat† all but inevitable. Were it not for the impulse thus given to popular excitement and the influx of popular leaders thus poured upon the le-

* Catholic Emancipation.

† Reform Bill.

gialture, a radical reform would never have been sanctioned by our Upper House. But the preponderance that measure gave to the movement party at such a crisis, baffled every effort at resistance, and the Peers shrunk before the "pressure from without;" the evils which their weakness had caused, they had not the courage to avert. The demon they had evoked, they had not the strength to master. The unswerving opposition which was so long given to constitutional change, grew languid and became extinct; adding another to the succession of popular triumphs, and providing the means of their recurrence.

Both those measures became law, and as a necessary result, proved to be, but the first instalments of an unlimited—an illimitable debt; others have followed; worthy successors, bearing their parent's impress—in the short interval of a year or two, we seem to have grown old in revolutionary daring. Why, a century would scarcely have sufficed to raise the spirit of change to the colossal magnitude it now exhibits. Menaces now are patiently listened to—demands are openly made—efforts are feebly opposed—encroachments are passively acquiesced in, which a year or two ago would have been branded as the blackest treason. Would not the most abandoned of the profligate press of that day have deemed their page polluted by the prurient virulence that now deluges the kingdom? Time and space forbid our quoting examples, but surely a line can scarcely be scanned that is not pregnant with a candour of malignity—a hardy avowal of political baseness—a vehemence of revolutionary passion from which the most reckless of their predecessors would have shrunk,* and to their Lordships more especially, passing events are uttering a most articulate voice;

menaces have been urged, and new designs unfolded, which must sound in their ears like the echo of a distant earthquake. An insurgent rabble respects not dignities, when their hour of frenzy comes, and we need not point out the first victims of popular wrath; but a more imminent peril threatens them—a licentious press is inundating the kingdom with gross and unmasked Jacobinism, stimulating the malignant hatred of a sightless mob against their character and their existence, exhausting the vocabulary of invective, in heaping obloquy on them—but the source of their danger is higher still.

Were we to take up the last year's records of our second chamber, and thence detail the unblushing declarations made in solemn council, or the measure proposed and yet to be urged upon a misruled land—concentrating and embodying all that insolent malice ever yet dared to utter or perpetrate against the objects of its hate, a faint outline thus might be given of the peril that impends.† And it augurs something ominous in the coming destinies of the empire, when the solemn sanction of senatorial dignity is impressed upon ferocious outrage against all that is high and noble amongst us—when men of rank and opulence are found soliciting infamy in the cause of revolutionary turpitude, and directing the stream of popular fury against the brightest and greatest characters which are yet to adorn our history's page. But none of these things need intimidate the Peers. The utmost efforts of remorseless passion, or deliberate guilt, will exhibit, but the impotency of an expiring grasp, if they be but true to themselves, if they but see the danger and summon fortitude to resist it. Themselves the arbiters of their own and their country's fate, by shrinking, they only court destruction,

* Touching the Peerage—a leading periodical would scarcely have inserted a few years ago such passages as these—

Need we demonstrate the incompatibility of the existing House of Peers with good government?

Why are we to be told that recourse will not be had to organic change, the only thing they fear?

The pear is nearly ripe—the appeal may soon be made to the people, whether they will submit to the despotism of the Peers.

The resolves in Pandemonium on good and evil, are not a matter of more certainty than those of the Peers on the same questions.

† Space forbids our more than alluding to the shameless insults levelled at the upper, by members of the lower house last session—but Mr. O'Connell's, Mr. Roebuck's, and other notices on the journals of the latter, touching Peerage Reform!!! speak for themselves.

as every inch they yield, every concession they make, is but accelerating the rapidity of their descent, and risking their existence by a suicidal act.

But history and experience alike attest, that passive compliance with popular demands, instead of averting or retarding, aggravates impending danger—that it but stimulates the cravings of insatiable appetite—that it is but breaking the maniac's fetters,—for him to turn and rend his keeper. We would remind our Peers of the acts of their forefathers in 1648, when unlimited concession characterized every measure until after patience was exhausted, and virtue outraged by the most insane acquiescence, they ventured to hesitate on a trying occasion. They shrunk from the precipice to which their weakness had urged them; and forthwith the resolution which is now only proposed, was passed and executed—"the Commons declared, that they were the sole representatives of the nation, that the Peers held their seats as individuals in a private capacity, and that if they did not consent to acts necessary for the preservation of the people, the Commons and complying Lords should join together, &c.*" The sequel is known—sentence of extinction went forth against them, and they almost became the executioners of it themselves. And we would also remind them of the conduct of the French nobility in 1791, when a Parisian mob clamoured for their destruction. The noblesse in the spirit of a generous chivalry, (they knew not the character of their assailants,) at the very first struggle in one night (10th August) voluntarily surrendered all their privileges, abolishing dignities and emoluments of every kind—they expiated their weakness by spoliation, exile, imprisonment, and death!!—and again—to turn from the past to the present—we would direct their attention across the Atlantic, to the boasted Utopia of the demagogue and the sciolist. There, the first shock of that earthquake was felt, which rocked every throne in Europe, and seemed commissioned against all political stability. We take up the record of events which are hourly transpiring there, and we ask, has the convulsion, which shook that nation from the parent stem, ceased to vibrate? Details are unnecessary, when

the occurrences are on every lip; but we fear not contradiction when we state, that if ever peace and union blessed those states, their days are numbered. A year or two since, that colossal fabric was almost rent in twain;—the chasm was closed, but not cemented—the unhealed wound is now hid from view, but fierce and unchecked fever still riots in every limb. And how could it be otherwise! The germs of internal dissolution there flourish in rank luxuriance. The people—the unerring wisdom, the stern virtue, the majesty, the power, the vengeance, of the people, there, form the sole theme of flattery, the sole object of terror, the pole-star of legislation. Legitimate government, therefore, in America, trembles on the verge of a volcano. Popular fervour, stimulated by adulation, unable to govern, unwilling to obey, is gathering resistless energy—each moment of partial suppression only accumulating force for the ultimate explosion. And in vain does the ruling power now seek to stay it: already is the utter impotency of coercive effort both seen and felt; and the passive nominee of a demagogue taught, that he may, by acquiescence

What
Not glut, the never-gorged Leviathan.

At this moment is a rival banner ready for elevation in every state; and insurrection, civil war and dismemberment threaten—a train of evils which successively await, and must inevitably terminate the Western Republic.

Nor should the apprehension of civil convulsion induce our peerage to yield one moment to a delusive expediency. The assault will still wear the aspect of constitutional effort, and the struggle long continue a moral one; to resist which effectually, only moral firmness will be required. Though ruffian violence, midnight intimidation, and sanguinary outrage prevail, the sphere of their operation is, and long will be, limited to the poll and the court-house. We must suffer many a defeat, they must achieve many a triumph, ere a reign of terror commence, ere the iron sway of popular anarchy become universal—a consummation which nought but concession can ever produce. At present, therefore, the menaces of physical coercion may be met by the smile of derision. The democrat may

talk of rebellion ; but his threatening jargon, without alarming the most timid, scarcely yields a pretext to a venal ministry to screen their acts of perfidy. Well they know, that an appeal to force would only hasten their destruction, which now lingereth—that the British phalanx, true as the steel they wear, would now, as before, sweep to the winds of heaven their mad and disorderly hordes. No! never will the flames of civil war consume our fair and fertile plains, until by folly, by cowardice and treachery, popular fervour be ripened to wild and resistless frenzy.

And as of civil convulsions, so of the puerile menaces of organic change in the upper house. It is only by a revolutionary second chamber that the first will ever be invaded ; and what is to be feared from the attenuated majority the movement there commands ? Such an attempt, at present, would only ensure defeat, and merit scorn.

But a few short months, and things may fearfully change. A few more triumphs to the movement party, and the opposition, which is now difficult, will then be vain. The murmur that now awakes, will then become the yell that appals,—or the cry for blood that is never hushed but to have its victims marked. The Peers now stand at the Rubicon of their own and their country's fate. Will they cross, and rouse the demon of civil war, to scorch the nation with his fiery breath ? We hope better things : and therefore, as men whose lives, and liberties, and faith depend, we call upon our noble Lords to "hide the shock," to stand fast and quit them like men. We have reminded them of their ancestors' frailty ; we would now turn the picture, and talk of their achievements, were it not that the task would take volumes where we have not lines. Are not our peers the descendants of those, whose names stand blazoned brightest on the dazzling pinnacles of our country's glory ? potent spells, to awake in every breast resolves of might and virtue ? Have not their ancestors led our armies to victory—swept the ocean with our fleets, and gathered deathless laurels in every field of fame ? Has not their courage sustained our liberties, and spread our dominion ? Does not the blood of the Howards and the Percys flow in their veins ? Are they not the descendants of Marlborough, of Chatham, and Somers ; of Abercromby, Howe, and Nelson ? And have they

not at their head the hero of a hundred battles, before whose mighty arm a world's despot shrunk paralysed and prostrate ; who smote the sword from the victor's hand ; who weighed nations in a balance, and appointed each its due portion ? And will our peers forget the glories, to imitate the weakness of their ancestors ? Perish the thought. They will never become the fawning sycophants, the abject slaves of a debased and debasing ascendancy. They will never yield to the serpent fascination of a wily foe, who has mingled death in the springs of a nation's life-blood, that her people might writhe under the poison that consumes them. While removing the dross that encumbers, they will not pull down the pillars that support the fabric of our constitution—that august and glorious fabric, which the wisdom of their ancestors fortified, and their trophies adorn ; which has survived the wrath of the zealot, the rage of the democrat, the sword of the invader ; and stood for centuries, unscathed by flood, by fire, or tempest ; never will they suffer it to be trampled on by the cloven-feet of an atrocious priesthood. But, strong in the armour of ancient faith and loyalty, let them resist the pestilential genius of republicanism, with its delusive and ever-crumbling theories, nor wait until the cup of popular frenzy is full to overflowing, to close its burning fountains.

And now a word to the Irish Conservatives. The plans and object of your assailants are fully developed—the elevation of Popish supremacy, on the ruins of Protestantism, and your extirpation or expulsion from Ireland. This consummation is to be effected, not by physical, but legislative coercion. Your natural guardians are the slaves of a faction, and have a majority of your representatives to support them. In this state of things it is evident, that the peerage is at present the only barrier to the ruin that impends ; and even that, your last hope, now is threatened. A second time, in British history, is the extinction of our upper chamber attempted ; most ineptly, no doubt ; but it is by you that this must be proved : you are the source of their strength in this vital combat ; by the manifestation of your support their resistance is to be rendered effectual. We have laid before you a faithful transcript of the state of Ireland, and would now ask you, what has given it an aspect so appalling ? What has

been the pregnant cause of all those evils? Bear with a few words, not of censure, but monition;—and would, that instead of being scanned by the eye, they were branded in deep conviction on the mind,—has it not been your apathy and inertness, while implacable hostility was straining every nerve for your destruction? Have you not, with childlike infatuation, instead of meeting and averting, closed your eyes to the coming danger, and by inexplicable indolence, permitted a spark, which an infant's foot might once have crushed, to threaten universal conflagration? It may well be said of you, that while you slept the tares were sown, and you awoke only to see what an enemy had done.

But though you tarried so long from the field, though your first inexperienced efforts were opposed to an enemy practised in combat, nerved by malignity, and flushed by partial success, a most encouraging, a triumphant stand has been made. Even already the results of your fresh-roused courage, your unflinching firmness are apparent. Behold the change that has been wrought among us! Instead of a few despised and trembling stragglers, crouching round their devoted leaders, awaiting ruin in every shock of popular violence, without a hope to inspire them; “nothing left but their honour,” and the high resolve, to share their country's fate, as was our state when the first *de*-formed parliament met—our leaders are now surrounded by a noble phalanx, scarcely inferior to the foe in numbers, but how infinitely above them in genius, wisdom, and honour; and above all, in their sacred veneration for that high old spirit of British thought and feeling—the true source and safeguard of our national glory; and against which are now concentrated the utmost energies of blind, infuriate, implacable malice.

There is, however, still a majority; base and paltry, no doubt; but it must be annihilated, that the threats and designs which are based thereon may share its grave. For this, renewed exertion is necessary. The incendiary has avowed his guilty purpose, and knows the penalty which national retribution will exact; the cravings of revenge are therefore quickened to the recklessness of a despair which would purchase with life the death of its victim. Our safety thus rests upon the unqualified putting forth of every antagonist effort,—upon our

showing a determined, undaunted front, and wielding, with the assured skill of our opponents, those weapons of the constitution which they are perverting to its overthrow. We have already pointed out the line of policy adopted for your extirpation,—a species of assault as fatal as it is treacherous; deliberate and noiseless, but unerring in its operation; by which the system of representation that was designed to be the Palladium of your liberties, has been rendered the engine of their destruction. We have told you, that the court of REGISTRY is the place where this parhical act is sought to be perpetrated,—an attempt which must inevitably succeed, if fear or apathy be indulged. To that scene of conflict we would urge you by those motives that must ever awake to alarm and promptitude,—the protection of your property, your freedom, your faith;—your happiness in this world—your prospects in a better. Surely you will not pause and procrastinate until the cloud, that now lours, shall send forth its lightnings; when the only boon that mercy will vouchsafe, is the alternative of an appalling death, or a worse apostasy? Will you wait, until the torch of anarchy is in your dwellings, the Jacobin dagger at your throats, or the revolutionary halter at your necks? A fearful crisis impends, and every moment is pregnant with eventful interest. To loiter is to perish. Let, therefore, vigilance, energy, and action characterize your conduct; and, while undefiled by its influence, catch somewhat of the spirit that nerves your foe, making zeal and indignation subserve the cause of truth and freedom. Enrol your names upon that record of the brave and free, to which your country calls you. Be up at your post, swelling the ranks of faith and loyalty, that by your wide, and deep, and dauntless front,—by your enthusiastic cheers of unchanged devotion, your noble leaders may feel the thrill of fearless hope, and, strong in your strength, may meet unmoved the sweeping flood of wild licentiousness, which beats and surges round them,—that, contemning alike the remorseless passion and brutal revelry of a reckless but impotent rabble, they may stand undismayed, amid the rollings and howlings of the moral deluge which so portentously threatens, and say with stilling energy to its advancing waters, “so far shall ye go, and no farther!”

C. C. T.

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SCENES

FROM

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VOL. IX.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

It by some great social evolution in the nature of a parliamentary division, the whole body of the loyal and well-affected to the constitution of England, were to be separated from the radical reformers, we have long felt confident that the latter would be taught one great fact of no small importance to the country,—that they are a contemptible minority, which derives its whole weight from the base passions and the blind activity which make it an efficient instrument in the hands of every political adventurer—the “scoundrel to be found in every village, who calls himself the public.” But the action of the saner opinions and better affected feelings of the country is, as ever has been the case, slow and retarded in its progress. While error is easily involved in specious pleas of patriotism and public good, and exposure depends on the more difficult process of disabusing the public mind ;—the peaceful and industrious,—the honest and high-minded have a reluctance to be dragged forward into collision with turbulence and wrongful violence, and are devoid of that fierce energy which gives its fatal power and concentration to the factious. And if it be considered that the elements of revolutionary movement, working together, long and under various forms, in many an under-ground channel, are necessarily far advanced into maturity, before resistance can be thought of—it will be understood, how fearful is the advantage of the destructive principle—how desperate the odds against the counteraction of right, truth, justice, religion, and civil order. Thousands of rightly disposed minds are imposed on—and the country sustains many a heavy shock before the public mind is truly roused into a state of intelligent attention ;

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and before its virtue, courage, and resisting spirit can be fully brought into concert ; the destructive may have secured a position inconsistent with the public safety. Such is the fearful process that has been passing before our eyes from the end of the Peninsular war to the present moment. It has been such as to make many a sound heart quail for England, and some leading minds retire in despair from the hopeless conflict. Hopeless indeed, in the history of nations, have such conflicts been. We never, ourselves, despaired, for we trusted in the righteous Power, that has never been deserted by England, or abandoned her in her distress.

Great as was the danger, and slow as has been the rally, the mind of England is awake ; voice calls to voice—and deep calls to deep—the virtue, wisdom, and power of the first people on the earth—Protestant Constitutional England. The struggle on which the fate of the kingdom was suspended—had been transferred to Ireland—the first blow was struck at the rights of the subject, and the second at the Church of Christ. Such blows could not be concealed by palliations, and the conservatives of Ireland were brought together by the common and imminent danger. The Conservative spirit of England responded—and the sense of every right and true heart began slowly to be linked into communion through the land, until the voice of the public—not the offscouring of sedition and ignorance, to which that high name is sometimes misapplied—but the genuine, well-informed, industrious, independent, sound-minded British public, utters its genuine sentiments, *Nolumus leges Angliæ mutari* :—as loudly, and we trust as irresistibly

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as ever it has been heard in the hour of constitutional danger.

The reaction which we have thus described, has been for some years the subject of question, among the unversed or unobservant in public events.—The doubt we trust is over and the simplest Protestant will feel as little faint-hearted on this head, as the most watchful Conservative who sounds the watchword of the fight. It would be impossible to imagine a sign more fatal to the hopes of the infidel democracy, which has so long banished order and peace from the country, than the decisive conduct of Glasgow, in its recent reception of the illustrious leader of the Conservatives of England. The city of Glasgow, second to none in the empire for its commercial prosperity and profound intelligence, has been less happily marked for the curious inconsistency with which it had suffered itself to lend an ear to the spurious liberalism of intidel philosophers, and radical empirics. But it has illustriously redeemed itself, by the more sterling liberality, which frankly acknowledges error.

Of this glorious event it would be our desire to give our readers the most full and minute intelligence. For not the slightest incident can be wanting in interest, which is connected with an event, for the report of which every intelligent mind in the kingdom is on the watch. But our Number is almost made up, and while we write the printer is at a stand. We must, therefore, though fain to dally with a theme we love, pass on with a rapid pen, and endeavour to select the points of chief interest for narration or comment.

After what we have said, it will be unnecessary to dwell on the fact of the inauguration of Sir Robert Peel as Lord Rector of an University, hitherto conspicuous for its Whig predilections. Though justice will not allow us to pass on without the qualifying admission, that it is but recently that the imputation of Whiggism implied tainted loyalty and unconstitutional opinion. The young are by nature Whigs—maturity brings experience and conservatism.

Nor will it be necessary for us to

delay with the inaugural speech—it has won the free applause of even the liberal press—and this may be its praise. It was marked by that strong masculine common sense, discriminating sagacity and tact, and nervous simplicity of language, which are the great features of Sir Robert as a public speaker. Even on the topic of education conservative, he dwelt with great vigour and propriety of illustration on the study of those models of classical antiquity, from which so many first-rate orators and writers have been formed, and to the neglect of which may be traced the modern corruption of British literature.

We come, now, to the true point of universal interest, the dinner given by the city on Friday the 13th. It is hardly less memorable for the explicit declarations from Sir Robert Peel, of which it was the occasion, than for the circumstances which proudly distinguished it from all ordinary public demonstrations—the magnificence, superb scale, and perfect good taste of the preparations, such as could only come from wealth and intelligence of the first order. We remark this, because the facility with which public entertainments can be got up, in some degree diminishes the ordinary impression of this mode of expressing public sentiment. A pavilion, which dined Three Thousand Four Hundred and Thirty-Five Gentlemen,—thirty-two feet in height, supported by twenty-four elegantly formed pillars, with galleries on three sides, and adorned by national devices, was built for the occasion with a celerity that surprised the builders themselves. At five the guests assembled in this vast pavilion, more splendid than the halls of Oriental monarchs—

When Egypt with Assyria strove
In wealth and luxury

—with that calm and orderly precision which marked that the guests were of a better order than public dinners sometimes bring together in these times. Among these guests were the prime of the Scottish aristocracy.* One incident we must not omit, strongly indicative of the

* Amongst the distinguished individuals who entered the hall with the Hon. Baronet was Henry Monteith, Esq. of Carstairs, the President; and afterwards we observed the following noblemen and gentlemen on the right and left of the Chairman:—Sir Robert Peel, Bart. M.P.; Earl of Hardwicke; Marquess of Tweeddale; Earl of Morton; Earl of Glasgow; Earl of Haddington; Earl of Rosslyn; Vis-

class and the feeling: Sir Robert Peel's first introduction was greeted by no loud cheers—the moment was felt in every heart to be sacred—solemn as the eve of battle; he was received with no heartless outcry, such as raises its prostituted vociferation before the base idols of the Corn-Exchange,—but the hearty cheer of three thousand Conservatives was preceded by a deep, sudden, breathless silence which showed the reverence of Scotland for the representative of the national cause. And well, before they left that room, was that respect vindicated, and the high expectations fulfilled of that company, and the hundreds of thousands who sat expectant throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, for every word that was to be spoken on that evening.

Sir Robert Peel's speech has been very ably reported in some of the Conservative papers; and we deem it right to say, that it has been so far contracted by some of their *liberal* opponents as to be entirely stripped of its pretension to eloquence. This we do not condemn—it is the common custom on both sides, and is by most readers understood. All agree in a substantially fair statement of the political sentiments he has so distinctly expressed. As we are here reviewing simply, we shall so far follow their example, earnestly advising, intreating every one of our readers not to rest until, for the benefit of his whole household, he possesses a full and accurate copy of this sound and masterly exposition of genuine Conservatism.

Sir Robert expresses himself freely on the nice and difficult limits between reform and revolution. He advocates no narrow, short-sighted adherence to past forms of institution, which society in its progress must ever continue to outgrow: but recognizing the enlarged and altered frame of modern society, he asserts,—

"I see the necessity of widening the foundation on which the defence of the British Constitution and the religious establishments must rest. I ask you—I have no right to ask you for any confession of error, or

even of the change of opinion—all I ask is, do you adhere to the principles on which reform was advocated in 1831? and if you do, with me you ought to combine for the defence of the institutions of the country."

To the peculiar assembly, at that moment addressed by Sir Robert, the appeal is fair—there is no room for a taunt on either side. Time, and experience, which follows in its train, has taught to both the lesson of adversity. But we shall follow and recommend the worthy leader's profession of amnesty for the past, and trust for the future. We shall not "fight again the battle of Bannockburn and Flodden." One thing is fair to admit, that the working of enactments may be for good or evil according to the hands to which they are entrusted and the measures that are to follow them up. We never, for our part, doubted the intentions of Sir Robert: but we still doubt the justness of his former application of the wise principle of reform, which he quotes as the rule by which he was governed—a careful adherence "to the acknowledged principles of the constitution, by which the prerogative of the crown, the authority of both houses of parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people are equally secured." All general statements require the nicest modifications before they can be confided to the operation of detail. And this necessary precaution is precisely what now meets our unqualified approbation in this able and satisfactory speech. It answers the question, what do you mean by the principles of the British constitution, by which all swear and few agree upon? Sir Robert here leaves no loophole for retreat from the assertion of his future rules of public conduct.

"Let us come then to the main point, because I do not wish to conciliate your confidence, or attempt to gain your support by hoisting false colours. I mean, gentlemen, to support the national establishments which connect Protestantism with the state in the three countries (tremendous applause, the whole assemblage standing up and waving their handkerchiefs.) Nothing could be so unseemly after

count Melville; Lord John Campbell; Viscount Stormont, M.P.; Lord John Scott, M.P.; Lord Forbes; Rev. Dr. McLeod; Principal McFarlane; Mr. Joseph Peel; Sir George Clerk, M.P.; Sir H. P. Campbell, Bart. M.P.; Sir C. Lamb, Bart.; Sir A. Campbell, Bart.; Sir W. Rae, Bart. M.P.; Sir A. Edmonstone, Bart.; Wm. Forbes, Esq. M.P.; Sir J. M. Kenzie, Bart.; Sir Charles Hastings, the Hon. the Master of the Rolls, &c. &c.

the reception which I have met with—nothing could be so unseemly as to say one word of disrespect in regard to those who differ from me in religious opinions. No; I will say with respect to dissent in this country that I think we owe to it a great obligation for the efforts it has made in the common cause of spreading sound doctrines. But it is consistent with that respect and with that obligation to declare, that in my opinion more futile arguments than those by which what is called the voluntary system are supported, were never presented for the consideration of men interested in the welfare of their brethren. I do feel, and I trust that you feel the same, that it is right that the state should pay homage to Christianity in every way that it is possible for it to do so. Is it not clear that the demand for religious instruction shall not only be in the direct ratio of its necessity, but absolutely made on the inverse ratio that those who stand most in need of religious instruction are not the first but the last who will make a voluntary effort to get it. I say that it is right that the minister who is to speak to the people—who is to rebuke indifference—who is to try to conciliate them towards religious feelings—who is to be censor over presumptuous vice—should be independently supported. I say that man ought not to depend on the precarious benevolence of those whom it is his business to admonish and rebuke. I infer from this declaration of your feelings on that point your mind is made up; the question is not whether we are to form *de novo* a new establishment—the question is, will you adhere to that which you find established by the law, and guaranteed to you by the most solemn national compact. Then again I avow to you, gentlemen, I mean to support in its full integrity the authority of the House of Lords, as an essential and indispensable condition of the mixed form of government under which you live, and as essential to the maintenance of the British constitution; and I mean to consider every plausible proposition that may be made, not directly assailing that integrity as having for its object covertly to undermine it. I mean to consider those propositions, not in their abstract isolated merits, but to consider the tendency—the ultimate tendency they have to undermine the House of Lords, and to destroy the British constitution.”

No man has with common attention read the history of England, without being taught to feel that the British Constitution has derived the better portion of its free and equable spirit from the principles of that Reformation which are best embodied in the Church of England. And every Protestant Englishman, who believes in the truths without which all churches are a mockery, must feel that much of the prosperity of England, and the firm stability of her institutions, must be attributed to the preserving providence and guardian care of that Power which has covenanted never to desert his church, “even to the end.” This is the first principle and the touchstone of political creeds—the main bulwark of the state—and the main point of attack to its enemies, for with it all comes to the ground. The second topic is not much less momentous, for in the aristocracy of England resides the heart and life-blood of the Constitution itself. The balancing centre between all its extreme actions, through which all the conduits of influence and subjection run, and where all encroachments find a natural preventive: a counterbalancing spirit signalized alike in the field of Runnimeade, or in the resistance to the modern spoiler—warding off the encroachments of the tyrant John, or the assaults of the demagogue (O’Connell—assailed alike by tyrants in the days when kings aimed at unconstitutional power, or by rabble parliaments, when popular insurrection menaced the crown. We should apologize for this commonplace, but unhappily it is not now a mere flourish of declamation—it must become a portion of the litany of Conservatism, and though we have cast it off in the schools, it must henceforth be recited in the senate. “The hour is arrived,” observed our leader, “when if these are our feelings, we must be prepared to act on them.” And again—

“If your sense of danger is that which I apprehend it is from your exclamations, and if your sentiment with me is that which I also calculate upon, then I say that, having these privileges, and refusing to exert them, you will be in the situation of the man who, in the face of the common enemy, having a sword, refused to draw it.”

We shall add to these strong expressions, another sentence or two, similarly embodying what we deem a just sense of the emergency of this fearful hour.

"I see that the time is come for us to stand forward in the exercise of our privileges ; for I have read speeches of late, delivered by those whose special duty I should have thought it to be to defend the British Constitution in all its integrity, but which speeches make me unwilling to trust its defence to their official exertions. I have read speeches delivered by great legal authorities, from which I find that they have not yet made up their mind about the reform of the House of Lords. I am sorry for it. They fear the time for reform in that House has come, but they have not seen the plan that is quite according to their wishes. They are wearied out with the ransacking of the pigeon-holes, in which are deposited the plans for the reform of the House of Lords ; every objection is, that they have not yet had the good luck to draw out the right one. On that miserable trifling let them spare themselves the time and the trouble—let them take the first that comes in their way, whether in the place of the House of Lords there shall be a Council of Ancients of five hundred, or a new body elected by the Peers, or by the heads of families—or whether the Peers shall have a suspensive veto ; take one or other of all their plans, and the effect is the same. Why, do you believe you can uproot the oak of the forest that has seen a thousand generations?—do you think you can uproot that noble production with the achievements of thousands of illustrious deeds suspended from its branches—*'Exurius veteres populi sacratas que gestans Dona'*—do you think you can uproot it, dig a trench around it, and sever the thousand minute fibres and ramifications, the growth of centuries, that have incorporated it with the mass around it—do you think by the aid of pullies and machinery, by all that ingenuity can devise—do you think you can transplant it, and bid it abide the fury of the storm? No, the first gush of popular passion that should sweep the land would bring it to the ground, and with all the contrivances of artificial machinery which had been used to support it ; and miserable would be the consolation we should have that the advisers of that machinery, and the architects of that ruinous fabric, would probably be the first to be overwhelmed under it."

To this we are tempted to add another extract, which but continues the chain of these leading thoughts.

And—"when for such arguments as these you shall have abolished the House of Lords, how long do you think the privilege of hereditary monarchy will remain? I will tell you—just so long as the prerogative of monarchy can be made a useful instrument in the hands of the democracy that is to be triumphant. The peers, it is said, are irresponsible. I heard that before. I replied, that certainly the Peers were not responsible in the sense in which the Commons were responsible ; but that I did think that in their responsibility to God, to their own conscience, and to enlightened public opinion, the public had a guarantee for the faithful performance of their duties. But what I said in the place in which I said it, met with a different reception from what it meets with here. Now, if it is a vital objection to the House of Peers, that it is not responsible to the whole mass of the population, let me ask whether there are any other bodies of men who are not in the same sense irresponsible also. The House of Commons are responsible to their constituents—the ministry are responsible in a different sense from the House of Commons ; but let me ask you to whom is the constituent body responsible? You have selected a certain body, and qualified that body for the exercise of a great power. I say not a word on that subject, as finding fault with the bestowing of that power. I state only the fact, that you have been investing some 3 or 4,000 men of the whole classes of your society, with great political privileges ; and to whom are they responsible? They are not selected for any peculiar qualification. You can administer no test by which the fitness of a man to exercise the franchise can be correctly determined. His right of franchise depends partly on hereditary privilege, and partly on the possession of property ; but what security have you for the faithful discharge of this trust, but that security which we have that the peers will faithfully discharge their duty, namely, their responsibility to God, to their own consciences, and to an enlightened public opinion."

Sir Robert, from these general propositions, goes to vindicate the peers against some special charges. He replies to the charge of having resisted improvement, by the unanswerable reference to the charges already made with their indispensable concurrence and by this cutting retort against it

inconsistent assailants—that they justified the distrust of the Lords by their criminations of each other.

“But if you will remember their characters, as given by each other, you will hardly blame the House of Lords. They were called upon to make immediate and implicit submission. Why, if the one party describe the other as base and bloody, and the other party, in an interchange of compliment, say that their present allies were the fomenters of sedition in Ireland for interested purposes; if the King told the House of Lords in my hearing, that attempts were made to excite the people of Ireland, and that the practices to which he had alluded had engendered destructive animosities, and a spirit of insubordination—can you blame the House of Lords if, paying those parties the compliment of believing their testimony, they refuse to repose in them unbounded confidence.”

Another extract from the same portion of Sir Robert's address, we make for its bearing on a special question.

“They did refuse to consent to the appropriation of a part of the revenue of the Irish church. I made no account of the sum; not that that was unimportant. The objection was not one of detail—it was one of principle. They felt that by consenting to the appropriation clause, a principle would be introduced which would be fatal to the existing establishments. And can you doubt, that if the Lords had been acquainted with the avowals, which from the newspapers you will have perceived are now made—avowals of an intention to require the destruction of all establishments, as unjust to those who dissent—can you suppose that the House of Lords would have advanced one step towards conciliation, if they had taken the instalment of one-sixth?”

The next topic on which Sir Robert enters at great, but not too great length, is one that has latterly been pressing itself strongly on every one who can enlarge his views to the comprehension of political precedent; the example of other countries. America supplies a singularly appropriate example. The subject has been seasonably brought forward by M. de Toqueville, a distinguished Frenchman, a disinterested witness, whose book should be in the hands of every one who professes to form opinions on the great questions of the age. The important fact which this work sets in the clearest light,

is the real uniform natural working of democracy. A species of slavery in which every individual is oppressed by the accumulated tyranny of a whole nation. Reason might arrive at these facts in the form of necessary inference from human nature, and the common principles of social action. But here it is exemplified in the most successful of the modern republics. In America no man has a will of his own. Every one is subject to a popular inquisition into all his thoughts, as manifested by the circumstantial evidence of all his words and actions. He may, as one of the multitude, break into his neighbour's house, and tear him forth to atone by death for the colour of a cravat, that does not please the nice humour of the many-headed monster; but he is at the same time not the less a slave to the tender mercies of the same multitude, in whose persons the opposite extremes of licentiousness and slavery seem thus happily “met together,” like the antithesis to mercy and truth. The example is too important to pass without that reference to authority which Sir Robert has thought proper to select.

“I am not acquainted,” writes De Tocqueville, “with any country in which there is so little true independence of mind, and so little freedom of discussion as in America. The authority of the king is purely physical; it controls the action of the subject without subduing his private will; but the majority in America is invested with a power which is physical and moral at the same time; it acts upon the will as well as upon the actions of men, and represses not only all contest, but all controversy.” Again—“In America the majority draws a formidable circle round the exercise of thought. Within its limits an author is at liberty to write what he pleases; but woe to him that dares to pass them.” Here the right hon. gentleman paused, and then observed with great emphasis—“And surely, gentlemen, the man who is thus obliged to truckle to a majority ceases even to entertain the common rights of a free citizen.” Sir Robert sums up a series of remarks by this comprehensive expression: “If no great writers have as yet appeared in America the reason is clear; literary genius cannot exist without freedom of opinion, and freedom of opinion does not exist in America.”

Additional extracts from Jefferson and Madison, are brought forward to

shew their opinions to be substantially the same as those just cited, proving strongly that these eminent statesmen, who were thoroughly acquainted with the working and machinery of the American states, apprehended national ruin and subversion from the pressure of popular despotism.

America is in a *state of transition*, which may require centuries for its completion. Her unpeopled forests are to be reduced within the province of human occupation, and the form of her empire must have attained maturity before the result of these evils can be fully seen. The stream of colonization is yet in full vigour—the flame of living power is raised to its intensest action by the perpetual rush of gain, acquisition, traffic, and territorial occupation—nothing can stand still; and the restless and humorsome multitude are pressed forward by a wave of progress which allows no pause for the accumulation of revolutionary purpose. The vast call for labour, the teeming market for speculation, affords an absorbing medium for restlessness, cupidity, and ambition; the mob is too busy and keen for the idle excitement of the vulgar demagogue. These, however, are but the growing powers of adolescence which counterbalance disease. A hundred years must at least elapse before America, even without the frightful conditions cited by Sir Robert Peel, might be called an example of a successful republic. Before that time comes, we wish her a better fate than to be a historical example of republicanism.

A still more fearful and familiar example is found nearer home—France, the mother of European revolutionary opinions and impulses, that,

“When they list,
“ Into the womb that bred them they return.”

Sir Robert makes a strong appeal to the well-known and striking contrast between the high and lofty impulses of patriotism and philanthropy that gave a general impulse to that stormy movement, and the directly opposite characters of the result to which it led.

“Why,” says M. Guizot, “folly took the name of reason, tyranny that of liberty, the scaffold reeked in the name of humanity, and barbarism held over civilization a festival which might more properly be denominated her funeral obsequies.” Now, are you sure that in case a democratic assembly, under the name of the House of Lords, should be created by men who exercise their privileges in secrecy—by men

who are taught to call out for one man at the hustings, and to put a vote in the balloting-box for another—don't you think that the same results which followed in France would follow here, under the new government? Then would come re-action, then proscription, then would creep forth the men not yet heard of. Don't believe that the bloody miscreants of the French revolution, the Robespierres, the Dantons, the Marats, the Talliens, and others, were *lusus naturæ*, engendered in France alone. They were the creatures of circumstances produced by the conflicts of party passions, and arising from the contest betwixt the democratic spirit, and the prescriptive authority of old associations. If you consent to do the same thing, the same results will follow.”

With all that we have from time to time read on this subject, there is one thought that we have often reflected on with surprise, that this real, necessary working of revolutionary causes does not appear to have presented itself to the leaders of popular impulse. The economist, who constructs paper projects in his closet, and the orator who stirs up wild passions in the forum, seem as if it never entered their minds, that revolution, as it passes from stage to stage, *must needs* be successively conducted by minds of a different order from theirs. The soldier must succeed the projector or the talker; and if unhappily the soldier does not succeed in controlling with an armed hand the accelerated progress of national frenzy, a less ordered stage of violence must succeed, in which the most desperate and most abandoned must be foremost. These are natural workings, not precedents from the calendar. The strong of hand and relentless of purpose—the fiery excitement of all the ruffian passions, which are ever ready for occasion; these are not *latent elements*. Not a county in England or a parish in Ireland that does not boil over with them. The hands that set fire to a peasant's cabin, for being refractory to the cause of sedition, would perform the same patriotic act for Darrynane. The murderers of Carrickshock, the assassins of the Irish clergy, will not withhold their worthy reward, from the loud-tongued oracle of revolution: when some more thorough-paced reformer, some heart as base and bloodier hand, leads them on.

The Right Hon. Baronet takes occasion to comment on an argument of Lord John Russell's, in which he is en-

deavouring to infer the security of British liberty, from the splendid progress of wealth and knowledge. These advantages, Sir Robert affirms, are the fruits of our civil institutions, and the strongest argument against changing them. Surely it is impossible for any one to reflect on the history of nations, without seeing a truth which floats on the surface: there can be no other cause of national prosperity, but the form of government, and the soundness of the national institutions. Different forms may harmonize with climate, territorial contiguity and varied commercial advantages and political relations: or the stage of national progress, or the state of society in remote eras, may furnish modifications of the principle of national polity. But still, in all the good and evil events, the greatness or depression of every people that has left a history, might afford Lord John Russell a safer moral, than he seems to have drawn from his reading. But there is a shallow scorn in the philosophy of the day, that treats all old familiar truths, whether sacred or profane, with the same measure of slight, founded on the same old causes. Speculation, love of change, vanity, presumption, and the amazing ignorance of truth, that results from the adoption of a few fallacies.

We have endeavoured to extract in his own plain unequivocal language, the important announcements of principle contained in this valuable document, for such it may be appropriately called. They can be briefly summed. The strict preservation of the form and principles of the British constitution—consisting of King, Lords, and Commons, with all the prerogatives, privileges, and rights, public and private, in which their integrity consists. The strict preservation of the national Protestant churches of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in their rights, possessions, and functions; as they have been severally recognized by the laws of England. The general pledge to guard all our ancient institutions against encroachment in spirit or substance. These pledges are still further strengthened, if possible, by the promise of a jealous watchfulness against seeming slight and equivocal aggression which may have an injurious tendency. In addition to these, there are particular pledges which, though they fall under the above heads, are yet more interesting for their application to the emergencies of the season. Of this nature is the strong citation which we

have given on the subject of the Lords. Such too is the opinion which the honourable Baronet has expressed on the appropriation clause.

The honourable baronet concluded a speech, unrivalled in these latter days, for force, perspicuity, and standard classical beauty of style, by expressing his confidence in the sound vitality of our constitution. This passage for oratorical splendour, and for the powerful compactness with which it embodies a principle, is not unworthy of Burke:

"I never desponded when fighting the battle of the constitution. I knew the time was coming when, after the first intoxication, the natural accompaniment of mighty changes—the ancient hearts of England and Scotland would rally round our institutions. If I did not despond then, with what feelings of confidence shall I return now and take my part in defending those institutions in my place in parliament. Those vibrations that accompanied the great changes that have taken place, are beginning quietly to settle down. The influence, the disturbing influence, of foreign events, has gradually lessened; the dazzling illusions of "three glorious days," begin to depart from us. The convictions, feelings, and affections which were gathered once around the British constitution, are gravitating towards their old centre: the respect for property, the love of rational freedom, the veneration for long established and prescriptive rights, are all returning. Gentlemen, from these walls a spirit shall go forth that will survive when this edifice is but like an unsubstantial pageant, faded; it shall survive, uniting us by the remembrance of this day—spreading its contagious influence into every part of the empire—animating the desponding—encouraging the weak: it shall go forth, exultingly, but not abusing its strength; it shall go forth remembering in the days of its prosperity, the vows it made, and the pledges it gave—it shall go forth, uniting the disposition to preserve institutions, and to correct grievances—it shall go forth, uniting the disposition to improve with a resolution to maintain. And defended by that spirit, an unbought defence, beyond "the cheap defence of nations," our institutions shall survive; sustained by that spirit, the proud edifice of the British monarchy shall stand, resting upon those coeval powers its own doubled strength—the power of protecting the rich from the spoliations of the poor, and the poor from the op-

pression of the rich. No tawdry emblem of revolution (said Sir Robert, pointing to the emblematic device upon the wall) shall ever flaunt over the ruins of the British constitution, but the meteor flag of England—

“That ever braved the battle and the breeze,”

shall still float over the heads of its firm defenders; and that faith—that Christian faith—for whose support our national establishments are intended, shall, with those establishments, continue to exist, as they do exist, in their three branches in the united kingdom; those establishments which the King has sworn to protect, and which the national honour is bound to maintain. They shall survive, and our religion, of which our free institutions are the offspring, shall survive. And I foresee, gentlemen, springing up from the diffusion of sound knowledge, new sources of strength, and, tried though the institutions of the land may be by the storms of adversity, they will only become more purified by the trial, and be rooted deeper in the convictions, feelings, and affections of a patriotic people.”

About the reception of this address, little need be said. It was worthy of the man and the assembly. So great indeed was the excitement, that a long time passed before it was subdued for the toasts that were to follow.

The frankness and unreserved declarations of Sir Robert Peel's address, lead us to form a grateful hope, that the time for speaking out is arrived: that the great reaction of English good loyalty and piety, approaches the point of national unity and consent; and that the high conservative leaders, will be ready to lay aside all minor differences among themselves, that may interfere with the interests of the cause, to which they should be attached. Hard indeed, will it be, when the base and mercenary sycophants of the mob, have so long combined to mature their execrable schemes; if the high, the sound-principled, and the loyal, should be neutralized by slight differences. But this we cannot now anticipate. The times have been fertile in events, but in none more than in the numerous exposures, which have been made by the collisions of the enemies of England. May we here apply the adage, which promises from such a sign, that honest men may “come by their own.”

This, however, must be the true and manly construction of every sign, which

is cheering to the conservative. It is a motive for exertion. All public demonstrations, short of this, are laughable to our enemies, and will be a reproach to England, in that history which shall do justice to the men and parties of this critical day.

Other speakers expressed their sentiments with ability and effect. We can now only notice the speech of Mr. E. TENNENT, who is entitled to the distinction, as having on this occasion answered to the health of the conservatives of Ireland. For these, Mr. Tennent claimed the distinction of having been placed in more trying emergencies, and contended with difficulties and dangers more formidable and appalling. The Scotch and English conservatives have known party warfare in its more softened aspect—such as it has been in the most civilized country in Europe, where the knowledge of Christianity throws a humanizing control on the morals of the people, and an inborn and hereditary, constitutional feeling of respect for laws and institutions—for life and property; tends to soften and moderate the outbreaks of the lowest rank. The contention has been, one of words or arguments, and chiefly conducted by gentlemen, or at least of educated persons. Now as the hon. member has well insisted, the struggle of the Irish conservative, was chiefly with persons, as low in morals, and as devoid of the constraining principles of cultivated humanity, as might easily be discovered from “India to Peru,” or as far north as the lovers of agitation can find time to seek. Our strife has been, amidst the very central uproar and fury of Irish barbarism—amidst hatred—inflamed fanaticism—invererate illusions and prejudices, taught by artful imposture, and fostered by the lowest ignorance. Murders and confiscations, have left their sign or their report on every townland: and no man not protected by position, can lift his hand, or raise his voice, or even be silent, unless as the watchword of conspiracy directs. If to this we add, that in Ireland, the impulse of the conservative reaction commenced, we take no merit to ourselves. The fight began among us—it was no deep-sighted political wisdom—no love of uping our turbulent opponents, or rivalling them in oratorical display. The shouts of the Association, rang in our ears—the rabid eye of a bloody-handed mob, trained in lies, and lying maxims—

scowled on our paths. We began the struggle, with a firmness that deserved success, and which by the blessing of an overruling Providence, has not been altogether vain. Enlightened England, heard and responded nobly from the depths of her sanctuary of constitutional freedom. And well indeed she might, for it required no wizard voice, to tell her that the danger was her own. The agitator and the reformer held concert for her destruction: Irish poverty was but the pretence: the feeblest bastion was selected for the fatal breach. And while the British parliament, yawned over the tedium of Irish questions, it did not for a little while, understand the fatal byplay, that was to decide a mightier revolution, than that which precipitated the wornout monarchy of France to the earth.

We are entering on the very crisis of this long-prepared conflict; and it is desirable to enlist into our ranks, all the sound-minded of every class. For a time, the strife of complicated questions of detail, which demanded much trained attention, to trace their public bearings, may have kept many in the dark, as to our position. But as the moment of a sterner trial comes on, both sides have been flinging aside the masks and cloaks of their purposes, and seizing with a directer view, those great ultimate questions, which are at the fearful issue. Questions, explicable to the simplest peasant of England, or the poorest Irish Protestant, are announced by the leader of the conservatives, and echoed nearly at the same moment from town to town, through the three countries. Oxford, the old hereditary temple of classical learning; West Kent, Birmingham, Dublin, Londonderry, all, consentaneously, are delivering the same plain truths. The Protestant church is assailed, not by the reformer, but by the marked and avowed infidel; the Lords are attacked not by the reformer, but by the revolutionist—the radical; a fool or a republican. These are the two great comprehensive charges, which include, within their details, all the minor atrocities, the suffrage, the appropriation clause, the education board—all the rapid gradations of national downfall. It is not a time for the well affected, the patriotic, and the loyal to stand puzzling about the intent or working of enactments; the *design* once known, all is understood enough for an honest man and a true conservative. If the devil quotes scripture, it is for some devilish

purpose. And this important practical principle, the ignorance of which deludes many, we will endeavour to make plain in a few words. There never was a political or commercial cheat, who did not think it necessary to preserve a seeming adherence to principles and maxims generally acknowledged. In the wisest laws and most perfect forms of government there must be imperfections: so long as this world shall be human, there must be abuses. Now these will ever be alike the objections of the wise and the pretences of the knave: and how are they to be distinguished? Many ways. The wise will not sacrifice for any amount of improvement, the peace and prosperity of his own generation: he will follow the course of human tendencies, the result of which is progress. The knave will scatter fire over every hamlet and drench every hearth in blood to effect any specious change. Again watch the men, track their consistent progress to their purpose. Mark the profligate politics, the infidel opinions, the low associations of a life. Though the arch impostor will be discreet, there will be those about him who will speak out for him. His purposes will be known to those who read his writings or meet his friends. But *lastly*—the fact which makes this knowledge important. Any enactment may work in a hundred various ways—the halter that is for the knave, might be so managed as to hang the judge. A law is but a portion of a mighty system of operations; and a little clause, a slight combination, a tyrannical construction will give it all the pernicious effect that the contriver or administrator can desire. How justly is this fact illustrated by the policy that diverted the powers of the constituency of this country from the landlords to the priests. One word more must end our notice of these topics. The use of right feeling and sound principle is to govern the acts. Our conservatism if confined to the dinner-table, if it is to evaporate amid the smoke and steam of jugs and jovial meetings, will avail but little. It is by actual preparation, by the registry of votes, that every Christian and every true loyal conservative must prepare for the contest at the hustings. For *there* the fate of the country must be decided, so far as mortal strength can have any effect.

There is, in Kyall's portraits of conservative statesmen, a pleasing print of

Sir Robert, from a portrait, by Sir Thomas Laurence. Mild, calm, firm, and dignified, and strongly expressive of manly common sense, finely tempered with that peculiar kind of discernment which belongs to perfect good taste. It gives, of course, a more youthful idea, than suits the present age of the honourable baronet.

The address of which we have given a hurried and inadequate outline, must, of course, be printed in a separate form. We trust it will circulate widely. It will be the manual of the season in the conservative's hand to mark with clearness and precision our objects and our hopes. It has a recommendation of another kind which the absorbing interest of its political views prevented us from even noticing. We mean the strong tone of personal character which pervades it, and the clear and beautiful touches of the spirit, the taste and homebred feelings of the man. We naturally desire to see those for whom we have been taught to feel deep respect in the undress of their private pursuits, in their homes, in their travellings, in their studies, in their friendships. And there is ever felt, by all who have a touch of enthusiasm in their admiration of intellect and public worth, an earnest desire to gather those distinct notions which the events of public life, as we see them in the public journals, can never impart. In the honourable baronet's academical address which we are sorry to have been forced by extreme haste to pass, the reader will trace the honourable baronet's mind through the course of study that has made him what he is. We were forcibly reminded in reading it, of the picture which his classfellow, Byron, gives of him at Harrow.—“There were always great hopes of Peel

among us all—masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was always greatly my superior; as an actor and declaimer I was reckoned at least his equal; as a schoolboy, out of school, I was always in scrapes, and he never; and in school he always knew his lesson, I rarely.”

Such was the steady and bright beginning of a career, which, we trust, will be made illustrious by the prosperity of the high cause in which we are committed. There are, in the political address, some flashes of a higher spirit, for which the calm sobriety of the honourable baronet's speeches has not prepared us. He describes to an auditory, who could appreciate the appeal, his own wanderings through the sublime wilds of the Scottish Highlands. In this beautiful digression, if it may bear the name, the heart of the poet seems tempered by the deeper and more social views of the statesman's mind. And we are let into the secret of those loftier and more deepseated yearnings, that inward spirit which is only seen to the world in outward acts or in the dignified calm of patient endurance.

Sir Robert Peel, the first statesman of his own day, and with the full confidence of England, has been long obliged to take a stand in the platform of observation. He has been obliged to strive against power and authority in high places, and to witness much that must have wrung his inmost heart. But in this position his conduct has been as high and honourable as if the conservative King of England (God bless him!) with the whole weight of his true and loyal subjects were at his side, and the truckling Melbourne administration where they should be—in the dust beneath his feet.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PHILOSOPHER.

"Oh! if a man shuts himself up for ever
In his dull study—if he sees the world
Never, unless on some chance holiday—
Looks at it from a distance through a telescope—
How can he learn to sway the minds of men?"—*Faustus*.

INTRODUCTION.

There are many sensible people who justly think that life is too short for reading the large and learned books which a few unconscionable persons have found leisure to write. The practical part of the world may be said to abhor metaphysics, as nature was once supposed to abhor a vacuum. For its tortuous logic few men have time, and no woman patience; the former have mostly something better to employ their thoughts, and the latter come to conclusions by a shorter method of their own. It is indeed no less a curious than an edifying sight, to see the gentle shudder, or the more portentous relaxation that passes like a summer-cloud across the muscles of the nether jaw, with which a person of this shrewder sex is visibly affected, on happening to lift up by any chance the Russia leather binding which quietly inurns the deep learning of Stewart, or the magniloquent metaphysics of Brown.

Now, though we are not unwilling to admit that some little portion of this fastidious reluctance is to be attributed to a very reasonable dislike to the combined exertions of mind and muscle, which all such ponderous works require, yet there are much better reasons with which it is just that our gentle fellow students should be conversant, in order the better to be enabled to sustain the superiority of their own acquirements. The whole difference between folly and wisdom consists oftener than any one would imagine in the different reasons which can be given for the same conduct.

Of that ponderous learning which the wiser part of the world has ever and will ever leave to moulder among the kindred cobwebs of the academic shelf, it may truly be said that it conduces nothing to the knowledge of mankind. It may offer a specious scope to the unlimited aspirations of juvenile inexperience, in the unworldly twilight of college chambers, and may amuse the strenuous leisure of the pale student who pores over dissertations upon mind, until body has almost re-

solved itself into a dew; but never yet, has one of these dreamers elicited from his dull researches a single practical truth, or taught any thing in life that can be of any possible use. But we must not ourselves be metaphysical.

If there is one man more likely than another to lose his way in the streets, or come smack against a lamp-post, and raise inextinguishable laughter among cabs and coaches as he somersets backward and rolls wigless into the kennel, be assured that he is deep in "Brown on Causation," and the Scottish metaphysics. Should you chance unluckily to sit for half an hour in the same company with some wise and puzzled personage, who mars the social moments of scandal and flirtation, music and song, tale-telling and joke, with nice distinctions about reason, imagination, association of ideas, and such like immaterial entities—of the very existence of which there is little or no evidence in the waking work-day world—depend upon it that person is talking you dead out of "Hume's Essays," or "Locke upon the Human Understanding." Lastly, not to be prolix, should you have the luck to be made love to in language that sounds like a mixture of high Dutch and low English:—Oh, beware of those jaws of darkness lest they devour thee—beware of matrimonial prolixity, and prose that knows no end till left half told by death. You have fallen into the merciless hands of a disciple of Kant, who does not know what he is saying, and wants you to comprehend what he means.

Of these and all their tribes, one common caution must serve—close the book, fly the man, shudder at the woman. They can tell you nothing that you do not know already ten times better than themselves. That, for instance, you have within your cranium more or less of something called mind, of which you can make various uses, of which they have little or no distinct notion. That you can talk, invent stories, lecture your husband, describe the features of your acquaintance, and

hit off her character to a hair—be wise, witty, fanciful, or foolish, love or hate, contemn or admire. But all the shrewdness in Glasgow, all the learning in Oxford, all the subtlety of Sorbonne, all the dark depths of Germany, where truth lies hidden in a well, inscrutable to mortal sense, could not enable you to do any one of these all-important things one atom better than your natural gifts admit of.

But here, we fancy ourself to hear some one ask; is it then to be concluded that all philosophy is but a fiction got up between the pedant and the publisher to impose upon the purses of mankind. No such thing—the publishers know better and so do the public. No one is imposed upon but the luckless wight who has wasted his life in trying to be wiser than the rest of the world. Few will be found to believe—fewer to read, and fewest to buy. The world will infallibly write him down an ass—without troubling itself to stand one single instant puzzling about the matter.

We are ourself not quite so uncharitable, having, if it must be confessed, when very young, been once betrayed into such readings; and it excited our admiration to notice how much labor and time were so curiously wasted in searching for what every body knows, or what has no existence—and is at the very highest a grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff. We may indeed sum the whole of our discoveries in these sage books, in the Poet's just and admirable maxim which should be inscribed in golden letters over the gates of all universities in Europe—

“And thinking but an idle waste of thought.”

Having discoursed thus far, upon this unprofitable study, we must now, with like distinctness, explain that which we propose to substitute for it. It is then, our opinion, that all such knowledge as can be usefully brought to bear on life, must be derived from the observation of its phenomena. Instead of commencing, like some well-known authorities, with the oyster, and elaborately tracing from this simple stage of animal existence, to the more complex combinations of two-legged unfeathered humanity, we take our stand at once among the visible and audible scenes of life; the street—the fire-side—the assembly—and, like the Athenian, bring down philosophy from the tenth heaven, into the haunts of men. Uniting the sagacity of Socrates, the shrewd

sarcasm of Diogenes, the pathos of Heraclitus, and the laughter-moving drollery of Democritus, as occasion may require, we shall then develop our stores of accumulated observation into a well-digested philosophy. This we promise, shall be as a faithful mirror in which the moving world shall be reflected, and to which every one may come to take a peep at her own lovely face.

As we are most especially anxious to avoid being for an instant confounded with that class, whose utter absurdity we have so precisely demonstrated, we shall take care to be as unlike them as possible in all things. And as it has always been the custom for these gentlemen to discuss the most insignificant absurdity, as if it were matter of the most solemn importance; we shall, on the contrary, settle the profoundest questions, and irrefragably establish upon immortal foundations, the most vital truths, with the most apparent unconsciousness of being more deep than our neighbours. We shall use our wisdom, as Newton is said to have used his fluxionary calculus: having by the deepest reasoning discovered our conclusions, we shall explain them by a simpler method to the rest of the world. We shall vary at every page from the sublime to the closely bordering limit of the grotesque—from the laughable to the pathetic—from the light to the profound: as the subject may require we shall be poetically luxuriant or dryly sententious. One thing we must seriously promise, that every reader must not expect to find our whole meaning always quite apparent on the surface—this would obviously be inconsistent with having much meaning. It must be ever recollected that reality has its depths as well as invention its obscurities. It is therefore to be recommended to our more youthful students; however frivolous a remark may seem, to trust that it means more than meets the ear of inexperience, and patiently to read on to the end of the next page. If he should not find it there, we assure him that when he is a few months older, a second perusal will change his mind. If this will not do, we must refer him to posterity; which, it is presumed, will always appreciate rightly what the present age cannot understand.

The person who pretends to be wiser than the rest of mankind, has no business with the affectation of superior modesty. Yet, strange to say, the

most inordinate pretenders are those who have affected this virtue the most. We utterly reject this impudent pretension—this *nolo episcopari* of authorship. We have no notion of dressing our philosophy in the blushing attire of self-convicted folly, and hanging our heads before those we offer to instruct.

We must, therefore, in concluding this introduction, endeavour to convey some distinct notion of our qualifications and personal character.

If the reader is a frequenter of public places he has of course often particularly noted a tall, slight-built, dark-looking gentleman, with a pale and sallow, but singularly expressive face—of whom it might be said with truth, that being once seen, he cannot easily be forgotten. This is ourself. We commonly walk the streets, having our head bent a little forward, and very slightly (for we avoid exaggerations) inclined towards our right or left shoulder, our lip yet quivers with the movement of some recent emotion, or is compressed with the energy of tacit thought: our eye betrays the quick observer. At moments a smile, indicating shrewd, but not ill-natured remark, stands tiptoe on our cheek, or plays with unsettled purpose round the corners of our mouth: and last, a slight triple furrow between our brows,

marks that habitual intensity of intellectual concentration, which must belong to one who looks through and through the deeds of men. In a word, by thinking of the “lean and hungry Cassius,” the reader may do us justice in many respects.

Such is the semblance of our outward man. Our study is the world: men and women are our books; our ponderous folios and our light, ornamented octavos—our sermons and jestbooks; our tragic volumes and gay romances,—all written in the same old universal language, which pedant cannot teach, or dull pretender read.

Often have we stood in the marketplace—and while, to vulgar eye, we seemed to be pondering the merits of a cauliflower—in reality read off whole chapters of moral truth, such as might well astonish the deepest academic into the confession of helpless ignorance. Still more frequently are we seen in crowded theatre, or thronged exhibition, observing nature, not art, and intently watching the play of feeling or thought upon the surrounding galaxy of bright eyes. Philosophy, as Lord Brougham has observed, has its pleasures as well as its advantages.—Of this we shall have to exhibit numberless illustrations in the progress of our discourse.

A SKETCH.

I saw them round thy pallet keep
That watch of silent woe,
When saddest tears for those they weep,
Whose tears have ceased to flow—
Thy features calmly seemed to tell
That with the parted, all is well!

Oh, it was strange—while all beside
Stood wrapt in deep distress—
To see thy beauty still abide
In tearless loveliness;
'Twas an unwonted sight to see
Thy features speak no sympathy.

From thy pale temple, calm and high,
Death's passing pang had flown—
And the heart's smile we knew thee by,
Its light of heaven had thrown
Round thy closed lips, and o'er thee shed
The calmness of the holy dead.

J. U. U.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER,

LATE CAPTAIN IN THE 4-TH REGIMENT.

" We talked of pipe-clay—regulation caps—
 Long twenty-fours—short culverins and mortars ;
 Condemn'd the ' Horse Guards' for a set of raps,
 And cursed our fate at being in such quarters.
 Some smoked, some sighed, and some were heard to snore ;
 Some wished themselves five fathoms 'neath the Solway ;
 And some did pray—who never prayed before—
 That they might get the ' route' for Cork or Galway.

Maurice Quill's Lament.—page 104.

CHAP. I.—CORK.

It was on a splendid morning in the autumn of the year 181—, the Howard transport, with four hundred of his Majesty's 4-th Regt. dropped anchor in the beautiful harbour of Cove ; the sea shone under the purple light of the rising sun with a rich rosy hue, beautifully in contrast with the different tints of the foliage of the deep woods already tinged with the brown of autumn. Spike Island lay "sleeping upon its broad shadow," and the large ensign which crowns the battery was wrapped around the flag-staff, there not being even air enough to stir it. It was still so early, that but few persons were abroad ; and as we leaned over the bulwarks, and looked now, for the first time for eight long years, upon British ground, many an eye filled, and many a heaving breast told how full of recollections that short moment was, and how different our feelings from the gay buoyancy with which we had sailed from that same harbour for the Peninsula ; many of our best and bravest had we left behind us, and more than one, native to the land we were approaching had found his last rest in the soil of the stranger. It was, then, with a mingled sense of pain and pleasure, we gazed upon that peaceful little village, whose white cottages lay dotted along the edge of the harbour. The moody silence our thoughts had shed over us was soon broken : the preparations for disembarking had begun, and I recollect well to this hour how, shaking off the load that oppressed my heart, I descended the gangway, humming poor Wolfe's well-known song—

" Why, soldiers, why
 Should we be melancholy, boys ?"

And to this elasticity of spirits, whether the result of my profession, or the gift of God—as Dogberry has it—I know not, I owe the greater portion of the

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happiness I have enjoyed in a life, whose changes and vicissitudes have equalled most men's.

Drawn up in a line along the shore, I could scarce refrain from a smile at our appearance. Four weeks on board a transport will certainly not contribute much to the "personel" of any unfortunate therein confined ; but when, in addition to this, you take into account that we had not received new clothes for three years—if I except caps for our grenadiers, originally intended for a Scotch regiment, but found to be all too small for the long-headed generation. Many a patch of brown and grey, variegated the faded scarlet, and scarcely a pair of knees in the entire regiment did not confess their obligations to a blanket. But with all this, we showed a stout weather-beaten front, that, disposed as the passer-by might feel to a laugh at our expense, very little caution would teach him it was fully as safe to indulge it in his sleeve.

The bells from every steeple and tower rung gaily out a peal of welcome as we marched into "that beautiful city called Cork," our band playing "Garryowen"—for we had been originally raised in Ireland, and still among our officers maintained a strong majority from that land of punch, priests, and potatoes—the tattered flag of the regiment proudly waving over our heads, and not a man amongst us whose warm heart did not bound behind a Waterloo medal. Well—well ! I am now—alas that I should say it—somewhat in the "sear and yellow," and I confess, after the experience of some moments of high, triumphant feeling, that I never before felt within me, the same animating, spirit-filling glow of delight as rose within my heart that day, as I marched at the head of my company down George's-street.

We were soon settled in barracks; and then began a series of entertainments on the side of the civic dignities of Cork, which soon led most of us to believe that we had only escaped shot and shell to fall less gloriously beneath champagne and claret. I do not believe there is a coroner in the island who would not have pronounced but the one verdict over the regiment—"Killed by the mayor and corporation," had we so fallen.

First of all, we were dined by the citizens of Cork—and, to do them justice, a harder drinking set of gentlemen no city need boast; then we were feasted by the corporation; then by the sheriffs; then came the mayor solus; then an address, with a cold collation, that left eight of us on the sick list for a fortnight: but the climax of all was a grand entertainment given in the mansion-house, and to which upwards of two thousand were invited. It was a species of fancy ball, beginning by a *dejeuné* at three o'clock in the afternoon, and ending—I never yet met the man who could tell when it ended; as for myself, my finale partook a little of the adventurous, and I may as well relate it.

After waltzing for about an hour with one of the prettiest girls I ever set eyes upon, and a tender squeeze of the hand as I restored her to a most affable-looking old lady in a blue turban and a red velvet gown, who smiled most benignly on me, and called me "*Meejor*," I retired to recruit for a new attack, to a small table, where three of ours were quaffing "*ponche a la Romaine*," with a crowd of Corkagians about them eagerly inquiring after some heroes of their own city, whose deeds of arms they were surprised did not obtain special mention from "the Duke." I soon ingratiated myself into this well-occupied clique, and dosed them with glory to their hearts' content. I resolved at once to enter into their humour; and as the "*ponche*" mounted up to my brain I gradually found my acquaintanceship extend to every family and connexion in the country.

"Did ye know Phil. Beamish of the 3—th, Sir?" said a tall, red-faced, red-whiskered, well-looking gentleman, who bore no small resemblance to Fergus O'Connor.

"Phil. Beamish!" said I. Indeed I did, Sir, and do still; and there is not a man in the British army I am prouder of knowing." Here, by the way, I may

mention that I never heard the name till that moment.

"You don't say so, Sir?" said Fergus—for so I must call him, for shortness sake. "Has he any chance of the company yet, Sir?"

"Company!" said I, in astonishment. "He obtained his majority three months since. You cannot possibly have heard from him lately, or you would have known that?"

"That's true, Sir. I never heard since he quitted the 3—th to go to Versailles, I think they call it, for his health. But how did he get the step, Sir?"

"Why, as to the company, that was remarkable enough!" said I, quaffing off a tumbler of champagne, to assist my invention. "You know it was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th that Napoleon ordered Grouchy to advance with the first and second brigade of the Old Guard and two regiments of chasseurs, and dislodge the position occupied by Picton and the regiments under his command. Well, Sir, on they came, masked by the smoke of a terrific discharge of artillery, stationed on a small eminence to our left, and which did tremendous execution among our poor fellows—on they came, Sir; and as the smoke cleared partially away we got a glimpse of them, and a more dangerous looking set I would not desire to see: grizzle-bearded, hard-featured, bronzed fellows, about five-and-thirty or forty years of age; their beauty not a whit improved by the red glare thrown upon their faces and along the whole line by each flash of the long twenty-fours that were playing away to the right. Just at this moment Picton rode down the line with his staff, and stopping within a few paces of me, said, 'They're coming up: steady, boys; steady now: we shall have something to do soon.' And then, turning sharply round, he looked in the direction of the French battery, that was thundering away again in full force, 'Ah, that must be silenced,' said he. 'Where's Beamish?'—'Says Picton!' interrupted Fergus, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his mouth growing wider every moment, as he listened with the most intense interest. 'Yes,' said I, slowly; and then, with all the provoking nonchalance of an Italian improvisatore, who always halts at the most exciting point of his narrative, I begged a listener near me to fill my glass from the iced punch beside him. Not a sound was heard

as I lifted the bumper to my lips; all were breathless in their wound-up anxiety to hear of their countryman who had been selected by Picton—for what, too, they knew not yet. And, indeed, at this instant I did not know myself, and nearly laughed outright, for the two of ours who had remained at the table had so well employed their interval of ease as to become very pleasantly drunk, and were listening to my confounded story with all the gravity and seriousness in the world. “Where’s Beamish?” said Picton. “Here, Sir,” said Phil, stepping out from the line, and touching his cap to the General, who, taking him apart for a few minutes, spoke to him with great animation. We did not know what he said; but before five minutes were over, there was Phil, with three companies of light-bobs drawn up at our left; their muskets at the charge, they set off at a round trot down the little steep which closed our flank. We had not much time to follow their movements, for our own amusement began soon; but I well remember, after repelling the French attack, and standing in square against two heavy charges of cuirassiers, the first thing I saw where the French battery had stood was Phil. Beamish and about a handful of brave fellows, all that remained from the skirmish. He captured two of the enemy’s field-pieces, and was ‘Captain Beamish’ on the day after.”

“Long life to him,” said at least a dozen voices behind and about me, while a general clinking of decanters and snacking of lips betokened that Phil’s health with all the honours was being celebrated. For myself, I was really so engrossed by my narrative, and so excited by the “ponche,” that I saw or heard very little of what was passing around, and have only a kind of dim recollection of being seized by the hand by “Fergus,” who was Beamish’s brother, and who, in the fulness of his heart, would have hugged me to his breast, if I had not opportunely been so overpowered as to fall senseless under the table.

When I first returned to any consciousness, I found myself lying exactly where I had fallen. Around me lay heaps of slain—the two of “ours” amongst the number. One of them—I remember he was the Adjutant—held in his hand a wax candle, (three to the pound.) Whether he had himself seized it in the enthusiasm of my narrative of flood and field, or it

had been put there by another, I know not, but it certainly cut a droll figure. The room we were in was a small one, off the great saloon, and through the half open folding door I could clearly perceive that the festivities were still continued. The crash of fiddles and French horns, and the tramp of feet, which had lost much of their elasticity since the entertainments began, rang through my ears, mingled with the sounds “down the middle,” “hands across,” “here’s your partner, Captain.” What hour of the night or morning it then was, I could not guess; but certainly the vigour of the party seemed little abated, if I might judge from the specimen before me, and the testimony of a short plethoric gentleman, who stood wiping his bald head, after conducting his partner down twenty-eight couple, and who, turning to his friend, said, “Oh, the distance is nothing, but it is the pace that kills.”

The first evidence I announced of any return to reason, was a strong anxiety to be at my quarters; but how to get there I knew not. The faint glimmering of sense I possessed told me that “to stand was to fall,” and I was ashamed to go all-fours, which prudence suggested.

At this moment I remembered I had brought with me my cane, which, from a perhaps pardonable vanity, I was fond of parading. It was a present from the officers of my regiment—many of them, alas, since dead—and had a most splendid gold head, with a stag at the top, the arms of the regiment. This I would not have lost for any consideration I can mention; and this now was gone! I looked around me on every side; I groped beneath the table; I turned the sleeping sots who lay about in no very gentle fashion: but, alas, it was gone. I sprang to my feet, and only then remembered how unfit I was to follow up the search, as tables, chairs, lights, and people seemed all rocking and waving before me. However, I succeeded in making my way, through one room into another, sometimes guiding my steps along the walls; and once, as I recollect, seeking the diagonal of a room, I bisected a quadrille with such ill-directed speed, as to run foul of a Cork dandy and his partner who were just performing the *en avant*: but though I saw them lie tumbled in the dust by the shock of my encounter—for I had upset them—I still held on the even tenor of my way. In fact, I had feel-

ings for but one loss; and, still in pursuit of my cane, I reached the hall door. Now, be it known that the architecture of the Cork Mansion House has but one fault, but that fault is a grand one, and a strong evidence of how unsuited English architects are to provide buildings for a country whose tastes and habits they but imperfectly understand—be it known, then, that the descent from the hall door to the street was by a flight of twelve stone steps. How should I ever get down these was now my difficulty. If Falstaff deplored “eight yards of uneven ground as being three score and ten miles a foot,” with equal truth did I feel that these twelve awful steps were worse to me than would be M’Gillicuddy’s Reeks in the day-light, and with a head clear from champagne. While I yet hesitated, the problem resolved itself; for, gazing down upon the bright gravel, brilliantly lighted by the surrounding lamps, I lost my balance, and came tumbling and rolling from top to bottom, where I fell upon a large mass of some soft substance, and to which, in all probability, I owe my life. In a few seconds I recovered my senses, and what was my surprise to find that the downy cushion beneath, snored most audibly! I moved a little to one side, and then discovered that it in reality was nothing less than an alderman of Cork, who, from his position, I concluded had shared the same fate with myself: there he lay, “like a warrior taking his rest,” but not with his martial cloak about him, but a much more comfortable and far more costly robe—a scarlet gown of office, with huge velvet cuffs and a great cape of the same material. True courage consists in presence of mind; and here mine came to my aid at once: recollecting the loss I had just sustained, and perceiving that all was still, around me, with that right Peninsular maxim that reprisals are fair in an enemy’s camp, I proceeded to strip the slain; and with some little difficulty—partly, indeed, owing to my own unsteadiness on my legs—I succeeded in denuding the worthy alderman, who gave no other sign of life during the operation than an abortive effort to “*hip, hip, hurra*,” in which I left him, having put on the spoil, and set out on my way to barracks with as much dignity of manner as I could assume in honour of my costume. And here I may mention (en parenthese) that a more comfortable morning gown no man ever possessed, and in its wide

luxuriant folds I revel while I write these lines.

When I awoke on the following day I had considerable difficulty in tracing the events of the past evening. The great scarlet cloak, however, unravelled much of the mystery, and gradually the whole of my career became clear before me, with the single exception of the episode of Phil. Beamish, which my memory was subsequently refreshed about—but I anticipate. Only five appeared that day at mess; and Lord! what spectres they were!—yellow as guineas: they called for soda water without ceasing, and scarcely spoke a word to each other. It was plain that the corporation of Cork was committing more havoc among us than Corunna or Waterloo, and that if we did not change our quarters, there would be quick promotion in the corps for such as were “seasoned gentlemen.” After a day or two we met again together, and then what adventures were told—each man had his own story to narrate; and from the occurrences detailed, one would have supposed years had been passing, instead of the short hours of an evening party. Mine were indeed among the least remarkable; but I confess that the air of *vraisemblance* produced by my production of the aldermanic gown gave me the palm above all my competitors.

Such was our life in Cork—dining, drinking, dancing, riding steeple chases, pigeon shooting, and tandem driving—filling up any little interval that was found to exist between a late breakfast and the time to dress for dinner: and here I hope I shall not be accused of a tendency to boasting, while I add, that among all ranks and degrees of men and women too, there never was a regiment more highly in estimation than the 4-th. We felt the full value of all the attentions we were receiving; and we endeavoured, as best we might, to repay them, even in some small degree. We got up Garrison Balls and Garrison Plays, and usually performed once or twice a week during the winter. Here I shone conspicuously. In the morning I was employed painting scenery and arranging the properties; as it grew later, I regulated the lamps, and looked after the foot-lights, mediating occasionally between angry litigants, whose jealousies abounded to the full as much in private theatricals, as in the regular *corps dramatique*. Then I was also leader in the orchestra; and had scarcely given the last scrape in the

overture, before I was obliged to appear to speak the prologue. Such are the cares of greatness : to do myself justice, I did not dislike them ; though, to be sure, my taste for the drama did cost me a little dear, as will be seen in the sequel.

We were then in the full career of popularity. Our balls pronounced the very pleasantest ; our plays far superior to any regular corps that had ever honoured Cork with their talents ; when an event occurred which threw a gloom over all our proceedings, and finally put a stop to every project for amusement, we had so completely given ourselves up to. This was no less than the removal of our Lieutenant-Colonel. After thirty years of active service in the regiment he then commanded, his age and infirmities, increased by some severe wounds, demanded ease and repose ; he retired from us, bearing along with him the love and regard of every man in the regiment. To the old officer he was endeared by long companionship, and undeviating friendship ; to the young, he was in every respect as a father, assisting by his advice, and guiding by his counsel ; while to the men, the best estimate of his worth appeared in the fact, that a corporal punishment was unknown in the corps. Such was the man we lost ; and it may well be supposed, that his successor, who, or whatever he might be, came under circumstances of no common difficulty amongst us ; but, when I tell, that our new Lieutenant-Colonel was in every respect his opposite, it may be believed how little cordiality he met with.

Lieutenant-Colonel Carden—for so I shall call him, although not his real name—had not been a month at quarters, when he proved himself a regular Martinet ; everlasting drills, continual reports, fatigue parties, ball practice, and heaven knows what besides, superseded our former morning's occupation ; and, at the end of the time I have mentioned, we, who fought our way from Albuera to Waterloo, under some of the severest Generals of division, were pronounced a most disorderly and ill disciplined regiment, by a colonel, who had never seen a shot fired but at a review in Hounslow, or a sham-battle in the Fifteen Acres. The winter was now drawing to a close—already some little touch of spring was appearing, as our last play for the season was announced, every effort to close with some little additional *eclat* was made ;

and each performer in the expected piece was nerving himself for an effort beyond his wont. The colonel had most unequivocally condemned these plays ; but that mattered not ; they came not within his jurisdiction ; and we took no notice of his displeasure, further than sending him tickets, which were as immediately returned as received. From being the chief offender, I had become particularly obnoxious ; and he had upon more than one occasion expressed his desire for an opportunity to visit me with his vengeance ; but being aware of his kind intentions towards me, I took particular care to let no such opportunity occur. On the morning in question, then, I had scarcely left my quarters, when one of my brother officers informed me that the colonel had made a great uproar—that one of the bills of the play had been put up on his door—which, with his avowed dislike to such representations, he considered as intended to insult him : he added, too, that the colonel attributed it to me. In this, however, he was wrong—and, to this hour, I never knew who did it. I had little time, and still less inclination, to meditate upon the colonel's wrath—the theatre had all my thoughts ; and indeed it was a day of no common exertion, for our amusements were to conclude with a grand supper on the stage, to which all the *élite* of Cork were invited. Wherever I went through the city—and many were my peregrinations—the great placard of the play stared me in the face ; and every gate and shattered window in Cork, proclaimed “the part of *Othello*, by Mr. Lorrequer.”

As evening drew near, my cares and occupations were redoubled. My *Iago* I had fears for—'tis true he was an admirable Lord Grizzle in Tom Thumb—but then—then I had to paint the whole company, and bear all their abuse besides, for not making some of the most ill-looking wretches, perfect Apollos ; but, last of all, I was sent for, at a quarter to seven, to lace Desdemona's stays. Start not, gentle reader—my fair Desdemona—she “who might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks”—was no other than the senior lieutenant of the regiment, and who was as great a votary of the jolly god as honest Cassio himself. But I must hasten on.—I cannot delay to recount our successes in detail. Let it suffice to say, that, by universal consent, I was preferred to Keen ; and the only fault

the most critical observer could lay to the representation of Desdemona, was a rather unladylike fondness for snuff. But, whatever little demerits our acting might have displayed, were speedily forgotten in a champagne supper. There I took the head of the table ; and, in the costume of the noble Moor, toasted, made speeches, returned thanks, and sung songs, till I might have exclaimed with Othello himself, "Chaos was come again;"—and I believe I owe my ever reaching the barrack that night to the kind offices of Desdemona, who carried me the greater part of the way on her back.

The first waking thoughts of the wight who has indulged over-night, are not among the most blissful of existence, and certainly the delight is not increased by the consciousness that you are called on to the discharge of duties which your fevered pulse and throbbing temples had rather have escaped. My sleep was suddenly broken in upon the morning after the play, by a "row-dow-dow" beat beneath my window. I jumped hastily from my bed, and looked out, and there, to my horror, perceived the regiment under arms. It was one of our confounded colonel's morning drills ; and there he stood himself with the poor adjutant, who had been up all night, shivering beside him. Some two or three of the officers had descended ; and the drum was now summoning the others, as it beat round the barrack-square. I saw there was not a moment to lose, and proceeded to dress with all despatch ; but, to my misery, I discovered every where, nothing but the theatrical robes and decorations—there lay a splendid turban, here a pair of buskins—a spangled jacket glittered on one table, and a jewelled scimitar on the other. At last I detected my "regimental small-clothes," &c. most ignominiously thrust into a corner, in my ardour for my Moorish robes the preceding evening. I dressed myself with the speed of lightning ; but as I proceeded in my occupation—guess my annoyance to find that the toilet table and glass, ay, and even the basin-stand, had been removed to the dressing-room of the theatre ; and my servant, I suppose, following his master's example, was too tipsy to remember to bring them back ; so that I was unable to procure the luxury of cold water—for now not a moment more remained—the drum had ceased, and the men had all fallen in. Hastily drawing on my c at, I put on my shako, and buck-

ling on my belt as dandy-like as might be, hurried down the stairs to the barrack-yard. By the time I got down, the men were drawn up in line along the square ; while the adjutant was proceeding to examine their accoutrements, &c. as he passed down. The colonel and the officers were standing in a group, but not conversing. The anger of the commanding officer appeared still to continue, and there was a dead silence maintained on both sides. To reach the spot where they stood, I had to pass along part of the line. In doing so, how shall I convey my amazement at the faces that met me—a general titter ran along the entire rank, which not even their fears for consequences seemed able to repress—for an effort, on the part of many, to stifle the laugh, only ended in a still louder burst of merriment. I looked to the far side of the yard for an explanation, but there was nothing there to account for it. I now crossed over to where the officers were standing, determining in my own mind to investigate the occurrence thoroughly, when free from the presence of the colonel, to whom any representation of ill conduct always brought a punishment far exceeding the merits of the case. Scarcely had I formed this resolve, when I reached the group of officers ; but the moment I came near, one general roar of laughter saluted me,—the like of which I never before heard. I looked down at my costume, expecting to discover that, in my hurry to dress, I had put on some of the garments of Othello. No : all was perfectly correct. I waited for a moment, till the first burst of their merriment over. I should obtain a clue to the jest. But there seemed no prospect of this ; for as I stood patiently before them, their mirth appeared to increase. Indeed poor G——, the senior major, one of the gravest men in Europe, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks ; and such was the effect upon me, that I was induced to laugh too—as men will sometimes, from the infectious nature of that strange emotion. But, no sooner did I do this, than their fun knew no bounds, and some almost screamed aloud, in the excess of their merriment. Just at this instant the colonel, who had been examining some of the men, approached our group, and advancing with an air of evident displeasure, as the shouts of loud laughter continued, came near. I turned hastily round, and touching my

cap, wished him good morning. Never shall I forget the look he gave me. If a glance could have annihilated any man, that would have finished me. For a moment his face became purple with rage, his eye was almost hid beneath his bent brow, and he absolutely shook with passion.

"Go, sir," said he, at length, as soon as he was able to find utterance for his words; "Go, sir, to your quarters; and before you leave them, a court-martial shall decide, if such continued insult to your commanding officer, warrants your name being in the 'Army List.'"

"What the devil can all this mean!" I said, in a half-whisper, turning to the others. But there they stood, their handkerchiefs to their mouths, and evidently choking with suppressed laughter.

"May I beg, Colonel C——," said I—

"To your quarters, sir!" roared the little man, in the voice of a lion. And with a haughty wave of his hand, prevented all further attempt on my part to seek explanation.

"They're all mad, every man of them," I muttered, as I betook my way slowly back to my rooms, amid the same evidences of mirth my first appearance had excited—which even the colonel's presence, feared as he was, could not entirely subdue.

With the air of a martyr I trod heavily up the stairs, and entered my quarters, meditating within myself awful schemes for vengeance, on the now open tyranny of my colonel; upon whom, I too, in my honest rectitude of heart, vowed to have 'a court martial.' I threw myself upon a chair, and endeavoured to recollect what circumstance of the past evening could have possibly suggested all the mirth in which both officers and men seemed to participate equally; but nothing could I remember capable of solving the mystery,—surely the cruel wrongs of the manly Othello were no laughter-moving subject.

I rang the bell hastily for my servant. The door opened.—

"Stubbes," said I, "are you aware?"

I had only got so far in my question, when my servant, one of the most discreet of men, put on a broad grin, and turned away towards the door to hide his face.

"What the devil does this mean?" said I, stamping with passion; he is as bad as the rest. "Stubbes," and

this I spoke with the most grave and severe tone, "What is the meaning of this insolence?"

"Oh, sir," said the man, "oh, captain, surely you did not appear on parade with that face?" And then he burst into a fit of the most uncontrollable laughter.

Like lightning a horrid doubt shot across my mind. I sprang over to the dressing-glass, which had been replaced, and oh! horror of horrors! there I stood as black as the King of Ashantee. The cursed dye which I had put on for Othello I had never washed off,—and there, with a huge bear-skin shako, and a pair of black, bushy whiskers, shone my huge, black, and polish *d* visage, glowering at itself in the looking-glass.

My first impulse, after amazement had a little subsided, was to laugh immoderately; in this I was joined by Stubbes, who, feeling that his mirth was participated in, gave full vent to his risibility. And, indeed, as I stood before the glass, grinning from ear to ear, I felt very little surprise that my joining in the laughter of my brother officers, a short time before, had caused an increase of their merriment. I threw myself upon a sofa, and absolutely laughed till my sides ached, when, the door opening, the adjutant made his appearance. He looked for a moment at me, then at Stubbes, and then burst out, himself, as loud as either of us.—When he had at length recovered himself, he wiped his face with his handkerchief, and said, with as much gravity as the consequences seemed to warrant:—

"But, my dear Lorrequer, this will be a serious—a devilish serious affair. You know what kind of man Colonel C—— is; and you are aware, too, you are not one of his prime favorites. He is firmly convinced that you intended to insult him, and nothing will convince him to the contrary. We told him how it must have occurred, but he will listen to no explanation."

I thought for one second before I replied. My mind, with the practised rapidity of an old campaigner, took in all the *pros* and *cons* of the case. I saw at a glance, it were better to brave the anger of the colonel, come in what shape it might, than be the laughing stock of the mess for life, and with a face of the greatest gravity and self-possession, said,

"Well, adjutant, the colonel is right. It was no mistake! You know I sent

him tickets yesterday for the theatre. Well, he returned them. This did not annoy me, but on one account. I had made a wager with Alderman Gullable, that the colonel should see me in Othello—what was to be done?—Don't you see now, there was only one course, and I took it, old boy, and have won my bet!"

"And lost your commission for a dozen of champagne, I suppose," said the adjutant.

"Never mind, my dear fellow," I replied; "I shall get out of this scrape as I have done many others."

"But what do you intend doing?"

"Oh, as to that," said I, "I shall of course, wait on the colonel immediately; pretend to him that it was a mere blunder, from the inattention of my servant—hand over Stubbes to the powers that punish, (here the poor fellow winced a little), and make my peace as well as I can. But, adjutant, mind," said I, "and give the real version to all our fellows, and tell them to make it public as much as they please."

"Never fear," said he, as he left the room—still laughing, "they shall all know the true story; but I wish with all my heart you were well out of it."

I now lost no time in making my toilet, and presented myself at the colonel's quarters. It is no pleasure to me to recount these passages in my life, in which I have had to bear the "proud man's contumely." I shall therefore merely observe, that after a very long interview, the colonel accepted my apologies, and we parted.

Before a week elapsed, the story had gone far and near; every dinner table in Cork had laughed at it. As for me, I attained immortal honor for my tact and courage. Poor Gullable readily agreed to favour the story, and gave us a dinner as the lost wager, and the colonel was so unmercifully quizzed on the subject, and such broad allusions to his being humbugged were given in the Cork papers, that he was obliged to negotiate a change of quarters with another regiment, to get out of the continual jesting, and in less than a month we marched to Limerick, to relieve, as it was reported, the 9th, ordered for foreign service, but, in reality, only to relieve Lieut.-Colonel C., quizzed beyond endurance.

However, if the colonel had seemed to forgive, he did not forget, for the very second week of our arrival in Limerick, I received one morning at my breakfast table, the following brief note from our adjutant:

"MY DEAR LORREQUER—The colonel has received orders to despatch two companies to some remote part of the county Clare, as you have 'done the state some service,' you are selected for the beautiful town of Kilrush, where, to use the eulogistic language of the geography books, 'there is a good harbour and a market plentifully supplied with fish.' I have just heard of the kind intention in store for you, and lose no time in letting you know.

God give you a good deliverance from the "garçons blancs," as the *Monitor* calls the whiteboys, and believe me ever yours,

"CHARLES CURZON."

I had scarcely twice read over the adjutant's epistle, when I received an official notification from the colonel directing me to proceed to Kilrush, then and there to afford all aid and assistance in suppressing illicit distillation, when called on for that purpose; and other similar duties too agreeable to recapitulate. Alas! alas! "Othello's occupation" was indeed gone! The next morning at sun-rise saw me on my march, with what appearance of gaiety I could muster, but in reality very much chopfallen at my banishment, and invoking sundry things upon the devoted head of the colonel, which he would by no means consider as "blessings."

How short-sighted are we mortals, whether enjoying all the pomp and state of royalty, or marching like myself at the head of a company of his Majesty's 4-th.

Little, indeed, did I anticipate that the Siberia I fancied I was condemned to, should turn out the happiest quarters my fates ever threw me into; but this, including as it does, one of the most important events of my life, I reserve for another chapter.

"What is that place called, sergeant?"

"Bunratty Castle, sir."

"Where do we breakfast?"

"At Clare Island, sir?"

"March away, boys!"

CHAP. II.—KILRUSH.

For a week after my arrival at Kilrush, my life was one of the most dreary monotony. The rain, which had begun to fall as I left Limerick, continued to descend in torrents, and I found myself a close prisoner in the sanded parlour of "mine Inn." At no time would such "durance vile" have been agreeable; but now, when I contrasted it with all I had left behind, at head-quarters, it was absolutely maddening. The pleasant lounge in the morning, the social mess, and the agreeable evening party, were all exchanged for a short promenade of fourteen feet in one direction, and twelve in the other, such being the accurate measurement of my "salon a manger." A chicken, with legs as blue as a Highlander's in winter, for my dinner; and the hours that all Christian mankind were devoting to pleasant intercourse, and agreeable chit-chat, spent in beating that dead march to time, "The Devil's Tattoo," upon my ricketty table, and forming, between whiles, sundry valorous resolutions to reform my life, and "eschew sack and loose company."

My front-window looked out upon a long, straggling, ill-paved street, with its due proportion of mud-heaps, and duck-pools; the houses on either side were, for the most part, dingy-looking edifices, with half-doors, and such pretension to being shops as a quart of meal, or salt, displayed in the window, confers; or sometimes two tobacco-pipes, placed "saltier-wise," would appear the only vendible article in the establishment. A more wretched, gloomy-looking picture of wo-begone poverty I never beheld.

If I turned for consolation to the back of the house, my eyes fell upon the dirty yard of a dirty inn, the half-thatched cowshed, where two famished animals mourned their hard fate,— "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy;" the chaise, the yellow post chaise, once the pride and glory of the establishment, now stood reduced from its wheels, and ignominiously degraded to a hen-house: on the grass-grown roof a cock had taken his stand, with an air of protective patronage to the feathered inhabitants beneath:

"To what base uses must we come at last."

That chaise, which once had conveyed the blooming bride, all blushes and

tenderness, and the happy groom, on their honeymoon visit to Ballybunnion and its romantic caves, or to the gigantic cliffs and sea-girt shore of Mogher; or with more steady pace and becoming gravity had borne along the "going judge of assize"—was now become a lying-in hospital for fowl, and a nursery for chickens. Fallen as I was myself from my high estate, it afforded me a species of malicious satisfaction to contemplate these sad reverses of fortune; and I verily believe—for on such slight foundation our greatest resolves are built—that if the rain had continued a week longer, I should have become a misanthropist for life. I made many enquiries from my landlady as to the society of the place, but the answers I received, only led to greater despondence. My predecessor here, it seemed, had been an officer of a veteran battalion, with a wife, and that amount of children which is algebraically expressed by an X (meaning an unknown quantity.) He, good man, in his two years' sojourn here, had been much more solicitous about his own affairs than making acquaintance with his neighbours; and at last the few persons who had been in the habit of calling on the "officer," gave up the practice; and as there were no young ladies to refresh Pa's memory on the matter, they soon forgot completely that such a person existed—and to this happy oblivion, I Harry Lorrequer, succeeded, and was thus left without benefit of clergy to the tender mercies of Mrs. Healy of the Burton Arms.

As during the inundation which deluged the whole country around I was unable to stir from the house, I enjoyed abundant opportunity of cultivating the acquaintance of my hostess, and it is but fair that my reader, who has journeyed so far with me, should have an introduction.

Mrs. Healy, the sole proprietor of the "Burton Arms," was of some five and fifty—"or by'r lady," three score years, of a rubicund and hule complexion; and though her short neck and corpulent figure might have set her down as "doubly hazardous," she looked a good life for many years to come. In height and breadth she most nearly resembled a sugar-hog-head, whose rolling-pitching motion, when trundled along on edge, she emulated in her gait. To the ungain-

liness of her figure her mode of dressing not a little contributed. She usually wore a thick linsey-wolsey gown, with enormous pockets on either side, and, like Nora Creina's, it certainly reflected no undue restriction upon her charms, but left

"every beauty free,
To sink or swell as heaven pleases."

Her feet—ye gods! such feet—were appraised in liston slippers, over which the upholstery of her ancles descended, and completely relieved the mind of the spectator as to the superincumbent weight being disproportioned to the support. I remember well my first impression on seeing those feet and ancles reposing upon a straw foot-stool, while she took her afternoon dose, and I wondered within myself, if elephants were liable to the gout. There are few countenances in the world, that if wishing to convey an idea of, we cannot refer to some well known standard, and thus nothing is more common than to hear comparisons with "Vulcan-Venus-Nicodemus," and the like; but in the present case I am totally at a loss for any thing resembling the face of the worthy Mrs. Heuly, except it be, perhaps, that most ancient and sour visage we used to see upon old circular iron rappers formerly—they make none of them now—the only difference being, that Mrs. Heuly's nose had no ring through it—I am almost tempted to add "more's the pity."

Such was she in the flesh—would that I could say she was more fascinating in the spirit;—but alas, truth, from which I never may depart in these "my confessions," constrains me to acknowledge the reverse. Most persons in this miserable world of ours have some prevailing, predominating characteristic, which usually gives the tone and colour to all their thoughts and actions, forming what we denominate temperament; this we see actuating them now more, now less, and sometimes becoming almost dormant—so little does it seem to exert its influence. Not so with her of whom I have been speaking—she had but one passion, but like Aaron's rod it swallowed up every other, and that was to scold, and abuse, all whom hard fate had brought within the unfortunate limits of her tyranny. The English language, comprehensive as it is, afforded not epithets strong enough for her wrath, and she sought among the more classic beauties of her native Irish such additional ones

as served her need, and with this holy alliance of tongues, she had been for years long, the dread and terror of the entire village.

"The dawning of morn, the day-light sinking" ay, and even the night's dull hours, it was said, too, found her labouring in her congenial occupation—and while thus she continued to "scold and grow fat," her Inn, once a popular and frequented one, became gradually less and less frequented, and the dragon of the Rhine-fells did not more effectually lay waste the territory around him, than did the evil influence of her tongue spread desolation and ruin around her. Her Inn, at the time of my visit, had not been troubled with even a passing traveller for months long; and, indeed, if I had any, even the least foreknowledge of the character of my hostess, its privacy should have still remained uninvaded for some time longer.

I had not been many hours installed when I got a specimen of her powers; and before the first week was over, so constant and unremitting were her labours in this way, that I have, upon the occasion of a slight lull in the storm, occasioned by her falling asleep, actually left my room to enquire if anything had gone wrong, in the same way as the miller is said to awake if the mill stops. I trust I have said enough to move the reader's pity and compassion to my situation—one more miserable it is difficult to conceive. It may be thought that much might be done by management, and that a slight exercise of the favourite Whig plan of conciliation, might avail. Nothing of the kind—she was proof against all such arts; and what was still worse, there was no subject, no possible circumstance, no matter, past, present, or to come, that she could not wind by her diabolical ingenuity into some cause of offence—and then came the quick transition to instant punishment. Thus, my apparently harmless enquiry as to the society of the neighbourhood suggested to her—a wish on my part to make acquaintance—therefore to dine out—therefore not to dine at home—consequently to escape paying half-a-crown and devouring a chicken—therefore to defraud her, and to behave, as she would herself observe, "like a beggarly scullion with his four shillings a-day setting up for a gentleman," &c.

By a quiet and Job-like endurance of all manner of taunting suspicions and unmerited sarcasms, to which

daily became more reconciled, I absolutely became almost a favourite; and before the first month of my banishment expired, had got the length of an invitation to tea in her own snugger—a honour never known to be bestowed on any before, with the exception of Father Malachi Brennan, her ghostly adviser; and even he, it is said, never ventured on such an approximation to intimacy until he was, in Kilrush phrase, "half screwed," thereby meaning more than half tipsy. From time to time thus I learned from my hostess such particulars of the country and its inhabitants as I was desirous of hearing; and among other matters, she gave me an account of the great landed proprietor himself, Lord Callonby, who was daily expected at his seat, within some miles of Kilrush, at the same time assuring me that I need not be looking so "pleased and curling out my whiskers"—"that they'd never take the trouble of asking even the name of me." This, though neither very courteous, nor altogether flattering to listen to, was no more than I had already learned from some brother officers who knew this quarter, and who informed me that the Earl of Callonby, though only visiting his Irish estates every three or four years, never took the slightest notice of any of the military in his neighbourhood, nor, indeed, did he mix with the country gentry—confining himself to his own family, or the guests, who usually accompanied him from England, and remained during his few weeks' stay. My impression of his lordship was therefore not calculated to cheer my solitude by any prospect of his rendering it lighter.

The earl's family consisted of her ladyship, an only son, nearly of age, and two daughters; the eldest, Lady Jane, had the reputation of being extremely beautiful; and I remembered when she came out in London, only the year before, hearing nothing but praises of the grace and elegance of her manner, united to the most classic beauty of her face and figure. "The second daughter was some years younger, and said to be also very handsome; but as yet she had not been brought into society. Of the son, Lord Kilkee, I only heard that he had been a very gay fellow at Oxford, was much liked, and had but small sympathy with the ultra exclusive notions of the rest of his family, who augured but ill of him from what

they denominated "his taste for losing caste."

Such were the chief particulars I obtained of my neighbours, and which I should not have been so circumstantial in noting down, if they had not subsequently occupied *one*, at least one important page in my history.

After some weeks' close confinement, which, judging from my feelings alone, I should have counted as many years, I eagerly seized the opportunity of the first glimpse of sunshine to make a short excursion along the coast; I started early in the morning, and after a long stroll along the bold headlands of Kilkee, was returning late in the evening to my lodgings. My path lay across a wild, bleak moor, dotted with low clumps of furze, and not presenting on any side the least trace of habitation. In wading through the tangled bushes, my dog "Mouche" started a hare; and after a run "sharp, short, and decisive," killed at the bottom of a little glen some hundred yards off.

I was just patting my dog, and examining the prize, when I heard a crackling among the low bushes near me; and, on looking up, perceived, about twenty paces distant, a short, thick set man, whose fustian jacket and leathern gaiters at once pronounced him the game keeper; he stood leaning upon his gun, quietly awaiting, as it seemed, for any movement on my part before he interfered. With one glance I detected how matters stood, and immediately adopting my usual policy of "taking the bull by the horns," called out, in a tone of very sufficient authority,

"I say, my man, are you his lordship's game keeper?"

Taking off his hat, the man approached me, and very respectfully informed me that he was.

"Well, then," said I, "present this hare to his lordship with my respects—here is my card, and say I shall be most happy to wait on him in the morning and explain the circumstance."

The man took the card, and seemed for some moments undecided how to act; he seemed to think that probably he might be illtreating a friend of his lordship's if he refused; and on the other hand might be merely "jockeyed" by some bold-faced poacher. Meanwhile I whistled my dog close up, and, humming an air with great appearance of indifference, stepped out homeward. By this piece of presence of mind I

saved poor "Mouche;" for I saw at a glance that with true game keeper's law he had been destined to death the moment he had committed the offence.

The following morning, as I sat at breakfast, meditating upon the events of the preceding day, and not exactly determined how to act, whether to write to his lordship explaining how the matter occurred, or call personally, a loud rattling on the pavement drew me to the window. As the house stood at the end of a street I could not see in the direction the noise came; but as I listened, a very handsome tandem turned the corner of the narrow street, and came along towards the hotel at a long, sling trot; the horses were dark chestnuts, well matched, and showing a deal of blood. The carriage was a dark drab, with black wheels; the harness all of the same color. The whole turn out—and I was an amateur of that sort of thing—was perfect; the driver, for I come to him last, as he was the last I looked at, was a fashionable looking young fellow, plainly, but knowingly, dressed, and evidently handling the "ribbons" like an experienced whip.

After bringing his nags up to the Inn door in very pretty style, he gave the reins to his servant and got down. Before I was well aware of it the door of my room opened, and the gentleman entered with a certain easy air of good breeding, and saying,

"Mr. Lorrequer I presume"—introduced himself as Lord Kilkee.

I immediately opened the conversation by an apology for my dog's misconduct on the day before, and assured his lordship that I knew the value of a hare in a hunting country, and was really sorry for the circumstance.

"Then I must say," replied his lordship, "Mr. Lorrequer is the only person who regrets the matter; for had it not been for this, it is more than probable we should never have known we were so near neighbours; in fact, nothing could equal our amazement at hearing you were playing the 'Solitaire' down here. You must have found it dreadfully heavy, 'and have thought us downright savages.' But then I must explain to you, that my father has made some 'rule absolute' about visiting when down here. And though I know you'll not consider it a compliment, yet I can assure you there is not another man I know of, he would pay attention to but yourself. He made two efforts to get here this

morning, but the gout 'would not be denied,' and so he deputed a most inferior 'diplomate;' and now will you let me return with some character from my first mission, and inform my friends that you will dine with us today at seven—a mere family party: but make your arrangements to stop all night and tomorrow: we shall find some work for my friend there on the hearth—what do you call him, Mr. Lorrequer?"

"'Mouche'—come here, 'Mouche.'"

"Ah 'Mouche, come here, my fine fellow—a splendid dog indeed—very tall for a thorough-bred; and now you'll not forget seven, 'temps militaire,' and so, sans adieu."

And with these words his lordship shook me heartily by the hand; and before two minutes had elapsed, had wrapped his box coat once more across him, and was round the corner.

I looked for a few moments on the again silent street, and was almost tempted to believe I was in a dream, so rapidly had the preceding moments passed over; and so surprised was I to find that the proud Earl of Callonby, who never did the "civil thing" any where, should think proper to pay attention to a poor ensign in a marching regiment, whose only claim on his acquaintance was the suspicion of poaching on his manor. I repeated over and over all his lordship's most polite speeches, trying to solve the mystery of them; but in vain: a thousand explanations occurred, but none of them I felt at all satisfactory; that there was some mystery somewhere, I had no doubt; for I remarked all through that Lord Kilkee laid some stress upon my identity, and even seemed surprised at my being in such banishment. "Oh," thought I at last, "his lordship is about to get up private theatricals, and has seen my Captain Absolute or perhaps my Hamlet—I could not say 'Othello' even to myself—and is anxious to get 'such unrivalled talent' even 'for one night only.'"

After many guesses this seemed the nearest I could think of; and by the time I had finished my dressing for dinner, it was quite clear to me I had solved all the secret of his lordship's attentions.

The drive to "Callonby" was beautiful beyond anything I had ever seen in Ireland; for upwards of two miles it led along the margin of the lofty cliffs of Mogher, now jutting out into

bold promontories, and again retreating and forming small bays and mimic harbours, into which the heavy swell of the broad Atlantic was rolling its deep blue tide. The evening was perfectly calm, and at a little distance from the shore the surface of the sea was without a ripple. The only sound breaking the solemn stillness of the hour, was the heavy plash of the waves, as in minute peals they rolled in upon the pebbly beach, and brought back with them at each retreat, some of the larger and smoother stones, whose noise, as they fell back into old ocean's bed, mingled with the din of the breaking surf. In one of the many little bays I passed, lay three or four fishing smacks. The sails were drying, and flapped lazily against the mast. I could see the figures of the men as they passed backwards and forwards upon the decks, and although the height was near 800 feet, could hear their voices quite distinctly. Upon the golden strand, which was still marked with a deeper tint, where the tide had washed, stood a little white cottage of some fisherman—at least, so the net before the door bespoke it. Around it stood some children, whose many voices and laughing tones sometimes reached me where I was standing. I could not but think, as I looked down from my lofty eyrie, upon that little group of boats, and that lone hut, how much of the "world" to the humble dweller beneath, lay in that secluded and narrow bay. There, the deep sea, where their days were passed in "storm or sunshine," there the humble home, where at night they rested, and around whose hearth lay all their cares and all their joys. How far, how very far removed from the busy haunts of men, and all the struggles and contentions of the ambitious world; and yet how short-sighted to suppose that even they had not their griefs and sorrows, and that their humble lot was devoid of the inheritance of those woes which all are heirs to. I turned sorrowfully from the sea-shore to enter the gate of the park, and my path in a few moments was as completely screened from all prospect of the sea, as though it had lain miles inland. An avenue of tall and ancient lime trees, so dense in their shadows as nearly to conceal the road beneath, led for above a mile through a beautiful lawn, whose surface, gently undulating and studded with young clumps, was dotted over with sheep. At length descending by

a very steep road, I reached a beautiful little stream, over which a rustic bridge was thrown. As I looked down upon the rippling stream beneath, on the surface of which, the dusky evening flies were dipping, I made a resolve, if I prospered in his Lordship's good graces, to devote a day to the "angle;" there, before I left the country. It was now growing late, and remembering Lord Kilkee's intimation of "sharp seven," I threw my reins over my cob. "Sir Roger's" neck, (for I had hitherto been walking,) and cantered up the steep hill before me. When I reached the top, I found myself upon a broad table land, encircled by old and well-grown timber, and at a distance, most tastefully half concealed by ornamental planting, I could catch some glimpse of Callonby. Before, however, I had time to look about me I heard the tramp of horses' feet behind, and in another moment two ladies dashed up the steep behind, and came towards me, at a smart gallop, followed by a groom, who neither himself nor his horse seemed to relish the pace of his fair mistresses. I moved off the road into the grass to permit them to pass; but no sooner had they got abreast of me, than Sir Roger, anxious for a fair start, flung up both heels at once, pricked up his ears, and with a plunge that very nearly threw me from the saddle, set off at top speed. My first thought was for the ladies beside me, and to my utter horror, I now saw them coming along in full gallop; their horses had got off the road, and were, to my thinking, become quite unmanageable. I endeavoured to pull up, but all in vain. Sir Roger had got the bit between his teeth, a favourite trick of his, and I was perfectly powerless to hold him by this time. They being mounted on thoroughbreds, got a full neck before me, and the pace was now tremendous. On we all came, each horse at his utmost stretch; they were evidently gaining from the better stride of their cattle, and will it be believed, or shall I venture to acknowledge it in these my confessions, that I who, a moment before, would have given my best chance of promotion, to be able to pull in my horse, would now have "pledged my dukedom" to be able to give Sir Roger one cut of the whip unobserved. I leave it to the wise, to decipher the *rationale*, but such is the fact. It was complete steeple chasing, and my blood was up. On we came, and I now perceived that about two hundred

yards before me stood an iron gate and piers, without any hedge or wall on either side ; before I could conjecture the meaning of so strange a thing in the midst of a large lawn, I saw the foremost horse, now two or three lengths before the other, still in advance of me, take two or three short strides, and fly about eight feet over a sunk fence—the second followed in the same style, the riders sitting as steadily as in the gallop. It was now my turn, and I confess, as I neared the dyke, I heartily wished myself well over it, for the very possibility of a "mistake," was maddening. Sir Roger came on at a slapping pace, and when within two yards of the brink, rose to it and cleared it like a deer. By the time I had accomplished this feat, not the less to my satisfaction, that both ladies had turned in the saddles to watch me, they were already far in advance ; they held on still at the same pace, round a small copse which concealed them an instant, from my view, and which, when I passed I perceived that they had just reached the hall door, and were dismounting.

On the steps stood a tall, elderly-looking, gentleman-like person, whom I rightly conjectured was his Lordship. I heard him laughing heartily as I came up. I at last succeeded in getting Sir Roger to a canter, and when within about twenty yards from where the group were standing, sprung off, and hastened up to make my apologies as I best might for my unfortunate runaway. I was fortunately spared the awkwardness of an explanation, for his Lordship approaching me with his hand extended said—

"Mr. Lorrequer is most welcome at Callonby. I cannot be mistaken, I am sure. I have the pleasure of addressing the nephew of my old friend, Sir Guy Lorrequer of Elton. I am indeed most happy to see you, and not the less so, that you are safe and sound, which, five minutes since, I assure you I had my fears for—"

Before I could assure his Lordship that my fears were all for my competitors in the race—for such it really was—he introduced me to the two ladies, who were still standing beside him—Lady Jane Callonby, Mr. Lorrequer ; Lady Catherine."

"Which of you, young ladies, may I ask, planned this escapade, for I see by your looks, it was no accident?"

"I think, papa," said Lady Jane, "you must question Mr. Lorrequer

on that head ; he certainly started first."

"I confess, indeed," said I, "such was the case."

"Well, you must confess too, you were distanced," said Lady Jane.

His Lordship laughed heartily, and I joined in his mirth, feeling at the same time, most terribly provoked, to be quizzed on such a matter, that I, a steeple-chase horseman of the first water, should be twitted by a couple of young ladies, on the score of a most manly exercise. "But come," said his Lordship, "the first bell has rung long since, and I am longing to ask Mr. Lorrequer all about my old college friend of forty years ago. So ladies hasten your toilet, I beseech you.

With these words, his Lordship taking my arm, led me into the drawing room, where we had not been many minutes till we were joined by her ladyship, a tall stately handsome woman of a certain age ; resolutely bent upon being both young and beautiful, in spite of time and wrinkles ; her reception of me, though not possessing the frankness of his lordship, was still very polite, and intended to be even gracious. I now found by the reiterated enquiries for my old uncle Sir Guy, that he it was, and not Hamlet, to whom I owed my present notice, and I must include it among my confessions, that it was the only advantage I ever derived from the relationship. After half an hour's agreeable chatting, the ladies entered, and then I had time to remark the extreme beauty of their appearance : they were both wonderfully like, and except that Lady Jane was taller and more womanly, it would have been almost impossible to discriminate between them.

Lady Jane Callonby was then about 20 years of age, rather above the middle size, and slightly *en bon point* ; her eye was of the deepest and most liquid blue, and rendered apparently darker, by long lashes of the blackest jet—for such was the colour of her hair, her nose slightly, but slightly, deviated from the straightness of the Greek, and her upper lip was faultless, as were her mouth and chin ; the whole lower part of the face, from the perfect "chiselling," and from the carriage of her head, had certainly a great air of hauteur, but the extreme melting softness of her eyes took from this, and when she spoke, there was a quiet earnestness in her mild and musical voice that disarmed you at once of

connecting the idea of self with the speaker; the word "fascinating" more than any other I know of, conveys the effect of her appearance, and to produce it, she had more than any other woman I ever met, that wonderful gift, the "*l'art de plaire*."

I was roused from my perhaps too earnest, because unconscious gaze, at

the lovely figure before me," by his lordship saying, "Mr. Lorrequer, her ladyship is waiting for you." I accordingly bowed, and, offering my arm, led her into the dinner-room. And here I draw rein for the present, reserving for my next chapter—My Adventures at Callonby.

MODERN TOWN TALK.

COLLECTED BY TERENCE O'RUARK, A.M.

ABOUT a century ago (I am not particular as to a year or two) there did appear, to the singular edification of the judicious, and the great diversion of all, "*A Treatise on polite Conversation, by Simon Wagstaff, Esq., followed by 'a complete collection of genteel and ingenious conversation according to the most polite mode and method now used at court, and in the best companies of England.'*" I know not, nor care to inquire, whether these quaint titles be preserved in the modern editions of these celebrated works, but set them down as I find them, in certain goodly tomes, given to the world in the year 1736 at Dublin, by the worthy George Faulkner, alderman and stationer, and entitled "*A Collection of the Author's Works,*" so that even then, Swift, or his friends, seem to have thought some caution necessary about the *avowal* of what he had written. Should I feel in a generous mood when I have done with these volumes, I may perhaps send them to that ingenious and energetic gentleman, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, as a proof of what could be done in Dublin before the Union. Of a certain truth, there have no such books appeared *since* the union was solemnized or perpetrated, as the case may be, and if it be urged, on the other hand, that this was in the time of the penal laws, as well as of a separate Irish legislature—I need only reply that so are all the other evidences of peace, prosperity, and literary advancement, which mark the period of the real ante-union superiority.

But that is beside the present matter, my object being now to state that a recent perusal of the "genteel and ingenious conversations," noted and compiled by Mr. Wagstaff, has put into my mind (in consideration of the important changes which "time, the great innovator," hath wrought in such things) to lay before the public occasionally, and as opportunity serves, my own modern collection, which I hope may be of some small advantage to those whose studies are not of a purely meditative and abstract character. Not that I mean any thing so impertinent as an imitation of that I have been reading, which would be, on every account, utterly absurd. It is no hyperbole to affirm that the manner of Mr. Wagstaff is perfectly inimitable, and even if it were not, there are no materials in these smoothened times to work up with the hope of a successful affectation of that author's manner. Wagstaff's collection is the oddest imaginable aggregation of vulgarisms, huddled together in a way at once so natural and so ludicrous, as to make one of the most diverting satires in the world. Thanks to the "enlightenment" of this age, however, we, who detail modern conversation, have no such coarse and unprofitable smoothnesses to expose. Our talk is of philosophy, politics, the fine arts—we are very careful not to say any thing merely for a laugh, and the few who do not find it convenient to be fluently didactic, can, at the least, display a remarkable talent for silence. Nor is this high intellectual level—this table land of mental superiority—confined to a particular class. If the promising young gentleman of the clubs draws forth to you an opinion from the last pamphlet, or a fact from the last parliamentary return; your tailor's refined utilitarianism is no less, when he talks to you *sotto voce*, of taking your measure on "ge-o-metrical" principles (it is no longer "jounmetrical" as in Wagstaff's day) or to go to the more robust professions (we must not say "trades" unless we speak of "unions") you shall talk to a no-coated, leather-aproned smith or bricklayer, and instead of being answered with a wise-saw, as old as William the Third and as common as coals

in Newcastle, you are treated to a modern instance from the last lecture at the Mechanic's Institute; nay, without being particularly lucky, you may chance to have the information you desire concerning bricks or iron, garnished with observations of much pith and moment, on the political aspect of the times, culled, with philosophic discrimination, from the last Sunday "noospaper."

It is unquestionable that could I conceive myself gifted with a genius for disquisition, I should be tempted to try something after the manner of the inimitable preliminary dissertation to the polite conversation; for anything more excellent than the argument, or more sprightly than the manner, of that most convincing and entertaining discourse, cannot be well imagined, nor is it at all to be despaired of, that much of what it contains, or something of the same sort, might profitably be applied to our modern affairs. But the truth is, that I lack that present confidence in my powers which might conduct me into such an enterprise, and I rather await the encouragement of the public for whose weal, and under whose encouragement, I know not what there is that I might not attempt, nor (attempting with a bold and willing heart) not succeed in. But this is for another time, when (under the encouragement aforesaid) I may, both by written words, and proper plans, and drawings, set forth the whole programme of modern polite behaviour of both ladies and gentlemen from the most important, even to the minutest particulars; since I am free to confess, that these matters have been much my study. I have especially noted the most approved methods of taking a seat for the first time in the Houses of Lords and Commons, due instruction in which, as regards the latter, would be of the greatest service in these times to gentlemen from the manufacturing towns. The various modes of recognition and (which is a still more delicate branch of art) of non-recognition have obtained my diligent attention; of recognition, from the nod-distant and severe, to the nod-gracious, accompanied by that mysterious *twitter* of the fingers, which denoteth more than words can; of non-recognition, from the simply turning aside, and not noticing, to the stare direct, or "cut-dead" which *can be* "no mistake," and which annihilates all hope. The most approved manner of riding in a carriage, I shall be qualified to teach to the ladies, from the reclining lying-abled fashion, appropriate to open carriages, and the noon-day, to the upright posture which in close carriages, and at night, preserves in its most agreeable folds, the dress which is to be worn until the morning. These may serve as hints of the various things which, were I encouraged to become a teacher, I flatter myself I might undertake, with (as Lord Althorp used to say) credit to myself, and benefit to the public; but for the present I am a mere furnisher of examples, from which the judicious reader must pick out such instruction or entertainment as he can. I have only a word to add, which is by way of apology for introducing politics, but not to do so is wholly out of the question, since to make a modern conversation without politics, is as impossible as it would be to make a coat without broad cloth, or a book without paper. It is, however, my custom to hear all sides with equal attention, and I am the most impartial of chroniclers, as will be on all hands admitted, by those who read the following conversations:—

SCENE—*The Athenæum Club House. TIME—Midsummer, eleven o'clock, A.M.*
PRESENT—Lord Easy, Colonel Fashion, Mr. Feeblewit and Mr. Bluff. *Breakfast on a table.*

Col. F. My lord, there is a tradition of the strangest sort concerning you going about this morning.

Lord E. The deuce, there is! what is it?

Col. F. They say you were seen in the park at seven o'clock this morning—nothing serious, I hope?

Lord E. Nothing more than being kept up in that abominable House of Commons all night.

Col. F. They didn't sit 'till seven o'clock—did they?

Lord E. No, but they did till past three, and my colleague, who is a great

ass for his pains, had something coming on at the very last, for which I was obliged to stay and vote.

Col. F. A comfortable night you must have had of it—you didn't stay in the house, surely?

Lord E. Yes I did—I fell asleep just after twelve—I have a sort of confused recollection of hearing Potter and Poulter, and Parret and Pease jabbering away at something or another, but luckily there was no division, and from the time of Pease I recollect nothing until half-past two, when a shocking uncouth noise awoke me, and

I found it was that strange person, Roebuck, addressing the house.

Col. F. What was he talking about?

Lord E. I have not the least idea—he was literally addressing the *house*—for there were not two dozen people in it, and they all seemed, like myself, more than half asleep—the very candles seemed overcome with drowsiness.

Col. F. Well! but what did you do from three to seven—for you haven't solved the mystery yet?

Lord E. Why that wild youngster, my cousin Tom, who's always at some odd prank or another, bolted in just in time for the division at three o'clock, and when I told him of the nap I had had, he insisted I would be sick of the unwholesome air I had slept in, if I didn't take a drive into the country, and so he carried me off to Blackheath, to see the sun rise. I've done nothing so extravagant these seven years. Coming home I happened to say to Tom, that I wanted to see the Duke of Wellington, and he advised me to walk into the park where I would be pretty sure to meet him taking his morning walk; and so I did.

Col. F. Well, if that's the solution of the mystery, you had better send round to the evening papers to say that you were *not* fighting a duel—for depend on it sundry portentous paragraphs are under manufacture at this moment.

Lord E. Confound them, let them paragraph what they will. The newspapers in this country have become a nuisance—dont you think so? It is one of the luxuries of being abroad, that you neither know nor are supposed to know anything about newspapers.

Col. F. You dont mean France?

Lord E. No; they're a greater nuisance there, at least in Paris; they were so when I was last there, but things are altered in Paris, and Louis Philippe sees that he will never be settled until he settles the newspapers—no—I alluded to Italy and Austria.

Mr. Bluff. I dont agree with you, Lord Easy. I hate newspapers as much as you do, because they tell lies, and perplex what ought to be plain; but I've no notion of being in a country where a man may not print what is true, if it does not happen to please the government.

Lord E. I assure you, Bluff, that if you saw how smoothly affairs go on there, I doubt if you'd think so;—but that, you know, is *entre nous*. I am

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on the *liberal* side of the hedge, in politics; but I begin to think it will be deuced hard to get out of the field, and not very pleasant to stay in it.

Mr. Bluff. I thought you would come to that opinion by degrees.

[*A brief silence ensues, during which breakfast is devoured. The servant brings in a letter and delivers it to Col. Fashion.*]

Colonel F. A black seal! Who's dead? let me see. Ah, here's a cousin of mine gone. Hum! Out fishing—caught cold—three days' illness.—Well! I never fish. A stupid amusement it is, I think, standing up to one's middle in the water, sometimes.—There's good shooting, however, on the property. Easy, will you come down with me in August? George Fashion's house and grounds come into my hands now, and I dont know any better shooting quarters so near town.

Lord E. You may book me to go, if you wont ask more than two besides.

Colonel F. Agreed. I must go down, I suppose, to the funeral; but I shall be up in town again immediately, and will take you down with me when I return.

Lord E. Very well.

Colonel F. Feeblewit, how do you like being in parliament?

Mr. Feeblewit. I cant exactly say; I like it middling. It is not exactly what I expected. In short—a—I dont know. That is, of course, I like the principle of the thing, but the details are not so pleasant.

Colonel F. What have you been reading for this hour in that newspaper?

Mr. Feeblewit. I have been only looking over last night's debate.

Colonel F. I thought you had been in the house.

Mr. Feeblewit. So I was. I wanted to go out several times, but some one always desired me to stay.

Colonel F. But what do you want to read the debate for, if you heard it?

Mr. Feeblewit. So many people spoke that they confused me. Besides, I always understand best what I read.

Colonel F. But you understood enough to know which way to vote, didn't you?

Mr. Feeblewit. O yes! I was at Lord John Russell's yesterday, and he explained to us the principle of what was to come on in the evening; so I

had my mind made up about my vote, but the details were rather puzzling.

Colonel F. Have you spoken in the house yet?

Mr. Feeblewit. Yes; but what I said was not reported. I think that was very unfair.

Colonel F. Most undoubtedly. But was the speech long?

Mr. Feeblewit. No; it was very short. I did prepare a long speech, for which I read a great deal, and made extracts; but my father advised me to show it to Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Hume, before I spoke it, and they advised me against it.

Colonel F. Sheer envy, beyond question. They were afraid you would eclipse them both.

Mr. Feeblewit. Oh no! I am pretty sure—at least I think it could not be that; though I do think that they think there is nothing like what they do themselves. But it was their opinion that, if I put my speech in the form of a letter to my constituents, and printed it in a pamphlet, it might do me more good.

Colonel F. The cunning dogs!—Well, and did you do so?

Mr. Feeblewit. Yes; but as I had not been used to writing for print, you know, my father wrote to a young man in the Temple, a cousin of his junior partner, to look it over.

Colonel F. And did he?

Mr. Feeblewit. Yes, and it was then printed, and sent down to my constituents, and very well received.

Colonel F. What was it about?

Mr. Feeblewit. Oh, the reform principle, of course. I showed the necessity of going forward with the principle, but I did not enter into the details.

Colonel F. You were very right. Why does not your father represent the borough himself?

Mr. Feeblewit. He thought of it at first; but he hasn't time, without neglecting his business.

Colonel F. So he told them to elect you.

Mr. Feeblewit. He gave them a holiday, and a dinner, and spoke to them about it.

Mr. Bluff. Pray, Mr. Feeblewit, how many of the electors of your borough are in your father's employ?

Mr. Feeblewit. One hundred and eighty-seven.

Mr. Bluff. And how many are there altogether?

Mr. Feeblewit. Two hundred and thirty-three.

Mr. Bluff. His interest, then, must be tolerably decisive?

Mr. Feeblewit. Yes, I should think it is; but *that*, you know, is not the principle. The principle is, that they elect whom they please. Whatever interest my father may have belongs to the details.

Colonel F. Just so. Feeblewit, I don't know any man who draws a distinction better than you do.

Mr. Feeblewit. I am proud of your good opinion. I have not passed so pleasant a morning for some time. I think breakfast rather a pleasant meal; and then, to avail oneself of the opportunity for rational political conversation,—I like that principle.

Colonel F. Upon my word, I think that the case you mention is one worthy of approbation both in principle and in its details. Don't you think so, Feeblewit?

Mr. Feeblewit. I think so. As to the principle, I am confident of it;—but I have a committee to attend at twelve, so I must go.

[*He bids "Good morning," and goes out.*]

Mr. Bluff. There goes as great a fool as ever walked without a leader.

Colonel F. My dear sir, he will only go as far as Downing-street without one.

Lord E. That's good.

Mr. Bluff. That's true.

[*A cloud intervenes, during which Time gallops on to the first week in December; the scene changes to the coffee-room of the Royal Hotel, St. James's-street; present, as before, Lord Easy, Mr. Feeblewit, Colonel Fashion, and Mr. Bluff.*]

Lord E. By what miracle do you happen to be in town at this time of the year, Fashion?

Colonel F. I have been blown hither. I was driven out of Brighton by the wind; my house was unroofed; my peace disturbed; my domestics put into ill-humour. I am here on my way into Warwickshire.

Lord E. It was, indeed, (as I understand the man who keeps the meteorological register for the Royal Society has noted it,) "rather a high wind." I was on the road, and would undoubtedly have been blown into one of the deepest ravines in Kent, had not my man, who is an old soldier,

jumped down from behind, and opened the carriage-door, so as to let the storm pass through.

Colonel F. It exceeded anything of the sort I ever saw, and put me in mind of Dick Martin's story of the storm in Dublin.

Lord E. What was that?

Colonel F. Haven't you heard him tell it? He used to begin it with a long account of the glories of Dublin before the Union, the spirit of the parliamentary debates, and the splendor of the evening assemblies of the *raal* Irish nobility and gentry. From thence he led you on to a grand assembly of the masquerade kind, at a place he called the Rotunda; which I suppose is the "Willis's Rooms" of Dublin. Sackville-street, he said, was thronged with the carriages in waiting, when suddenly a wind arose, of such violence that nothing could stand or sit before it. The coachmen, said Dick, were carried off their boxes, and there you might see them flying about in the air, over Sackville-street, like larks!

Lord E. Ha! ha! very like larks, I dare say. Poor Dick! Does Brighton fill this season?

Col. F. Yes; a great many people; but I don't think it's what it used to be.

Lord E. No. How is the King?

Col. F. Not quite so well, I think, as he was at Windsor in the summer, but tolerably *heartly*, as he would say himself, notwithstanding. Better than you or I will be, I dare say, at his age, if we weather the world so long.

Lord E. He will come up, to open parliament, I suppose.

Col. F. Doubtless. He likes that sort of thing, or did, and he feels it to be a duty, while he can.

Lord E. How does he get on with our friends in Downing-street?

Col. F. O just the same. He loves them not, and they know it. I give very little attention to politics, but the talk that one can't help hearing leads to the belief that there will be a blow-up of political combinators.

Lord E. Yes; it does not seem at all probable that things can go on in their present way much longer.

Mr. Bluff. They have gone on too long already. It is most disgraceful.

Lord E. You are such a downright partizan, Bluff, that you will give us enlightened reformers no sort of quarter; but do go on and tell us what your party say will happen to us.

Mr. Bluff. I do not speak as a party man. I have nothing to do with

either one party or another; but I was brought up in habits of respect for the British constitution, and my own understanding has confirmed the feeling which was early inculcated upon me. I do feel strongly for the honour and glory of old England, and I repeat that the government has of late been carried on in a most disgraceful manner.

Lord E. But are you not a little too warm? I don't mean to say that things have been managed just as they should be, but there have been difficult circumstances to deal with, and times are not as they were.

Mr. Bluff. But what has made the difficult circumstances? The total absence of direct and honest policy on the part of ministers. There is not the slightest indication that the government has been guided by any sound and settled principle of policy.

Lord E. Consider, Bluff, the composition of the present House of Commons. Ministers cannot *command* a majority as they used to do, and the *liberal* mass is made up of a great variety of shades of opinion. If an open and direct line be taken and adhered to, how can you hope to escape offending some of the liberal body?

Mr. Bluff. If I were a British minister, I should have no such hope, nor wish, nor expectation; but neither should I have any fear of the consequences of giving such offence. A minister is not to accommodate himself to all the various fragments of faction, or folly, or selfishness, that he finds in the House of Commons. If he attempts to do so, he becomes the slave of the influences in that house, instead of guiding them as the King's minister ought. But how does the matter stand? The minister finds that among the English members even of his own party there are a good many that he cannot at all times reckon upon, men that he cannot persuade, and dare not attempt to coerce. What then does he do? He takes such an unprincipled blusterer as O'Connell into his pay—he gets the votes of that man and his infamous tail, without any fear of the scruples of independence rising up against him, and he hands over in exchange the government of Ireland to a rude, gross, popish enemy of Great Britain. Is not *that* disgraceful?

Lord E. I do think the coalition with O'Connell was upon the whole impolitic.

Mr. Bluff. Impolitic!

Lord E. Yes. It was resolved upon for the sake of accomplishing an immediate purpose, and without a view, or at all events, a sagacious view, to future consequences. No man can calmly consider O'Connell's character, without perceiving that he must become an object of suspicion and disgust to the British nation. The versatility, the extravagance, the cant and nonsense, the personal animosities, and the scurrilous indulgence of them, which answer so well with the Irish Roman Catholic population in their present state, cannot succeed with a people so differently constituted as are the English. O'Connell's aid has ruined the ministry in England.

Mr. Bluff. It is even so, and this, I doubt not *he* foresaw, though *they* did not. They are now wholly in his power, and it is evident that he is making a desperate exertion to show that through his power they may keep their places. But he is wrong—the disgust of England will be too strong for him. I do not think that any exertion of his cunning will remove the growing detestation of O'Connell among the sincere radicals of England.

Lord Easy. I have seen the pamphlet of that strange wild countryman of his, who was in the House for a short time, Mr. Feargus O'Connor. He lays about him like a man with a flail. His exposure of O'Connell will have a great effect with the sturdy radical multitude.

Mr. Bluff. And so will the writing of Mr. Bell of the "London Mercury," with the more intelligent of the same party.

Mr. Feeblewit. The "Times" is very severe on Mr. O'Connell.

Col. Fashion. And the "Morning Post."

Lord E. And the "Morning Herald."

Mr. Bluff. But that very English journal, the "Morning Chronicle" supports him.

Lord E. I cannot bear that newspaper, though it supports the ministry—it is so shockingly ill written.

Mr. Bluff. Crown and Anchor eloquence, and Stock Exchange principles.

Mr. Feeblewit. Is it true, Lord Easy, that Lord Palmerston writes articles for the "Globe?"

Lord E. I really don't know.

Mr. Bluff. And I don't care.

Lord E. Nor does any body whose anxiety upon any subject is worth a straw. Official people are generally the last to communicate publicly any

piece of news; and as to the political argument of a newspaper, it must be judged by its own merits, and it matters not whether Lord Palmerston or the printer's devil has written it.

Mr. Bluff. Judging from the usual style of the leading articles of the "Globe," I should say they were written by women.

Lord E. How do you mean?

Mr. Bluff. There is no earnestness about principles and a great deal about persons—there is scarcely a trace even of party spirit, but there is a most offensive redundancy of personal spite.

Col. F. That is not very complimentary to the women, Mr. Bluff. What would you say if I publish your female characteristics, and put your name to the publication?

Mr. Bluff. I meant women of the worse sort.

Col. F. Was it not the "Globe" that proclaimed that it hardly knew to which party it belonged, and that whether the Whigs were a party in the country or no, was not worth the pains of inquiry?

Mr. Bluff. It was.

Lord E. That was gross impertinence. It is very well for you and I, Fashion, who see the humbug of political people, to be *poco curanti* as to these matters, but a newspaper which has no other vocation than politics, is excessively absurd when it affects indifference about political parties. That sort of foppery in any publication suspected to be connected with government, does us mischief. But enough of this. Feeblewit, how does it happen that you are not dining with your constituents? I thought so devoted a politician as you are would be buried in study, and courting your constituents until the meeting of the House.

Mr. Feeblewit. That was my intention, but my father heard there were to be two or three new commissions instituted at the meeting of Parliament, and he wished me to make an early personal application to Lord John Russell.

Lord E. What, then, are you to become a commissioner?

Mr. Feeblewit. Oh no. I applied for my brother—he was called to the bar a few months ago, and as the attorneys have not begun to employ him yet, my father thinks he might as well have a commissionership to occupy him and put some money in his pocket.

Mr. Bluff. A provident gentleman!

Mr. Feeblewit. My father thought

this a very good time to apply, and sent me up to town for the purpose.

Lord E. I dare say; and have you succeeded?

Mr. Feeblewit. No. Lord John says that nothing is yet arranged. I am to see him again in a few days.

Mr. Bluff. I can well believe that nothing is yet arranged.

Lord E. Feeblewit, what do you think of the state of our foreign policy?

Mr. Feeblewit. Why, as to foreign policy—a—I really have not much attended to the details, but—a—I understand that in Spain our moral influence is very important.

Lord E. You allude, I suppose, to the example of patience set by Evans and his legion—the cool steadiness with which he abides the sneers of all Europe.

Mr. Feeblewit. I suppose that's it; but the moral influence is the only thing of which I have heard.

Lord E. Do you think that "moral influence" will stop Don Carlos?

Mr. Feeblewit. I suppose that is what is meant.

Mr. Bluff. I should prefer the physical influence of the bayonet, to the moral influence of keeping out of the way when an enemy is to be encountered.

Mr. Feeblewit. I don't know the particulars, but I was told by one of the proprietors of the "Morning Chronicle," who said he had been at the Foreign Office only two hours before, that the important thing in Spain was our moral influence.

Mr. Bluff. Moral fiddlestick!

Col. F. Has any body seen Lord Brougham since he came into this part of the world? What is he going to do for the ministers?

Lord E. I hear he has become so profound and dignified, that no one knows what to make of him. The newspaper chatter about pitting him against Lyndhurst, is all nonsense. The ex-chancellors will be more likely to embrace than to fight, you may depend upon it. They are very good friends, and respect one another's extraordinary talents very sincerely.

Mr. Bluff. Is it supposed there will be a committee of the Lords on the new Poor Law?

Lord E. I have not heard, but if there be a committee of one house, it is probable there will be of the other. If that subject be mentioned, there will be a blaze from Brougham, no

doubt; he glorifies his Poor Law philosophy very exceedingly.

Mr. Bluff. I recollect his speech upon the Bill, and I heard it was afterwards sent about by the secretary of the commission as a true exposition of Poor-Law philosophy.

Lord E. So it was; but that reminds me that I have to lunch with Lady Rightem; I must go.

Col. F. I shall go with you. Is her ladyship as great a politician as ever?

Lord E. Worse and worse. I am in great favor with her, because I have transferred to her all my printed parliamentary papers, which used to accumulate in my rooms till they were quite a nuisance. It is a great relief to me, and she is quite pleased. I believe that she reads them all. But you shall hear her: come away.

Col. F. Mr. Bluff, will you come with us, and we shall introduce you to a lady who is a very great politician.

Mr. Bluff. I hate lady politicians.

Col. F. A most scientific political economist.

Mr. Bluff. I detest political economists.

Col. F. One who knows Lord Brougham's speech on the Poor Laws by heart, and has studied all Miss Martineau's pretty little books as earnestly as ever young barrister did his first brief, or young lady her first love-letter.

Mr. Bluff. The name of Lord Brougham makes me angry, and that of Miss Martineau makes me sick.

Col. F. Well, then we leave you—addio.

(They go out.)

Lady Rightem's House—present, her ladyship, Mr. Jones, Lord Easy, and Colonel Fashion.

Lady R. The proper study of mankind is ———

Col. F. Man.

Lady R. No. I was not going to quote Pope—though I must say that were I to quote any poet, it probably would be him, for he appears to have had the faculty of reasoning, more than any other of the tribe; but I spoke of that science—that useful and practical science, as Lord Brougham admirably says, founded on facts, and papers, and documents, which relate to the most important concerns of society—I mean political economy.

Col. F. I beg your ladyship's pardon—pray, did you see the portrait of Miss Martineau that was exhibited at the Royal Academy?

Lady R. Yes, certainly—it was the first picture at which I looked.

Col. F. What! before Landseer's?

Lady R. Yes—what is a fat monk of the *olden time*, or the plunder at his feet, to me, compared with the countenance of one who has enlightened the human race on the most important of truths?

Col. F. Yes, certainly, you are right—you thought the countenance pretty?—amiable-looking—eh?

Lady R. No, but superior to either, very intellectual.

Col. F. What! “ugly and intellectual?” as some one said in describing Brougham's *indescribable* face.

Lady R. I did not say “ugly.”

Mr. Jones. No, I remarked that your ladyship said “intellectual;” with deference to Colonel Fashion, I should say that I do not recollect the epithet “ugly.”

Col. F. Well! well! Pray, Lady Rightem, do you recollect the pretty thing the *Times* newspaper said of Miss Martineau?

Lady R. No—but I should like to hear what the influential press said of such a person.

Col. F. They described her as—

“Herself the great preventive check she draws.”

Lady R. Psha! men endeavour to make that ridiculous, which they would fain excel, but cannot.

Lord E. Pray, Lady Rightem, is it true what they say, that the best bits of Lord Brougham's speech about the Poor Laws, were borrowed from Miss Martineau?

Lady R. I cannot say that I observed any passages *literally* borrowed, did you Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones. No—as your ladyship observes, and with deference to the observation of Lord Easy, I should say not *literally*.

Lady R. Of course, when great authorities speak upon the same science, they are likely to fall into statements somewhat similar.

Lord E. Some of the maxims laid down by Lord Brougham appear to me rather startling—indeed I might use a stronger expression, did I not go in fear of being classed with the “grovelling ignorant,” who alone, as his lordship says, falter in their allegiance to political economy.

Lady R. What are the points to which you allude?

Lord E. He said that all statutes for the relief of the poor, were mischievous; that the law empowering overseers to set poor people to work, and if they could not find work, to find food for them, was *as pernicious a law as ever was made*.

Lady R. Quite right—perfectly scientific.

Lord E. He said that the *only* safe kind of charity was an hospital for accidents—he doubted that dispensaries for the sick poor were not an abuse, and against sound principle—the charitable support of the *infirm and poor*, he said, he was quite certain was against all *sound principle*.

Lady R. Perfectly right—quite scientific.

Lord E. Does not all this seem rather hard-hearted.

Lady R. Reason is the highest faculty of mind—the demonstrations of reason are to be preferred to the suggestions of feeling. Hard-heartedness is but another name for *superiority* to these suggestions.

Lord E. Some would say *insensibility* to them.

Lady R. Sensibility and insensibility are unphilosophical terms.

Lord E. But I have not done—Lord Brougham said, the greatest wretchedness of the poor was the being tormented with the ills of riches, the satiety of pampered idleness.

Lady R. That view of the subject was acute, original, and philosophic—its truth, though unperceived before, was no sooner taken up by the mind, than it matured into conviction.

Lord E. Upon my honour I don't think so. For my part, I don't like work myself, and I have pitied the poor devils—paupers I mean—that I have seen breaking stones, and, in London, sweeping the streets.

Lady R. False humanity, my lord. These people should have provided something in their prosperity, to keep them out of a state of pauperism.

Lord E. But perhaps they never knew prosperity—perhaps they never in their lives knew what it was to have enough to eat for three days together.

Lady R. Then they must have been all along, redundant labourers, and to

support them is but to continue and aggravate the evil. But you have not mentioned what Lord Brougham said about the bastardy part of the Poor Law Bill, which was perhaps the most scientific portion in the whole of his splendid speech.

Col. F. I think if your ladyship is about to discuss that part of the sub-

ject, I must say good bye, I have to be at Tattersall's at four o'clock.

Lord E. Why, so have I—is it really so late? Good morning, Lady Rightem.

(*They go out—Lady Rightem and Mr. Jones take up books and papers, and retire to an inner room.*)

ASTORIA ; OR, ENTERPRISE BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.*

THE history of the wilds of North America, and of the nations which inhabit them, might have long remained unknown to Europeans, but for the enterprises of the fur traders, which have carried a succession of daring adventurers into the remotest recesses of the wilderness. Ever since the French and English established their colonies on the continent of North America, the traffic in peltries has been pursued with unremitting anxiety. As the population of the colonies increased, and the forests gave way before the corn-fields, the wild animals, like the unfortunate Indians, were driven back upon the desert, and the chief supplies of furs are now obtained from the sterile regions, reaching from the north of Canada to the Polar sea, or from the wild and hitherto uncivilized countries situated between the Rocky Mountains and the shores of the Pacific. The northern, and by far the most valuable of the fur countries, is entirely under the control of the united Hudson's Bay and North-west Companies, who have now abandoned their fierce rivalries, and conduct a peaceful commerce, equally advantageous to themselves and their Indian customers.

Beavers are also to be found in considerable abundance in the uncolonized parts of the United States, but they are inferior in numbers as well as quality to those obtained in the more northern countries. It is a curious fact that not many years have elapsed since the fur trade within the territories of the United States was entirely in the hands of British adventurers. During the administration of Jefferson, this circumstance reasonably enough excited the jealousy of the American

government, not so much on account of the value of the trade as from the preponderance which it gave to English influence among the Indians. The attempts, however, of the American traders, even when supported by all the influence of their government, were unable to compete with the skill and experience of the interlopers, until the wealth and exertions of a single individual at last wrested the trade from the English, and transferred it to the citizens of the United States. The individual we allude to is Mr. Astor, a German by birth, but a citizen of America, who had amassed a princely fortune by his talents and industry ; but Mr. Astor was not satisfied with the success which had crowned his efforts, for he resolved to follow them up by one of the boldest schemes which a single merchant ever attempted to execute. He resolved to plant a trading establishment at the entrance of the Columbia river, which would command the entire fur trade of the west of the Rocky Mountains, while coasting vessels were to collect the sea-otter furs along the shores of the Pacific. A chain of forts or rather of trading stations was to be established between the sources of the Missouri and the Columbia, thus connecting the commerce of the east and west sides of the Rocky Mountains, and keeping open a land communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The produce of the fur trade was to be deposited at an emporium at the mouth of the Columbia, and from thence transported to Canton, the great market for furs. The vessels were then to return to New York with a cargo of teas, having thus made a voyage of three years' duration, and

* *Astoria ; or, Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains.* By the author of "The Sketch Book." 3 vols. post 8vo. London. 1836.

circumnavigated the world. Nor did his project stop here, for he also contracted to supply the Russian factory at Sitka with trading goods, and he even aspired at getting possession of one of the Sandwich Islands as a convenient station for his vessels, being half way between Canton and the Columbia. Such was the gigantic project of a single merchant, but a man of vast wealth and energy, and intimately acquainted with the details of the fur trade; and although the enterprise proved unfortunate, we cannot but admire the magnificence of the scheme, and the skill and prudence, which, had they been adequately supported, might have carried it on to success.

These observations will explain the object of the work before us, as also the name it bears; we will therefore proceed to give some account of the various expeditions which the projects of Mr. Astor set in motion. A ship was fitted up to carry out the settlers and all the apparatus necessary for the establishment of a new colony, while another detachment was to ascend to the head waters of the Missouri, traverse the Rocky Mountains, and descending the Columbia, were to join their companions on the shores of the Pacific.

We shall first direct our attention to the sea voyage, and to the melancholy catastrophe by which it was terminated. The ship, *Tonquin*, was well provided with every thing necessary to ensure success, and carried out an efficient complement of fur traders and Canadian voyageurs. All the prudence of these arrangements was rendered abortive by the unfortunate selection of a commander, whose absurd conduct frustrated every provision suggested by prudent forethought, and added one to the many examples where persevering folly has effected more irreparable mischief than intentional malice could have accomplished. This worthy navigator, who is a favourite with Mr. Irving, was obviously a man of a single idea; his notions of duty do not appear to have extended beyond maintaining the necessary discipline, and making the shortest possible voyage between two points. Accordingly we find that during the voyage the ship exhibited a little world of jealousy and insubordination. The thoughtless gaiety of one passenger, the imperturbable good nature of another, and the caustic humour of a third, were alike the sources of misery to this lord

of the quarter deck. We need not enter into the details of these petty squabbles, as every one who has made a voyage of moderate length can sufficiently appreciate them. After a prosperous voyage, the captain found himself in the vicinity of the Columbia river, and from this period his incompetency became more apparent. The entrance to the Columbia river is dangerous, except in fine weather, and for vessels of moderate size, on account of a broad and shallow sand-bank which reaches across its mouth. The *Tonquin* arrived here in stormy weather, but instead of waiting till the gales abated, the captain attempted to enter the river, at whose entrance the breakers were rising in fearful surges. But the force of folly could proceed still farther. In such weather, and on such a coast, where the ship was in imminent peril, it was absurd to expect that a boat could live; the captain, however, thought otherwise, and ordered one of his officers to proceed in the boat to ascertain the soundings on the bar; and to render success impossible, the boat was manned, not with expert seamen, but with Canadian voyageurs. It was in vain that the fated officer attempted to decline this act of immolation—he affectingly observed that a near relation of his own had lost his life in the same service a few years before, and he added, I am now going to lay my bones alongside of his. The boat and her hapless crew were never heard of. Next day the attempt to enter the river was resumed, and another boat was despatched to explore the bar—a duty which would have been performed to more advantage at the mast-head. This expedition was rather less unfortunate than its predecessor, for two of the crew survived, and the ship at last entered the river without the aid of soundings. It has been stated on good authority that the incapacity of the captain so alarmed all on board, that one of the officers actually took the management of the ship into his own hands, and by watching the breakers from the mast-head, was enabled to bring the ship to anchor without damage.

The traders and their associates now landed, and after establishing an amicable understanding with the Indians, commenced the construction of a fort for the protection of their commerce. The ship departed on a trading voyage along the coast, when the same folly which had already produced such mis-

fortunes, terminated in the loss of the ship, and the destruction of her crew. On arriving at the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the natives came on board to barter their furs for knives, beads, &c. when the captain contrived to insult the chiefs, and to put a stop to the trade. The wily and vindictive savages were not to be without their revenge. No entreaty could persuade the captain to quit this dangerous vicinity, nor to take the necessary precautions against a surprise. Crowds of unarmed Indians now approached the vessel, bringing plenty of furs, which they readily disposed of for knives or daggers, which were secretly distributed till most of the savages were armed. The captain became alarmed, and when it was too late gave orders to unreef the sails and weigh anchor. While preparations for departure were in progress, an indiscriminate massacre commenced, and only four of the sailors escaped. These brave men barricaded themselves in the cabin, and by opening a brisk fire through openings which they had made in the companion-way, they readily drove the Indians from the ship, and then issuing from their fortress, by means of the great guns, they inflicted a fearful retaliation upon the canoes of the savages. The sailors afterwards attempted to make their way to the Columbia in the ship's boat, but were driven ashore by adverse weather, and were murdered by the natives. One individual still survived, who had refused to quit the ship, and although severely wounded, had resolved upon a dreadful act of revenge. He appeared upon the deck, and invited the Indians to come on board, and speedily disappeared. The vessel was soon crowded with plundering and exulting savages, when the ship blew up with a tremendous explosion.

"Arms, legs, and mutilated bodies were blown into the air, and a dreadful havoc was made in the surrounding canoes. Upwards of a hundred savages were destroyed by the explosion, and many more shockingly mutilated; and for many days the limbs and bodies of the slain were thrown upon the beach."

Before proceeding further with the history of Mr. Astor's project, we shall give some account of this part of the American coast. The north-west coast of America remained longer unknown to Europeans than any other part of the New World. Its remote

situation, uninviting climate, small commercial importance, and the jealousy of the Spaniards, all contributed to continue our ignorance. Although several Spanish navigators had explored the western coasts of North America, and Biscaino had discovered Nootka, yet it was not till Captain Cook had made the country known that it became a field for commercial enterprise. It was then ascertained that the north-west coast abounded in sea otters, the most valuable of the American furs in the China market. Captain Meares, an enterprising Englishman, now attempted to establish a regular trade between Nootka and Canton; he gained the good will of the Indians, and constructed a small factory among them, where he built a small coasting vessel, and carried on a prosperous and friendly intercourse with the natives. The suspicious government of Spain became alarmed at the idea of permitting the English to establish themselves in the vicinity of its Mexican dependencies; and the viceroy of Mexico fitted out an expedition which dispossessed Captain Meares's people and left a Spanish settlement in their place. The English government did not brook this insult, and demands for reparation were made to the court of Madrid. The interminable negotiations to which this demand promised to give rise, were quickly brought to a close by the energetic demonstrations of Mr. Pitt, who began to prepare for obtaining redress by commencing hostilities. The Spanish government now abandoned its claims upon Nootka, and Captain Vancouver was despatched to take possession of the disputed territory, and to survey the complicated coasts of North-west America. How well Vancouver executed his difficult task may be seen by inspecting the admirable charts which accompany his voyage. When we reflect on the immense extent of country which he surveyed, extending from California to Berring's Straits, a coast abounding in inlets, and studded with numerous islands; and that only three summers were occupied with the task, we cannot but admire the zeal and energy which accomplished so much. At the same time, it is but justice to state, that a portion of the coast was surveyed by the Spaniards, and that the navigators of both countries carried on their operations in the most friendly concert, and interchanged their discoveries in the most unre-

served manner. If the hydrographical labours of the Spanish officers were less extensive than those of Vancouver, they have made us much better acquainted with the people of Nootka, whose history and language may yet throw some light on the difficult question of the migration of the Aztec tribes towards Mexico. Much curious information respecting Nootka is to be found in the work of Senor Moçino the naturalist to the Spanish expedition.

To return to the history of the fur trade. No sooner had England vindicated the freedom of the commerce of North-west America, than a crowd of adventurers entered upon the trade; and at one time, the obscure harbour of Nootka contained no fewer than twenty vessels under different flags. The trade in sea otters did not prove an *El Dorado*. The number of competitors raised the price of peltries; and while the Indians hunted with increased spirit, the game diminished, and the increased supply of furs lowered their value in the Chinese market. The North-west fur trade proved a losing one, especially to the English, who could not purchase teas for their homeward cargo; and they soon abandoned all relations with the Indians of Nootka; and thus a petty territory in a remote corner of the world, which had nearly occasioned a bloody war between two great nations, was quickly forgotten by all. Since that time the coasting fur trade has been chiefly in the hands of the Americans, and was carried on, we believe, in the following manner:—The trading vessel remained on the American coast till a supply of furs was obtained. These were carried to the Sandwich isles, where another ship was waiting to receive them and take them to Canton. The ship which had brought the furs took in a supply of goods and returned to the American coast, while the other vessel proceeded to Canton; and having exchanged the peltries for Chinese produce returned to Boston or New York. Lately the Hudson's Bay Company have established factories on various parts of the coast, and by combining in this manner the inland and coasting trade, will be able to oppose all competitors, while they have now no difficulties with respect to the China trade.

The Indian population of the north-west coast differs in many respects from their brethren to the east of the Rocky

Mountains, and even the tribes on different parts of the coast vary considerably in language, features, and manners. The Indians of California are, according to La Perouse, almost as dark coloured as negroes; but the natives of Queen Charlotte Island are nearly as light coloured as Europeans, while the intermediate Nootkan and Columbian tribes possesses characters which distinguish them from either. The Indians of the Columbia river—those of De Fucas Straits and Nootka—appear to belong to one race connected by affinities of language, physical resemblances, and similarity of customs. They are all ichthyophagous, subsisting almost entirely on fish, while the chase forms but a secondary means of support. They are a sleek and pampered race of small stature, of an olive complexion, and by no means handsome. The circumstance which distinguishes them from all the other north-west tribes, is the barbarous custom of flattening the heads of their children. Immediately after birth the infant is placed in a cradle so constructed that a constant but moderate pressure is applied to its head; and this process is continued for upwards of a year till the natural form of the head is irretrievably lost. By this means the natural measurements are inverted, and the long diameter is not from behind to before, but laterally from ear to ear. This custom of flattening the head appears to have been widely diffused throughout America, and was practised by many tribes in widely remote situations, as by the natives of Carolina, by the Caribs of St. Vincent, and by the natives of Pern, where the practice was prohibited by the Synod of Lima, shortly after the conquest of that country. It is also deserving of notice, that the ancient Mexicans, although they did not flatten their own heads, represented their deities with compressed foreheads. Perhaps it is on account of this strange custom which at all events must change, to some extent, the relative position of the different parts of the brain, that apoplexy is very frequent among the Indians of the Columbia river.

The Columbian tribes are also remarkable for the prevalence of slavery among them; but the lot of the Indian slave is much happier than that of the negro of a sugar colony. It is a melancholy fact that the evils of slavery increase in proportion to the intellect-

tual superiority of the masters. In Carolina the slave is prohibited from thinking and excluded from hope; his existence is almost as purely physical as that of our domestic animals. In the Spanish colonies, where the distinctions are less extreme, the lot of the slave admits of many alleviations; and at Nootka, the slave is almost on an equality with his master. He sleeps under the same roof, partakes of the same food, and is protected by the same clothing. He is often rewarded with freedom, and his descendants may become chiefs of the tribe. It is true, the master possesses the power of life and death—a power under some form or other inherent in the property of slaves; but it is scarcely ever exercised by the Indian masters. Mankind are ready to invent fictitious distinctions, or to avail themselves of such as nature affords. In the European colonies difference of complexion separates the dominant from the subject race. Such a distinction is impossible among the Indians, where master and servant are of like complexion. The same end is attained by a ludicrous but most effectual expedient. Among the Columbian tribes no slave dares to flatten the head of his child. This is the exclusive privilege of the free, and thus the distinction of flat head, as effectually marks the relations of master and slave, as that of European and negro. There is one advantage attending this Indian slavery; it probably mitigates the ferocity of war, by raising selfishness as a counterpoise to that excess of vindictive feeling which is common to all the Indian tribes.

The Indians are extremely credulous as well as vindictive; and these two states of mind are often strangely combined. They believe that every disease is occasioned by some malevolent agent; and in every tribe there is a number of medicine men who can expel the evil spirit from the patient, or can afflict their enemies with mortal disease. These impostors lead a very hazardous life; for their countrymen have an unbounded faith in their powers for good or evil, and they are consulted on every emergency. Their mode of cure is abundantly simple.—The doctor collects the neighbours, whose office it is to sing, beat the roof with sticks, and in short make as much noise as possible to frighten away the demon. The doctor then places his hands on the chest of his unfortunate

patient, and endeavours to squeeze the evil spirit out of his lurking place. If the patient recovers, the impostor is richly rewarded, but he is held responsible for the event; and if the disease terminates fatally, and the friends of the patient be powerful, the doctor will be assassinated at the earliest opportunity. This mode of punishing their medical men is a very frequent cause of war among the Columbian tribes. On one occasion, two young and favourite chiefs of the Cheenook clan, both labouring under pulmonary consumption, were committed to the charge of two famous medical chiefs; and under their treatment the patients died. The two doctors, who belonged to another clan, were murdered, and this gave rise to a war of twelve months' duration. We shall give another instance of the danger of practising on Indian credulity. One of the doctors actually succeeded in persuading the Indians that he was ball proof; and one of his friends resolved to make the experiment; the boaster was shot, but it was for some time before the matter-of-fact Indian could be persuaded that he had killed his friend.

To the north of Nootka the Indians belong to a different race, and speak a different language. The natives of Queen Charlotte Island belong to this race; are a strong-built and good-looking people, of a light complexion, and possessed of great courage and ingenuity. They are far superior to the Columbian tribes in courage as well as in the neatness of their ornaments, but inferior to them in cleanliness. They do not compress the heads of their children; but in its stead they have devised a still more revolting deformity. The women—for it is to them the practice is confined—make a long incision in the under lip, into which they insert a piece of wood about an inch and a half in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth, and thus appear as if they carried a spoon fixed to their mouth.

We shall now give some account of the overland expedition, which is still richer in incidents than the sea voyage. This expedition was to depart from St. Louis, and after ascending the Missouri, was to cross the Rocky Mountains, and join the settlers at Astoria, as their emporium at the mouth of the Columbia was designated. In this instance Mr. Astor was more fortunate in selecting a com-

mander than he was in choosing a captain for his vessel. Mr. Hunt, who conducted the travelling party, across the American continent, was admirably fitted for the task by his calm courage and mild good sense, which contrast him favourably with the peevish obstinacy, and want of prudence exhibited by the commander of the Tonquin. Mr. Hunt's party consisted of upwards of sixty men, composed of the most discordant materials, and requiring the most dexterous management. The greater number were French Canadians, kind, light-hearted and tractable,—admirable boatmen, and possessing much of the elastic spirit of their ancestors. These men are invaluable in the management of a canoe, and their easy manners enable them to accommodate themselves with far more facility to the society of Indians, than the more energetic, but inflexible Englishman; and hence they readily intermarry with the natives in whose country they may chance to reside. The voyageur, however, differs from his chivalrous ancestors in one important respect—courage is not his forte; consequently, fighting is business for which he has no relish, and his antipathy to all deadly weapons is very great. To supply the deficiencies of the Canadians, a proper quota of hunters were hired, men who had seen many a hazard in the Indian country, and whose duty it was to kill game for the support of the party, and, when requisite, to fight in its defence. Occasionally, as the expedition ascended the Missouri, it would meet with one of these heroes of the desert, on his return to St. Louis, and but little persuasion was required to induce such restless spirits to join in a journey so full of interest and excitement. The history of one of these adventurers will exhibit the dangers incidental to these fearless but unsettled men.

A hunter, of the name of Colter, was engaged, with a companion, in trapping beaver, in territories of the Black-Foot Indians. We shall give the adventure in Mr. Irving's words:

"They were on a branch of the Missouri called Jefferson's Fork, and had set their traps at night, about six miles up a small river, which emptied itself into the Fork. Early in the morning they descended the river in a canoe, to examine their traps. As they were softly paddling along they heard the trampling of many feet upon the banks. Colter im-

mediately gave the alarm of 'Indians!' and was for instant retreat. Potts scoffed at him for being frightened for the trampling of a herd of buffaloes. Colter checked his uneasiness and paddled forward. They had not gone much further when frightful whoops and yells burst forth from each side of the river, and several hundred Indians appeared on either bank. Signs were made for the unfortunate trappers to come on shore. They were obliged to comply. Before they could get out of the canoe, a savage seized the rifle belonging to Potts. Colter sprung on shore, wrested the weapon from the hands of the Indian, and restored it to his companion, who was still in the canoe, and immediately pushed into the stream. There was the sharp twang of a bow, and Potts cried out he was wounded. Colter urged him to come on shore and submit, as the only chance for his life; but the other knew there was no prospect of mercy, and determined to die game; levelling his rifle, he shot one of the savages dead on the spot;—the next moment he fell himself, pierced with innumerable arrows.

"The vengeance of the savages now turned upon Colter. He was stripped naked, and having some knowledge of the Black-Foot language, overheard a consultation as to the mode of despatching him, so as to derive the greatest amusement from his death. Some were for setting him up as a mark, and having a trial of skill at his expense. The chief, however, was for nobler sport. He seized Colter by the shoulder, and demanded if he could run fast. He knew it was to run for his life, to afford a sort of human hunt to his pursuers. He was led by the chief to the prairie, about four hundred yards from the main body of the savages, and then turned loose, to save himself if he could. A tremendous yell let him know that the whole pack of blood-hounds were off in full cry. He had six miles to run before he could reach the Missouri, and the plain abounded in prickly pears, which wounded his naked feet. He, however, left the main body of his pursuers behind; but, a swift-footed warrior, armed with a spear, was not more than a hundred yards behind him.

"He arrived within a mile of the river. The sound of footsteps gathered upon him, and his pursuer was within twenty yards, preparing to launch his spear. Stopping short, he turned round, and spread out his arms. The savage, confounded by this sudden action, attempted to stop short, and level his spear, but fell in the act. Colter picked up the spear, and pinned the savage to the earth, and

continued his flight. The Indians, as they arrived at their slaughtered companion, stopped to howl over him. Colter plunged into the stream, and gained a neighbouring island, at the upper part of which a great accumulation of drift-wood had formed a natural raft; under this he dived, and swam until he gained a breathing-place between two trunks of trees. He had scarcely drawn breath when he heard his pursuers on the river-bank, whooping and yelling like so many fiends. They came to the raft. The heart of Colter died within him as he saw them through the chinks, seeking for him in all directions. But at last they gave up the search, and the trapper effected his escape."

Such are the adventures to which the beaver trapper is exposed in these

savage regions, through which Mr. Hunt's party was to pass. The virtues and happiness of a savage life, which have been described with so much sentimentalism, exist only in the imaginations of such men as Rousseau. The Indian tribes of the Missouri are in continual war, burnings of villages, massacres, acts of treachery, and remorseless cruelty,—such is the varied uniformity of savage life. The population is diminishing every year; the vices of civilization have been amalgamated with those of barbarism; and the old landmarks of custom, which tended to moderate, in some degree, the vices of the Indian, have been broken down by his commerce with the white man. How correct is the poet's picture of savage life!

"Nec commune bonum poterunt, spectare neque ullis
Moribus inter se scient nec legibus, uti
Quod quoque obtulerat præda fortuna ferebat,
Sponte sua sibi quisque valere et vivere doctus."

The history of the Omaha chief, Blackbird, affords a frightful instance of the increased powers for evil which savage man may obtain from civilized but wicked associates. Blackbird was fully aware of the importance which he acquired by his intercourse with the fur traders. When a trader visited his village, it was his custom to cause all the trading goods to be brought to his lodge, and to select from them whatever he pleased. In return for these exactions he allowed the trader to purchase all the peltries of the tribe at his own price. No one was allowed to dispute the prices fixed by the white trader upon his articles, who took care to indemnify himself, five times, for the goods set apart by the chief. This arrangement was equally profitable to the white man and the Indian chief, but excited great discontent among the people of his tribe. Upon this, says Mr. Irving, a crafty and unprincipled trader revealed a secret to the Blackbird, by which he might acquire unbounded sway over his ignorant and superstitious subjects. He instructed him in the poisonous qualities of arsenic, and furnished him with an ample supply of that baneful drug. From this time Blackbird seemed endowed with supernatural powers,—to possess the gift of prophecy, and to hold the disposal of life and death within his hands. Wo to any one who questioned his authority, or dared to dispute his commands! Blackbird

prophesied his death within a certain time, and he had the secret means of verifying his prophecy. It is interesting to contemplate the results of such a fatal power, as influencing the temper of their possessor. His vindictive passions gained strength in proportion to his means of satisfying them; his passions became too powerful to be controlled, and he became subject to fits of furious rage. It is a melancholy comfort to reflect that, uncontrolled power for evil is necessarily attended by a proportionate increase in the misery of its possessor, who, by his blind ebullitions of passion, inflicts ample retaliation on himself, and accumulates a long arrear of remorse. In one of his fits of passion, says Mr. Irving, his beautiful wife had the misfortune to offend him, when suddenly drawing his knife, he laid her dead with a single blow.

It was summer when Mr. Hunt's party ascended the Missouri, and the vast prairies which extended on either side of that magnificent stream, abounded in herds of buffaloes, which afforded ample sport to the hunters, and a plentiful supply of food to the party. The scene is vividly portrayed by Mr. Irving:—

"Sometimes these unwieldy animals were seen moving in long procession across the silent landscape; at other times they were scattered about singly, or in groups, over the broad, enamelled prairies, and green declivities; some

cropping the rich pasturage, others reclining amidst the flowery herbage. At one place the shores seemed absolutely lined with buffaloes ; many were making their way across the stream, snorting, and blowing, and floundering. Numbers, in spite of every effort, were borne by the rapid current within shot of the boats, and several were killed. At another place a number were descried on the beach of a small island, under the shade of trees, or standing in the water, like cattle, to avoid the flies and the heat of the day.

" Besides the buffaloes, they saw abundance of deer, and frequent gangs of stately elks, together with light troops of sprightly antelopes,—the fleetest and most sprightly animals of the prairies."

This description of Mr. Irving's is free from all exaggeration, and every traveller speaks in terms of admiration at the abundance of these fine animals whose countless herds afford the chief support of the Indians from Hudson's Bay to Mexico.

" It is no exaggeration," says an American traveller, " to assert that in one place on the banks of the Platte, at least ten thousand bison burst on our sight in an instant. In the morning, we again sought the living picture, but upon all the plain, which, last evening was so teeming with noble animals, not one remained."

These animals are migratory—advancing during summer to the most northern parts of America, and retiring as the cold season approaches, to the confines of Mexico. It is remarkable, that, with very few exceptions, all the useful domestic animals have been introduced into America by Europeans. At its discovery, the only domestic animals were the llama and vicuña, and the dog, the inseparable companion of man. None of the aboriginal inhabitants of North America ever attempted to avail themselves of the buffalo as a beast of burden, and what is still more remarkable, none of the hunting tribes ever passed to the pastoral state by bringing the wild cattle under their dominion. In short, so far are we from finding any tendencies to civilization and a settled life among the Indians of North America, that melancholy as the fact may be, every thing leads to an opposite conclusion. We find throughout the continent ancient monuments of former races superior in civilization to the present tribes, and long before the arrival of Euro-

peans, the Indian race had retrograded into barbarism, and had lost every memorial of their ancestors.

On arriving at the Aricara village, the Missouri ceases to be navigable, and Mr. Hunt and his party were obliged to pursue their journey to the Rocky Mountains on horseback. They passed through the country of the Crow Indians, a tribe of the most dexterous horsestealers which America can produce. These marauders, issuing from their hiding places in the declivities of the mountains, pillage the tribes of the plains, and carry off great numbers of horses, plunder the lonely beaver trapper, or attack the weak parties of traders.

The party, however, passed in safety through this dishonest tribe, and proceeded on their journey across the mountains. This lofty range is viewed with feelings of superstitious awe by the Indians, who believe that its lofty and inaccessible summits are the abodes of their deceased warriors.

" They call it," says Mr. Irving, " the crest of the world, and think that Wacoudah, the Master of life, as they designate the Supreme Being, has his residence among these aerial heights. Some of them place the happy hunting grounds, their ideal paradise, among the recesses of these mountains, but say that they are invisible to living men; here also is the land of souls, in which are the towns of the generous and free spirits, where those who have pleased the Master of life while living, enjoy after death, all manner of delights."

In what is remote or unknown, there is always room for the imagination, and the inaccessible and snow-crowned mountains have, in all ages and countries, been peopled by the creations of fancy. The heights of the Himalayah Mountains are the favourite abodes of the Hindoo deities, and every one remembers the aerial inhabitants of Olympus. The belief in a hereafter so accordant with all the aspirations of savage or civilized man, is but obscurely revealed to unaided reason, and this uncertainty becomes associated in the mind with all that is indefinite and inaccessible in the grander scenery of nature.

The remainder of the journey of Mr. Hunt's party was one of hardships and misfortunes. They traversed the country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific during the winter, while provisions were scarce, and the game

difficult to procure. In consequence of this scarcity, they were obliged to separate into smaller bands, and to subsist on horse-flesh and dogs ; and even these were not always to be procured. After numerous hardships and adventures, the wanderers successively arrived at Astoria, their head-quarters, on the Columbia River.

The ultimate fortunes of Mr. Astor's project are soon told. While his traders were employed in establishing their commerce to the west of the mountains, war broke out between England and the United States, and the establishment on the Columbia presented a fair and tempting prize to the English North West Company.—Accordingly, they fitted out an armed vessel to take possession of Astoria, and the government despatched a sloop of war to aid them. In the meantime a band of North Westers were despatched, who, by a skilful manœuvre, purchased at a small price, the whole of Mr. Astor's property. The officers of the sloop of war, who had been elated with splendid hopes of prize money, were bitterly disappointed, when, on their arrival, they found that this El Dorado of the Columbia had passed into the hands of the North West Company.

We shall, before taking leave of this interesting work, add a few observations on the characters of the Indian tribes, which are scattered over the vast prairies of North America, and contrast their habits and dispositions with those of their brethren of the western shores. Although the Indian character possesses many features which are common to all the tribes from Canada to Chili, still many interesting modifications are introduced by variety of climate, and mode of obtaining subsistence. The Indian mind is characterised by its inflexibility, and an extreme repugnance to all continuous labour or tranquil life. The causes of this are sufficiently obvious. It has been the custom to trace the progress of civilization from the rude hunter to the nomadic shepherd, and from thence to the settled life of agriculture, and ultimately to aggregations of men into cities occupied with manufactures and commerce. It is difficult, however, to quote a single instance in which a tribe of hunters have passed voluntarily to the state of shepherds or farmers. So far is this from being the case, that let even a civilized European become habituated to the wandering

life of a fur trader or trapper, and thenceforth he is lost to sedentary life. The pleasures of the chase—the excitement of continual dangers—the alternations of perfect inaction and violent exertion, when strengthened by habit, render all continuous exertion insupportable. The Indian, on his hunting expeditions, will encounter an amount of fatigue and exertion and hunger which is perfectly incredible ; but, his time at home is spent in eating and sleeping.

But this mode of life produces many effects on the Indian character. Accustomed to privation and patience in the chase, he acquires every artifice necessary for accomplishing his purpose ; he is silent not to alarm his prey, he conceals every expression of his feelings, and his countenance seldom indicates either joy or sorrow. His tranquil hours also require excitement analogous to that of the chase, and hence the practice of gaming is a passion ; and he often stakes his property, and even his wife, on the chance of a game. His wars are, in fact, of the nature of a nobler kind of hunting ; he pursues his foe as he does the bear or the wolf.—Open warfare is unknown among Indians, and their revenge is unrelenting. Any one who has seen a sportsman intent upon his game may have some idea of the habitual cast of the Indian countenance. This state of mind is also cherished by the scenery around him. He sojourns in boundless and sombre forests—the lakes are inland seas, the mountains of inaccessible height, and the rivers of vast magnitude. Everything seems to impress on him the vastness of nature and the feeble powers of man to contend with it ; and this contributes to the stoicism of his character, which acquires much of the permanence of the mighty scenery around him.

The Indian of the Pacific coasts of America is placed under very different circumstances, and exhibits corresponding contrasts of character. He is not a hunter, but lives upon the fish which frequent his rivers and bays in countless swarms. Hence, he is more sedentary in his habits, and consequently more ready to adopt civilized usages. The natives of Queen Charlotte Island have learned to cultivate the potato, although all their intercourse with Europeans was confined to the occasional visits of trading vessels. As these tribes of the west subsist upon fish, they must also display a degree of

mechanical skill which is not required by the hunting tribes. The Columbian Indian must construct canoes—manufacture fishing lines—and have accommodations for drying his fish. Nature is on a less magnificent scale, and presents every variety of hill and dale; the coast is indented by numerous inlets, and the climate variable. From these circumstances the north-western Indian differs remarkably from the hunting tribes. His form is less nervous and athletic, but is more corpulent.—His countenance is more open to varied expression, and he has less difficulty in adopting new usages. Their wars are less bloody than among the hunting races, and instead of indiscriminate massacres, the milder alternative of slavery is adopted, and as their contests are not for their hunting grounds, consequently they

are not contending for their existence.

It was our intention to have followed out these observations by a more extensive analysis of the Indian character, but must defer our remarks till some future opportunity, when an outline of the filiations of the American tribes, and the affinities of their languages may afford much curious and interesting matter.

Our opinion of Mr. Irving's work may be easily inferred from the tenor of our observations. It is written in a style worthy of Mr. Irving's reputation; the facts are narrated with the utmost fidelity; and in truth, the general accuracy of the work is surprizing, as the author never visited the remote regions of the west. The book has all the interest of a work of fiction, combined with the accuracy of a historical narrative.

SISMONDI ON THE CONSTITUTIONS OF FREE NATIONS.*

THE kindness of a friend of M. de Sismondi has placed in our hands the very able volume whose title stands at the head of this article, and which is intended to form the first of a series of speculations on the social sciences. We are not unthankful for an intervention which has procured for ourselves a momentary relaxation from the pettiness of private politics; and which enables us for a while to contemplate the lofty and beautiful Theory of Government apart from the distressing characteristics which, in all our experience of its practical operation, the interests and passions of men have mingled with its details. Too often our duty compels us to be engaged with this most ungracious department of the subject; too often are we obliged to pass from the character of measures to the incapacity of men, whose folly would make the best measures ineffective, and give additional virulence to the worst. It is a real relief to turn from this unjoyous prospect, which reveals all the least attractive qualities of human nature, to those wider and more theoretical views in which we may soothe the Hope and Imagination by dwelling on its possible advancement to political greatness; nay,

to regard the very vices and errors of public leaders as forming, scarcely less than their few and scanty virtues, a part of the prolonged discipline by which the civilized world may be *educating itself* into future legislative perfection.

Of these advances, M. de Sismondi expresses himself in a strain of lofty confidence. The despotisms that have crushed the mind, the revolutions that have infuriated it, the follies that have retarded it, the bigotry that has trammelled it, are all pregnant with hope to this prophet of happiness to come. The glory of nations has been again and again wrecked upon these rocks; it is for political Wisdom to light the fragments into a flame that may be the warning beacon of all future ages. Thus the whole world of intellect may give itself the experience of an individual mind, and profiting by the errors of its past historic life, make them its directors to prospective greatness. That this is a difficult task—this application of old lessons to new circumstances—we have ever been but too well satisfied: and the very ability of the work before us has, perhaps, tended to increase the conviction. With all its eloquence and

* "Études sur les Constitutions des Peuples Libres." Par J. C. L. Sismondi de Sismondi, A Paris, 1836.

all its truth, how few distinct and determinate rules has the genius of its author been able to offer for the actual practice of nations! How true are its generalities, but how restricted in application and uncertain in event its particular instructions! With what energy and effect are the great ends of legislation designated, with what comparative hesitancy and vagueness the means to attain them! That he knows and acknowledges a defect which belongs in truth not to *himself* but to the invincible difficulties of his *subject*, is as much an indication of the general moderation and wisdom of the writer, as the really admirable attempts which he has made to overcome it are of his philosophical sagacity and depth. And, after all, in rightly estimating such works as these it is not the "special rules" (in logical phrase) of policy, applicable to particular cases, that we are to demand—the schemes and secrets of political practice; but the "general rules" and objects of social union—not Laws, but the Spirit of Laws.

Considered then as a sketch of the proper aims of legislation, and the general principles which should govern every attempt to realize them, this volume is valuable beyond almost any similar work which it has been our fortune to see for many years. These are no untested theories; the weakly children of enthusiasm and inexperience; they are the sound and vigorous offspring of more than forty years study of the history of associated man. A profound research of past ages, a watchful experience of the present, have given to M. de Sismondi qualifications for political speculation unequalled, it is probable, in Europe. The storyist of the Italian Republics and of France, can scarcely fail to have learned that great art of historical generalization, which, in the similarities of recurring events, detects the great principles that everlastingly pervade society—substantially identical, though reappearing under a thousand different manifestations: and the keen observer of the events of the last half-century has had the advantage of witnessing a series of human affairs more rich with instruction, more pregnant with valuable experience, than any equal portion of the modern history of the world. The work which M. de Sismondi now presents to the statisticians of Europe was undertaken, as we have stated, forty years since. It was then intended to be carried to a great ex-

tent; "to comprise an exposition and criticism of each of the free constitutions of which we preserve monuments." The first two volumes were presented to the Institute, but never printed. The result of the more elaborate researches in history which the author has since prosecuted, and of the enlarged experience which he has derived from the eventful changes of Europe, has been to throw the light of a stronger evidence upon his original views, while altering considerably his manner of delivering and enforcing them.

The spirit of this book, as of all M. de Sismondi's writings, is strongly tinged with the republicanism proper to a patriotic citizen of Geneva; but it is the republicanism of a philosopher as well as of a Swiss. Such a man knows well that all modes of government are but means to a high and noble end; and that where that end is fully attained, the means become absolutely indifferent. A political speculator who addresses the reason of mankind and not the prepossessions of a party, will not, it is true, admit with the poet that "whate'er is best administered is best:" he knows that this is but the licensed exaggeration which the necessary universality of poetry requires for its metrical epigrams; that there are forms of government whose evils no perfection of mere administration could remove; and forms of government which, while human nature remains the same, we can never hope to see *well* administered. But while such a thinker advocates the adoption of particular schemes of polity, and sees in them incommunicable advantages, he only advocates their adoption *on the supposition* that the public mind either is sufficiently familiarized to these systems to embrace them with cordiality, or presents a *tabula rasa* upon which all systems may come into equal competition. We cannot forcibly and suddenly induct new codes, unless we can with equal suddenness abolish old recollections. We may despise men's prejudices, but we must legislate for them. And, therefore, while M. de Sismondi speaks and writes as a genuine son of Switzerland, and to *new* states unaffected by the remembrances of ancestry and unbound by the fetters of custom, recommends some modification of the form which national predilections have consecrated to his own reason, he is fully alive to the merits of others, can admire the energetic unity

of the royal as well as the ardent public spirit of the republican executive, and recognizes innumerable cases in which apparent and theoretical amelioration is to be purchased by such a disruption of ancient ties and such a violation of hallowed customs as would weaken or destroy those principles to which *all* government is indebted for its existence or its continuance.

Love and Fear, says M. de Sismondi, are the two great social motives of man, the means by which all states of association are maintained in existence; and these terms, understood in their most general sense, may serve to designate the first great classification of human governments. The former principle, under whatever form it manifest itself—whether this attachment of the citizen to his country's institutions, be a sentiment of enlightened self-interest, or a sentiment of gratitude towards a protecting constitution, or a sentiment of justifiable pride in influencing its laws and decisions, or whatever other modification of patriotic feeling constitute his affectionate regard for his native land—is the source and support of *liberal* constitutions. The principle of Fear, on the contrary, is that which consolidates all those unhappy combinations of men in which the object of combination is the happiness not of all but of a few— which would instantly dissolve if their members were free—and which under the name of unmixed *despotic* or servile governments have long been the curse and disgrace of human reason. These miserable combinations are wholly rejected by political science; she regards them but as anomalies and abortions; and the only modes of association whose perfectionment she recognizes as the object of her doctrines, are those which, founded on the better principles of human nature, serve in their turn to exalt the principles on which they rest.

That the progress of reason, and the study of the aims and means of government, is *really* tending to the advancement of this great cause of genuine liberty, we would, with M. de Sismondi, gladly believe, even in spite of the disheartening aspect presented by existing European politics, and the still more discouraging exhibition which our own country offers of the prostitu-

tion of the language of freedom to the vilest purposes of temporary excitement. It may, we do believe, be affirmed, with probability, that the light of political truth is spreading, notwithstanding the efforts of its enemies to cloud or quench it, and the still more injurious folly of its friends, who would prefer to see in it not its own sober beam, but the wild unsteady glare of conflagration. In the very centre of disturbance the *common sense of politics* is slowly maturing; the contention of parties is originating a better lesson than party itself could ever teach; and though there are still many (and will perhaps be in every age many) who are willing to believe that agitation and excitement are necessary ingredients in patriotism, there are many, too, who have learned to acknowledge that every government may be fairly acquiesced in, which offers peace, security, and sufficient opportunities of intellectual and moral development. Our readers may wish for the melancholy gratification of hearing M. de Sismondi's own account of the present chaotic state of the nations which have aspired to be the modern champions of freedom in Europe. After alluding to the hard fate of the Italian Republics, over whose tomb he still hangs with the fondness of a patriot* deepened by the peculiar interest which an historian must ever find in the long subject of his labours—to the perished republics of Germany—to the "royal republic" of Poland—to the United Provinces degraded, as he seems to think, into a monarchy—and to the revolutionized cantons of Switzerland—he proceeds to comment on the state of the *constitutional monarchies* of Europe.

"Dans les monarchies constitutionnelles, le progrès est également révoqué en doute. L'Angleterre, de beaucoup la plus sage comme la plus heureuse d'entre elles, a introduit un changement essentiel dans la partie populaire de sa constitution; mais au lieu de la raffermir ainsi, elle s'est trouvée dès lors ébranlée dans toutes ses parties; des haines plus violentes s'y sont manifestées, les partis s'y sont combattus avec plus d'acharnement, toutes les institutions antiques ont été menacées, et les amis de leur pays ont pu craindre qu'il ne restât bientôt plus rien de cette constitution qui avait fait long-

* M. de Sismondi is himself descended from one of the families of the ancient Pisan republic.

temps leur gloire. En France, le peuple obtint en 1830 une victoire signalée, en faveur du progrès, contre le parti du mouvement rétrograde, et cependant, si nous écoutons toutes les voix qui parlent de la France, elles s'accordent à affirmer que le pays a dès lors reculé au lieu d'avancer; les républicains accusent de les avoir trahis une partie des chefs qui les avaient conduits à la victoire; les légitimistes prétendent qu'une autorité usurpée est toujours violente et tyrannique; et les ministériels conviennent que le pays, après avoir subi une révolution, est trop ébranlé pour supporter encore les libertés dont il aurait pu jouir en temps de calme. Les petites monarchies d'Allemagne, après avoir obtenu presque toutes des chartes constitutionnelles, s'aperçoivent avec étonnement qu'elles ne tiennent rien encore; les députés des unes sont obligés de donner leur assentiment à tout ce qu'on leur propose; ceux des autres ne sont pas écoutés, ou sont menacés par une puissance étrangère, ou sont décriés par les efforts qu'on fait pour leur donner la réputation d'incapacité et d'ignorance. Les gouvernemens, nés momentanément des révolutions d'Italie, ont été accusés par ceux qui les avaient élevés d'avoir laissé perdre leur cause par leur impéritie, leur faiblesse, ou des ménagemens hors de saison. Le Portugal, qui a tant combattu et tant souffert pour l'établissement d'une constitution libre, qui a été si puissamment assisté pour arriver à son but, et par l'argent ou les armes des étrangers, et par les conseils de leur expérience et de leur prudence, voit avec inquiétude ses institutions et son existence même compromises par les caprices d'une jeune fille. L'Espagne fait éprouver un sentiment plus amer encore. Après avoir pleuré sur son esclavage, sur l'atroce et absurde tyrannie d'un monarque ingrat et parjure, on avait salué avec des cris de joie l'appel que sa veuve et sa fille avaient fait à la nation, pour défendre les droits qu'elles lui rendaient. Cette délivrance n'a produit qu'une effroyable guerre civile; dès lors deux partis se sont combattus avec une férocité inouïe, et tous deux ont prétendu être le parti du peuple. Celui pour lequel s'armait dans le nord les campagnes et la populace des villes, est justement celui qui repousse toute innovation, toute extension des droits nationaux; celui qui s'attache avec une sorte de fureur à tous les abus, à toutes les superstitions, à toutes les livrées de l'esclavage. Le parti contraire n'inspire guère plus de confiance ou d'espérance: on l'a vu violent dans la destruction et inhabile à reconstruire, attaquer la religion à cause de la superstition; la royauté qui lui avait rendu l'existence, à cause des vices

de la cour; les franchises et les libertés des provinces, par un vain amour pour l'uniformité; la propriété et la foi publique, pour se dispenser de payer ses dettes; et surtout on l'a vu, ingrat et défiant, sacrifier rapidement la réputation de tous ses serviteurs. Il appelait bien au pouvoir ceux qui avaient le plus souffert pour lui, le plus donné de gages à la patrie; mais au bout de peu de semaines il les accusait impitoyablement de toutes les fautes qu'il les avait forcés lui-même à commettre, il les couvrait d'opprobre, et il demandait leur mise en jugement."

To this gloomy prospect the condition of America brings an accession of gloom. The (former) Spanish and Portuguese states, though enjoying constitutions nominally free, are scenes of uncivilized violence and unceasing revolution; the more important regions, those which owed their colonization to Great Britain—with all their "material prosperity," their boundless extent of territory, their abundance of employment, "their possession by hereditary right of the most laboured system of legislation, and of the administration best adapted to their wants—of all the knowledge and experience of an old people with the freshness and vigour of a new people," with all these natural and acquired advantages—are yet, as their conduct betrays, but little imbued with the genuine spirit of political equity. They not only maintain slavery, but they interdict all education to the negro race; they refuse all security of liberty or property to the free blacks, and they punish with the whole weight of the popular vengeance every manifestation of justice or common humanity towards these unhappy men. What excuse shall we devise here? These things take place by the vote of a whole nation; this national sin is perpetrated by no decree of aristocratic illiberality or monarchical despotism, it is done in the full light of publicity, and by the most unmingled democratic constitution in the world. Give us, may it not be said with plausibility, the arbitrary institutions of Prussia, of Denmark, of Austria, in preference to the tyranny of the friends of liberty in America! If these be the blessings of freedom, give us the shame and the disasters of servitude!

It is true, that all this is formidable enough to the sanguine speculator, yet ought it not, argues M. de Sismondi, to discourage him. If the hopes of the politician be disappointed at these

unfortunate results, the science of the politician may aid him in demonstrating their causes. In many cases these results are themselves exaggerated by the fervour of journalists who would sacrifice the reputation of their country to the gratification of animosity or avarice; while in arbitrary states evils far more oppressive may be at work, though buried in impenetrable secrecy by the censorship of the press. But the best encouragement is to be found in the actual progress which the dissemination of just political thinking has effected in the arbitrary governments themselves. A principle is now admitted which contains in it the germ of endless improvement; a principle established beyond the power of royal despotism or of mob despotism to shake; the great principle, that the *object* of all government is the *good of all*. Simple as this truth now appears, the discipline of centuries was required to teach it. Who hears now of the "glory of the monarch" as the sole or great end of government? yet who heard any thing else in the days of Louis XIV.? The Tory of old was often the misguided defender of preposterous theories of the sacredness of all authority, however acquired or maintained, madly arguing that power was consecrated by its very existence: the Conservative of modern times is the rational defender of tried and established institutions that have vindicated their propriety by their permanence, against the idle and mischievous spirit of change—a spirit even more irrational in many of its votaries than the passive obedience of elder times—a kind of *pessimism* which adopts but one principle in its political philosophy,—Whatever is is *not* right. Again, compare (as another instance of the improvement for which we contend) the *morality* of modern and of former courts; the decency of conduct that governs their precincts, with the wild profligacy of by-gone royalty; and where vice still reigns, the sober secrecy which now shades it from the public gaze, with the shameless exposure of its pollutions, in the days when a crown could sanctify every immorality, and the maxim seemed to be accepted in its fullest literality, that "Kings could do no wrong." Another article of which M. de Sismondî reminds us as signaling the triumphs of intellectual advancement, is the Reform of Criminal Justice, the substitution of a system of punishments not

the less effective because they are humane, for the judicial barbarities which sullied even the reign of the just and liberal Henry IV. The victories of rational politics are not least certain where they are least apparent. Prussia—M. de Sismondî scarcely does justice to that happy country—and Austria, both of which to the cursory observer seem so resolutely stationary, and all whose novelties appear to be those of speculation, not of action—the novelties of the lecture-room and the closet, not those of the cabinet or popular assembly—have, nevertheless, felt the universal impulsion, and their course resembles those vast astronomical cycles, where the interval of a few years can discover little or no progression in the mass, but where the comparison of a large period detects palpable and perceptible advancement. In fact, it is now evident—nor has it ever been the maxim of this journal to deny it—that elements before unthought of have entered into political calculation; that doctrines have produced events, and events have still more powerfully produced doctrines; that the thinking faculty has forced its way into the conduct of governments, boldly summoning men to be swayed not by habits but by reasons:—and the heart of the patriot, and the intellect of the philosopher will now feel it their true duty *not to urge but to restrain, or to urge only to guide*. Above all, we would say that it is their wisdom to remember, as a great practical maxim, that *while human nature remains the same*, no government can ever realize the bright ideal of speculation; that it is therefore weak or wicked to exhibit this delusive phantom for any but a purely philosophical purpose; and that in the political, as in the individual constitution, *nemo caret vitis, optimus est qui minimis urgetur*. The best existing government is that, wherever it be, which makes the *greatest* provision for social happiness and moral progression. To expect that this object is *perfectly* attained, or will be perfectly attained by any scheme which human prudence can devise, is to pronounce a direct contradiction—it is to suppose in framing a government that our nature has attained to the very perfection for whose distant production it legislates, and that it is to be governed by rules, the very contemplation of whose possibility presupposes all government needless.

The cause of rational freedom appears then to be on the advance, in spite of its failures, and in spite of the follies and illusions of its advocates.

The great object of good men must now be to enlighten its course with the systematized experience of past ages, and above all, to diffuse a spirit of generosity and candour among political reasoners,—for how can men be expected to be of one mind in estimating a subject which no two of them contemplate in the same light, and where the difference is really not a difference of judgments but of *perceptions*?* A citizen's estimate of the political *summum bonum* will be the result of all the mingled influences of his education; and where the discipline of no man's mind is accurately the same with that of his neighbour's, it is surely most preposterous to expect that the resulting decisions will be the same. The truth is, that though upon all points susceptible of perfect examination, and removed from the sphere of passion, reason is ever a principle of agreement, it is not *reason* but *party* that must be called in to produce political union. And though such unions are as obstinately adhesive as any which reason ever consolidated, there is still an unfortunate distinction between the operation of the two. One of the earliest deductions of reason is the obligation of candour and toleration; but where party is the principle

of concord, in a triple proportion to its energy in combining the particles of its own mass, it acts to separate that mass from all others! Its principle of attraction is a principle of repulsion also; while its approbation is a bigoted devotion, its dissent is rancour and abhorrence.

As it is not in our power on the present occasion to pursue any regular analysis of M. de Sismondi's very able volume, we pass, however unwillingly, from his introductory dissertation, the earlier passages of which have furnished the text of the foregoing desultory observations, and proceed to give some slight general account of the plan of the work itself. We sincerely say *unwillingly*, for there are not many pages turned in our progress which do not contain either some recognised truth admirably expressed, or some striking exposition of novel views. We particularly refer to the very ingenious account of the legislator's duty of conciliating the interests of monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical power, as they are found in *fact*, with the principles of these powers as they are presented in speculation; accommodating the absolute rules of theory to the prejudices, affections, and habits of actual politics:—to the remarks on the limits of the power of society over individuals;—and to those on the true nature of mixed constitutions. We are not sure, however, that

* "Let us," says M. de S. "remember that we are all philosophers of different sects; that we all have the same end in view; that, animated by the same desire, we all seek the same truth, the same wisdom." . . . But then—"How could we be of one opinion, since our reason—a human and fallible reason—our sensibility, our imagination, represent to us in a manner so different the sovereign good of nations, the great object of social science? There are men who see nothing above quiet and security, while others value only activity, development, abundance of life. Some have regarded virtue as the great end of human association, but they do not agree on what is to be understood by the word. To one class it is *military* virtue, national eminence in arms; to another it is moderation, self-government, and purity of manners; while to another patriotism, the sacrifice of one's self to society, is the only public virtue. In the theories of national wealth, there is the same diversity in designating the object of society; whether it shall be excitement of industry, activity of labour, equal diffusion of wealth, or the luxuries of colossal individual fortunes. Another body of political philosophers, disregard the *moral* and the *material* view of social progress, the *intellectual* movement alone attracts their notice; and even on this they differ widely, some demanding a universal diffusion of education, and others neglecting the mass, and requiring the production of *eminent men* as the great glory of a community. . . . Where is the common measure for objects so different? or, how shall we persuade him who selects any one of them in preference to the rest, that he is in error? While we proclaim that *that nation is truly free where the national reason dictates the laws*, we cannot but know that this reason will not pronounce every where the same verdict. We must perceive that truth cannot be the same for natures that differ from each other, and that are all incomplete; we must perceive that *truth is one only for the One Being who sees it entire.*"

we perfectly understand the force of M. de Sismondi's objection to the theory of the equilibration of powers, as constituting the liberty of a state. He urges that in consistency with the very comparison which is insinuated in this metaphor, the consequence of such an equiponderation would be not *action* but absolute *immobility*. But we do not conceive that the announcers of this view of constitutions ever contemplated that the equilibrating forces should be perpetually engaged in mutual resistance. The equilibrium to which they refer is one not so much of active as of possible effort—the opposing forces are *not* exerted, but they are *capable of being* exerted. The machine really discharges its office by the consent of the parts, and the result is one of cooperation not of counterpoise; but there is always a reserved provision that no part may have it in its power to augment its force unduly. The smooth united action of the whole is the perfection of the political condition; the provision of reciprocal checks is its safety. The one gives peace and prosperity, the other security; and while we admit the benefits of the cooperation which insures the former, we cannot overlook the necessity of the separation which constitutes the latter blessing.

The essays of which this first volume consists are classed under three heads—the Powers which *the people* ought to preserve—the Powers which are independent of the people—and the Progress of nations towards freedom.* The deep interest of these topics will scarcely be questioned; and we gladly avow that the profit of perusing the speculations of the philosophical republican who canvasses them in this work, is to our mind augmented by the result to which, as we believe and trust, they must lead every thinking subject of the British throne; an accession of attachment to the constitution under which (the expression, we own, is somewhat old-fashioned) it has been our fortunate destiny to be born, and an equal accession of enthusiasm in the resolution to defend its form and

principles against every assailant whose contemptible folly would ridicule, or whose ambitious malignity would menace them.

Among the numerous real or affected worshippers of political freedom, forming as they do an assembly vast in reality, but where, there can be little doubt, the tumult multiplies the apparent number, it is certainly rather a startling consideration that the simple test of calling for a definition of this important term would inevitably split the unanimous host into a thousand hostile conclaves. The inscription on every banner is the same, but the interpretation in every bosom varies. For proof we appeal to their writings, the matured creations of the closet; to their speeches, the sudden and perhaps the sincerer creations of temporary excitement; to their actions, the sincerest indications of all. Philosophers instruct us that no two individuals can behold the same immediate object of vision, or hear the same immediate object of audition—the luminous form, or the harmonious sound, which we hastily conclude to be single objects of perception, are equally in their causes and themselves, substantially different to every perceiving mind; and this common object of political idolatry to which we are adverting, furnishes an instance of a similar illusive identity. To some a constitution is *free*, when every individual born on its soil possesses a right of *suffrage*—to some when he possesses a right of *electing*—to a third class when he possesses the right of *being himself elected*. With one party freedom is reconcilable with a *constituent assembly* alone—with another the *vote by ballot* sufficiently guarantees it—with another the *abolition of hereditary legislation*—with another the *abolition of hereditary monarchy*—with another the *abolition of taxes on publication*—with all, the supremacy of their own particular faction. How irrational to denominate these multitudinous parties a single party, because they agree to call their conflicting theories by a *common name*!

* The ambiguity of the word *people*, notwithstanding M. de Sismondi's care to discriminate its meanings (pp. 88, 89,) creates a continual difficulty in his writings. We would adopt the plan of simply translating this Protean term on all occasions, leaving it to explain itself, if it were not that its *plural* form, which the French have the advantage of employing, seems to be unrecognized in the present English language. It would probably be a useful innovation to introduce the latter into our political terminology.

How absurd to designate them by any but that attribute in which they all coincide, namely, *THE PASSION FOR CHANGE!* A well chosen bond of union, for it can never terminate; the party of Freedom ends when freedom is obtained—the party of Change is, from its essential nature, insatiable and eternal.

M. de Sismondi places the question of political freedom, as it regards the legislative constitution, upon a firmer basis; and the security of his structure answers to the depth of his foundation. A nation, according to him, is legislatively *free* when the total intelligence of that nation is called out upon every public question, is afforded full opportunity of giving and receiving enlightenment, and has its final decision carried into effect by the fiat of the national will. The great end of national as of individual existence is to *act aright*—the great means of acting aright is to apply the *whole resources of reason*, and the art of politics is the art of facilitating and securing this application, and thence discovering the true utterance of the enlightened national mind. All that tends to produce this effect tends to freedom; all that hinders it, however extolled for apparent liberality, ministers to real slavery. Let not this appear barren speculation. We possess here, eloquently and argumentatively established a valuable test by which all the plans of political theorists may be equitably tried; and by their accordance to which constitutional alterations are to be approved or condemned. Do they tend to enlighten the national mind? Do they tend to facilitate the expression of that enlightenment? What havoc would these simple interrogatories—transmitted to us too from the republican Alps—produce among the republicans of Birmingham and Manchester? How terrific the ordeal to the magnificent bombast of the Corn Exchange! If, for instance, at the close of one of those ferocious attacks on one of the two hereditary estates of the realm, (the other is spared yet a while on the principle of Polyphemus's mercy,) a voice were innocently to suggest the question—whether the proposed measure of revolution—consisting as it does of the virtual suppression of one great and most enlightened interest in the con-

stitution, and effected as it must be by rude disregard of the legal course of legislation—tended towards securing the full and unforced expression of the entire national mind or not,—we suspect that the ingenious audacity of the leader himself would be for a while at fault even in the unembarrassing presence of his “free and independent” slaves!

Brought to the test which we have enounced—that the object of a legislative constitution should be to collect the sum of the will, the intelligence, and the virtue of the nation, in order to place each question in the focus of these concentrated rays—the scheme of *universal suffrage* is found miserably wanting. As this is one of the favourite idols of our republican party, we will take the trouble of showing them how a Genevese republican regards the object of their worship. He considers the question, as most political questions may be considered, with reference to the claims of right and to those of expediency. He shows that an original *right* of the majority to govern the minority (which is commonly assumed in this scheme) is utterly undiscoverable—the right if it exist, altogether depending on convention.—Since then, from the origin of associations, we can derive no support for this theory, let us look at them in their actual state. The man, no longer an isolated being, but a citizen, enjoying and acknowledging the advantages of such a condition, claims no right beyond that of possessing all political privileges which the interests of the whole permit him. Any other right is a fallacy—a dream. The right of a citizen is the expediency of the state: this surrender of natural liberty to public utility is the price which the citizen pays for the advantages of citizenship.* This reasoning brings the question under the law of *expediency*; and here we apply the test. Does the exercise of universal suffrage tend to aid or to stifle the development and expression of the enlightened intelligence of the nation? Our answer is decisive, whether we derive it from speculation or from experience. Previous to all examination of facts, it must be obvious that a system of governing by the multitude of voices, “of *counting* suffrages instead of *weighing* them,” must neces-

* We may have gone in this exposition beyond M. de Sismondi's views. To us the case seemed imperfect without some such completion.

early throw the control of public affairs into the hands of those who, from habits and education are least qualified to direct them rightly: that the multitude in a pure democracy must be invariably swayed not by reason but by authority—whether it be the authority of priest, of proprietor, or of demagogue—and therefore must be but the reflectors of a light not their own; that the same expectations which would recommend such an extension of privileges ought equally to confer them on women and on children; that the science of political management is of all others that which requires the most of patient attention, and protracted consideration—qualities which it would be chimerical to expect in the mass; that the virtuous and enlightened are always a minority, and that to give to the opinions of *such* men no more than the weight which is due to the opinions of the least gifted would be to lose to the state its most valuable property, the wisdom of its members. “The nation cannot be well-governed but by its most virtuous and most enlightened citizens. It is not that they, in proportion to their virtue and intelligence, *have a right to the sovereignty*; it is that the nation, as sovereign, *has a right to all the intelligence and virtue that they possess*.” Who would think of guiding a vessel on an unknown sea by the *majority* of voices? Not indeed that the pilot has a right to guide the vessel, but that the vessel has a right to the services of the pilot. M. de Sismondi puts this effectively.—

“‘Shall we steer for China or for California?’ is the question put severally to each sailor in a vessel which we suppose to have missed its way in the South Sea.

‘Why, I do not know in what part of the globe we are,’ answers the sailor; ‘I do not know the distance of the coasts; I never even heard of such places as China or California; I confess I had rather *not* vote, for I am not in a condition to make a choice or have any preference.’ ‘No matter, you shall vote, and your vote shall have as much weight as that of the skilfullest navigator on board.’ ‘China, then, be it; the name is shorter, and I’ll remember it better!’”

Such is the annihilation of all intelligent grounds of proceeding, when men are considered as simple units, and when all the distinctions of judgment and patriotism are lost in the establishment of a false and irrational equality.

And what an accession of evidence does experience bestow on these conclusions! *The mass is ever retrograde*. Ask the philosophers of Greece, the state of the Athenian democracy, and these deep-thoughted republicans will tell you of its brutality, its blindness, its caprice, its bigotry, its fugitive virtues, and its permanent despotism. No one writer of any name has ever spoken without dissatisfaction of the government of the universal popular assembly; the wise know that prejudice is the only energy of ignorance. Count voices in Spain or Portugal, and you will replace the inquisition;* count voices in Russia, and you will preserve the dull despotism of the Czar, unmitigated by a single corrective institution. In Switzerland (it is a Swiss citizen who tells us,) the cantons which have enjoyed the magnificent equality of the universal vote—all males over eighteen years of age being qualified—are behind the rest of Switzerland, the rest of Europe, in in-

* “The masses,” says M. de Sismondi, as if he had come fresh from an Irish sacerdotal oration, and still breathed the disgust which every real patriot feels at these holy harangues, where the altar is converted into the *tribune*, and the just authority of religion prostituted to the miserable purpose of awakening or preserving every foul and half-forgotten prejudice which an ignorant peasantry can entertain against the laws that are set to govern them;—“The masses, (in Spain) stimulated and conducted by the priests, the most dangerous of all demagogues, have battled with ferocity against all progress of enlightenment—against all liberty—against all clemency.” Yet, after all, if the religious prepossessions of the peasantry in Ireland are to constitute the new “ascendancy”—and while we see and denounce this commencing tyranny God forbid that we should ever deny them their *just* rights as brethren and Christians!—why are the same religious prepossessions of the peasantry of Spain to be trampled on;—combated too by a system of wretched butchery and half-sided hostility that has made our glorious old England despicable through Europe!—If the will of the mob be an infallible guide in Irish politics, why has the same will expressed on the same subject, lost all its prerogatives beyond the Pyrenees? The advocates of the unlimited sovereignty of the people, (in the democratic sense of that phrase) would find it rather difficult to answer.

stitutions and policy. The will of the people is expressed, it is true ; but that will is constantly retrograde, and the triumphs of the unqualified right of legislation are found in the continuance of judicial torture, the eagerness for foreign mercenary service, the jealous proscription of the liberty of the press. So much for democratic "freedom in the Helvetian valleys."

Repulsed from this ground, the champions of democracy assume another. *Representative government* is now their idol ; the nation assembled through its accredited organs. We admit, with our author, the excellencies of this invention, but we admit it upon grounds very different from those which sustain and hallow it to the thorough-paced democrat. If the merits of the representative system depended upon the identity of the nation with its representatives,—inasmuch that the representatives are to do exactly what the nation would have done could it have assembled, and that the inconvenience of such an assembly is the only reason for resorting to these instruments—it is obvious that every single objection which we have adduced against the reference of public questions to the universal vote, would be equally effective against this delegated convention. "People can only delegate what they possess ; and if the masses are ignorant and retrograde, they cannot transmit to their ambassadors progressive knowledge and progressive purpose." If direct democracy be pernicious, indirect democracy can be no better. Clearly, therefore, representative government is a slavish and mischievous illusion, if it be only regarded as an expedient for securing the national sovereignty to the majority of votes in the nation. If representatives are but as *counters*, which, wholly valueless and insignificant in themselves, convey a certain conventional import which they are commissioned to bear, and from which they cannot depart,—if they are but miniature pictures of the sentiments of their district, presenting a faithful copy in *small* of the decisions of a county or a borough, as a convex mirror gives in a few inches an accurate reflexion of a landscape—and if this mere instrumental office comprise the transmission to the national assembly of all the bigotry, all the passion, and all the prejudice of a whole vicinage unimpaired and unchangeable, a fool's folly exactly counterbalancing a wise man's wisdom,—

we acquire all the evils of the former system, the surrender of power into the hands of ignorance, with only the addition of an illusion of pretended deliberation—

"We are not to speak of the right of every citizen—of every individual to be represented, but of the right of every individual to be well governed ; of his interest that society make in all cases the best choice possible If it be absurd to say that a minority is free because it obeys only the laws that the majority has enacted against it, it is not less so to say that a nation is free because it only obeys the laws that those whom it has regularly elected, have enacted against it ; it is the nature of laws, it is their conformity with public opinion, and not the deceptions of representation which ought to prove that they are truly the expression of the will of a free people."

The perpetual sovereignty of the enlightened national will is freedom ; and the system of representative government is admirable as far, and only as far, as it tends to develop that virtuous intelligence, and to secure it from oppressive interception. In this point of view it is an admirable institution ; nor, if it be rightly managed and understood, is there any conceivable mechanism by which those two great means of developing the enlightened will of the nation can be better obtained—the production of the mass of public opinions, and the refinement of these opinions into proper decisions by discussion. In the constitution of such an assembly, the representation of *interests* is of far more consequence than the representation of *districts* or *localities*. The representation of interests is the representation of opinions ; and the representation of opinions is the first great requisite for discussion. For as man is formed, his opinions are necessarily modified by his self-love ; his acquaintance with his rights is enlarged, and his determination to defend them fortified, by the all-powerful feeling that they are *his own* rights committe, to *his own* advocacy. M. de Sismondi¹ states with great force the defects of the French system of election ; and contrasts its deceptive appearance of plenary representation with the seeming inequality but really superior universality of the English scheme. His views would probably have applied with yet greater propriety antecedently to the vast changes produced by the Reform Bill. We are not inclined to dispute that the provisions of that mea-

sure for extending the privileges of election to several places not previously possessed of them, were required by a just and liberal policy ; but assuredly, the bill was itself defended by its parliamentary supporters upon grounds which displayed an utter misconception of the true peculiarities of our constitution.—Events have since shown too forcibly to need any commentary, that the much abused rotten boroughs were really a valuable provision in our representative system ; and the peril which, at this hour, menaces the House of Peers—a peril which could never have existed under the Old Sarum Constitution—sufficiently demonstrates that these representatives of the aristocratic interest were (to adopt a mechanical metaphor) the *buffers* that perpetually broke the violence of the colliding parts of the political machine. England, which, like every very limited monarchy, is *substantially* a republic (endowed with advantages which a *professed* republic could never attain or preserve,) perpetually wavers between the aristocratic and democratic *genus* of republics. Its history, since the birth of its liberty, consists of the conflict of these elements ; and its perfection is to reconcile them. The close boroughs, without being directly intended for the purpose, went far towards solving this difficulty ; whether design will ever afford any means of doing so, equal to this creation of accident, may perhaps be the subject of hope, but can scarcely be that of expectation.

The history of the French elective system is a striking instance of the short-sightedness of theorists in their calculations of political provisos.—After the Revolution, it was determined that *the whole nation should concur* in the nomination of representatives ; and *primary* assemblies were appointed to nominate the *electors* who were to select the members of the legislature. After some time, it was found that this apparently satisfactory scheme wholly failed in attaining its object. The people perceived that their indirect nominees neither knew them nor were known by them, and that their “sovereignty” over public affairs, was reduced to nothing. Of this sovereignty each individual was entitled to *six-millionths* ; he soon found that even this fraction of control was substantially lost. After the restoration, the system of direct election was adopted ; and in order to give such

value to the suffrage as would make it of some importance to its possessor, the qualification was fixed at 300 francs of taxes. This arrangement, which seemed calculated to produce general acquiescence, has, however, fared so ill, that an abatement of the qualification to 200 francs was universally demanded at the revolution of the “Three Glorious Days,” and a still greater extension of suffrage is now the object of the popular clamour in France as well as among ourselves ; an extension of which it is difficult to speak with decision ; for while some consider it calculated to produce a still more complete obstruction of the influence of the reasoning minority of the community, others consider it peremptorily demanded by the democratic distribution of property in France. The only maxim in the theory of election that seems to us to afford a rock of support amidst all these varying tides of opinion, is the principle that interests and opinions are the real subjects of representation, not numbers and places ; and that the latter really obtain a representation only in virtue of the former. Numbers will of course come into consideration under this calculation of interests ; for every man is concerned in *his own* interest and the interest of the class to which he belongs ; but numbers will not be the only subjects of representation, inasmuch as it may happen that a body not numerically equivalent to a fifth of any body in the state may possess interests of five times as great political importance as any other class whatever. We have mentioned *interests* and *opinions*. By the adequate representation of the former, all parties are secured against neglect or oppression ; by that of the latter, provision is made for the perpetual progress, political and moral, of the country ; if *both* could be secured, (and, as we before observed, the representation of interests will always be nearly equivalent to that of opinions,) the scheme of a Representative Assembly would be perfect.

M. de Sismondi explains at great length the principles which should regulate the association of the Democratic Element in the legislative, executive, and judicial powers ; a participation which, he contends, is indispensably necessary, in order to secure the mass of the population from actual oppression, from mental debasement, and even from the liability to revolutionary excitation which the absence

of all popular interest in the national institutions presents as material for the ambition of the demagogue to operate on. With regard to legislative and executive powers, he would resort to the instrumentality of the *communes* and municipalities, continually connected with the central power of the state; and for the exercise of judicial privileges, to such institutions as our invaluable trial by jury, on which he passes an encomium warm enough to satisfy the most resolute admirer of this jewel of the British Constitution. In the Essay immediately succeeding the one to which we have just been referring, M. de Sismondi proceeds to the consideration of a problem, not less abstruse than any of the former, and indeed closely connected with them all,—namely, the means by which the National Reason may be summoned to the National Sovereignty. This we have before noticed as forming the great end of legislative policy. The National Reason is to the state what the presiding principle of Wisdom and Intelligence is to the individual; and, as the latter requires to be purified and exalted by long and careful contemplation, above the conflicts of passion and interest—so must the former, to deserve its character and title, be the elaborated product of universal discussion; and thus, by the gradual, but certain supremacy of truth over error, succeed in eliminating from its pure and perfect essence every intrusive tincture of prejudice and precipitation:—

“It is only after the tempests of public opinion have been calmed, after its dissensions have been conciliated, after its flashes have been condensed into a single light, vivid, calm, and equable, that the National Reason pronounces, and that its sentence ought to be law.”*

The great introductory consideration, therefore, is the formation and development of this *public opinion*, of which the National Reason is the last and most perfect refinement. In all free states this process is effected by the *spontaneous* discussions of all who are interested in public affairs, by the earnest intercourse of private circles, the animation of public meetings,—by the journals

and pamphlets of the day,—by all that diversified machinery of political excitement, which our age and country assuredly do not require to hear more copiously described. It has the advantage, says M. de Sismondi, of at once appearing to be the work of *all* society, and, nevertheless, being only the expression of its most intelligent portion. Discussions of this kind precede and enlighten the more regular *official* debates of political questions; while, on the other hand, the theoretical representations of speculatists are tried and corrected by the more experimental spirit of the Chamber or the House,—the conjectures of a Montesquieu by the experience of a *Député du peuple*, and the philosophical calculations of a Hume by the arithmetical ones of his modern parliamentary namesake.

In arranging the representative system the great point to be attained is obviously—that the deputy may be at once thoroughly impregnated with the wants and the wishes of his constituents, and at the same time sufficiently independent of their control to bring to the assembly of the nation, not the unalterable vote of a pledged partizan, but the dignified candour of a deliberative councillor. To the entire system of PLEDGES, antecedent to election, we confess ourselves strongly opposed.† We are opposed to it, not so much on account of its direct practical results, as on account of its inconsistency with the true spirit of our constitution, and consequently, its indirect and ultimate tendency to alter the whole nature of our political system. It is true that the great questions upon which these pledges are exacted are usually so vigorously agitated outside the walls of parliament, and previously to its meeting, that little can be expected from subsequent parliamentary debate, of a nature so forcible as to alter opinions formed from this wide *extra-mural* discussion. It is true, that we are not so chimerical as to expect that any eloquence of any speaker could proselytize (for instance) Mr. O’Connell to the cause of British connexion, or reconcile Lord John Russell to the existence of the Irish church. Such conversions are beyond the ora-

* “*Etudes*,” &c. p. 133.

† Aussi est il absurde de donner des cahiers impératifs aux députés: c’est supposer que la décision précède la délibération, que les parties en savent plus que le tout; que chaque intérêt ne veut rien céder, et que toute conciliation est impossible.—*Etudes*, &c. p. 136.

tory of a Cicero,—perhaps beyond that of a Melbourne. It is not, therefore, in the expectation of such possibilities as these, that we abjure the fetters of the pledge. But it is because such a practice habituates the people to a false view of the nature of the House of Commons, by familiarizing them to regard it as a purely democratic convention, assembling *because it is not convenient for the people themselves to assemble*, and presenting the verdict of the multitude as ambassadors whose powers are limited to announcing decisions already definitively concluded. The wildest theories of republicanism never contemplated anything so monstrous as this, so adverse to national advancement, and by destroying all the real advantages of a representative assembly, so calculated to crush, under the torrent of vulgar prejudice, every development of public wisdom. A dignified position, truly, for the national deputies! Invested with “a power of attorney,” by a constituency, the blind proxies of an electoral majority, a sort of parliamentary automata, differing little from that obedient “Speaking Machine” which, as we remember, the ingenuity of an accomplished professor presented, not long since, to the curiosity of a Dublin audience;—yet, assuredly, this is the ideal contemplated by the advocates of the pledge. For our part, when we accept the office of senatorial machine, we are resolved at least to make one condition,—that we receive some hire for our vicarious labour; as certainly, if we are but to think and speak as we are bid, it would be sadly unreasonable that the LEGAL advocate should be paid for vindicating the follies of a client, and the parliamentary one be unrewarded for vindicating the absurdities of a district. In both instances there is the simple transmission of a case previously settled; and in both alike, or in neither, there ought to be a remuneration for the very troublesome, and often very inglorious, task of stating and enforcing it.

It is obvious that there are two ways of considering the English House of Commons:—as an assembly of councillors, deputed to consider for the public weal,—or as an assembly of agents, deputed to signify the will of the majority in their respective constituencies. The latter supposition is refuted by the whole spirit and nature of its proceedings; the very formula of convocation is sufficient to prove

that they are meant to be, not delegated verdicts, but deliberative discussions. From this theory of the House of Commons it will follow that, the deliberative character being essential to membership, whatever destroys that character may be said virtually to destroy the membership itself, and therefore *may be considered as diminishing the number of members comprehended in the House* by every instance in which it occurs. That is to say—the system of pledged votes terminates—not merely in contradicting the spirit of the English polity, but in directly violating its letter. It is not merely unconstitutional, it is illegal.

As this subject is one of great present interest, and one continually involved in perplexity by the shallow casuistry of our democratic statisticians, it may be well to advance a step farther in its consideration. No question is oftener proposed, than the course of conduct befitting a representative who discovers that his conscientious vote must differ from the opinions of the constituency (that is, of that majority of the constituency) which has returned him. Instant resignation, is the cry of the republican politician; the moment that the representative ceases to be the exponent of his constituent majority, his right to *represent* it ceases. If he vote in its favour he is a hypocrite; if he vote against it he is an apostate: let him cease then to vote! Utterly erroneous! reply the opposite party: the constituency has made its bargain, and must abide by it. It has undertaken the changes and chances of political life, and it must be prepared to meet them. Such conversions *can* happen but seldom; but when they do, they are necessarily irremediable, until the dissolution of parliament has restored the power of choice and of rejection.

The truth is not fully declared by either party; but it certainly is approached more nearly by the latter of the two. The *first* duty of a member, compared to which all others are subordinate,—is to *consult and vote for the public good*. If he vote at all, there ought to be no question that this consideration ought to take precedence of the wishes, expressed or implied, of any constituency,—or of the world. The arguments of a constituency may influence a decision; their wishes, never. But under the supposed case of a discrepancy, *ought he to vote at all?* To this we reply by a simple

distinction. If he be expressly and verbally pledged to resign, his course is obvious; he was indeed grossly culpable in admitting an unconstitutional obligation, but once subjected to it, he cannot escape its control without violating every principle that regulates the intercourse of men. But if he be not expressly and verbally pledged to resign; if he have only declared to the electoral body that his opinions (at the time of declaration) were of a certain caste, and have left to them to conclude for themselves as to his stability, he is not only not bound to resign, but would err in resigning. In voting according to his convictions, he has fulfilled his duty, *and his whole duty*. If any other covenant were understood, it was illegally and unconstitutionally understood. To this view there is one apparent objection. Why, it may be asked, declare opinions at all on the hustings; and why labour with such energy to demonstrate their accordance with those of the constituency, if the candidate be not substantially pledging himself to represent them in the most literal sense of representation? The answer is simple. Opinions are declared, *not* that the constituency may select an agent to transmit their irrevocable decisions, *but* that they may select a wise and competent public councillor. Now, as every elector's individual opinions must be the ultimate standard to which he refers in order to determine the wisdom of others, he will (disturbing influences apart) select the candidate who most closely expresses them; and thus the number will ultimately "represent" the wishes of the constituency, just as if the constituency (which it does not) recognized his election for the sole purpose of representing them. The declaration of opinions is not to establish his ability to "represent," but to establish his character as a legislator; and the latter will necessarily rise in the opinion of the constituency, in proportion as it approximates to the former. From this general coincidence arises, on the one hand, the vul-

gar confusion of the two; and on the other, the necessity of showing their relative priority in rank, whenever, as in the case above cited, they appear to conflict. We repeat that, according to all just views of the nature of the House of Commons, we are warranted to say—not that the candidate is bound to vote in any given way, *because a certain constituency have elected him*,—but that a certain constituency have elected him *because he was likely so to vote*. We must, however, relinquish a subject which its great approaching importance could alone have induced us to prolong to this extent.

And with this topic we must, for the present relinquish M. de Sismondi's volume. We may return to it again; for our space has not allowed us to present in these remarks anything approaching to a continuous account of its entire contents. If we should be prevented from doing so, we shall have at least offered our attestation to the variety and the wisdom of one of the few political dissertations of our times which a philosopher may peruse with approbation, and a philanthropist with pleasure. "*La politique est une science que je crois avoir achevée*," was the cool boast of the Abbé Sieyès; M. de Sismondi will scarcely echo the presumptuous vaunt of the sophist of the revolution. He has too much knowledge not to know its bounds; but he may console himself with the reflection that, if he has not attained to the imaginary omniscience of the French politician, he has proved no slight contributor to the progress of that real and attainable knowledge, which, we may hope, will at length pervade the whole of society, and, by bestowing on all classes a distinct perception of the true aims and ends of political institutions—what they can do, and what they can never hope to do,—aid in setting the public welfare beyond the interested efforts either of agitation to endanger in its boisterous tempest, or of corruption to impair in its sluggish and deceitful calm.

THE TRUE THEOLOGY OF NATURE.

Of spiritual knowledge there are two great branches, which, though seemingly remote in character, are yet by a most beautiful series of common principles and profound coincidences to be traced to the same origin, and to lead to the same conclusions. Of these, the first in order of *time*, but not of design, is that evidence of a creative intelligence, to be derived from a scientific observation of nature. The second, the revelation which God has actually made of his own design and law—thus supplying that more important and practical knowledge, not otherwise even to be remotely conjectured. This, though last in order, will, upon reflection, appear the indispensable preparation for the former. It is now, we believe, generally felt that metaphysical speculations, commencing with ill-defined assumptions, proceeding on premisses merely verbal, and ending in the most remote and incomprehensible inferences, are as little to be depended upon in theology as they have been found in all other subjects of human enquiry : and as such reasonings have hitherto failed to add to our knowledge of things which are within our compass of observation, so they are still less likely to be very profitable when applied to the nature and attributes of God. To be sensible of this the reflecting reader has only to recollect the confused chaos of religions and theologies, which have been the result of human speculation in every age and nation, until we reach the confines of probability in the page of Scripture. In laying aside the amazing subtleties of the ancient philosophy, or of the metaphysical Christian divines of the *a priori* school, the Christian student will ever approach the simpler and clearer light of that Word which has made foolish the wisdom of this world, with the feeling of one who has been "through outer and through middle darkness borne," when he first gains a prospect of the "Holy light—purest of things first-born—of the eternal, co-eternal beam."

It is not until the design and moral attributes of God are known from his word, that they can be traced with reasonable certainty in the world which he has created for purposes which do not appear distinctly trace-

able on the surface. To human eyes but a little portion is seen, of a plan which is based upon infinity and built for eternity. A depth too unfathomable for the sounding line of human reasonings, expands more broadly before us as we look with more intentness upon it, with the purpose of tracing analogies between the known and unknown realms of truth or discovering final purposes within our shallow compass and depth.

But let the purpose be known ; let the scheme of God's dealings be laid before us ; and although our reasonings must still be confined to one aspect of our Creator ; yet there immediately may be looked for, a correspondent system of indications, by which one separate part of the same general design may be found connected in principle with the other. And further, there may also be found those correspondencies of plan which two distinct works of the same author may be expected to exhibit.

Furnished with these principles of observation, the true analogies of Natural Theology commence with the sacred philosophy of the Christian mind, which alone converses with a divine being, not purely imaginary ; neither the phantasm which poetry conjures up from human conceptions, nor the verbal abstraction of *idealless* metaphysics, but the creator of all worlds, who, having made man responsible, has given him laws of action—and having made him for a purpose, which implied some knowledge of his maker, has imparted that knowledge on authority of the most unequivocal and unquestionable kind. Such is the first step, and not as it is sometimes fancied, the conclusion to be looked for in the study of natural theology.

This key to the true comprehension of the natural world being obtained, the actual methods of the creative mind, in one clear instance being placed in our possession, a deep and varied region of analogies starts to the thoughtful from every scene of animate and inanimate nature. That there may be discovered many features of such an analogy between the revealed word—its moral plan, the scheme of redemption, on one hand : and the systems which are to be traced in the social

and natural world, is what might be anticipated, on the principle that they are not only designs of the same author, but that they also bear relation to the same common end; and it is only when thus viewed that the works of the visible creation afford not only (as in Bishop Butler's profound argument) strong corroborations, but as we shall presently endeavour to shew, beautiful illustrations and impressive manifestations of the power, the glory, and love of God, not *only* as the creator of heaven and earth, but as our own parent and friend who has taught us by his word.

If with this view we look upon the outline of this great system of analogies, omitting all subtle links, and all topics which might demand more attention than ordinary readers care to afford, we may enumerate the similar characters of adaptation to our wants and capacities, the similar marks of that pervading compensation by which good is developed from evil—the same permanence of principle, and capacity of conforming to varied circumstances, not to be discerned in human contrivances—the same adaptation to a transient state—the same practical simplicity and speculative difficulty—the same internal power to work on the better and purer feelings, and impress devotional sentiment. On these topics we shall avoid detail. Some of them are well illustrated, by Whewell, Buckland, and the other authors of the *Bridgewater Treatises*; and some involve lengthened disquisition, which is not our purpose.

For this reason we cannot dwell as fully as we would desire on that singular provision by which the history of redemption and the institutions of revealed religion commencing in the garden of Eden, has preserved its continuity. And still changing its external forms with the developments of the social progress through so many extreme changes and revolutions, developed from itself provisions and changes suitable to all; without losing, through all, a single feature of its identity.—This, could we follow in detail so broad and deep a view, might be paralleled in the changeful revolutions, by which the features and productions of physical nature, can be traced into adaptations to the progress of social change; the domestic bird and beast—the garden and agricultural production—the metal

and coal formations. In both branches of the comparison—wonderfully exhibiting principles of stability and provisional adaptation, and contrasting with the works of human skill, the obsolete laws and institutions—the empires surviving in a name—the unrecording monuments—the knowledge confuted by time—the dead language—the speculation abandoned and forgotten—things which contemplated with a narrow view, have ever imparted a prevailing sceptical sense to the historical inquirer. While the Christian philosopher alone, looking on the whole but as the manifestation of the one great plan, alike traceable in all its parts: the moral, social, spiritual, and physical, may apply the reflection of Cicero, in a more comprehensive sense—*Opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ confirmat*. Such is the characteristic attribute of the divine architect, however traced, whether in the world that he has made, or the word that he has spoken.

In the same manner, we might select numerous instances to shew, that while in both the natural and revealed systems, the common uses and applications are of the most practical kind, and accommodated to our most urgent wants and simplest perceptions, there are heights and depths of contrivance and design, which baffle and perplex the deepest research. In each, there is manifestly a system perfect in itself, yet as obviously forming a portion of a further system. For this purpose we might detail the *social* provisions of Christianity, which form the broad foundation of the civilized world; and in like manner the natural adaptations of our mundane system to the same great ends; while in both we are led by the course of our enquiry to the outworks of the infinite and eternal, to the mysterious, inscrutable, and boundless empire of the universal mind. So that while we are taught and led—guided, governed, and maintained, we are presented from afar with perceptions calculated to raise our wonder and admiration, and repress our presumption: whether we search with the speculative astronomer among the nebulae which fade from our eyes into the depths of the illimitable void—or scrutinize with the daring logic of the theologian, those brief and obscure intimations of the counsels and purposes of the Omniscient, which seem to ex-

hibit a remotely awful outline of another world upon the shores of a dread hereafter.

It would be still easier to enter upon an analogy for the physical portion of which so much interesting material has been recently compiled; in the examples which might be brought together to exhibit that principle of compensation which pervades the natural world. In this, as in the scheme of redemption—much of real, and much of at least apparent evil is so modified or counterbalanced, as to produce a greater sum of good, not otherwise to be obtained, by any apparent means. In the one, for instance, the notion of a responsible agent capable of virtue and of legal observance, implies freedom and the power to err. Yet from this *necessary* imperfection—the want of which would imply either a less perfect creation or a manifest contradiction in terms, arises a beautiful system of moral provisions, the result of which is a higher order of virtues—fortitude, patience, humility, self-conquest, charity, that “beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things;” the sublime heroism of adversity, and the enduring walk of faith:—virtues and graces confirmed, and approved by discipline and trial, by which imperfection is made the means of a higher perfection in the end. So when the eye of the historian and the naturalist turns on the progress of human things, as affected by the physical circumstances of the world—a combination of principles wonderfully similar, appears with the utmost clearness. The hardships arising from climate and soil—from the elemental convulsion, and various incidental disturbances of earth, sea, and sky, give rise to those precisely analogous changes which urge on the progress of the social world; and are main instruments for the development of the wonderful resources of the human intellect, which without them would have no earthly object or end. These processes, of which an ascending progress in the scale of moral and social being seems to be the beautiful result, while they necessarily involve the notion of imperfection, will thus appear equally essential to the supposition of the most perfect *conceivable* state of things,—that which includes progression and moral advancement. Without this the highest notion that

can be legitimately attained, by human reason, is a moral stagnation—a repose nearly tantamount to the idea of non-existence; and which, not being conformable to any actual constitution of mind within the possibility of human comprehension, we have no right to affirm as the condition of a perfect state.

And here—as in many other instances, which were we not pledged to a peculiar view of the subject, we might notice—of these great branches of divine study, one throws a clear light upon the difficulties of the other. If among the many beautiful provisions of divine wisdom for the development of order from disturbance, and spiritual good from moral evil, the natural philosopher can detect among the operations of nature, signs of disorder for which no compensation can be discovered to exist; and if the moralist can detect a sum of evil unbalanced by any resulting prevalence of moral good.—Here, too, the oracle of divine truth; interposes with its corresponding light, and solves the doubts of the astronomer and the geologist, by affirming the very conclusion to which they would conduct, to be also a portion of the plan. For whether the slow but sure operation of a resisting medium—or the igneous and aqueous elements of the geologist are to be the instruments; it predicts a coming day when this transitory scene—the stage of more transient things—is to pass away and leave a void in the heavens.—In like manner, moral evil, imperfectly counteracted here,—is in the revealed purpose of the great Creator, but the beginning of an eternal and the portion of an infinite system, wherein all that is difficult shall be cleared, and all imperfection done away.

A beautiful result of this profound and extensive analogy would be, the probable inferences which our knowledge of the natural world may, on an attentive consideration supply, as to the more remote, or the invisible portions of that spiritual system, of which so little is before us distinctly. For example: while within the narrow sphere of our sensations, great disorders, and irregularities, and evils hard to be accounted for,—sterile regions, inclement changes, human sufferings, and crime, and the like, surround our steps, and meet our eyes wherever we

turn them. When we take a wider view, these small disturbances are lost in the immensity of a larger sphere, wherein all is beautifully regular, bright, and enduring. The desert contracts into a speck—the tempest subsides into a whisper—human suffering into an infinitesimal antedate of the grave. Planet whirls beyond planet—sun beyond sun gives light to unseen worlds; system beyond system, stretch upward and downward, and every way into the illimitable depths of space,—like the kingdoms and states of the empire of the Universal Spirit, thronged with life, and bound together by the chain of the supreme law of eternity. If from this vast view we follow up the analogy, and, contemplating the small portion of the scheme of God, which he has found desirable to reveal to us by his word, a new and beautiful perspective into eternity opens before the Christian's mind. For, as he knows in part the awful importance of his own being,—and as, independent of this knowledge, he might conjecture the superior importance of mind to matter,—it is to be inferred that he “who made all worlds,” and who died for man, has not destined him, with all his vast capabilities of knowledge and love, to occupy a mean or obscure part in his eternal empire: that, as the starry world transcends this little scene, so shall his future existence transcend the fleeting present,—as the partial evil is lost in the universal good, so shall the sufferings of this present life be forgotten in the glorious happiness hereafter.

Incautious minds are apt to convert remote analogies into proofs, and to found the most awfully important conclusions on the assumptions of the imagination. But, to perceive these analogies is the work of trained reflection—they are the dogmatic theology of the great system. They demand the use of the reasoning faculty and the imagination, and are not correctly perceptible but to the mind educated to the perception of systematic order. As, in the right understanding of the Scripture, nothing is rightly to be explained but from an allowance for the whole; so in the perusal of the great external volume of nature, the uninstructed eye will be more likely to be struck by the partial irregularities, and by transient and local evils, than by the wonderful unity and comprehensive harmoniousness of the whole. Yet, as there is in the precepts and leading doctrines of re-

vealed religion, ample provision for its purpose—the instruction and conversion of the simple; and, as it can be shewn that, in the practical portion of both its doctrinal principle, and of its moral code, there is contained a *natural tendency* to alter and renew the corrupt heart. So it may, on a little reflection, appear that there is a similar tendency in the phenomena of the natural world to operate strongly and beneficially on every mind that is awake to such impressions.

In passing to the notice of these, we should premise, that a large portion of mankind appear insensible to either the influences of religion or those of external nature; but, on a more exact view it may be, in both cases, attributable to causes of the same class,—the mind engrossed by worldly objects, and wholly under the dominion of sordid and lowering passions. There is also, in all a capacity of being awakened to a momentary sense of nature or of divine truth.

Most people are more or less awake to the influences of natural scenery. This susceptibility is the foundation of the landscape-painter's art, and the better part of the poet's; it is the study or the taste of the intellectual and refined; and almost every one professes to be subject to it in some degree. Nor can we consistently with our philosophy, suppose that the high-souled touches of feeling and fancy which are at the bottom of all this, were designed to be waste and sterile dispositions of our nature. We cannot believe that the rapturous elevation of heart—that the kindling inspiration—the vividly colored impression of sentiment, that the tone of feeling which varies, like the many-coloured reflections of prismatic light, with every changing aspect of nature,—has no better design than to glitter on the tourist's page, or to evaporate in poetical mediocrity.

In truth, the mind that studies nature rightly, must perceive in the class of impressions of which we are now speaking, something still more closely establishing the analogy we have been dwelling upon. We have often felt something of an admonitory and preceptive power in the aspect of a striking and lonely scene, that is well worth tracing out. It is particularly to be recognized in the tendency of those who are most alive to the effects of scenery, to moralize upon the appearances of nature, to find, “tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,

sermons in stones, and good in every thing." The same spiritualizing tendency even appears in a considerable department of language; hope and fear, care and pleasure, have found a common idiom in the changes of scene and sky. But it is meanwhile to be observed that these beautiful and often affecting moral impressions which crowd thickly on the mind, as soon as it becomes touched by the spirit of nature, are not in reality to be traced to any precise propriety of comparison, or any real significance in the appearance of the phenomena around us. But a tone of feeling is awakened, which compels the fancy into a train of emotions, moral and religious in their nature. The spirit becomes, by a latent but real provision, percipient of a purer intercourse; the spiritual portion of human nature is for a moment extricated from the debasements of the world, and restored to the perceptions of its better nature.

From this it will be apparent, how admirably adapted are the influences of natural scenery to harmonize with those of the religion of the Gospel. And thus while the instructed eye of science can discover in the whole, and in the minutest part, proofs of creative wisdom and all-pervading beneficence; there is in the very music of the rill, the lowliest flower, the tinge of the sky, the decline or revolution of the year; a depth of heart appealing persuasion, which comes as the voice of God to the rightly disposed breast. It is thus the Christian mind will read, in the phenomena of nature, the types and shadows of its course through this low world into eternity. And thus to take an impressive instance, the changes of the year as they revolve before our eyes in their fleeting circle of deeply felt vicissitudes, seem to shadow out the correspondent seasons of human life—the blossomy youth, the ardent hopeful maturity, the uncertain harvest, the chill decline and decay, where poetry hangs its unavailing wreath, and philosophy drops the comparison, while the Christian—but we reserve the continuation of this comparison for a moment more, that we may interpose some remarks from which it may derive a fuller interest.

If the worldly minded person who feels his mind repelled by the imagined gloom of spiritual religion, while he is profoundly ignorant of that purer and heavenlier peace which the world cannot give, were to ask us for some

sensible illustration of the nature of that happiness which the truly Christian spirit can extract from adversity itself, we should refer him to the well-known language of the great volume of nature for impressive, though perhaps forgotten experiences. We would desire him, to recall to his mind those hills and dales, those moors, and lakes, and streams, those lawns, and plantations, and forests, the haunts of earlier years, which even among the corruptions and troubles of the world cannot be recalled without the traces which they indelibly bear of older and better feelings—of affections and joys which would be called dead; but which the world has entombed alive in the corruptions which it too soon encrusts the heart. How often have such affecting recollections wrung the worldly breast, and drawn from its weariness the sentiment so affectingly expressed by Gray:—

"I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary youth bestow,
And breathe a second spring."

We would assure him, that the freshness of heart, the singleness and simplicity of view, and the disengaged freedom, to which he would in his wisdom refer these recollected gleams of early peace, are to be recovered in the cultivation of that wisdom and those affections, which they who know are beautifully said to become "as little children." The Christian, as he becomes more and more disengaged from the fallacies and snares of the world, gains by a parity of progress a proportional sense of more pure, holy, and true affections. He not only becomes "alive unto God," but as a consequence, he acquires a sense of his presence in all his works; he reads the same mind in all; to him every object is a touch of the hand "which createth all worlds, and without him nothing was made that is made." All is but a sacred language, of which the words were pronounced by the Almighty voice ere the world was made.

In the contemplation of this glorious world, the religious spirit alone is truly awake to the effects of nature. The Christian philosopher only does not translate them into false and earthly meanings. He does not find in those works, which are thoughts of God, a sympathy with passions which he is forbidden to cherish. To him the slightest thing that bears the impress of divine power is filled with hallowed meaning; and it is impossible for him

to look abroad without being reminded of Him who has laid the foundations of the earth—and feeling that all things in heaven and earth bear testimony to the one great truth, on which his present peace and future hope are built.

How beautifully to the mind thus prepared does the voice of the present season speak. And with what exquisite felicity have Christian moralists selected its fallen leaves and faded flowers as emblems of the tomb of man. And when the merely human instinct recoils in awe or terror from the fearfully impressive aspect of that event which terminates the shadowy vista of our days ; how simply sublime is the added type which the Christian's hope supplies to complete the figure. Not more surely shall the withered flower again revive when the spring returns, than the dead, in Christ, shall rise at his second coming to judge the world.

With this view, how happily has the commemoration of the Redeemer's birth been placed in the very heart of this season of decay, illustrating as it were the passage through the valley of the shadow of death, disarming its terror and driving its gloom, and throwing an emblematic glory and moral sublimity over the ruins of the year.

There is, it will be thought, no real gloom in the aspect of winter. The social spirit brightens as the face of nature gathers increasing desolation ;

it brings round the reunions of home circles ; it teems with young associations of festive liberty ; the most spirit-stirring hours are those of the sharp clear frost, and pleasant firesides of December. But, alas, how soon are these but the recollections of things departed—the shadows of the tomb. Most deeply interwoven with the solemn feeling, that our earthly joys are leaving us. As we advance through life, Christmas comes stamped with the memory of faces, which have ceased to greet us in the social ring. And the scenes where happiness breathed are sad, because they are become lonely. Now it is here that the Christian spirit may still extract a solemn pleasure from the associations of the season, from which life has thus departed into futurity. And as the parents of his childhood, and the loved companions of his youth, throng round him with the smiles and words of early years, faith and hope throw their blessed light from heaven upon the beautiful shades of remembered love. His *very social* affections breathe in heaven where his heart unites them all with Christ. And as the day of his departure approaches, it is welcome as was once the morn that was to light him on the homebound journey to meet the kindred of his younger days. Such is the moral of nature, to the mind that reads it with the one true preparation—the volume written by the hand of God.

THE HOURS.

At early dawn, when from the eastern hill
The golden eye of morn awakes the prime ;
And dewy mists, from lowland field and rill
Breathe upward, while each bowery wild lies still ;
Methought I've heard the low-toned wheels of Time
Up the far dusk, keeping their way sublime
Still constant on ; while mortal labors stay.

And hearing, sighed ! 'tis thus the moments keep
Their fleeting course,—and bear our lives away
With even swiftness, whether toil, or sleep,
Or pleasure cheat us, with supposed delay,—
Mocked by the still-paced round of night and day.
They—like the river to its far-off shore
Through light from darkness glide ; once seen, and seen no more.

J. U. U.

SYSTEM OF NATIONAL EDUCATION.

WE take some blame to ourselves for not having earlier called the attention of our readers to this important subject; but the omission was not altogether from neglect, as we were anxious to examine the system in all its bearings, and to try it as well by its practice as its principles, before we pronounced a decisive opinion respecting its fitness or its unfitness for the purposes which it was intended to answer.

The time, however, has now come when any longer silence on our part would amount to a culpable dereliction of duty. This system has already been in operation five years. Of its funds the Roman Catholic clergy have largely availed themselves for the purpose of affording instruction to the humbler classes of their communion. A proposal has been made from the diocese of Derry, signed by clergymen of the Established Church, and under the sanction of the bishop, in which it is recommended that a proposition be submitted to the National Board, upon a compliance with which the established clergy might cooperate with them in the work of national education. The individuals who subscribed their names to this proposal, are, some of them, men of high respectability, who have, on more occasions than one, proved the sincerity of their attachment to the cause of true religion; and if there be any of them (and we do not say that there are) who deserve the character of mere political adventurers, the worth of the majority, in our estimation, so far preponderates, as amply to entitle their project to the most respectful consideration.

But before we proceed to any detailed account either of the system itself, or the proposition by which it is sought to be modified, it will be necessary to explain our views respecting the important subject to which that system refers; as, in our apprehension, it is from a neglect, or an ignorance, of the real nature of the subject, that both our legislators and our philanthropists have fallen into an error respecting the manner in which national education should be conducted.

Few things are more natural or more laudable, than that a Christian public should feel an anxious interest about the moral well-being of that destitute

portion of the community, who may be described as "the ignorant, and them that are out of the way." Nor have we ever contemplated the parochial divisions of towns, and cities, and country districts, without feeling the influence of that beautiful principle, by which human creatures, no matter what may be the diversity of their rank or circumstances, are practically taught to consider themselves as a Christian family, nestling, as it were, for protection, under the wings of their common mother, the Church, and pledged to a mutual interchange of sympathy with their common joys and sorrows, that, if one member rejoice, all the others should rejoice, and if one member suffer, all the other members should suffer with it.

As soon as ever the principle is acted upon, that knowledge is power, that moment the intellectual begins to supersede the merely physical energies of our nature; and education and refinement being the distinguishing differences between the more exalted and the humbler classes of the community, the conferring these advantages upon such as have them not, becomes, to the Christian philanthropist, a pleasing and a bounden duty. Indeed, it is also a matter in which the state, if it be wise, will take an earnest and a leading interest; as nothing but a degree of instruction beyond the reach of the multitudes, who are placed in a servile or a dependant condition, can very materially increase the chances of their becoming good citizens and good subjects. We do not say that such ought to be the only object of a Christian government, in multiplying the facilities for the instruction of a Christian people. It is our conviction that higher and deeper than merely human responsibilities attach to all those to whom are entrusted the temporal governance of their fellow-men. We have, indeed, an unalterable persuasion that man was made for a state of society, but our persuasion is just as fixed, that society has been ordained for the moral amelioration of man; and, therefore, any scheme of instruction leaving that great end of our mortal being out of view, or giving it but a subordinate importance, must, in our minds, not only fall short of what should be aimed at, but, in so doing, must frustrate the

very inferior object which is sought to be attained. But this we affirm, that a wise and prudent government, looking only to its own security and well-being, would be naturally led to the conclusion of the inspired writer, that "righteousness exalteth a nation;" and this should inspire them with a conviction, that that instruction in righteousness, which is here commended, should constitute the basis of their educational system; a conviction which, in proportion as they are sagacious in discerning even its temporal consequences, would be quite as constraining and quite as efficacious as that which would actuate the Christian who sincerely believed and felt "that sin was a reproach to any people."

Now this brings us to the principal point at issue between the partizans of the opposing systems, which are at present struggling for the mastery in this country. Can national education be advantageously prosecuted, without being based upon religion? The affirmative of the proposition is maintained by a large majority of the favourers of the new national board. They would, perhaps, *prefer* an education strictly connected with religion; but deeming that impossible, they regard it, as far as it goes, as a good "*per se*," and are disposed to say,

"*Est quodam prodire tenuis, si non datur ultra.*"

Their adversaries, on the contrary, maintain that the fear of the Lord must be the *beginning* of wisdom. They feel that any wisdom which *begins* in any other way, has its root in human depravity, and can never be expected to bear the peaceable fruits of righteousness. They are convinced that the wisdom which is from above must be "*first pure, then peaceable*;" and they are not a little confirmed in their conviction by the godly admonition of another apostle, "to add to their *faith, virtue, to virtue, knowledge.*" Indeed, not merely an attention to the word of God, but an observation of the state of society, has satisfied them, that, to attempt the civil or political amelioration, without having made a previous provision for the moral and religious well-being, of their fellow-men, would be beginning at the wrong end; that it would be like planting the tree with the root up and the branches down; and that the only certain result must be, the destruction of both root and branches. They were satisfied, in fact, that merely human instruction, unaccompanied by divine knowledge, would be "sowing the

wind," and that they could only expect by so doing, "to reap the whirlwind."

The other party were of opinion, that human knowledge would naturally lead to divine; that a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic could hardly be attained, without being accompanied by a thirst for still farther information of a different and a higher kind. and that, most assuredly, the skill which had been acquired would enable those who had acquired it more readily to read the Bible.

To this it was answered, that, in the case supposed, it was not the *power* but the *disposition* which was wanted; that it was *one* thing to bring the horse to the water; another, and a very different thing, to make him drink; that the very same means which facilitated the reading of the Bible, facilitated, also, the reading of many things which could bring with them very little profit, even if they were not, in a majority of instances, corrupting or profane; and that, human nature being what it is, what both reason and Scripture teach us it must be, until informed and actuated by the Spirit of God, the inclination of the great majority of mankind must be, to abuse rather than to derive moral benefit from their merely temporal advantages.

It will be seen, at a glance, that the parties whose conflicting views we are thus contrasting, were composed, in the main, respectively, of the worldly and the religious members of society. We do not mean, that the former would be truly designated as altogether without religion; or, that the latter could be described, as altogether without a certain admixture of worldliness; but, as far as our observation has gone, we are convinced, that, in the one, feeling and principle *predominated*, which caused them, in every project which they patronised, to give the *uppermost* place in their thoughts to the world that now is; and that, in the other, feeling and principle *predominated*, which rendered them, in all things which they put their hands unto, chiefly regardful of "the world that is to come." We would say that they were also differentiated by very opposite practical persuasions respecting the corruption of human nature. The one looked upon man as a being, fallen, indeed, from the high estate of primeval innocence, but still, by careful moral culture, enabled to stand in his own uprightness and integrity; and, therefore, requiring little more than

suitable aid for the development of natural powers, by which his inherent depravity might be corrected. They looked upon humanity as a mass of commingled good and evil, which possesses *in itself* a principle of depuration, and that, by instruction and discipline, such as it is *man's* to give, a rectification and an adjustment may take place, by which individuals may be reclaimed, and the face of society most improvingly altered. The other are thorough believers in the doctrine, that man has, indeed, "very far gone from his original righteousness;" that, left to himself, he must only go on from bad to worse, and is wholly incapable of accomplishing his own redemption from that thralldom to sin in which he is taught that the crime of one has placed him; that it requires a strength *not his own* to take him out of that bondage of corruption, which he feels to be as much his inheritance as his natural life from the first man, and that he can only hope, morally and religiously, to live and breathe again, by the preventing and assisting grace of God cooperating for his deliverance and his restoration. Our readers will, we are assured, pardon us for thus enlarging upon a distinction between the supporters and the opposers of the national schools, when they consider that it is one which must have had no small influence in determining the respective parties in their widely different persuasions. It cannot be wondered at, that, thinking as they do, the one should rest in mere human instruction, as abundantly sufficient to attain all that may be necessary "for life and for godliness;" and that the other should believe, that, until some deeper foundation has been laid, nothing effectual can be done for the promotion of that holiness which affords the only valid security for peace upon earth, and is the indispensable qualification for the happiness of heaven.

We are the more earnest in advertising to the view which has been now disclosed, because we are well convinced, not only that the one party err, not knowing either human nature or the Scriptures as they should be known, but, that the other party have not been wise or consistent in following out the better views and the sounder principles, with which it was their privilege to be acquainted.

The Kildare-place system—what is that? It is one according to which the Scriptures must, indeed, be read,

but, by a strict compliance with which, they hardly can be digested. The children are made familiar with the letter, and may catch a portion of the spirit; but any systematic religious instruction is as little to be expected from such a perusal of the word of God as is there enjoined, where verbal or written commentary is rigidly interdicted, as the majority of unlearned persons could derive of astronomical knowledge, by simply gazing at the stars.

We are very well aware of the amiable and considerate feelings which gave rise to these restrictive regulations. The object of the founders of that society was, to make it as extensively useful as possible. For this purpose, they were studious in avoiding to give any *preference* to any one particular creed, and, most especially, to avoid every thing which could alarm the jealousy of the Roman Catholic priesthood. Their aim was to embrace as large a portion as possible of their benighted fellow countrymen, within the range of their instruction; and, provided the reading of the Bible was assented to, they were not desirous of inculcating the tenets of any particular sect, under the persuasion, that thus, without force or compulsion, those who had been so long led captive by their blind guides, would be, gradually, brought out of darkness, into the marvellous light of the gospel.

Now, plausible as this view of the subject appears, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it erroneous. No sufficient provision could thus be made for instructing any portion of the people in the principles of true religion. Therefore, the education which might have been afforded, must have wanted the only foundation upon which it could be based, with any prospect of advantage. That children should be permitted to read the Scriptures while all commentary is withheld, while all catechisms are prohibited, and the lips of the teachers absolutely padlocked against any attempt at explaining the various difficulties which must suggest themselves to tender minds—this is but a very doubtful boon; and, while such a regulation was, in strictness, required to be observed, it might well be contended that the Kildare-place Society neglected a most important part of its bounden duty; as far as it was not complied with, it might be charged with a positive breach of faith. So that, religious ~~instruction~~

properly so called, must either be neglected *according* to rule, or taught *contrary* to rule—and we scarcely know which of the alternatives involved consequences the more injurious.

We were present in the gallery of the House of Commons when the late lamented Mr. North made the last speech which he ever delivered, in defence of the Kildare-place institution, and in opposition to Lord Stanley's advocacy of the system at present in operation under the Board of National Education. His defence consisted in a laudatory detail of the *liberal* regulations of his favourite society, and a glowing enumeration of specific instances, in which a desire to avoid all interference with religious peculiarities, and a respect for tender consciences was exhibited. One of these struck us very forcibly, and we will mention it for the edification of the reader :

"I was present," said the learned gentleman, "one day at the dinner of the schoolmasters, who are sent from the different parts of Ireland to learn the mode of teaching pursued in the model school, and I was struck, and, until it was explained, offended, by an omission which I thought very strange. The meal was commenced and concluded without any grace having been said. Having desired an explanation of this, I was informed that the individuals at table were of different religious denominations, and, no common grace having been agreed on, in which they might all join, the governors thought it better to dispense with any, lest some amongst the teachers should be offended!"

Such, we solemnly assure the reader, constituted part of the *defence* which was offered by this gifted and amiable gentleman for the society of which he was the most distinguished ornament ; and, we ask, can any thing more be required to prove that its liberality was carried too far, and that Christianity itself was compromised, in an over anxiety for its dissemination ? We know, and we revere the *good intentions* of the gentlemen by whose unwearied benevolence that society was sustained. Nothing ever was farther from their hearts than, by a specious latitudinarianism, to injure the cause of true religion. By insisting that the holy Scriptures should not be explained, they imagined that they would propitiate the haters of the light ; by insisting that they should be read, they thought that all the children who frequented their schools would be made

wise unto salvation. In both anticipations they were mistaken. Light enough *was* let in to arouse prejudice ; sufficient light was *not* let in to serve for adequate religious guidance ; and those upon whose minds *any* effect could be produced, must be rather confused and bewildered by it, than enlightened. The reading, writing, and arithmetic parts of the system went on very well. There were no dissenters respecting these, whose prepossessions were to be consulted. It was only upon religion that such a diversity of opinion prevailed, as rendered it expedient, in the judgment of the founders of this society, to limit their exertions to the bare reading of the unexplained sacred word—a practice which may, no doubt, in some instances, have been productive of usefulness, but which, in many, must have been almost as unprofitable as if the Bible had been contained in a dead language !

But, by far the most deplorable result of this *latitudinarian* system, was, that it led to the present scheme of national education. The object of its founders was to realize a *maximum* of extent, and a *minimum* of religious requirement ; and they so far *diluted* and *generalised* religion as to leave it little better than a name. This they did for the purpose of conciliating Roman Catholics, *and they failed*. Lord Stanley arrived here when the storm was raging, that had been stirred up by the artifices of the priests. He saw clearly the impossibility of subduing the opposition which had been aroused. He saw also that the *religious* instruction conveyed by the Kildare-place system, was the very next thing to no religious instruction at all ; and that there would be no *great* inconsistency in those who had gone so far, going a *little* farther ; and, accordingly, he devised the plan which is at present so unhappily in such extensive operation, and to which but little shew of objection could be made by those who were so easily satisfied by the very small amount of religious instruction which was provided for in the Kildare-place system. As an *argumentum ad hominem* applied to the advocates of that system, Lord Stanley's speech was perfectly unanswerable ; and, indeed, the same may be said of the defence of the National Board, which has been put forward by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. The man who pretends to keep a horse alive by giving him two or three barley corns a-day, does not

differ very widely from the man who resolves to destroy him, by starving him outright ; and the latter may, by many, be thought to have the advantage, because he does not combine the mockery of feeding, with the misery of killing the animal by a tedious process of maceration. To our minds this is no extravagant exemplification of the difference between those who give no *sufficient* supply of religious instruction, and those who give no religious instruction at all ; and, although, undoubtedly it does not justify the wisdom of Lord Stanley's plan, it silences those advocates of the Kildare-place system, who object, that it does not make religion its basis. In truth, religion was so far slighted by the one party, as greatly to palliate its neglect by the other.

This, however, must be said, that the truly honourable and conscientious individuals, by whom the Kildare-place system was devised, would never have suffered it to be perverted into an engine for the promotion of popery in Ireland. This, at least, was effectually guarded against, by their zealous superintendence, and it is very highly possible that popery may have suffered even from the degree of light which was let in upon it by the reading of the unadulterated word of God. Certain it is that the Romish priests began very early to take the alarm ; and the demagogues also saw that a handle might be made of it, to promote their political objects. Hence the outcry that was raised against it, and which never ceased until our infatuated rulers yielded to the demands of a faction, who, finding that darkness could no longer be substituted for light, contrived to procure a *sort* of light, which was better for their purposes than *any* darkness.

We must repeat, that the Kildare-place Society were the body, who, by lowering the level of Christian requirement for public instruction, furnished the excuse, which has been so readily acted upon, of abandoning it altogether. But, it must be said, that, in their schools, the Bible was, at least, a denizen. The children had an opportunity of hearing it read, in versions, which they were, in their respective denominations, taught to venerate.—The sayings and the doings of the Lord of Life were exhibited to them, as they are presented to us by the inspired penmen ; and nothing was done which could diminish their respect for that inestimable treasure of divine

truth, by insinuating, into the young mind, any doubts respecting its genuineness and authenticity. In the national schools, the Bible is a prohibited book, and the only translation of portions of the New Testament which is suffered to appear, is one which seems to have been made with little other view than that of bringing contempt on the established version ; and is so interlarded with notes, and criticisms, and references to the conflicting opinions of various learned theologians, as though it were designed in mockery of the tender capacities of those for whose use it has been prepared. We may not say, and we do not, indeed, believe, that the reverend and the right reverend members of the Established Church belonging to the Board, intended thus to exhibit the uncertain guidance which is afforded by the *written word*, for the purpose of suggesting the more assured direction which is enjoyed by those who put themselves implicitly under the governance of tradition ; but, if such had been their design, their object could not be more completely answered. Assuredly, Dr. Murray has no reason to be dissatisfied with a system which is so well calculated to subvert the ends of the *infallible* church ; and if much has been gained by effecting the exclusion of the Bible from the schools, still more has been gained by effecting the introduction of such a poor, suspicious, and unauthorised rendering of a portion of it, as must confirm all the prejudices against it which have been instilled into one class of learners, and cause it to be regarded, by the other, as but a very doubtful help in the way of life everlasting.

It is much to be lamented, that the attention of government, and of Lord Stanley in particular, was not early turned to the working of that system which had been so long in operation, under the Association for Discountenancing Vice, and which was managed chiefly, by the instrumentality of the established clergy. This was indeed, a system, which, if more extensively furnished with means of usefulness, was calculated, in our judgment, to do more for the moral, religious, and literary improvement of the people, than any other with which we are acquainted. The Kildare-place Society recommended itself by the *accommodating* character of its rules and regulations ; and had such respect for the religious scruples of *all* those who were con-

nected with it, that it forebore to teach the religious principles of *any*. "The Association" felt, that, by proceeding upon such a plan, it would be compromising the truth of God, and setting a most pernicious example of indifference respecting the mode in which he should be worshipped. Accordingly, while the Bible was read by *all* the children who frequented their schools, the catechism was taught, and suitable religious instruction was given, to all those belonging to the church of England. The schoolmasters were all appointed by the clergymen of the respective parishes, and were strictly under their superintendence and control; and while mere literary instruction, together with such moral and religious information as might be gleaned from reading the Holy Scriptures, was freely imparted to all, special care was taken, by the inculcation of our creeds and formularies, to promote, in all the members of the establishment, according to that model which the state has deemed the most approved, the knowledge and practice of our divine religion.

And now for the result. The reader may suppose that this narrow and exclusive system, as he may be pleased to call it, had the effect of banishing Roman Catholics from the Association schools, and rendering them mere seminaries for the children of the established church. No such thing. These schools continue to this day to be just as frequently resorted to by children of the one denomination, as by children of the other. We believe, (we speak from memory,) that out of from fourteen to sixteen thousand children, who are thus in process of education, *fully one half* are Roman Catholics! And, what is more, this most uncompromising society is the only one against which an outcry has not, at one time or another, been raised, upon the ground, that its schools were mere traps for converts!

The character of these schools may be learned from the report of the education commissioners, a majority of whom entered upon their enquiry, with prejudices against the Established Church, not to be easily overcome. That report was made after a diligent, and, we may add, a jealous personal examination of them, and it is as favourable, and, indeed, as flattering as their best friends could wish. The writer of this paper was in the gallery of the House of Commons when Mr. Stanley disclosed his project of the present

national system, and he had the satisfaction of seeing Mr. Frankland Lewis rise in his place, and intercede for the schools of the Association, with an earnestness which proved his conviction of their worth, although, unhappily, without being able to prevail upon the honourable mover to leave even that little city of refuge to the abandoned and persecuted Protestants of Ireland.

Now, what do these facts prove?—They prove, that, after the fairest trial, a system of compromise has, comparatively failed, and an uncompromising system has comparatively succeeded. They prove, that there is no use, but the contrary, in directing or encouraging the people to *regard the Established Church as an offence*. The religion of the state is entitled to the respect of *all*;—the civil magistrate should see that it is not treated with disrespect by *any* of the subjects of this realm. If it be corrupt, let it be reformed; if it be erroneous, let it be corrected. It claims no exemption from human imperfection or human infirmity;—it arrogates not to itself the attribute of infallibility. But, as long as it is the ESTABLISHED church, it is weakness and folly to admit the notion, that its mere existence should be regarded, by any class of our fellow-subjects, as a grievance, or that they, or any of them, are entitled to take exception against a system of national education, because, while it may be made available by all, it is conducted in a manner that renders it peculiarly favourable to the moral and religious bringing up of the children who profess the national religion.

It is our belief, that, if the principle were fully and fairly acted upon, all those difficulties would vanish, which have, more or less, clogged and obstructed every education project which has been acted upon since it was abandoned. As far as education was useful, it would be sought, and it would be found, by all those who really desired it for its own sake, and who were disposed to make a good use of the opportunities which would be afforded. This is abundantly proved by the success which attended the Association schools. But, if the government of the country show an example of indifference respecting the Established Church, it is only natural that those who dissent from it, should exhibit an aversion; and if its natural protectors are not disposed to exert

themselves in defence of its rights, it cannot be supposed that they will be regarded with reverence by its natural enemies; or that these will forego any favourable opportunity that may present itself of crippling its means, abridging its privileges, or undermining its authority.

But, it will be said, if we limit the instrumentality for diffusing instruction through the mass of the population in Ireland, to the established clergy, its extent must be circumscribed indeed; and, if we shackle it with the condition of inculcating the tenets of the established church, upon the children professing that communion, it must become so unpopular as to be almost without any beneficial operation. To the latter allegation we reply, by denying the fact; and we appeal to what has been already stated, respecting the working of the system set on foot by the Association for Discountenancing Vice, as furnishing its substantial refutation. To the former, we reply by stating, that we are far, indeed, from wishing to limit the management and superintendence of such a national system as we desire to see in operation, to the clergy of the established church; and we are not only favourably disposed to, but we earnestly covet, the cooperation of all those enlightened *lay* members who take a lively interest in the moral and religious well-being of their fellow-men; and even of such dissenters as may agree in the doctrine, while they object to the discipline of the Church of England. Of the favourable disposition of many such, we feel well assured. We have always, in our own minds, made a distinction between the *sweet* and the *bitter* dissenters—between those who dissent from the tenderness of their consciences; and those who dissent from the perversity of their natures—between those whose dissent indicates religious peculiarity, and those whose dissent indicates political discontent—between those whose dissent arises from a hatred of the established church, and those whose dissent arises from an aspiration after a perfection, to be sought, beside, or beyond it; and of this latter, (which we hope we may call by far the more numerous class,) we are persuaded that a vast majority would be found, who would cordially cooperate with the established clergy, in carrying out, into extensive operation, a system of national instruction, modelled upon the plan of that to

which we have already so favourably adverted, and which has had so much success, under so many disadvantages.

It is, indeed, much to be lamented, that, in the matter of education, *quality* has been made secondary to *quantity*, and *depth* has been less considered than *surface*. The efficiency of a given system has been judged of rather by the *extent* to which it may have reached, than by the *fruits* of which it has been productive. And hence, the hasty preference which is so frequently given, to plans, which, seemingly, embrace much, while they accomplish little, above those which, seemingly, embrace little, while they accomplish much. There is a noisy barrenness, which is too often admired; and there is a noiseless industry, which is too often disregarded.

Much of evil has, we are persuaded, resulted from an attempt to force education upon a reluctant people. It should be the object of wise men, rather to *excite the appetite* for instruction, than to anticipate, it by providing an over supply of food. When the desire of knowledge has once been awakened, and its advantages exhibited, in the present state of society the means of intellectual improvement will readily be found; and the chief business of the enlightened Christian philanthropist should be, so to regulate the instruction to be conveyed, as that the intellectual should not get an *unfair start* of the moral nature.

We cannot look around us without seeing, that the facilities are great, as compared with those which existed at any former period, for quickening and developing the mere intellect, and storing the mere understanding of the multitude; while difficulties, almost equally numberless, present themselves, which must operate, if not removed, in seriously checking, or grievously perverting the growth of those principles which would lead them to embrace and to venerate true religion. The one set of faculties are, as it were, placed in a *hot-bed*, in which they *must* be prematurely called forth; the other are placed in a chill and blighting atmosphere, in which their inherent energy must be impaired, and their best tendencies counteracted. Now, it should be the business of the enlightened Christian statesman to hold this steadily in view: and, in devising a plan for the religious and intellectual improvement of the people, to act upon the conviction, that there are influences at work, both in

the state of society, and the nature of man, which, if left to themselves, have a tendency to discipline and invigorate his *mental* powers, while they have no tendency, but *the reverse*, to aid in the cultivation of his moral nature. And it should be his object to provide, by a system of compensation, for this great natural deficiency, and to see that that knowledge, which only concerns us as creatures of time, should not be acquired at the expense of those principles or those habits, which concern us as creatures of eternity.

"As creatures of eternity!" What an absurdity! This will be the language of the political worldling, who, like Gallio, cares for none of these things. With him we do not argue, because to argue with him would be vain. We leave him to the more sure correction of experience; which must, in the long run, satisfy the most sceptical, of the worthlessness, and even of the mischief, in a merely worldly point of view, of any system of literary instruction that is not based upon religion. If we could even afford space at present to bestow a very brief consideration on the state of France, where the experiment of mere literary education has been most fully tried, we might adduce abundant evidence to show, that it has proved anything but a specific against the profligacy and the criminality of the people.

But many, who strenuously object against any divorce between religious and intellectual education, seem to think that Ireland presents an exception to the general rule, which should, in almost all other cases, be observed; and that that may be a good here, which, in England, or, in Scotland, should only be regarded as an unmitigated evil.—The justifying difference, they consider to be, the extent to which popery spreads in this country, which must oppose, as they imagine, an impassable barrier to the progress of any educational system, which has, for its basis, the everlasting gospel. Besides, they imagine, as we before intimated, that the admission of literary must make way for religious instruction; that any light must be, *pro tanto*, an encroachment upon the empire of darkness;—and that, when children are taught to read, they must, of necessity, be nearer than they were before to the only genuine sources of moral and religious illumination. Their argument is, that although they would not *prefer* the present national system to a more

scriptural one, if such were to be had; yet, that it is, manifestly, better than none at all;—the only alternative, as they contend, which remains, if it should be rejected.

Now, while we admit that this is plausible, we contend that it is nothing more. It has, indeed, been refuted, in one of the preceding pages, by anticipation. It is a great mistake to suppose that literary light must, necessarily, lead to moral habits. We would ask those gentlemen who have put forth such a strong declaration on the subject, in their recent manifesto from the diocese of Derry, whether their *universality* experience has led them to any such conclusion? That *clear convictions* on the subject of our religious duties may, and frequently do, result from high enlightenment, is very true; but the question is—are the dispositions increased, or the temptations diminished, which prevent men from acting on those clear convictions? Is there not a law in their members, which will still war against the law of their minds? And is not this pronounced emphatically, to be *the condemnation*, "that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil?"

To our minds, nothing can be more preposterous, than to assert, that the *mere ability* to read and write, must necessarily exercise a wholesome influence on the moral as well as the mental character of those who are only thus far instructed. We must reject the authoritative declarations of Holy Writ, if we do not believe, that there is much in the unconverted man, by which such a power must be perverted. It may be very reasonably presumed, that men will *do what they like*, when no formidable obstacle is opposed to their desires;—it cannot be reasonably presumed that they will *do what they ought*, when natural propensities are to be resisted. Therefore, we contend, mere elementary instruction, in reading, writing, and arithmetic, cannot be relied on as a certain means of leading to higher and more valuable attainments; and the foundation is thus, at once, withdrawn from the only hypothesis, upon which the Irish national system can be, with any colour of plausibility, supported.

But, we are told, this system does not exclude religious instruction. The clergy of the several persuasions are fully at liberty to impart religious instruction to such as desire it; and

there is even a provision made for this, in the specification of a particular time, when such religious instruction may be conveyed. There is, but that only proves, that, during the hours of instruction, it is interdicted. We know, well, that there is a time for everything; and, that, unless a certain order be observed in the communication of knowledge, but little effectual progress can be expected. But will any one, who is more than a nominal professor of Christianity, will any sincere believer tell us, that there is *any time* during which a communication of the vital truths of religion should be *absolutely forbidden*? No one can tell when or how a youth may be prompted to ask his teacher some question, the answer to which, if rightly given, *might go far to save his soul alive*.—And shall a Christian instructor be placed, by a Christian state, in circumstances, in which he would be *compelled* to silence that child, by telling him, that such matters must not then be thought of, and that he must defer his enquiry to a more convenient season—which *more convenient* season may *never* come; or, if it should, may only come to bring him under the *guidance* of one by whom his moral nature may be perverted? It is no answer to this, to say, that the supposed must be an unfrequent case. In the present state of this country, we do not believe that the case is unfrequent;—but *that* is not the question. Are we to justify a system in which such a case *may* occur; where a schoolmaster must be compelled to hulk the moral appetite of a child, and to refer him for instruction, in the most important concern about which he can be solicitous, to one who may only “darken counsel by words without knowledge?” Can *that* system be a good one which thus *requires* of any teacher to withhold the bread of life from one who may then, for the first time, begin to hunger and thirst after righteousness?—nay more, which absolutely makes it a matter of obligation upon him, instead of pointing out to the eager enquirer after religious truth, the only acceptable way of salvation, the new and the living way which Christ hath established with his blood, to turn over his interesting pupil to one, by whom, if he be fed at all, he will be fed upon the husks of perverted doctrine, and who will hew out for him cisterns which hold no water?

Let us not be misunderstood, or

misrepresented, as though we wished to convert our schoolmasters into theologians. No such thing. Their principal duty must be of a different kind. But, cases will frequently occur in which *to forbid* them to give *any* light or *any* guidance to a human being, solicitous for religious knowledge, must be to *compel* them to sin against God. And we ask the *Christian* supporters of the present Irish education scheme, is *that* a condition in which they would have any human creature placed? Or, ought a system, requiring such a sacrifice of principle, have any *Christian* supporters?

We will be told that moral and religious instruction is not withheld during the hours of school; for that a *book of extracts* has been prepared, containing almost all that is interesting or valuable in the Gospels. “A book of extracts!” That can be no substitute for the Holy Scriptures. It may be truly said, that, in the communication of religious truth, the *manner* in which it is conveyed is almost as important as the matter; and the “*excerpta*” from the divine word, by which its place is sought to be supplied, is almost as little calculated to convey an adequate idea of the beauties which adorn and render it attractive, as the perishing flowers, which are rudely plucked from their native bed, are, of the beauties of a natural garden. Those who are dependent upon such a book for instruction, may read, indeed, the sayings of our Lord, just as they may read the sayings of a Socrates or a Plato; but they can hold no living converse with him “who spake as never man spake;” and, whatever may be the weight which they are disposed to acknowledge in his words, the purifying and vitalizing influences, which belong to the transcendent and heavenly character of the man-God, must be wanting. Now this it is that constitutes the very atmosphere of Christianity;—the very air, without which we can neither live, nor move, nor have any spiritual being. When the sacred context of holy writ is torn, as it were, live asunder, an essence evaporates which deprives it of more than half its power; and the very most that can be accomplished will be, the construction of a specious morality out of the mouldering elements of defunct religion. No wonder that infidels and Socinians should rejoice in a project which must so powerfully subserve their favourite sys-

tems! But we do not wish to bring our little children to admire the statue of a dead Christ, but to listen to the converse of a living Saviour. It is thus alone, as we believe, that they can be thoroughly purified. It is thus alone that we can expect them to receive the spirit of grace and of adoption. Oh! there is a power in incarnate God-head, to disenthral, and to raise, and to regenerate the mind, which it does not enter into the imagination of the merely carnal man to conceive! There is something in the august humility, the austere benignity, the uncompromising gentleness, the lofty lowliness of the Saviour, as he is presented to us by the inspired evangelists, in his passage through the valley of the shadow of death, for which no substitute can be found in any mutilated fragments of his history; and those who imagine that any adequate provision is made for the spiritual well-being of the youthful generation, in the book of extracts which it has suited the views of the Education Board to substitute for the sacred volume, must not only be themselves, either ignorant of, or indifferent about, the power of true religion, but miserably unacquainted with the only effectual mode of bringing it home, savingly, to the hearts of Christians.

Still, we will be told, that religion is a concern with which the state has nothing to do; and that we should carefully eschew the teaching of any particular creed, in any project of national education.—“That the state has nothing to do with religion!” Have we abjured our Christianity? Is it a fable, that Christ’s divine religion constitutes part of the common law of the land? Is this an antiquated prejudice, which it becomes us to get rid of, as we value the repute of modern illumination? So thought not the great and the wise of old; the illustrious founders of our noble constitution; who were not ashamed to lay its foundations deeply and strongly in a recognition of those sacred truths which God in his goodness and his mercy has revealed, and without a knowledge of which, society itself could not subsist, for any noble or for any useful purpose. Therefore it was, that the religious well-being of the community was always connected in their minds, with every plan of temporal improvement; and that the church was, as it were, married to the state,

and ordained to be a help-meet for it, in the discharge of its various and complicated duties, in this troublous and agitated world. There was thus a grace and a glory shed upon the fabric of human society, in the light of which it might well rejoice. Man was contemplated, from his birth, by the civil governor, as a creature destined to immortality; and society stood pledged, by the very principles upon which it was constituted, to see that a due provision was made, for the instruction and the confirmation in righteousness, of every creature having an immortal soul. Accordingly, the clergy were the recognised guardians and promoters of national education; and no one conceived the possibility of teaching the rising generation their duty towards their neighbour, without laying the foundation of it in their duty towards God. Instead of resolving religion into morality, it was their object to derive morality from religion. But our modern education mongers “have changed all that.” The church is no longer to be a *help-meet* for the state. Religion is no longer to be “the one thing needful.” Men are now to be brought up without any definite religious impressions, except, indeed, that Christianity is a sort of commonage, and that it would be unjust and *unliberal*, to mark, with any peculiar preference, any one class above any other of professing Christians.

Indeed, it would be more fair and open in the advocates of the Irish education scheme, to begin by attacking the connection between church and state, than by abrogating the duties and nullifying the privileges of the established clergy. While the one subsists, the others should be recognised as subsisting also. But to *flinch* from the church its prerogatives, while the *name* of a state connection is suffered to remain, is, at once, to degrade it, and to deceive the people. It is to cheat unsuspecting Christians with the mockery of an unreal pageant, when the power and the influence which it once possessed, to rebuke spiritual wickedness in high places, has been taken away; when the high and the honourable alliance, by which it once was dignified, has been degraded to a species of concubinage; and its existence is only perceived in the scoffs and the tauntings of its enemies.

But, may we not safely recognize the principle, that religious education

belongs peculiarly to the parents of the several children who frequent our national schools; and that, provided *their* wishes, in that respect, be complied with, the state will have done its duty. This is a view of the subject which has lately been put forward by some few of the Irish clergy, as a means of reconciling the remainder of their body to the Education Board, and securing, for the benefit of Protestant children, if not a portion of the national grant, at least some participation in its advantages. Coming from the quarter it does, such a proposal is entitled to respect; and we will bestow upon it as calm and as dispassionate a consideration, as its respected propounders can require.

In the first place, does not the state discharge its whole duty, when it regulates the religious bringing up of children, according to the wishes of their respective parents? It does not. If it be bound to promote Christianity, when it suffers itself to be thus restricted, it either forgets or abandons the most important part of its Christian duty. It mistakes negligence for liberality, and indifference for toleration. But, are not parents to have a *conscience*; and, is not that conscience to be respected? It is; *but they are also to respect the conscience of the state.* A Christian legislature should, in its wisdom, devise a plan of national instruction, which in their judgment, may be best calculated to promote the knowledge and the practice of our divine religion. Many who dissent from the national creed, cannot, probably, go the whole way along with them, in the principles upon which this national system is to be constructed; and they are, accordingly, at perfect liberty to establish, for themselves, any other system, by which their own peculiar views may be best promoted. We would secure to them their indisputable privilege to think and to act for themselves; and, having done so, they can require no more; *they cannot claim it as a privilege that the state shall not take the best means in its power, for promoting the moral and religious well-being of its members.*

To admit such a claim, would be to banish national Christianity. If one sect may prefer it, every other may prefer it also; and thus, verity after verity of the Christian scheme, would, one by one, be blotted out, until religion itself was totally extinguished.

The claim of the Roman Catholic to that sort of consideration which is now contended for, is not better than the claims of the Quaker, the Independent, the Arian, or the Socinian; and, to admit such claims to the extent required, would be to make *their* intolerance the regulator of our liberality, instead of making our own liberality the regulator of our toleration. It would, in fact, carry indulgence towards others to an extent that would amount to intolerance towards ourselves. That would be liberality with a vengeance!

The respected gentlemen who have put themselves forward in this business have, in truth, mistaken the real question. There can be no doubt that every parent in this country possesses the right of bringing up his children in what he conceives to be the right way. With *that* right the state interferes not. But when he urges it beyond the most perfect liberty to profess, and to practise his own mode of religious belief, *and requires that the state shall teach no other*, he claims, we humbly think, what is not warranted by either reason or Scripture; and what cannot be conceded without a compromise of Christian truth, and an invasion of Christian liberty.

"But are not the scruples of our erring brethren to be respected?" They are, *as scruples*; but they are not to be made the *foundation of claims*, which, urged to their full extent, must lead to a severance of the connection between Church and State, and to the disuse of any public or authoritative inculcation of the national religion.

The leading idea by which our friends in Derry seem to be deluded, is, that by abandoning all peculiar care of religious, they will obtain some indefinite control over general education; and that the schools at present under the exclusive supervision of Roman Catholics, will be brought under their influence in such a way as, that, even though they should not do them much good, they may prevent them from doing the state much evil. This appears to us to be a chimerical expectation. In any such partnership as they propose to themselves, the greater must always predominate over the less; and instead of their exercising a salutary influence over the benighted majority, the benighted majority, and their spiritual rulers, would exercise a most

pernicious influence over them.* In abandoning their bounden duty of taking care of their *own*, and holding up to the community at large a model of national education, such as they deem best and wisest, for the purpose of aiming at an authority which they never will be permitted to exercise—they are catching at the shadow, while they lose the substance. We could easily conceive (if our respect for the promoters of this scheme did not forbid the supposition) such advice given to them by some Talleyrand in canonicals, who has his own ends to serve, and who, in exhorting them to cast themselves down from the pinnacle of the temple, may tell them that, in so doing, they will only more conspicuously commend themselves to the favour of God. "Get thee behind me, Satan," is the only answer which he should receive from faithful men, who are resolved to abide by the "rock of ages," and to rely upon the divine protection in the performance of their duty, however painful or difficult it may be, rather than deviate, in the least, from the strict line of duty, from a pre-

sumptuous hope that they may, in such wise, more effectually obtain the divine protection.

We are very desirous of dealing tenderly with the gentlemen from whom this suggestion has proceeded; because we are willing to believe that they were solely actuated by a desire to heal divisions, and were under the firm persuasion that, upon the whole, religion would be benefitted by their project. But we must tell them that their proposal was very ill-timed, and that there never probably was a time when it was less expedient. The Irish clergy amidst all their privations, were earning undying reputation for themselves, by the steadiness with which the anti-Christian education project continued to be resisted. In England and Scotland the people were beginning to open their eyes to the monstrous wickedness of such a project. It had lost some of its most ardent supporters. Every one began to see clearly that it must throw the whole education of the Protestants of Ireland into the hands of the priests. And the disclosures which took place upon the intimidation com-

* The following we extract from a very able essay entitled, "Thoughts on the Elements of Civil Government," which we regret exceedingly that our space does not permit us to notice at present as it deserves. Speaking of an attempt at the united education of Roman Catholics and Protestants, upon the principle adopted by the National Board, the writer observes:—

"The attempt will fail, because, although the Protestant prejudice against the plan did not exist to obstruct the success of the experiment by an absolute abandonment of it, there are causes which would necessarily and effectually render the project of *united* education of both classes abortive. First, the overpowering superiority in numbers of the Roman Catholic children in all the schools, and in whom an hatred of the name of Protestant is coeval with their first perceptions; an hatred which would not certainly be mitigated by the presence of a popish schoolmaster, and perhaps a popish priest; in this united system, *this* would almost inevitably make these schools rather arenas for personal conflicts than peaceful seats of literary or religious instruction. Next to this, another cause not less powerful would operate against their plan—it is this; that however zealous the Protestant clergy might be in attending to the religious instruction of the Protestant children, they would necessarily constitute a very small minority compared with the numbers of the Popish clergy, who in the case supposed would perpetually hover round the schools in the true spirit of theological *hatred*, and probably, if we may judge from the tone of Bishop M'Hale, and the Popish press towards the insulted clergy of the Protestant Church, would display an insolent arrogance, suggested and supported by the consciousness of a surrounding and resistless physical force, that would quickly compel the Protestant clergy to abandon this unequal contest. How various indeed, and numerous, are the topics which would hourly furnish matter for invective and exasperation of feeling between those two classes of priests, if, in every such school, they were to meet daily? what sources of virulent abuse from a rancorous press against the Protestant clergy already vilified with such perfect impunity! Surely they need not be brought to the recollection of any man whose eyes and ears are not closed against all that daily events, and the scandalous and scurrilous filth of the daily press, obtrude upon his observation. It is assuredly in the highest degree absurd, to hope that the clergy of those two opposing and conflicting sects could meet in the same places and for religious purposes, and surrounded by the respective disciples of those sects, without violations of public peace and Christian decorum, which never could be tolerated."

mittee in the House of Commons, respecting the manner in which the *spiritual* influences of that body of men had been abused, were quite sufficient to convince all, who are open to conviction, that to abandon the education of the people to their influence, would be to take the most effectual means for the severance of British connection. This salutary persuasion, we repeat it, was rapidly upon the increase. In many places the constituencies impressed upon their representatives the necessity of imposing some check upon the progress of Romish ambition. Various associations started up, and are, this moment, in active operation, having for their object the detection and exposure of the various expedients and subterfuges, and disguises, by which the grasping and dominant character of popery was manifested, even when it was attempted to be concealed. The education project, in particular, seemed likely to be subjected to a searching examination. The speech of the Bishop of Exeter during the last session, produced a great effect. Many noblemen opposed to him in politics, were convinced that a system chargeable with the grave abuses which he so powerfully detailed, was not calculated to produce any other than a most unhappy effect upon the character of the Irish people. Thus, all things were working together for good. Light was every day breaking in upon the legislature, by which, sooner or later, they must be thoroughly enlightened; and a little more of steady perseverance on the part of the Irish clergy, in their opposition to a system which could be only fruitful of demoralization and sedition, seemed all that was necessary to produce that salutary reaction in public opinion, from which upon that particular subject, the most desirable results might be expected. Is it not, therefore, to be lamented that the apple of discord should be thrown amongst the Irish clergy, just then when unanimity was most to be desired, and that a pernicious project of deceptive liberality should receive the sanction of respected names, just then when the weak, and the wavering, and the corrupt, were desirous of some excuse for retreating from a position, which they had felt themselves called upon to occupy, as churchmen and as Christians.

And here we would have concluded, had not a new document made its appearance, which exhibits, under a new and a more suspicious phase, the con-

duct, of some of our brethren in the north of Ireland. We were led to believe, from the first manifesto put forward with so much apparent modesty by the Derry committee, that, if the clergy in general throughout Ireland dissented from it, it would be withdrawn. Nor were we singular in our opinion. That able paper, the *Dublin Record*, has given expression to a similar persuasion:

"Any one reading their official document must have imagined that they had not the remotest idea of acting an isolated part in the transaction, but that they would have deferred to the opinion of their clerical brethren, as soon as that opinion should have been obtained."

Well—that opinion has been obtained, and it is decidedly against the Derry proposal. The clergy of Ireland, amid all their sufferings, have nobly vindicated themselves from the suspicion of affording any countenance, direct or indirect, to a proposition which would have made them consenting parties to a measure which would have handed over the education of the population of Ireland to the Most Rev. Peter Dns Murray, and his popish, and infidel, and latitudinarian colleagues. But our Derry brethren are not only *not* convinced by what has been done, of the inexpediency of their proposal, and of the mischief of, at the present moment, sowing divisions amongst the clergy, but they have issued another manifesto, reiterating their proposition, and treating with the most contemptuous indifference the almost universal dissent from it of the rest of their brethren in Ireland. When it was doubtful how it would be received, they were modest and humble; when that is no longer doubtful, they are confident and proud, and seemingly willing, themselves alone, to take their stand beside the Education Board, and to aid in giving permanence to a system, which, we confidently pronounce, is the greatest curse that has ever been inflicted upon the country.

But if the arrogance of these gentlemen has surprised us, their ignorance has surprised us still more. It seems that it is only very recently that they have been led to suppose that there were any who suspected that education, divorced from religious instruction, was an evil rather than a good. This displays a want of reflection, a want of information, or a want of honesty, greatly to be deplored, in a body of

men undertaking to be the guides and the instructors of their clerical brethren, and which causes in us feelings more powerful than astonishment, from the respect which we hitherto entertained for some amongst those who are subscribers to the Derry resolutions. As therefore, we do not wish to appear to stand alone upon a question of such vital importance, we will subjoin, from the first cotemporary publications which are at hand, an extract or two, which may serve to shew that we are not singular in the notions which we have put forward in the preceding pages, and that, to cultivate the intellect while the morals are neglected, (and neglected they must be in any system which precludes a *specific mode* of Christian instruction,) is but to enlarge the sphere of human depravity, and accumulate the incentives which tend to the perversion of our nature. The Church of England Quarterly Review for January, 1837, has the following passage :

"We are assured by Plato, that if a man be only half educated, he is the wildest, the most intractable of all earthly animals.

"This is a truth of all time, but one which takes an emphasis from the dangers peculiar to an advanced stage of civilization.

"Now the knowledge of the obliquities of this wide and dangerous world, which springs up in the rank soil of the heart like weeds on a neglected tomb, is precisely that half education which the philosopher alludes to, and deprecates; and which can only be uprooted and rendered innoxious, by inculcating, on the rising generation subjected to our control, ANTAGONIST IMPRESSIONS OF RELIGION, AND PRINCIPLES OF PRACTICAL WISDOM. Thus there will be substituted, in the place of that discontent, which in after years too often corrodes their moral and social feelings, a cheerful acquiescence in that graduated order of things, on the lowest round of which it hath pleased Providence to place them. So only will they discover what are the objects of the understanding, and stoop to the first principles of wisdom; so only will they come to feel, in common with the wisest and the brightest men who ever crossed this threshold of eternity, that, 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding.'"

This is surely a view of the matter which is entitled to a respectful consideration, and which the authors of
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the Derry manifesto would have done well to digest, before they gave utterance to their flippant and sneering allusion to the weak persons who could for a moment doubt that any thing but good, or at least predominant good, must be the result of mere literary education. The following passage from our able contemporary, Blackwood, of the last month, (our readers will hold in mind, that it is our object in making these citations, not merely to confirm our views, but to corroborate our authority,) is still further illustrative of the practical effects of permitting a spiritually unenlightened population to partake of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil.

"In France, we need not now tell our readers, an experiment has been made on a great scale, for the last half century, of extending, as far as possible, intellectual cultivation, and at the same time depressing religion, so as to render it, in all but the rural parishes, practically speaking, a mere enfeebled relic of the olden time. Now, attend to the result of this great experiment upon the growth of crime, and the progress of human depravity, as evinced in the accurate and elaborate statistical tables of M. Guerry, a liberal writer, enamoured of popular education and democratic institutions, and who is, in consequence, utterly bewildered by the result of the returns which he himself has digested in so luminous an order. The result is thus given in his own words, which have been quoted with great candour by Mr. Bulwer, in his France, or the monarchy of the middle classes. 'While crimes against person are most frequent in Corsica, the provinces of the south-east, and Alsace, where the people are well instructed, there are the fewest of those crimes in Berry, Limousin, and Brittany, where the people are the most ignorant. And as for crimes against property, it is almost invariably those departments that are the best informed that are the most criminal—a fact which, if the tables be not altogether wrong, must show this to be certain, that if instruction do not increase crime, which may be a matter of dispute, there is no reason to believe that it diminishes it.'

"To illustrate this important statistical truth, M. Guerry has prepared maps of all the eighty-six departments of France, from which it distinctly appears, that wherever the number of educated persons is greatest, there crime is most frequent, and that wherever it is least, crime is most rare, and without any regard to density of population, the prevalence of manufactures, or almost any

other cause. The tables on which these maps are founded, drawn from the laborious returns which the French government have obtained from all the departments of their empire, are so important, and so utterly fatal to the whole school of intellectual cultivation, that we make no apology for transcribing them in a note for the information of our readers." (There is a note appended to this passage stating, that the editor has been obliged to leave out the tables—an omission which, considering their critical importance at the present crisis, in so widely extended a work as Blackwood's Magazine, is exceedingly to be deplored.) "With truth does the liberal but candid Mr. Bulwer add, 'Mr. Guerry bowls down at once all the nine pins with which late statistical writers have been amusing themselves, and again sets up many of the old notions, which from their very antiquity, were out of vogue.'"

Nothing but want of space prevents us from enlarging, by references to America, and to other countries, the proof, that mischief, rather than benefit, is to be expected from any system of literary instruction, in which man's moral nature is neglected. The Derry gentlemen make a general allusion to countries under a despotic form of government, as proving the converse of the proposition for which we contend; but they adduce no details in corroboration of their views; and even if they did, they could prove nothing to the purpose—because the experiment could not be fairly tried in despotic countries, where external constraint may often compensate the deficiency of internal principle, and where men may be compelled to cease to do evil, although they would not of themselves have been inclined to do well.

That a great deal of instruction, not tending to any useful end, is at present afforded in the country, is most true, and true it is, that we cannot prevent it. But we may, at least, avoid being responsible for it; and its very existence is the very reason why we should be more than usually energetic in setting forth the advantages of that more complete system of instruction which it is our privilege to know and to value in such a way as may best exhibit our decided opinion of its superior advantages.

What, then, would we have the friends of the best interests of Ireland to do, in the present critical emergency? We think there is but one safe course, and that, we have clearly indicated in

the preceding pages. They should fall back upon "The Association for Discouraging Vice." They should make *that*, and not the Kildare-place system their *Torres Vedras* in the approaching contest. The truth is, that infinite mischief has arisen from the folly (so epidemic amongst even excellent people of late years,) of coaxing the people to be instructed. The same sort of solicitation has been employed by benevolent men, to induce them to suffer their children to attend the various schools which Christian zeal has established in the country, that is, had recourse to by those who are candidates for their votes at contested elections. And the consequence has been, that they have been led to ascribe the same kind of interested motives to exertions of the one kind, as might very fairly be attributed to exertions of the other. This has caused a prejudice *against* the very thing which they were desirous of recommending; and any desire of education which might have been awakened amongst the people, has been accompanied by a suspicion of the instrumentality by which it is sought to be diffused. This suspicion is, of course, not discountenanced by the Romish clergy; and thus, superstition comes in to aid their distrust, and many of the poor people are led to believe, that, to consent to receive instruction upon the terms upon which it might be imparted to them in many of our schools, would be little short of the guilt of selling their souls to the arch enemy. Now, it is our persuasion, that any violent assault upon a prepossession like this, would only, for the present, aggravate the evil. It is an impression which can only be removed by time, and by exhibiting, steadily and perseveringly, the advantages of the system which they are taught to regard with so much abhorrence. And we appeal to facts for the proof, that much was doing, and much is doing, in this quiet and unostentatious way, to win their confidence and excite their gratitude, and induce them to accept, with thankfulness, the education that has been provided for them by our Church of England Association. They felt, that it was not only given freely, without money and without price, but, that no unfair means were employed to interfere with their religious opinions; and their respect for and attachment to the system, which thus provided them with useful knowledge, while that knowledge

was only communicated in an atmosphere *medicated*, as it were, by the divine word, increased with their experience of its manifold advantages.

Once only was the voice of calumny raised against it. Mr. O'Connell was led, by some misstatement which appeared, to denounce it, as though it was unfaithful to its pledges, and *did* interfere with the religious principles of the Roman Catholic pupils, in such a way as might justly excite the suspicions and the hostility of the members of the church of Rome. The Association felt themselves immediately called upon to repel this false accusation. Legal proceedings were forthwith taken against the demagogue, who, when he found that his charges could not be sustained, had the good sense to contradict them as publicly as they were made, and consented to pay the costs of any proceedings which the Association had taken, upon the understanding that they would be satisfied with the atonement that had been made, and not proceed in the business any further.

This, therefore, is the system upon which we would earnestly advise the enlightened friends of education in this country now to fall back; it is really the only one that can meet the present evils. Compromise has been tried long enough, and it has failed. Yea, it has only served to provoke and to increase the exorbitant and grasping demands of those, who will never be satisfied with any thing that is given, while any thing is withheld; to whom, in fact, concession is but an *argument* and a *motive* for *encroachment*; and who, indeed, argue, not unreasonably, that those who have, already, in their desire to conciliate, gone so far, have abandoned the only ground upon which they could safely stand in refusing to go any farther.

We entertain no fears that the Derry proposal will find many advocates amongst the spiritually enlightened Protestants of Ireland. The clergy in general have loudly expressed their dissent. They will, as a body, never give their consent to any system of national instruction which does not proceed upon the admission of this truth, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wis-

dom." They can have no reliance upon *any* wisdom which has not *its beginning* in the fear of the Lord. They know very well that *mere brute intelligence* may be quickened, by culture, into a subtlety even surpassing the subtlety of the serpent. But *such* wisdom is earthly, sensual, devilish, and can only give additional power to the unmitigated depravity of our fallen nature.

Above all things, they will never formally abandon their poor, benighted, Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, to the uncontrolled despotism of their spiritual tyrants. Let the Derry proposal be agreed to, and one important function of the Established Church becomes forthwith paralysed. The clergy have, hitherto, held themselves ready to give, to every man who enquires of them, a reason for the faith that is in them. If an intelligent Roman Catholic child should *now* ask of any one who signed that recommendation for assistance to enable him to struggle out of the slough of popery, *he* must feel bound, by his own principle, to refer him to the priest for guidance, and might be fairly charged with want of good faith, if he aided in enabling him to dissipate his delusion. How can he, in such a case, fulfil his ordination vow, which requires of him to be *always* ready "to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine, contrary to God's word?" But we will not suppose, even for a single moment, that such a project will be entertained, which would confirm, and render almost irreversible, one of the most pernicious compacts ever entered into between a wicked or deluded government, and a hood-winked people. What the end may be we know not. The issues of things are not in our power. But this we well know, that the present is a case in which there is no halting between two opinions; in which it may be truly said, all those who are not *for* scriptural instruction, are *against* it; and respecting which every Protestant, who values sound doctrine or religious liberty, should say, from his inmost soul, away with it—it has the mark of the beast upon it—"as for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

FARDOROUGH, THE MISER : OR, THE CONVICTS OF LISNAMONA.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

It was on one of those nights in August, when the moon and stars shine through an atmosphere clear and cloudless, with a mildness of lustre almost continental, that a horseman, advancing at a rapid pace, turned off a remote branch of road up a narrow lane, and, dismounting before a neat whitewashed cottage, gave a quick and impatient knock at the door. Almost instantly, out of a small window that opened on hinges, was protruded a broad female face, surrounded, by way of nightcap, with several folds of flannel, that had originally been white.

"Is Mary Moan at home?" said the horseman.

"For a maricle—ay!" replied the female; "who's *down* in the name o' goodness?"

"Why, thin, I'm thinkin' you'll be smilin' whin you hear it," replied the messenger. The sorra one else than Honor Donovan, that's now marrid upon Fardorougha Donovan to the tune of thirteen years. Be dad, time for her, any how—but, sure it'll be good whin it comes, we're thinkin'."

"Well, betther late than never—the Lord be praised for all his gifts, any how. Put your horse down to the mountin' stone, and I'll be wid you in half a jiffy, acushla."

She immediately drew in her head, and ere the messenger had well placed his horse at the aforesaid stirrup, or mounting stone, which is an indispensable adjunct to the midwife's cottage, she issued out, cloaked and bonneted; for, in point of fact, her practice was so extensive, and the demands upon her attendance so incessant, that she seldom, if ever, slept, or went to bed, unless partially dressed. And such was her habit of vigilance, that she ultimately became an illustration of the old Roman proverb, *Non dormio omnibus*; that is to say, she could sleep as sound as a top to every possible noise except a knock at the door, to which she might be said, during the greater part of her professional life, to have been instinctively awake.

Having ascended the mounting-stone, and placed herself on the crupper, the guide and she, while passing down the narrow and difficult lane, along which they could proceed but slowly and with caution, entered into the following dialogue, she having first

turned up the hood of her cloak over her bonnet, and tied a spotted cotton kerchief round her neck.

"This," said the guide, who was Fardorougha Donovan's servant-man, "is a quare enough business, as some o' the nabours do be sayin'—marrid upon one another beyant thirteen year, an' ne'er a sign of a haporth. Why then begad it is quare."

"Whisht, whisht;" replied Molly, with an expression of mysterious and superior knowledge; "dont be spakin' about what you dont understand—sure, nuttin's impossible to God, avick—dont you know that?"

"Oh, bedad, sure enough—that we must allow, whether or not, still!"

"Very well; seein' that, what more have we to say, barrin' to hould our tongues. Childre sent late always come either for great good or great sarra to their paarents—an' God grant that this may be for good to the honest people—for indeed honest people they are, by all accounts. But what myself wonders at is, that Honor Donovan never once opened her lips to me about it. However, God's will be done! The Lord send her safe over all her troubles, poor woman! And, now that we're out o' this thief of a lane, lay an for the bare life, and never heed me. I'm as good a horseman as yourself; and, indeed, I've a good right, for I'm an ould hand at it."

"I'm thinkin'," she added, after a short silence, "it's odd I never was much acquainted with the Donovans. I'm tould they're a hard pack, that loves the money."

"Faix," replied her companion, "let Fardarougha alone for knowin' the value of a shillin'!—they're not in Europe can hould a harder grip o' one."

His master, in fact, was a hard frugal man, and his mistress a woman of somewhat a similar character: both were strictly honest, but, like many persons to whom God has denied offspring, their hearts had for a considerable time before been placed upon money as their idol; for, in truth, the affections must be fixed upon something, and we generally find that where children are denied, the world comes in and hardens by its influence the best and tenderest sympathies of humanity.

After a journey of two miles they

came out on a hay-track, that skirted an extensive and level sweep of meadow, along which they proceeded with as much speed as a pillionless midwife was capable of bearing. At length, on a gentle declivity facing the south, they espied in the distance the low, long whitewashed farm-house of Fardorougha Donovan. There was little of artificial ornament about the place, but much of the rough heart-stirring wildness of nature, as it appeared in a strong, vigorous district, well cultivated, but without being tamed down by those finer and more graceful touches, which now-a-days mark the skilful hand of the scientific agriculturist.

To the left waved a beautiful hazel glen, which gradually softened away into the meadows above mentioned. Up behind the house stood an ancient plantation of whitethorn, which, during the month of May, diffused its fragrance, its beauty, and its melody over the whole farm. The plain garden was hedged round by the graceful poplar, whilst here and there were studded over the fields either single trees or small groups of mountain ash, a tree still more beautiful than the former. The small dells about the farm were closely covered with blackthorn and holly, with an occasional oak shooting up from some little cliff, and towering sturdily over its lowly companions. Here grew a thick interwoven mass of dog-tree, and upon a wild hedgerow, leaning like a beautiful wife upon a rugged husband, might be seen supported by clumps of blackthorn that most fragrant and exquisite of creepers the delicious honey-suckle. Add to this the neat appearance of the farm itself, with its meadows and cornfields waving to the soft sunny breeze of summer, and the reader may admit, that without possessing any striking features of pictorial effect, it would, nevertheless, be difficult to find an uplying farm upon which the eye could rest with greater satisfaction.

Ere arriving at the house they were met by Fardorougha himself, a small man, with dark, but well-set features, which being at no time very placid, appeared now to be absolutely gloomy, yet marked by strong and profound anxiety.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed on meeting them; "Is this Mary Moan?"

"It is—it is," she exclaimed; "how are all within?—Am I in time?"

"Only poorly," he returned; "you are, I hope."

The midwife, when they reached the door, got herself dismounted in all haste, and was about entering the house, when Fardorougha, laying his hand upon her shoulder, said in a tone of voice full of deep feeling—

"I need say nothing to you: what you can do, you will do—but one thing I expect—if you see danger, call in assistance."

"It's all in the hands o' God, Fardorougha, acushla: be as aisy in your mind as you can: if there's need for more help you'll hear it; so keep the man an' horse both ready."

She then blessed herself, and entered the house, repeating a short prayer, or charm, which was supposed to possess uncommon efficacy in relieving cases of the nature she was then called upon to attend.

Fardorough Donovan was a man of great good sense, and of strong, but not obvious or flexible feeling; that is to say, on strong occasions he felt accordingly, but exhibited no remarkable symptoms of emotion. In matters of a less important character, he was either deficient in sensibility altogether, or it affected him so slightly as not to be perceptible. What his dispositions and feelings might have been, had his parental affections and domestic sympathies been cultivated by the tender intercourse which subsists between a parent and his children, it is not easy to say. On such occasions many a new and delightful sensation—many a sweet trait of affection previously unknown—and, oh! many, many a fresh impulse of rapturous emotion never before felt gushes out of the heart; all of which, were it not for the existence of ties so delightful, might have there lain, sealed up for ever. Where is the man who does not remember the strange impression of tumultuous delight which he experienced on finding himself a husband? And who does not recollect that nameless charm, amounting almost to a new sense, which pervaded his whole being with tenderness and transport on kissing the rose-bud lips of his first-born babe? It is indeed by the ties of domestic life that the purity and affection and the general character of the human heart are best tried. What is there more beautiful than to see that fountain of tenderness multiplying its affections instead of diminishing them, according as claim after claim arises, to make fresh demands upon its love. Love, and especially parental love, like jealousy, increases by what it feeds on.

But, oh ! from what an unknown world of exquisite enjoyment are they shut out, to whom Providence has not vouchsafed those beloved beings on whom the heart lavishes the whole fullness of its rapture ! No wonder, that their own affections should wither in the cold gloom of disappointed hope, or their hearts harden into that moody spirit of worldly-mindedness which adopts for its offspring the miser's idol.

Whether Fardorougha felt the want of children acutely or otherwise, could not be inferred from any visible indication of regret on his part by those who knew him. His own wife, whose facilities of observation were so great and so frequent, was only able to suspect in the affirmative. For himself he neither murmured nor repined, but she could perceive that after a few years had passed, a slight degree of gloom began to settle on him, and an anxiety about his crops and his few cattle, and the produce of his farm. He also began to calculate the amount of what might be saved from the fruits of their united industry. Sometimes, but indeed upon rare occasions, his temper appeared inclining to be irascible or impatient ; but in general it was grave, cold, and inflexible, without any outbreaks of passion, or the slightest disposition to mirth. His wife's mind, however, was by no means so firm as his, nor so free from the traces of that secret regret which preyed upon it. She both murmured and repined, and often in terms which drew from Fardorougha a cool rebuke for her want of resignation to the will of God. As years advanced, however, her disappointment became harassing even to herself, and now that hope began to die away, her heart gradually partook of the cool worldly spirit which had seized upon the disposition of her husband. Though cultivating but a small farm, which they held at a high rent, yet by the dint of frugality and incessant diligence they were able to add a little each year to the small stock of money which they had contrived to put together. Still would the unhappy reflection that they were childless steal painfully and heavily over them ; the wife would sometimes murmur, and the husband reprove her, but in a tone so cool and indifferent that she could not avoid concluding that his own want of resignation, though not expressed, was at heart equal to her own. Each also

became somewhat religious, and both remarkable for a punctual attendance upon the rites of their church, and that in proportion as the love of temporal things overcame them. In this manner they lived upwards of thirteen years, when Mrs. Donovan declared herself to be in that situation which in due time rendered the services of Mary Moan necessary.

From the moment this intimation was given, and its truth confirmed, a faint light, not greater than the dim and trembling lustre of a single star, broke in upon the darkened affections and worldly spirit of Fardorougha Donovan. Had the announcement taken place within any reasonable period after his marriage, before he had become sick of disappointment, or had surrendered his heart from absolute despair to an incipient spirit of avarice, it would no doubt have been hailed with all the eager delight of unlighted hope and vivid affection ; but now a new and subtle habit had been superinduced, after the last cherished expectation of the heart had departed ; a spirit of foresight and severe calculation descended on him, and had so nearly saturated his whole being, that he could not for some time actually determine whether the knowledge of his wife's situation was more agreeable to his affection, or repugnant to the parsimonious disposition which had quickened his heart into an energy incompatible with natural benevolence, and the perception of those tender ties which spring up from the relations of domestic life. For a considerable time this struggle between the two principles went on ; sometime a new hope would spring up, attended in the back-ground by a thousand affecting circumstances—on the other hand some gloomy and undefinable dread of exigency, distress, and ruin, would wring his heart and sink his spirits down to positive misery. Notwithstanding this conflict between growing avarice and affection, the star of the father's love had risen, and though, as we have already said, its light was dim and unsteady, yet the moment a single opening occurred in the clouded mind, there it was to be seen serene and pure, a beautiful emblem of undying and solitary affection struggling with the cares and angry passions of life. By degrees, however, the husband's heart became touched by the hopes of his younger years, former associations revived, and remembrances of past

tenderness, though blunted in a heart so much changed, came over him like the breath of fragrance that has nearly passed away. He began, therefore, to contemplate the event without foreboding, and by the time the looked-for period arrived, if the world and its debasing influences were not utterly overcome, yet nature and the quickening tenderness of a father's feelings had made a considerable progress in a heart from which they had been long banished. Far different from all this was the history of his wife since her perception of an event so delightful. In her was no bitter and obstinate principle subversive of affection to be overcome. For although she had in latter years sunk into the painful apathy of a hopeless spirit, and given herself somewhat to the world, yet no sooner did the unexpected light dawn upon her, than her whole soul was filled with exultation and delight. The world and its influence passed away like a dream, and her heart melted into a habit of tenderness at once so novel and exquisite, that she often assured her husband she had never felt happiness before.

Such are the respective states of feeling in which our readers find Fardorougha Donovan and his wife, upon an occasion whose consequences run too far into futurity for us to determine at present whether they are to end in happiness or misery. For a considerable time that evening, before the arrival of Mary Moan, the males of the family had taken up their residence in an inside kiln, where, after having kindled a fire in the draught hole, or what the Scotch call the "logie," they sat and chatted in that kind of festive spirit which such an event uniformly produces among the servants of a family. Fardorougha himself remained for the most part with them, that is to say, except while ascertaining from time to time the situation of his wife. His presence, however, was only a restraint upon their good humour, and his niggardly habits raised some rather uncomplimentary epithets during his short visits of enquiry. It is customary upon such occasions, as soon as the mistress of the family is taken ill, to ask the servants to drink "an aisy bout to the mistress, sir, an' a speedy recovery—not forgettin' a safe landin' to the youngsther, and, like a Christmas compliment, many of them to you both. Whoo! death alive, but that's fine stuff—Oh, begorra, the mistress can't

but thrive wid that in the house. Thank you, sir, an' wishin' her once more safe over her troubles!—devil a better mistress ever," &c. &c. &c.

Here, however, there was nothing of the kind. Fardorougha's heart in the first instance was against the expense, and besides, its present broodings resembled the throes of pain which break out from the stupor that presses so heavily upon the exhausted functions of life in the crisis of a severe fever. He could not, in fact, rest nor remain for any length of time in the same spot. With a slow but troubled step he walked backward and forward, sometimes uttering indistinct ejaculations and broken sentences, such as no one could understand. At length he approached his own servants, and addressed the messenger whose name was Nogher M'Cormick.

"Nogher," said he, "I'm troubled."

"Throubled! dad, Fardorougha, you ought to be a happy and a thankful man this night, that is, if God sinds the mistress safe over it, as I hope he will, plase goodness."

"I'm poor, Nogher, I'm poor, an' here's a family comin'."

"Faith take care it's not sin you're committin' by spakin' as you're doin'."

"But you know I'm poor, Nogher."

"But I know you're *not*, Fardorougha; but I'm afraid, if God has'n't sed it, that your heart's too much fix'd upon the world. Be my faix it's on your knees you ought to be this same night, thankin' the Almighty for his goodness, and not grumblin' an' sthreelin' about the place, flyin' in the face of God for sendin' you an' your wife a blessin'—for sure I hear the Scripthur says that all childres a blessin' if they're resaved as sich; an' vo be to the man says scripthur dat's born wid a milstone about his neck, espishally if he's cast into the say. I know you pray enough, but be my sowl, it has'n't improvd' your morals, or it's the mistress's health we'd be drinkin' in a good bottle o' whiskey at the present time. Faix myself wouldn't be much surprized if she had a hard twist in quensequence, an' if she does, the fau't 's your own an' not ours, for we're willin' as the flowers o' May to drink all sorts o' good luck to her."

"Nogher," said the other, "it's truth a great dale of what you've sed—may be all of it."

"Faith, I know, returned Nogher, that about the whisky it's parfit gospel."

"In one thing I'll be advised by you, an' that is, I'll go to my knees and pray to God to set my heart right if it's wrong—I feel strange—strange Nogher—happy, an' not happy."

"You needn't go to your knees at all," replied Nogher, "if you give us the whiskey; or if you do pray, be in earnest, that your heart may be inclined to do it."

"You desearve none for them words," said Fardorougha, who felt that Nogher's buffoonery jarred upon the better feelings that were rising within him,— "you desearve none an' you'll get none—for the present at least, an' I'm only a fool for spaking to you."

He then retired to the upper part of the kiln, where in a dark corner he knelt with a troubled heart, and prayed to God.

We doubt not but such readers as possess feeling will perceive that Fardorougha was not only an object at this particular period of much interest, but also entitled to sincere sympathy. Few men in his circumstances could or probably would so earnestly struggle with a predominant passion as he did, though without education, or such a knowledge of the world as might enable him, by any observation of the human heart in others, to understand the workings of his own. He had not been ten minutes at prayer when the voice of his female servant was heard in loud and exulting tones, calling out ere she approached the kiln itself—

"Fardorougha, ca woul thu?—Where's my footin', mather? Where's my arles?—Come in—come in, you're a wantin' to kiss your son—the mistress is dyin' till you kiss your son."

The last words were uttered as she entered the kiln.

"Dyin'!" he repeated—"the mistress dyin'—oh Susy let a thousand childre go before *her*—dyin'! did you say dyin'?"

"Ay did I, an' it's truth too, but it's wid joy she's dyin' to see you kiss one o' the purtiest young boys in all the barony of Lisnamona—myself's over head and ears in love wid him in readv."

He gave a rapid glance upwards, so much so, that it was scarcely perceptible, and immediately accompanied her into the house. The child in the meantime had been dressed and lay on its mother's arm in the bed when its father entered. He approached the bedside and glanced at it—then at the mother who lay smiling beside it—she

extended her hand to him whilst the soft sweet tears of delight ran quietly down her cheeks. When he seized her hand he stooped to kiss her, but she put her other hand up and said—

"No, no, you must kiss *him* first."

He instantly stooped over the babe, took it in his arms, looked long and earnestly upon it, put it up near him, again gave it a long intense gaze, after which he raised its little mouth to his own, and then imprinted the father's first kiss upon the fragrant lips of his beloved first-born. Having gently deposited the precious babe upon its mother's arm, he caught her hand and imprinted upon her lips a kiss;—but to those who understand it we need not describe it—to those who cannot, we could give no adequate notion of that which we are able in no other way to describe than by saying that it would seem as if the condensed enjoyment of a whole life were concentrated into that embrace of the child and mother.

When this tender scene was over, the midwife commenced—

"Well, if ever a man had rason to be thank——"

"Silence woman," he exclaimed in a voice which hushed her almost into terror.

"Let him alone," said the wife, addressing her, "let him alone, I know what he feels."

"No," he replied, "even you Honora dont know it—my heart, my heart went astray, and there, undher God and my Saviour, is the being that will be the salvation of his father."

His wife understood him and was touched; the tears fell fast from her eyes, and extending her hand to him, she said as he clasped it:

"Sure, Fardorougha, the world wont be as much in your heart now, nor your temper so dark as it was."

He made no reply; but placing his other hand over his eyes, he sat in that posture for some minutes. On raising his head the tears were running as if involuntarily down his cheeks.

"Honora," said he, "I'll go out for a little—you can tell Mary Moan where any thing's to be had—let them all be trated so as that they dont take too much—an' Mary Moan you wont be forgotten."

He then passed out, and did not appear for upwards of an hour, nor could any one of them tell where he had been.

"Well," said Honora, after he had left the room, "we're now married near fourteen years; and until this night I never see him shed a tear."

"But sure, achushla, if anything can touch a father's heart the sight of his first child will. Now keep yourself asy, avourneen, and tell me where the whiskey an' any thing else that may be a wantin' is, till I give these crathurs of sarvints a dhrop of something to comfort thim."

At this time, however, Mrs. Donovan's mother and two sisters, who had for some hours previously been sent for, just arrived, a circumstance which once more touched the newly awakened chord of the mother's heart, and gave her that confidence which the presence of "one's own blood," as the people express it, always communicates upon such occasions. After having kissed and admired the babe, and bedewed its face with the warm tears of affection, they piously knelt down, as is the custom among most Irish families, and offered up a short but fervent prayer of gratitude as well for an event so happy, as for her safe delivery, and the future welfare of the mother and child. When this was performed, they set themselves to the distribution of the blythe meat or groaning malt, a duty which the midwife transferred to them with much pleasure, this being a matter which, except in cases of necessity, she considers beneath the dignity of her profession. The servants were accordingly summoned in due time, and headed by Nogher, soon made their appearance. In events of this nature, servants in Ireland, and we believe every where else, are always allowed a considerable stretch of good-humoured license in those observations which they are in the habit of making. Indeed this is not so much an extemporaneous indulgence of wit on their part, as a mere repetition of the set phrases and traditionary apothegms which have been long established among the peasantry, and as they are in general expressive of present satisfaction and good wishes for the future, so would it be looked upon as churlishness, and in some cases on the part of the servants, a sign of ill-luck to neglect them.

"Now," said Honora's mother to the servants of both sexes, "now childre, that you've aite a trifle, you must taste something in the way of dhrink. It would be too bad on *this* night above all nights we've seen yet, not to have a

glass to the stranger's health at all evints. Here Nogher, thry this, avick—you never got a glass wid a warmer heart."

Nogher took the liquor, his grave face charged with suppressed humour, and first looking upon his fellow-servants with a countenance so droll yet dry, that none but themselves understood it, he then directed a very sober glance at the good woman.

"Thank you, ma'am," he exclaimed; "be goxy, sure enough if our hearts wouldn't get warm now, they'd never warm. A happy night it is for Fardorougha and the misthress, at any rate. I'll engage the stranger was worth waitin' for, too. I'll hould a thrille, he's the beauty o' the world this minnit—an' I'll engage its breeches we'll have to be gettin' for him some o' these days, the darlin'. Well, here's his health, any way; an' may he!"

"Hush arogorah!" exclaimed the midwife; "stop, I say—the tree afore the fruit, all the world over: dont you know, an' bad win to you, that if the stranger was to go tomorrow, as good might come ather him, while the paarent stocks are to the fore. The mother an' father first, acushla, an' *thin* the stranger."

"Many thanks to you, Mrs. Moan," replied Nogher, "for settin' me right—sure we'll know something ourselves whin it comes our own turn, plase goodness. If the misthress isn't asleep, by goxy, I'd call in to her, that I'm dhrinkin' her health."

"She's not asleep," said her mother; "an' proud she'll be, poor thing, to hear you, Nogher."

"Misthress!" he said in a loud voice, "are you asleep, ma'am?"

"No, indeed, Nogher," she replied, in a good-humoured tone of voice.

"Well ma'am," said Nogher, still in a loud voice, and scratching his head, "here's your health: an' now that the ice is bruk—be goxy, an' so it is sure," said he in an undertone to the rest—"Peggy, behave yourself," he continued to one of the servant-maids, "mockin's catchin': faix, you dunna what's afore yourself yet—beg pardon—I'm forgettin' myself—an' now that the ice is bruk, ma'am," he resumed, "you must be dacent for the futher. Many a bottle, plase goodness, we'll have this way yet. Your health, ma'am, an' a speedy recovery to you—an' a sudden uprise—not forgettin' the masher—long life to him!"

"What!" said the midwife, "are you forgettin' the sthranger?"

Nogher looked her full in the face, and opening his mouth, without saying a word, literally pitched the glass of spirits to the very bottom of his throat.

"Beggin' your pardon, ma'am," he replied, "is it three healths you'd have me dhrink wid the one glassful?—not myself indeed; faix, I'd be long sorry to make so little of him—if he was a bit of a *girsha* I'd not scruple to give him a corner o' the glass, but, bein' a young man, althurs the case intirely—he must have a bumper for himself."

"A *girsha*!" said Peggy, his fellow-servant, feeling the indignity just offered to her sex—"Why, thin, bad manners to your assurance for that same: a *girsha*'s as well intitled to a full glass as a *gorsoon*, any day."

"Husth a colleen," said Nogher good-humouredly, "sure, it's takin' pattrern by sich a fine example you ought to be. This, Mrs. Moan, is the purty crature I was mintonin' as we came along, that intinds to get span-shelled wid myself some o' these days—that is, if she can bring me into good humour, the thief."

"And if it does happen," said Peggy, "you'll have to look sharp after him, Mrs. Moan. He's pleasant enough now, but I'll be bound no man 'ill know betther how to hang his fiddle behind the door whin he comes home to us."

"Well, acushla, sure he may, if he likes, but if he does he knows what's afore him—not sayin' that he ever will, I hope, for it's a woful case whin it comes to that, ahagur."

"Faix, it's a happy story for half the poor wives of the parish that you're in it," said Peggy, "sure, only for"—

"*Be dhe husth Vread, agus glak sho*—should your tongue, Peggy, and taste this," said the mother of her mistress, handing her a glass: "If you intind to go together, in the name o' goodness fear God more than the midwife, if you want to have luck an' grace."

"Oh, is it all this?" exclaimed the sly girl; "faix, it 'ill make me *hearty* if I dhrink so much—bedeed it will. Well, mistress, your health, an' a speedy uprise to you—an' the same to the masther, not forgettin' the sthranger—long life an' good health to him."

She then put the glass to her lips, and after several small sips, appearing to be so many unsuccessful attempts at overcoming her reluctance to drink it, she at length took courage, and bolting

it down, immediately applied her apron to her mouth, making at the same time two or three wry faces, gasping, as if to recover the breath which it did *not* take from her.

The midwife, in the mean time, felt that the advice just given to Nogher and Peggy contained a clause somewhat more detrimental to her importance than was altogether agreeable to her; and to sit calmly under any imputation that involved a diminution of her authority, was not within the code of her practice.

"If they go together," she observed, "it's right to fear God, no doubt; but that's no rason why they shouldn't pay respect to him that can sarve thim *or otherwise*."

"Nobody says aginst that, Mrs. Moan," replied the other; "it's all fair, an' nothin' else."

"A midwife's nuttin' in your eyes, we suppose," rejoined Mrs. Moan; "but maybe there's thim belongin' to you could tell to the contrhary."

"Obliged to you, we suppose, for your sarvices—an' we're not denyin' that aither."

"For me sarvices—maybe thim same sarvices warn't very sweet or treacle-some to some o' thim," she rejoined, with a mysterious and somewhat indignant toss of the head.

"Well, well," said the other in a friendly tone, "that makes no maxim one way or the other, only dhrink this—sure we're not goin' to quarrel about it, any how."

"God forbid, Honora More; but sure it ud ill become me to hear my own corree—no, no, avourneen," she exclaimed, putting back the glass; "I cant take it this-a-way; it doesn't agree wid me; you must put a grain o' shugar an' a dhrup o' bilin' wather to it. It may do very well *hard* for the sarvints, but I'm not used to it."

"I hird that myself afore," observed Nogher, "that she never dhrinks hard whisky. Well, myself never tasted punch but waunst, an' be goxy its great dhrink. Death alive, Honora More," he continued, in his most insinuating manner, "make us all a sup. Sure, blood alive, this is not a common night, afther what God has sint us; Fardorougha himself would allow you, if he was here; deed, be dad, he as good as promised me he would; an' you know we have the young customer's health to dhrink yet."

"Throth, an' you ought," said the midwife; "the boy says nuttin' but the

thruth—it's not a common night ; an' if God has given Fardorougha substance, he shouldn't begridge a little, if it was only to show a grateful heart."

"Well, well," said Honora More—which means great Honora, in opposition to her daughter, Fardorougha's wife ; this being an epithet adopted for the purpose of contra-distinguishing the members of a family when called by the same name—"Well," said she, "I suppose it's as good. My own heart, dear knows, is not in a thrifle, only I have my doubts about Fardorougha. However, what's done can't be undone ; so, once we mix it, he'll be too late spake if he comes in, any way."

The punch was accordingly mixed, and they were in the act of sitting down to enjoy themselves with more comfort when Fardorougha entered. As before, he was silent and disturbed, neither calm nor stern, but labouring, one would suppose, under strong feelings of a decidedly opposite character. On seeing the punch made, his brow gathered into something like severity : he looked quickly at his mother-in-law, and was about to speak, but, pausing a moment, he sat down, and after a little time said in a kind voice—

"It's right, it's right—for *his* sake, an' on his account, have it ; but, Honora, let there be no waste."

"Sure we had to make it for Mrs. Moan whether or not," said his mother-in-law—"she can't dhrink it hard, poor woman."

Mrs. Moan, who had gone to see her patient, having heard his voice again, made her appearance with the child in her arms, and with all the importance which such a burthen usually bestows upon persons of her calling,

"Here," said she, presenting him the infant, "take a proper look at this fellow. That I may never, if a finer swaddy ever cross'd my hands. Throth if you wor dead tomorrow he'd be mistaken for you—your born image—the sorra thing else—eh alanna—the Lord love my son—faix you've daddy's nose upon you any how—an' his chin to a turn. Oh thin, Fardorougha, but there's many a couple rowlin' in wealth that 'ud be proud to have the like's of him ; an that must die an let it all go to strangers, or to them that doesn't care about them, 'ceptin' to get grabbin' at what they have, an' that think every day a year that they're above the sod. What! manim-an—kiss your child, man alive. That I may never, but he

looks at the darlin' as if it was a sod of turf. Throth you're not worthy of havin' such a bully."

Fardorougha, during this dialogue, held the child in his arms and looked upon it earnestly as before, but without betraying any visible indication of countenance that could enable a spectator to estimate the nature of what passed within him. At length there appeared in his eye a barely perceptible expression of benignity, which, however, soon passed away, and was replaced by a shadow of gloom and anxiety. Nevertheless in compliance, with the commands of the midwife, he kissed its lips, after which the servants all gathered round it, each lavishing upon the little urchin those hyperbolical expressions of flattery, which after all most parents are willing to receive as something approximating to Gospel truth.

"Be dad," said Nogher, "that fellow 'ill be the flower o' the Donovans, if God spares him—be goxy I'll engage he'll give the purty girls many a sore heart yet—he'll play the dickens wid 'em or I'm not here—a wough! do you hear how the young rogue gives tongue at that ; the sorra one o' the shaver but knows what I'm sayin'."

Nogher always had an eye to his own comfort, no matter under what circumstances he might be placed. Having received the full glass, he grasped his master's hand, and in the usual set phrases to which, however, was added, much *extempore* matter of his own, he drank the baby's health, congratulating the parents in his own blunt way, upon this accession to their happiness. The other servants continued to pour out their praises in terms of delight and astonishment at his accomplishments and beauty, each, in imitation of Nogher, concluding with a toast in nearly the same words.

How sweet from all other lips is the praise of those we love! Fardorougha who, a moment before, looked upon his infant's face with an unmoved countenance, felt incapable of withstanding the flattery of his own servants when uttered in favour of the child. His eye became complacent, and while Nogher held his hand, a slight pressure in return was proof sufficient that his heart beat in accordance with the hopes they expressed of all that the undeveloped future might bestow upon him.

When their little treat was over the servants withdrew for the night, and Fardorougha himself, still labour-

ing under an excitement so complicated and novel, retired rather to shape his mind to some definite tone of feeling than to seek repose.

How strange is life, and how mysteriously connected is the woe or the weal of a single family with the great mass of human society. We beg the reader to stand with us upon a low, sloping hill, a little to the left of Fardorougha's house, and, after having solemnized his heart by a glance at the starry gospel of the skies, to cast his eye upon the long whitewashed dwelling, as it shines faintly in the visionary distance of a moonlight night. How full of tranquil beauty is the hour, and how deep the silence, except when it is broken by the loud baying of the watch-dog, as he barks in sullen fierceness at his own echo ; or perhaps there is nothing heard but the *sough* of the mountain river, as with booming sound it rises and falls in the distance filling the ear of midnight with its wild and continuous melody. Look around and observe the spirit of repose which sleeps on the face of nature, think upon the dream of human life, and of all the inexplicable wonders which are read from day to day in that miraculous page—the heart of man. Neither your eye nor imagination need pass beyond that humble roof before you, in which it is easy to perceive by the lights passing at this unusual hour across the windows, that there is something added either to their joy or to their sorrow. There is the mother, in whose heart was accumulated the un-wasted tenderness of years, forgetting all the past in the first intoxicating influence of an unknown ecstasy, and looking to the future with the eager aspirations of affection. There is the husband too, whose heart the lank devil of the avaricious—the famine-struck god of the miser, is even now contending with the almost extinguished love which springs up in a father's bosom on the sight of his first-born.

Reader, who can tell whether the entrancing visions of the happy mother, or the gloomy anticipations of her apprehensive husband, are more prophetic of the destiny which is before their child. Many indeed and various are the hopes and fears felt under that roof, and deeply will their lights and shadows be blended in the life of the being whose claims are so strong upon their love. There ; for some time past the lights in the window have appeared less frequently, one by one we presume

the inmates have gone to repose, no other is now visible, the last candle is extinguished, and this humble section of the great family of man is now at rest with the veil of a dark and fearful future unlifted before them.

There is not perhaps in the series of human passions any one so difficult to be eradicated out of the bosom as avarice, no matter with what seeming moderation it puts itself forth, or under what disguise it may appear. And among all its cold-blooded characteristics there is none so utterly unaccountable as that frightful dread of famine and ultimate starvation which is also strong in proportion to the impossibility of its ever being realized. Indeed when it arrives to this we should not term it a passion but a malady, and in our opinion the narrow-hearted patient should be prudently separated from society, and treated as one labouring under an incurable species of monomania.

During the few days that intervened between our hero's birth and his christening, Fardorougha's mind was engaged in forming some fixed principle by which to guide his heart in the conflict that still went on between avarice and affection. In this task he imagined that the father predominated over the miser almost without a struggle, whereas, the fact was, that the subtle passion, ever more ingenious than the simple one, changed its external character, and came out in the shape of affectionate forecast and provident regard for the wants and prospects of his child. This gross deception of his own heart he felt as a relief, for, though smitten with the world, it did not escape him that the birth of his little one, all its circumstances considered, ought to have caused him to feel an enjoyment unalloyed by the care and regret which checked his sympathies as a parent. Neither was conscience itself altogether silent, nor the blunt remonstrances of his servants wholly without effect. Nay, so completely was his judgment over-reached that he himself attributed this anomalous state of feeling to a virtuous effort of Christian duty, and looked upon the encroachments which a desire of saving wealth had made on his heart as a manifest proof of much parental attachment. He consequently loved his wealth through the medium of his son, and laid it down as a fixed principle that ~~no~~ ^{no} ~~man~~ ^{man} should be a

prudence, and had the love of a father and an affectionate consideration for his child's future welfare to justify it.

The first striking instance of this close and gripping spirit appeared upon an occasion which seldom fails to open, in Ireland at least, all the warm and generous impulses of our nature. When his wife deemed it necessary to make those hospitable preparations, for their child's christening which are so usual in the country, he treated her intention of complying with this old custom as a direct proof of unjustifiable folly and extravagance—nay, his remonstrance with her exhibited such remarkable good sense and prudence, that it was a matter of extreme difficulty to controvert it, or to perceive that it originated from any other motive than a strong interest in the true welfare of their child.

"Will our wasting meat and money, an' for that matthur health and time on his christenin', aither give him more health or make us love him better? It's not the first time, Honora, that I've heard yourself make little of some of our nabours for goin' beyant their ability in gittin' up big christenins. Dont be foolish now thin when it comes to your own turn."

The wife took the babe up, and after having gazed affectionately on its innocent features, replied to him in a voice of tenderness and reproof—

"God knows, Fardorougha, an' if I do act wid folly as you call it in gettin' ready his christenin', surely, surely you oughtn't to blame the mother for that—little I thought, acushla oge, that your own father 'ud begrudge you as good a christenin' as is put over any other neighbour's child. I'm afraid, Fardorougha, he's not as much in your heart as he ought to be."

"It's a bad proof of love for him, Honora, to put to the bad what may an' would be sarviceable to him hereafter. You only think for the present, but I cant forget that he's to be settled in the world, an' you know yourself what poor means we have of doin' that, an' that if we begin to be extravagant an' wasteful becase God has sent him, we may beg wid him afore long."

"There's no danger of us beggin' wid him. No," she continued, the pride of the mother having been touched, "my boy will never beg—no avourneen—you never will—nor shame or disgrace you ever come upon him aither. Have you forgot, God, Fardorougha?"

"God never helps them that neglect themselves, Honora."

"But if it was plasing to his will to remove him from us, would you ever forgive yourself not lettin' him have a christenin' like another child?" rejoined the persevering mother.

"The priest," replied the good man, "will do as much for the poor child as the rich—there's but one sacrament for both—anything else is waste, as I said, an' I wont give in to it. You dont consider that your way of it 'ud spend as much in one day as 'ud clothe him two or three years."

"May I never sin this day, Fardorougha, but one 'ud think you're tired of him already. By not givin' in to what's dacent you know you'll only fret me—a thing that no man wid half a heart 'ud do to any woman supportin' a babby as I am—a fretted nurse makes a child sick, as Molly Moan tould you before she went, so that it's not on my own account I'm spakin', but on his—poor weeny pet—the Lord love him! Look at his innocent purty little face, an' how can you have the heart, Fardorougha? Come avourneen—give way to me this wanst—throth if you do, you'll see how I'll nurse him—an what a darlin lump o' sugar I'll have him for you in no time!"

He paused a little at this delicate and affecting appeal of the mother, but except by a quick glance that passed from her to their child, it was impossible to say whether or not it made any impression on his heart, or in the slightest degree changed his resolution.

"Well, well," said he, "let me alone now—I'll think of it—I'll turn it over an' see what's best to be done; do you the same, Honora, an' may be your own sinse will bring you to my side of the question at last."

The next day, his wife renewed the subject with unabated anxiety, but instead of expressing any change in her favour, Fardorougha declined even to enter into it at all. An evasive reply was all she could extort from him, with an assurance that he would in a day or two communicate the resolution to which he had finally come. She perceived at once, that the case was hopeless, and after one last ineffectual attempt to bring him round, she felt herself forced to abandon it. The child, therefore, much to the mother's mortification, was baptized without a christening, unless the mere presence of the godfather and godmother,

in addition to Fardorougha's own family, could besaid to constitute one.

Our readers, perhaps, are not aware that a cause of deep anxiety hitherto unnoticed by us, operated with latent power upon Fardorougha's heart. But so strong in Ireland is the beautiful superstition—if it can with truth be termed so—that children are a blessing, only when received as such, that even though supported by the hardest and most shameless of all vices—avarice, Fardorougha had not nerve to avow this most unnatural source of his distress. The fact, however, was, that to a mind so constituted, the apprehension of a large family, was in itself a consideration, which he thought might at a future period of their lives, reduce both him and his to starvation and death. Our readers may remember Nogher McCormick's rebuke to him, when he heard Fardorougha allude to this, and so accessible was he *then* to the feeling, that on finding his heart at variance with it, he absolutely admitted his error, and prayed to God that he might be enabled to overcome it.

It was therefore on the day after the baptism of young Connor, for so had the child been called after his paternal grandfather, that as a justification for his own conduct in the matter of the christening, he disclosed to his wife with much reluctance and embarrassment, this undivulged source of his fears for the future, alleging it as a just argument for his declining to be guided by her opinion.

The indignant sympathies of the mother abashed, on this occasion, the miserable and calculating impiety of the husband—her reproches were open and unshrinking, and her moral sense of his conduct just and beautiful.

"Fardorougha," said she, "I thought up to this time—to this day, that there was nothing in your heart but too much of the world—but now I'm afeard if God hasn't sed it, that the devil himself's there. You're frettin for fraid of a family, but has God sent us any but this one yit? No—an I wouldnt be surprised, if the Almighty would punish your guilty heart, by making the child he gave you, a curse, instead of a blessin'—I think as it is, he has brought little pleasure to you for so far, and if your heart hardens as he grows up, it's more unhappy you'll get every day you live."

"That's very fine talk, Honora, but to people in our condition, I cant see any very great blessin' in a houseful of

childre. If we're able to provide for this one, we'll have rason to be thankful widout wishin' for more."

"It's my opinion, Fardorougha, you dont love the child."

"Change that opinion then, Honora, I *do* love the child—but there's no needcessity for blowin' it about to every one I meet. If I didn't love him, I wouldn't feel as I do about all the hardships that may be before him. Think of what a bad sason, or a failure of the crops, might bring us all to, God grant that we mayn't come to the bag and staff before he's settled in the world at all, poor thing."

"Oh very well, Fardorougha, you may make yourself as unhappy as you like ; for me, I'll put my trust in the Saviour of the world for my child. If you can trust in any one better than God do so.

"Honora, there's no use in this talk—it'll do nothing aither for him or us—besides, I have no more time to dis-coorse about it."

He then left her, but as she viewed his dark inflexible features ere he went, an oppressive sense of something not far removed from affliction, weighed her down. The child had been asleep in her arms during the foregoing dialogue, and after his father had departed, she placed him in the cradle, and throwing the corner of her blue apron over her shoulder, she rocked him into a sounder sleep, swaying herself at the same time to and fro, with that inward sorrow, of which among the lower classes of Irish females, this motion is uniformly expressive.

It is not to be supposed, however, that as the early graces of childhood gradually expanded (as they did) into more than ordinary beauty, the avarice of the father was not occasionally encountered in its progress by sudden gushes of love for his son. It was impossible for any parent, no matter how strongly the hideous idol of mammon might sway his heart, to look upon a creature so fair and beautiful, without being frequently touched into something like affection. The fact was, that as the child advanced towards youth, the two principles we are describing nearly kept pace one with the other. That the bad and formidable passion made rapid strides, must be admitted, but that it engrossed the whole spirit of the father, is not true. The mild and gentle character of the boy—his affectionate disposition, and the extraordinary advantages of his person,

could not fail sometimes, to surprize his father into sudden bursts of affection. But these, when they occurred, where looked upon by Fardorougha, as so many proofs that he still entertained for the boy love sufficient to justify a more intense desire of accumulating wealth for his sake. Indeed, ere the lad had numbered thirteen summers, Fardorougha's character as a miser had not only gone far abroad through the neighbourhood, but was felt by the members of his own family, with almost merciless severity. From habits of honesty, and a decent sense of independence, he was now degraded to rapacity and meanness; what had been prudence, by degrees degenerated into cunning; and he who when commencing life, was looked upon only as a saving man, had now become notorious for extortion and usury.

A character such as this, among a people of generous and lively feeling like the Irish, is in every state of life the object of intense and undisguised abhorrence. It was with difficulty, he could succeed in engaging servants, either for domestic or agricultural purposes, and perhaps, no consideration, except the general kindness which was felt for his wife and son, would have induced any person whatsoever to enter into his employment. Honora and Connor, did what in them lay to make the dependents of the family experience as little of Fardorougha's gripping tyranny as possible. Yet with all their kind-hearted ingenuity and secret bounty, they were scarcely able to render their situation barely tolerable.

It would be difficult to find any language, no matter what pen might wield it, capable of portraying the love which Honora O'Donovan bore to her gentle, her beautiful, and her *only* son. Ah! there, in that last epithet, lay the charm which wrapped her soul in him, and in all that related to his welfare. The moment she saw that it was not the will of God to bless them with other offspring, her heart gathered about him with a jealous tenderness, which trembled into agony at the idea of his loss.

Her love for him, *then* multiplied itself into many hues, for he was in truth the prism, on which when it fell, all the varied beauty of its colours, became visible. Her heart gave not forth the music of a single instrument, but breathed the concord of sweet sounds, as heard from the blended melody of many. Fearfully different

from this were the feelings of Fardorougha, on finding that he was to be the first and the last vouchsafed to their union. A single regret, however, scarcely felt, touched even him, when he reflected that if Connor were to be removed from them, their hearth must become desolate. But then came the fictitious conscience, with its nefarious calculations, to prove that in their present circumstances, the dispensation which withheld others was a blessing to him that was given. Even Connor himself, argued the miser, will be the gainer by it, for what would my five loaves and three fishes be among so many. The pleasure, however, that is derived from the violation of natural affection, is never either full or satisfactory. The gratification felt by Fardorougha, upon reflecting that no further addition was to be made to their family, resembled that which a hungry man feels who dreams he is partaking of a luxurious banquet. Avarice, it is true, like fancy, was gratified, but the enjoyment, though rich to that particular passion, left behind it a sense of unconscious remorse, which gnawed his heart with a slow and heavy pain, that operated like a smothered fire, wasting what it preys upon, in secrecy and darkness. In plainer terms, he was not happy, but so absorbed in the ruling passion—the pursuit of wealth, that he felt afraid to analyze his anxiety, or trace to its true source the cause of his own misery.

In the mean time, his boy grew up the pride and ornament of the parish, idolized by his mother, and beloved by all that knew him. Limited and scanty was the education which his father could be prevailed upon to bestow upon him; but there was nothing that could deprive him of his natural good sense, nor of the affections which his mother's love had drawn out and cultivated. One thing was remarkable in him, which we mention with reluctance, as it places his father's character in a frightful point of view; it is this, that his love for that father, was such as is rarely witnessed, even in the purest and most affectionate circles of domestic life. But let not our readers infer either from what we have written, or from any thing we may write, that Fardorougha hated this lovely and delightful boy; on the contrary, earth contained not an object, except his money, which he loved *so well*. His affection for him, however, was only such as could proceed from the dregs

of a defiled and perverted heart. This is not saying much, but it is saying all. What in him was parental attachment, would in another man, to such a son, be unfeeling and detestable indifference. His heart sank on contemplating the pittance he allowed for Connor's education; and no remonstrance could prevail on him to clothe the boy with common decency. Pocket-money was out of the question, as were all those considerate indulgences to youth, that blunt when timely afforded, the edge of early anxiety to know those amusements of life, which if not innocently gratified before passion gets strong, are apt to produce at a later period, that giddy intoxication, which has been the destruction of thousands. When Connor, however grew up, and began to think for himself, he could not help feeling, that from a man so absolutely devoted to wealth as his father was, to receive even the slenderest proof of affection, was in this case no common manifestation of the attachment he bore him. There was still a higher and nobler motive. He could not close his ears to the character which had gone abroad of his father, and from that principle of generosity, which induces a man, even when ignorant of the quarrel, to take the weaker side, he fought his battles, until in the end, he began to believe them just. But the most obvious cause of the son's attachment we have not mentioned, and it is useless to travel into vain disquisitions, for that truth which may be found in the instinctive impulses of nature. He was Connor's father, and though penurious in every thing that regarded even his son's common comfort, he had never uttered a harsh word to him during his life, or denied him any gratification which could be had without money. Nay, a kind word, or a kind glance, from Fardorougha, fired the son's resentment against the world which traduced him; for how could it be otherwise, when the habitual defence made by him, when arraigned for his penury, was an anxiety to provide for the future welfare and independence of his son.

Many characters in life, appear difficult to be understood, but if those who wish to analyze them only consulted human nature, instead of rushing into farfetched theories, and traced with patience the effect which interest, or habit, or inclination is apt to produce on men of a peculiar temperament, when placed in certain situations, there

would be much less difficulty in avoiding those preposterous exhibitions which run into caricature, or outrage the wildest combinations that can be formed from the common elements of humanity.

Having said thus much, we will beg our readers to suppose that young Connor is now twenty-two years of age, and request them besides, to prepare for the gloom which is about to overshadow our story.

We have already stated that Fardorougha was not only an extortioner but a usurer. Now, as some of our readers may be surprised that a man in his station of life could practise usury or even extortion to any considerable extent, we feel it necessary to inform them that there exists among Irish farmers a class of men who stand, with respect to the surrounding poor and improvident, in a position precisely analogous to that which is occupied by a Jew or money-lender among those in the higher classes who borrow, and are extravagant upon a larger scale. If, for instance, a struggling small farmer have to do with a needy landlord or an unfeeling agent, who threatens to seize or eject if the rent be not paid to the day, perhaps this small farmer is forced to borrow from one of those rustic Jews the full amount of the gale; for this he gives him at a valuation, dictated by the lender's avarice and his own distress, the oats, or potatoes, or hay, which he is not able to dispose of in sufficient time to meet the demand that is upon him. This property, the miser draws home, and stacks or houses it until the markets are high, when he disposes of it at a price which often secures for him a profit amounting to one-third, and occasionally one-half above the sum lent, upon which in the meantime, interest is accumulating. For instance, if the accommodation be twenty pounds, property to that amount at a ruinous valuation is brought home by the accommodator. This perhaps sells for thirty, thirty-five, or forty pounds, so that deducting the labour of preparing it for market, there is a gain of fifty, seventy-five, or an hundred per cent. besides, probably, ten per cent. interest, which is altogether distinct from the former. This class of persons will also take a joint bond or joint promissory note, or, in fact any collateral security they know to be valid, and if the contract be not fulfilled, they immediately pounce upon the guarantee. They will, in fact, as

a mark of their anxiety to assist a neighbour in distress, receive a pig from a widow, or a cow from a struggling small farmer, at thirty or forty per cent. beneath its value, and claim the merit of being a friend into the bargain. Such men are bitter enemies to paper money, especially to notes issued by private bankers, which they never take in payment. It is amusing, if a person could forget the distress which occasions the scene, to observe one of these men producing an old stocking, or a long black leathern purse—or a calf-skin pocket-book with the hair on, and counting down, as if he gave out his heart's blood drop by drop, the specific sum, uttering at the same time, a most lugubrious history of his own poverty, and assuring the poor wretch he is fleecing, that if he (the miser) gives way to his good nature, he must ultimately become the victim of his own benevolence. In no case, however, do they ever put more in the purse or stocking than is just then wanted, and sometimes they will be short a guinea or ten shillings, which they borrow from a neighbour, or remit to the unfortunate dupe in the course of the day. This they do in order to enhance the obligation, and give a distinct proof of their poverty. Let not, therefore, the gentlemen of the Minories, nor our P—s and our M—s nearer home, imagine for a moment that they engross the spirit of rapacity and extortion to themselves. To the credit of the class, however, to which they belong, such persons are not so numerous as formerly, and to the still greater honour of the peasantry be it said, the devil himself is not hated with half the detestation which is borne them. In order that the reader may understand our motive for introducing such a description as that we have now given, it will be necessary for us to request him to accompany a stout well-set young man, named Bartle Flanagan, along a green ditch, which, planted with osiers, leads to a small meadow belonging to Fardorougha Donovan. In this meadow, his son Connor is now making hay, and on seeing Flanagan approach, he rests upon the top of his rake, and exclaims in a soliloquy :—

“God help you and yours, Bartle—if it was in my power, I take God to witness, I'd make up wid a willin' heart, for all the hardship and misfortune my father brought upon you all.”

He then resumed his labour, in order

that the meeting between him and Bartle might take place with less embarrassment, for he saw at once that the former was about to speak to him.

“Isn't the weather too hot, Connor, to work bareheaded. I think you ought to keep on your hat.

“Bartle, how are you—off or on, it's the same thing; hat or no hat, it's broilin' weather, the Lord be praised; what news, Bartle?”

“Not much, Connor, but what you know—a family that was strugglin' but honest, brought to dissolution. We're broken up; my father and mother's both livin' in a cabin they tuck from Billy Nulthy; Mary and Alick's gone to sarvice, an' myself's just on my way to hire wid the last man I ought to go to—your father, that is, supposin' we can agree.”

“As heaven's above me, Bartle, there's not a man in the county this day sorrier for what has happened than myself. But the truth is, that when my father heard of Tom Grehan, that was your security, havin' gone to America, he thought every day a month till the note was due. My mother an' I did all we could, but you know his temper; 'twas no use. God knows, as I said before, I'm heart sorry for it.”

“Every one knows, Connor, that if your mother an' you had your way an' will, your father wouldn't be sich a screw as he is.”

“In the meantime, don't forget that he is my father, Bartle, an' above all things, remimber that I'll allow no man to speak disparaginly of him in my presence.”

“I believe you'll allow, Connor, that he was a scourge an' a curse to us, an' that none of us ought to like a bone in his skin.”

“It could'nt be expected you would, Bartle, but you must grant, after all, that he was only recoverin' his own. Still, when you know what my feeling is upon the business, I don't think it's generous in you to bring it up between us.”

“I could bear his harrishin' us out of house an' home,” proceeded the other, “only for one thought that still crasses in an me.”

“What is that, Bartle?—God knows I can't help feelin' for you,” he added, smote with the desolation which his father had brought upon the family.

“He lent us forty pounds,” proceeded the young man; “and when he found that Tom Grehan, our security, went to America, he came down upon

us the minute the note was due, canted all we had at half price, and turned us to starve upon the world ; now, I could bear that, but there's one thing——”

“ That's twice you spoke about that one thing,” said Connor, somewhat sharply, for he felt hurt at the obstinacy of the other, in continuing a subject so distressing to him ; “ but,” he continued, in a milder tone, “ tell me, Bartle, for goodness' sake, what it is, an' let us put an end to the discourse. I'm sure it must be unpleasant to both of us.”

“ It does'n't signify,” replied the young man, in a desponding voice—*she's* gone ; it's all over wid me there ; I'm a beggar—I'm a beggar.”

“ Bartle,” said Connor, taking his hand, “ you're too much down-hearted, come to us, but first go to my father ; I know you'll find it hard to deal with him. Never mind that, whatever he offers you, close wid him, an' take my word for it that my mother and I between us, will make you up decent wages ; an' sorry I am that it's come to this with you, poor fellow.”

Bartle's cheek grew pale as ashes ; he wrung Connor's hand with all his force, and fixed an unshrinking eye on him as he replied—

“ Thank you, Connor, *now*—but I hope I'll live to thank you betther *yet*, and if I do, you need'n't thank me for any return I may make you or yours. I will close wid your father, an' take whatsoever he'll offer me ; for Connor,” and he wrung his hand again ;—“ Connor O'Donovan I hav'n't a house or home this day, nor a place under God's canopy where to lay my head, except upon the damp floor of my father's naked cabin. Think of that, Connor, an' think if I can forget it ; still,” he added, “ you'll see Connor—Connor *you'll see how I'll forgive it.*”

“ It's a credit to yourself to spake as you do,” replied Connor ; “ call this way, an' let me know what's done, an' I hope, Bartle, you an' I will have some pleasant days together.”

“ Ay, an' pleasant nights too, I hope,” replied the other ; “ to be sure I'll call ; but if you take my advice, you'd tie a handkerchy about your head : it's mad hot, an' enough to give one a faver bareheaded.

Having made this last observation, he leaped across a small drain that bounded the meadow, and proceeded up the fields to Fardorougha's house.

Bartle Flanagan was a young man, about five feet six in height, but of a

remarkably compact and athletic form. His complexion was dark, but his countenance open, and his features well set and regular. Indeed, his whole appearance might be termed bland and prepossessing. If he ever appeared to disadvantage it was whilst under the influence of resentment, during which his face became pale as death, nay, almost livid, and, as his brows were strong and black, the contrast between them and his complexion, changed the whole expression of his countenance into that of a person whose enmity a prudent man would avoid. He was not quarrelsome, however, nor subject to any impetuous bursts of passion ;—his resentments, if he retained any, were either dead or silent, or at all events, so well regulated that his acquaintances looked upon him as a young fellow of a good-humoured and friendly disposition. It is true, a hint had gone abroad that on one or two occasions he was found deficient in courage, but, as the circumstances referred to were rather unimportant, his conduct by many was attributed rather to good sense and a disinclination to quarrel on frivolous grounds, than to positive cowardice. Such he was, and such he is, now that he has entered upon the humble drama of our story.

On arriving at Fardorougha's house, he found that worthy man at dinner, upon a cold bone of bacon and potatoes. He had only a few minutes before returned from the residence of the County Treasurer, with whom he went to lodge, among other sums, that which was so iniquitously wrung from the ruin of the Flanagans. It would be wrong to say that he felt in any degree embarrassed on looking into the face of one whom he had so oppressively injured. The recovery of his usurious debts, no matter how merciless the process, he considered only as an act of strict justice to himself, for his conscience having long ago outgrown the perception of his own inhumanity, now only felt compunction when death or the occasional insolvency of a security defeated his rapacity.

When Bartle entered, Fardorougha and he surveyed each other with perfect coolness for nearly half a minute, during which time neither uttered a word. The silence was first broken by Honora, who put forward a chair, and asked Flanagan to sit down.

“ Sit down, Bartle,” said she, “ sit down, boy ; an' how is all the family ?”

“ 'Deed, can't complain,” replied

Bartle, "as time goes; an' how are you, Fardorougha? although I needn't ax, you're takin' care of number one, any how."

"I'm middlin', Bartle, middlin'; as well as a man can be that has his heart broke every day in the year strivin' to come by his own, an' can't do it; but I'm a fool, an' ever was—sarvin' others an' ruinin' myself."

"Bartle," said Mrs. Donovan, "are you unwell, dear; you look as pale as death. Let me get you a drink of fresh milk."

"If he's weak," said Fardorougha, "an' he looks weak, a drink of fresh wather 'ud be better for him; ever an' always a drink of wather for a weak man, or a weak woman aither; it recovers them sooner."

"Thank you, kindly, Mrs. Donovan, an' I'm obliged to you, Fardorougha, for the wather; but I'm not a bit weak; it's only the heat o' the day ails me—for sure enough it's broilin' weather."

"Deed it is," replied Honor, "killin' wather to them that has to be out undher it."

"If it's good for nothin' else, it's good for the hay-makin'," observed Fardorougha.

"I'm tould, Misther Donovan," said Bartle, "that you want a sarvint man; now, if you do, I want a place, an' you see I'm comin' to you to look for one."

"Heaven above, Bartle," exclaimed Honor, "what do you mane? is it one of Dan Flanagan's sons goin' to sarvice?"

"Not one, but all o' them," replied the other, coolly, "an' his daughters, too, Mrs. Donovan; but it's all the way o' the world. If Misther Donovan 'll hire me, I'll thank him."

"Don't be *Mistherin* me, Bartle; Misther them that has manes an' substance," returned Donovan.

"Oh God forgive you, Fardorougha," exclaimed his honest and humane wife, "God forgive you! Bartle, from my heart, from the core o' my heart I pity you, my poor boy. Au' is it to this Fardorougha you've brought them?—Oh Saviour o' the world!"

She fixed her eyes upon the victim of her husband's extortion, and in an instant they were filled with tears.

"What did I do," said the latter, "but strive to recover my own. How could I afford to lose forty pounds? An' I was tould for sartin that your father knew Grehan was goin' to Ame-

riky when he got him to go security. Whisht Honor, you're as foolish a woman as riz this day; hav'nt you your sins to cry for?"

"God knows I have, Fardorougha, an' more than my own to cry for."

"I dar say you did hear as much," said Bartle, quietly replying to the observation of Fardorougha respecting his father; "but you know it's a folly to talk about spilt milk. If you want a sarvint I'll hire; for, as I said a while ago, I want a place, an' except wid you I dont know where to get one."

"If you come to me," observed the other, "you must go to your duty, an' observe the fast days—but not the holydays."

"Sarvints isn't obliged to observe them," replied Bartle.

"But I always put it in the bargain," returned the other.

"As to that," said Bartle, "I dont much mind it. Sure it'll be for the good o' my sowl, any way. But, what wages will you be givin'?"

"Thirty shillins every half-year;—that's three pounds,—sixty shillins a-year. A great deal o' money.—I'm sure I dunna where it's to come from."

"It's very little for a year's hard labour," replied Bartle; "but little as it is, Fardorougha, owin' to what has happened betwixt us, believe me—an' you *may* believe me—I'm right glad to take it."

"Well, but Bartle, you know there's fifteen shillins of the ould account still due, an' you must allow it out o' your wages; if you dont, it's no bargain."

Bartle's face became livid; but he was perfectly cool;—indeed so much so that he smiled at this last condition of Fardorougha. It was a smile, however, at once so ghastly, dark, and frightful, that, by any person capable of tracing the secret workings of some deadly passion on the countenance, its purport could not have been mistaken.

"God knows, Fardorougha, you might let *that* pass,—considher that you've been hard enough upon us."

"God knows I say the same," observed Honor. "Is it the last drop o' the heart's blood you want to squeeze out, Fardorougha?"

"The last drop! What is it but my right? Am I robbin' him? Isn't it due? Will he, or can he deny *that*? An' if it's due isn't it but honest in him to pay it? They're not livin' can say I ever defrauded them of a penny. I never broke a bargain; an' yet you

open on me, Honor, as if I was a rogue! If I hadn't that boy below to provide for, an' settle in the world, what 'ud I care about money? It's for *his* sake I look after my right."

"I'll allow the money," said Bartle. "Fardorougha's right; it's due, an' I'll pay him—ay will-I, Fardorougha, settle wid you to the last farden, or beyant it, if you like."

"I wouldn't take a farden beyant it, in the shape of debt. Them that's decent enough to make a present—may,—for that's a horse of another colour."

"When will I come home?" enquired Bartle.

"You may stay at home, now that you're here," said the other. "An' in the mane time, go an' help Connor to put that hay in lap-cocks. Anything you want to bring here you can bring after your day's work to-night."

"Did you ate your dinner, Bartle," said Honor; "bekase if you didn't I'll get you something."

"It's not to this time o' day he'd be widout his dinner, I suppose," observed his new master.

"You're very right, Fardorougha," rejoined Bartle; "I'm thankful to you, ma'am, I did ate my dinner."

"Well, you'll get a rake in the barn, Bartle," said his master; "an' now tramp down to Connor, an' I'll see how you'll handle yourselves, both o' you, from this till night."

Bartle accordingly proceeded towards the meadow, and Fardorougha, as was his custom, throwing his great coat loosely about his shoulders, the arms dangling on each side of him, proceeded to another part of his farm.

Flanagan's step, on his way to join Connor, was slow and meditative. The kindness of the son and mother touched him; for the line between their disposition and Fardorougha's was too strong and clear to allow the slightest suspicion of their participation in the spirit which regulated his life. The father, however, had just declared that his anxiety to accumulate money arose from a wish to settle his son independently in life; and Flanagan was too slightly acquainted with human character to see through this flimsy apology for extortion. He took it for granted that Fardorougha spoke truth, and his resolution received a bias from the impression, which, however, his better nature determined to subdue. In this uncertain state of mind he turned about almost instinctively, to look in the direction which Fardo-

rougha had taken, and as he observed his diminutive figure creeping along with his great coat about him, he felt that the very sight of the man who had broken up their hearth and scattered them on the world, filled his heart with a deep and deadly animosity that occasioned him to pause as a person would do who finds himself unexpectedly upon the brink of a precipice.

Connor, on seeing him enter the meadow with the rake, knew at once that the terms had been concluded between them; and the excellent young man's heart was deeply moved at the destitution which forced Flanagan to seek for service with the very individual who had occasioned it.

"I see, Bartle," said he, "you have agreed."

"We have," replied Bartle. "But if there had been any other place to be got in the parish—(an' indeed only for the state I'm in)—I wouldn't have hired myself to him for nothing, or for next to nothing, as I have done."

"Why, what did he promise?"

"Three pounds a year, an' out o' that I'm to pay him fifteen shillins that my father owes him still."

"Close enough, Bartle, but dont be cast down; I'll undertake that my mother an' I will double it,—an' as for the fifteen shillins I'll pay them out o' my own pocket—when I get money. I needn't tell you that we're all kept upon the tight crib, and that little cash goes far with us; for all that we'll do what I promise, go as it may."

"It's more than I ought to expect, Connor; but yourself and your mother, all the country would put their hands undher both your feets."

"I would give a great dale, Bartle, that my poor father had a little of the feelin' that's in my mother's heart; but it's his way, Bartle, an' you know he's my father, an' has been kinder to me than to any livin' creature on this earth. I never got a harsh word from him yet. An' if he kept me stinted in many things that I was entitled to as well as other persons like me, still, Bartle, he loves me. an' I cant but feel great affection for him, love the money as be may."

This was spoken with much seriousness of manner, not unmingled with somewhat of regret, if not of sorrow. Bartle fixed his eye upon the fine face of his companion, with a look in which there was a character of compassion. His countenance, however, while he

gazed on him, maintained its natural colour,—it was not pale.”

“I am sorry, Connor,” said he slowly, “I am sorry that I hired wid your father.”

“An’ I’m glad of it,” replied the other: “why should you be sorry?”

Bartle made no answer for some time, but looked into the ground, as if he had not heard him.

“Why should you be sorry, Bartle?”

Nearly a minute elapsed before his abstraction was broken. “What’s that?” said he at length: “What were you asking me?”

“You said you were sorry?”

“Oh ay!” returned the other, interrupting him; “but I didn’t mind what I was sayin’: ’twas thinkin’ o’ somethin’ else I was—of home, Bartle, an’ what we’re brought to; but the best way’s to dhrap all discourse about that for ever.”

“You’ll be my friend if you do,” said Connor.

“I will, then,” replied Bartle: “we’ll change it. Connor, were you ever in love?”

O’Donovan turned quickly about, and, with a keen glance at Bartle, replied,

“Why, I dont know: I believe I might, once or so.”

“I am,” said Flanagan bitterly; “I am, Connor.”

“An’ who’s the happy crature, will you tell us?”

“No,” returned the other; “but if there’s a wish that I’d make against my worst enemy, ’twould be, that he might love a girl above his maues; or if he was her aquil, or even near her aquil, that he might be brought”—— he paused, but immediately proceeded, “Well, no matter; I am indeed, Connor.”

“An’ is the girl fond o’ you?”

“I dont know; my mind was made up to tell her; but it’s past that now; I know she’s wealthy and proud both, and so is all her family.”

“How do you know she’s proud when you never put the subject to her?”

“I’m not sayin’ she’s proud, in one sinse; wid respect to herself, I believe, she’s humble enough; I mane, she doesn’t give herself many airs, but her people’s as proud as the very sarra, an’ never match below them; still, if I’d opportunities of bein’ often in her company, I’d not fear to trust to a sweet tongue for comin’ round her.”

“Never despair, Bartle,” said Con-

nor; “you know the ould proverb, ‘a faint heart;’ however, settin’ the purty crature aside, whoever she is, I think if we divided ourselves—you to that side, an’ me to this—we’d get this hay lapp’d in half the time; or do you take which side you please.”

“It’s a bargain,” said Bartle; “I don’t care a trawneen: I’ll stay where I am, thin, an’ do you go beyant: let us hurry, too, for, if I’m not mistaken, it’s too sultry to be long without rain; the sky, too, is gettin’ dark.”

“I observed as much myself,” said Connor; “an’ that was what made me spake.”

Both then continued their labour with redoubled energy, nor ceased for a moment until the task was executed, and the business of the day concluded.

Flanagan’s observation was indeed correct, as to the change in the day and the appearance of the sky. From the hour of five o’clock the darkness gradually deepened, until a dead black shadow, fearfully still and solemn, wrapped the whole horizon. The sun had altogether disappeared, and nothing was visible in the sky but one unbroken mass of darkness, unrelieved even by a single pile of clouds. The animals, where they could, had betaken themselves to shelter; the fowls of the air sought the covert of the hedges, and ceased their songs; the larks fled from the mid heaven; and occasionally might be seen a straggling bee hurrying homewards, careless of the flowers which tempted him in his path, and only anxious to reach his hive before the deluge should overtake him. The stillness indeed was awful, as was the gloomy veil which darkened the face of nature, and filled the mind with that ominous terror which presses upon the heart like a consciousness of guilt. In such a time, and under the aspect of a sky so much resembling the pall of death, there is neither mirth nor laughter, but that individuality of apprehension, which, whilst it throws the conscience in upon its own records, and suspends conversation, yet draws man to his fellows, as if mere contiguity were a safeguard against danger.

The conversation between the two young men, as they returned from their labour, was short but expressive.

“Bartle,” said Connor, “are you afeard of thundher? The rason I ax,” he added, “is, bekase your face is as white as a sheet.”

“I have it from my mother,” replied Flanagan; “but at all evints such an

evenin' as this is enough to make the heart of any man quake."

"I feel my spirits low, by reason of the darkness, but I'm not afraid. It's well for them that have a clear conscience: they say, that a stormy sky is the face of an angry God"—

"An' the thundher his voice," added Bartle: "but why are the brute bastes an' the birds afraid, that commit no sin?"

"That's thrue," said his companion; "it must be natural to be afraid, or why would *they* indeed?—but some people are naturally more timersome than others."

"I intinded to go home for my other clo'es an' linen this evenin'," observed Bartle, "but I wont go out to-night."

"I must, thin," said Connor; "an', with the blessin' o' God, will too; come what may."

"Why, what is there to bring you out, if it's a fair question to ax?" enquired the other.

"A promise, for one thing; an' my own inclination—my own heart—that's nearer the thruth—for another. Its the

first meetin' that I an' her I'm goin' to ever had."

"*Thighum, Thighum*, I undherstand," said Flanagan: "well, I'll stay at home; but, sure it's no harm to wish you success—an' that, Connor is more than I'll ever have where I wish for it most."

This closed their dialogue, and both entered Fardorougha's house in silence.

Up until twilight the darkness of the dull and heavy sky was unbroken; but towards the west there was seen a streak whose colour could not be determined as that of blood or fire. By its angry look, it seemed as if the sky in that quarter were about to burst forth in one awful sweep of conflagration. Connor observed it, and very correctly anticipated the nature and consequences of its appearance; but what will not youthful love dare and overcome? With an undismayed heart he set forward on his journey, which we leave him to pursue, and beg permission, meanwhile, to transport the reader to a scene distant about two miles farther towards the inland part of the country.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND QUARTERLY REVIEW.*

It is not our custom to notice our periodical contemporaries; but it would be a custom most "honored in the breach," that should withhold a Conservative journal from welcoming to the field a confederate so vigorous and promising as "The Church of England Quarterly Review." Nor should we, where so many able and intelligent papers and periodicals deserve the highest praise for their active efficiency in the righteous common cause, think it fitting to pay such a tribute to this first demonstration of one, but for the paramount importance of the ground taken up by our new ally.

The enemies of the Constitution have in nothing so clearly manifested that evil wisdom which has been attributed to the "children of this world," as in their assaults upon the Church. Their opponents have ably met these iniquitous assailants, as well they might, on constitutional ground—they have worsted them in every question of legal or equitable principle—they have chased them out of each "refuge

of lies," and exposed them through every artifice. But broadly and deeply as the Church is based in constitutional right and expediency, she has a nobler claim on the Conservative mind of England: The Church of England is not a political institution, built up for the mere purpose of maintaining certain corporate rights, privileges, and immunities—or even for the strong support and strength it has ever so nobly yielded to the proud structure of our civil rights,—it derives its best claim to our love as individuals, and to our adherence as British Conservatives, from the fact, that it is the Church of Christ, built upon the Rock of Ages. In proportion as this sound basis is lost sight of, force incalculable is abandoned, and we struggle on the quicksands of expediency.—This, also, has been felt through the ranks of our opponents, and has marked their recent evolutions. While infidelity legislates for the Church, an antichristian casuistry labours to detrude the word of redemption from

* The Church of England Quarterly Review, No. I. London: William Pickering.

the pulpit; and every artifice of cunning, and stretch of power are used to lure the Christian public into an unholy compromise, that may lay the Church open to the approaches of her cruel enemies. At such a time, it is consoling and encouraging to receive an accession of strength, in a well-written, deeply-learned, and ably-managed English quarterly, the very motto of which is our church's best assurance of victory:

Πάλαι ἔδου οὐ κατισχύουσιν αὐτῷ

the promise of God himself. We cordially offer the hand of fellowship to a periodical which enters on our common cause, not only with an uncompromising avowal of our common principles, but which enters the contest with an explicit declaration of the vital and fundamental truth, so apt to be lost sight of in the clash of human strife, that we are "of the fold of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." (Int. p. 1.) For, let the strife end as it may, whether in the cabinet or in the field, this is our trust. It is our avowed trust as individuals, and we should consistently bear it on our ensign in the field.

Nothing can more justly illustrate the vital union between Christian truth, and the constitutional stability of our laws and government, than the secret but constant union of act and purpose which is to be traced through the last forty years between infidelity and disaffection, through all their varied forms and disguises. We can trace them—the worthy offspring of atheism and regicide, from the bloody cradle of the French revolution, down the series of their transitions, through clubs, pamphlets, speeches, itinerant mongers of treason, infidel treatises on natural theology, and unprincipled reviews, until we find them spring up to their portentous maturity in the unequivocal denunciations of a Whig government, and the armed dictation of an Irish mob.

It is our best assurance, that we hold "the ark of the covenant" within our camp. And it is not more our duty to contend as men for this sacred deposit, than to put our firm trust as Christians in that indwelling Spirit, which has promised, "I will be with you to the end." It should be our watchful care, that we do not, in word or deed, *separate* ourselves from this safeguard,—for our adherence is our *faith only*. It is not the true principle of Conservative policy to enter into

the maze of tortuous and thorny questions. The complex results of revolutionary change are beyond the power of legislative provision—they are as the hands that administer, or the design that overrules them. But our part is, fearlessly and irrespectively to do right—to follow the laws, and depend on the power of that Providence which shapes our destinies, rough-hew them as we will. There is no fanaticism in this—it is the creed of the Christian Conservative, although its still small voice is sometimes faintly to be heard amid the stormy waters of national strife.

We are not less satisfied with the political opinions which "The Church of England Review" expresses on all the great leading topics of the day. It leaves not a shadow of doubt as to its principles on any question of moment. In an able introduction it takes up, one by one, and boldly testifies against the accumulated crimes and follies which have converted reform into destruction. The vain theories which have converted the interests of a great nation into an experimental plaything—the extemporaneous legislation that sacrifices all beyond the moment, and, with the kite-flying wisdom of an insolvent trader, aggravates the ruin it procrastinates. There is, in truth, yet wanting that master-art, or science, of which political economy is but a little subdivision,—a just view of the whole and every portion of the *interests* of a nation, in which the rights of all classes and communities shall be strictly and precisely viewed. So that in any question that may arise, it can be traced in its remote as well as its immediate bearings, and justice distributed by the legislator with the impartiality of the judge. If an approach to this exists, it is in the laws of England, as they were delivered to us, the result not of theory but experience.

Our cotemporary, also testifies on the evils of that monstrous abortion of commercial cupidity—of wealth forced from the hotbed of poverty and demoralization—nursed with starvation and female prostitution, and infant sacrifice—that Juggernaut of avarice and cruelty, the manufacturing system. But this we must not trust ourselves to dwell on,—it leads to another link in the chain of errors, or crimes, which with a fearful consistency, mark the tendencies of the hour. Our new ally strongly deprecates the pernicious se-

paration which has been effected, between intellectual and moral education. Knowledge without religion, has been made the lever for the radical to work with—and where religion is not taught, depravity must needs spring up. This is the secret. A course of unprincipled, but not improvident policy—has from afar prepared the way, for the events that have come to pass, and are at our doors. They perverted for their own use the maxim of Solomon, “train a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” Such was the plan and principle of the worthy schoolmaster, consistent enough with the policy that would needs make national infidelity the rightful step to the downfall of the church—and degrade the people, before they break down the constitution. We need not with this new and promising periodical, run through the whole dark list of iniquities, to the opposition against which they boldly pledge themselves. Their pledges, strongly and uncompromisingly advanced, may be described in three words, as coextensive with the principles of conservatism. We may look in their pages for the maintenance of the rights of our church, on its own true basis of *Christian truth*; of our constitution on its own time-tested principle of balanced powers, and impartial provisions. And for a firm, unsparing and unflinching opposition to the unhallowed union of the opposite extremes of flighty economical theory, and low grasping chicanery, which have come together in a hollow truce, for the ruin of the nation.

There is one pledge of the “Church of England Review,” which specially entitles it to the notice of the conservative periodicals—the promise to watch over the conduct of the press. The exclusive circulation, of most of the party journals, to some extent must neutralize all attempts to control their influence. Every one must have noticed the unswerving confidence of statement, which gives an air of simple truth and honest zeal, to the most daring and fraudulent falsifications; and the implicit reliance, which is thus gained among the numbers who read to be misinformed. Among these, it is a general error to assume that any adverse statement can find its way, unless by extreme chance. Our contemporary has yet, so far as his intention has been carried into practice, judiciously selected his mark. Some of the higher periodicals, from the

seeming moderation of their reasonings—and their established literary reputation, have a wide neutral circulation, and under the shew of fairness, have no doubt the effect of deceiving some, and slackening the zeal or lulling the prudence of others. Among these, the Edinburgh Review stands foremost, *longo intervallo*; both for ability, moderation, and a large qualification of sound criticism and high feeling; and therefore a proportional power to do evil. Against this, our Church of England ally takes up the cause of our Episcopal Church, in a brief but cleverly written notice of the article on “Lathbury’s History of the English Episcopacy,” in which the Episcopal Church is assumed to be intolerant in its spirit. The defence against a charge so thoughtless is of course brief:—it is a summary appeal to the well-known characters of our great Christian divines, whose writings breathe the mild and tolerant spirit, which was only to be rivalled by the saintly spirit with which they braved persecution—resisted encroachment—and suffered martyrdom. Chillingworth and Hales, and Hall and Davenant and Skinner, and those others who were persecuted for the truth, by the Puritan parliament, are cited as instances to enforce this defence, and re-ignite a charge, which we must add is most audaciously flippant. That a church which holds the great central position—out of which all protestantism draws its nutriment, as members from the body; from which Christian sects arise on each side and into which they return; which interchange fellowship, and in its articles professes Christian unity with all Protestant churches that agree in the fundamental truths of Christianity; that such should be called intolerant, is an absurd contradiction. It would be equally absurd to insist that it should not maintain the truths committed to its charge. To demand this, is to deny those truths. That it should not firmly guard the doctrines of which it is the appointed depositary, against the Infidel, the Socinian, the Arian, who deny Christ, or the Romanist who sets him aside, and “makes his word of no effect,” cannot be demanded in fairness by those who pretend to assent to its doctrines, or who even admit that consistent principle of self-preservation, without which no institution can exist.

We pass the able article on Dr. Wiseman’s lectures on the real pre-

sence, &c.—that not less clever on the somewhat trite subject of Lord Brougham's superficial work on natural theology, which first received its direct and full confutation in the pages of our Magazine, and many other clever articles, making together as inviting a bill of fare as any we have seen during the present season, to dwell for a few more sentences on the subject of the article in which our London friends encounter the Westminster Review on the "voluntary principle." There never was perhaps a proposition more decisively betraying the hostility of its motive, because it contains a fallacy too obvious to have escaped the most careless or ignorant of our legislators. It is obvious that in proportion to the want of Christian instruction, must grow the reluctance to pay for it. The church frequenting crowd who are morally benefitted, and who seek to be spiritually enlightened by the ministry of the pulpit, are yet, for the most part under the influence of

mingled motives, the nature of which is perfectly understood to be a strife between conscience and natural dispositions—acting more or less on every one. To add the keenest of all men's worldly passions to this natural unbelief of the heart—is to throw a fearful weight into the wrong scale.

We have gone out of our way to notice this periodical, on account of the frank and uncompromising tone of its promise, and because we think this promise is in a great measure realized in the conduct of its first number. These are not the times when a bold and able confederate should be received by the constitutional press with ungracious silence. We trust the "Church of England Quarterly," so auspiciously begun, may be received by the right-thinking portion of the community according to its deserts, and that it may continue long and prosperously to fill the useful office of a Christian Conservative Review.

"OH, IF AS ARABS FANCY."

BY JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

Oh! if, as Arabs fancy, the traces on thy brow
 Were symbols of thy future fate, and I could read them now,
 Almost without a fear would I explore the mystic chart,
 Believing that the world were weak to darken such a heart.
 As yet to thy untroubled soul, as yet to thy young eyes,
 The skies above are very heaven—the earth is paradise;
 The birds that glance in joyous air—the flowers that happiest be,
 That "toil not, neither do they spin,"—are they not types of thee
 And yet, and yet—beloved child—to thy enchanted sight,
 Blest as the present is, the days to come seem yet more bright.
 For thine is hope, and thine is love, and thine the glorious power,
 That gives to hope its fairy light, to love its richest dower.
 For me that twilight time is past—those sun-rise colours gone—
 The prophecies of childhood—and, the promises of dawn;
 And yet *WHAT IS*, tho' scarcely heard, will speak of *WHAT HAS BEEN*,
 While Love assumes a gentler tone, and Hope a calmer mien.
 Oh! could we know—oh! could we feel, that blessings haunt each spot,
 —Even children, each its angel hath, albeit we see them not—
 That earth to them who live in faith, still is what they believe,
 And they, who fear deception most, themselves indeed deceive.
 My child, my love, my Nannie, at this hour my heart flows free,
 And wanders over field and flower where I have strayed with thee;
 Thy very voice, thy very smile is present with me still,
 And it commands me from afar, almost against my will.
 Today I trod enchanted ground, and saw the sunset gleam
 Upon Kilcoleman's fading tower and Spenser's lonely stream,
 Even then, as in my youth, I felt the minstrel shadow come,
 And my heart, that sported all day long,—sank, powerless—passive—dumb.
 How was it that thine image, Anne, was with me in that hour,
 All that thou wert and art?—and, when my soul resumed its power,
 I sought—I almost fear in vain—that feeling to prolong,
 And give it utterance in verse,—accept—forgive the song!

DR. WALL'S REPLY TO THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.—PART II.

To the Editor of the Dublin University Magazine.

SIR,—I shall feel much obliged if you can afford room, in the next Number of your Periodical, for the following observations. They constitute the remainder of the reply which I have thought it necessary to make to the late attack on my work in the Edinburgh Review.

I remain, Sir,

Your very obedient Servant,

Trin. Col. Dub., January 10, 1837.

CHAS. WM. WALL.

After having indulged very freely in general invective against my essay, the reviewer at length proceeds to give two specific examples of the faults imputed to me; the one to shew my ignorance and tendency to blunders; and the other, the calumnious malignity of my disposition. It was rather incautious in him thus to descend to particulars, as he has thereby afforded me an opportunity of placing in the clearest light the true nature of his attack; but when an assailant loses his temper, he is very apt to be thrown off his guard. The passages which he has selected as specimens of my style are introduced with the following remarks—

“To expose even a portion of the numberless errors and inconsistencies into which Dr. Wall has been betrayed, far less to point out the rash judgments he has pronounced, and the unwarranted censures in which he is so prone to indulge, would require a volume as large as his own. As a specimen of his manner, however, we shall give two examples; one of his propensity to blunder, and another of his proficiency in abuse.”

I shall commence with the second example, as being that upon which my very accurate and candid censor has grounded his most serious charge against me; and I quote the passage exactly in the form in which he has thought fit to present it to the reader:

“In placing M. Champollion in his true light before the public, I do not feel the same compunction. [He had just finished his attack on Warburton.] With ability enough to enable him to be mischievous, this writer *endeavoured to sap the foundations of religious belief, by attacking the historic truth of the Bible*; for he pretended to establish, through means of his phonetic system, the correctness of a chronicle which is at vari-

ance with the account of time deducible from the Mosaic record, by at least three thousand five hundred years; and whenever the nature of his subject permitted it, *he lost no opportunity of throwing out hints against the veracity of the Jewish historian* in other matters as well as in chronology. To expose, therefore, the nature of his efforts, in order to defeating them, will, I trust, be considered a useful act; and although it is impossible not to pity the *miserable being* who could have been capable of pursuing such an object, still the mischief he attempted is not to be allowed to pass without obstruction, merely from a reluctance to subject him to public scorn. He has been convicted, from his own writings, of falsehood—of falsehood for the purpose of robbing another of the exclusive credit of a discovery to which he knew him to be justly entitled. He endeavoured, under false pretences, to suppress a publication which interfered with his dishonest claim; but some copies of it escaped destruction, and have since come out to prove, at the same time, his *falsehood* and his *dishonesty*—admirably fit companions for *infidelity*.”—*Inquiry*, pp. 85, 86.

By the allegations contained in this extract, the honest indignation of the reviewer was, it seems, raised to the highest pitch, and at length vented itself in the following burst of eloquent and triumphant vituperation:

“It is impossible for us to express the feelings which were excited in our minds, on perusing this attack upon one who is no longer in the land of the living to defend himself from such gross a persua-
We are not strangers to the weaknesses and infirmities of M. Champollion, any more than we are to his real and unquestionable merits; nor have we any disposition to extenuate the one, in consequence of our honest admiration of the other. But we owe it to truth and a sense of justice to declare our conviction that the charges here brought against

Champollion's memory have, in as far as regards religion, no other or better foundation than the imagination of his accuser. In point of *fact*, it is not true that he 'endeavoured to sap the foundation of religious belief, by attacking the historic truth of the Bible';—it is not true that, in his speculative attempts to reconcile the royal canon of Manetho with the chronological tablet of Abydos, discovered by Mr. Banks, M. Champollion ever dreamt of impeaching 'the account of time deducible from the Mosaic record';—it is not true that his readings or investigations, in connection with this or any other branch of his subject, ever led him to draw conclusions inconsistent with the validity and accuracy of the chronology of Moses, or that, in any case, the most remote limit of his researches was carried beyond the age of the patriarch Abraham;—and, least of all, is it true that he 'lost no opportunity of throwing out hints against the veracity of the Jewish historian in other matters as well as in chronology.' We defy Dr. Wall to establish *by evidence* any one of the charges which he has here preferred. He seems to suppose that, because M. Champollion attached credit to the canon of Manetho in some points, he must be held as admitting the whole; and that his memory must be made responsible, not only for the extent to which his own researches were carried, but also for any conclusion, however absurd, which his accuser may choose to deduce from them."

In the extract from my work, as exhibited by the reviewer, it may be observed that falsehood and dishonesty, as well as infidelity, are printed in *italics*; as much as to intimate that all the three charges have alike been made without any just foundation. In the ensuing animadversions, however, on my statement, this mode of vindicating the object of his 'honest admiration' from the first two charges, is not sustained by any more open attack on their validity; and it is only in a very indirect and insidious manner that they are still assailed. Indeed a plain and direct refutation of those charges could not have been attempted by my censor, since I am completely borne out as to their correctness even by the

Edinburgh Review itself. In its 116th Number, article ten, full details, drawn from the *Examen Critique* of M. Klaproth, are given of the instance of M. Champollion's total disregard of truth and literary honesty which is only briefly alluded to in the above extract; and more charges of a like nature are superadded in the same article from the same authority, as may be seen by the following passages:—

"This, indeed, constitutes one of the heaviest offences which Champollion has committed against the ordinary rules of literary honesty. With the Coptic, as we now have it, he was but very imperfectly acquainted; yet in his transcriptions of Egyptian phrases, which he pretended to have deciphered by means of his phonetic alphabet, he scrupled not to set down as Coptic a great number of words which exist neither in the Bible, nor in the legends, nor in the lexicons; and, what is even more wonderful, he has favoured us with translations, which, if correct, could only have been disclosed to him by means of special inspiration—there being no human means by which he could ever have penetrated the mystery he professes to have revealed." 'Quelle foi la critique peut-elle avoir aux effets de cette sorte de divination?' The plain answer is, none whatever."—Vol. lvii. p. 472. . . . "He is continually betrayed into incongruities and inconsistencies, so gross and palpable, as to warrant the suspicion of bad faith, with which M. Klaproth has in fact charged his memory."—p. 475.

Even in the Reviewer's first article on hieroglyphs, which was written when his admiration of the hieroglyphic achievements of Champollion was at its greatest height, it is asserted that an allegation of this writer against the priority of Young's discovery was utterly unworthy of credit; and three reasons in proof of the falsehood of his allegation are given, of which it will be sufficient here to quote the last:—

"Even if there were no weight in the considerations which have now been stated, the habitual disingenuity and want of candour manifested by M. Champollion

* Here, it seems, the Reviewer adopted the charge of frequent commission of double "forgery," which was made by Klaproth against Champollion, though he is quite indignant that I should have presumed to allude to even a single offence of his own, which he is pleased to say I called by the same harsh name, but which I represented as one of a very different nature, involving, indeed, a strange confusion of intellect, but no premeditated fraud.

in every case where Englishmen are concerned, would be sufficient to discredit his allegation in a matter where his personal vanity and national pride are both deeply interested. We have no inclination to say any thing unnecessarily severe; but while we are ready to admit that M. Champollion 'has accomplished too much to stand in need of assuming to himself the merits of another,' the fact, we think, is undoubted, that he has done so; and, by the instances which we shall have occasion to produce, it will be proved from his own mouth that Dr. Young is not the only individual who has reason to complain of him, and that his sense of literary justice is extremely dull when the claims of Englishmen are in question."—No. lxxxix. p. 121.

After he had fully proved, by various instances, the falsehood and dishonesty of Champollion, the Reviewer could hardly turn round now and assert that his favourite of the present moment was totally innocent in respect to these vices; yet he has indirectly approximated towards such a course, by distinguishing between the Frenchman's "real and unquestionable merits" on the one side, and his "weaknesses and infirmities" on the other, and by insinuating that, in ranking the literary offences of this author under the latter head, he has resorted to no art of extenuation, but has given a just description of their nature. Whether this sudden alteration of his views has been produced by returning affection for Champollion, or by hostility to me, I will not undertake to determine; but whatever may have been the impelling motive, the change itself is very obvious, and the oscillation of a fickle mind is here strongly exemplified.

Through our critic's altered representation of the subject, it will be observed, the impression is obviously intended to be made upon the reader, that I have cast 'gross aspersions' upon M. Champollion, by giving his "weaknesses and infirmities" worse names than they really deserve. But leaving the more indirect attack, let us proceed to consider that in which the most important of the charges made by me, in the passage under discussion, is plainly and distinctly stigmatized as a downright falsehood. And here, I conceive, I have some right to complain of the extreme rudeness of the assault. I, indeed, taxed the French writer with falsehood. I did so, however, only after he had been convicted

in the most unequivocal manner of having committed this offence on several occasions, and for the basest purposes; but my assailant has thought proper in the present instance to assert—repeatedly to assert—that my statements respecting the party in question, "in as far as regards religion," are untrue, without adducing the slightest proof of the correctness of his assertion. How unbecoming is this violence of manner! Surely no cause can be good which requires to be supported by such means.

But to come at once to the main point,—I had stated that Champollion "pretended to establish, through means of his phonetic system, the correctness of a chronicle which is at variance with the account of time deducible from the Mosaic record, by at least three thousand five hundred years." The Reviewer roundly asserts the falsehood of this statement, and denies that the French author ever attempted to verify more of the canon of Manetho than would carry us back to the age of the patriarch Abraham, or that he was ever so absurd as to infer the truth of the entire canon from the truth of a part. Really, when I read the passage already quoted, of which this is the substance, I was astonished. Although at my age the mind is not easily excited to wonder, yet I do confess I was taken by surprise on reading that passage. I had no conception that any writer could have the effrontery, under the circumstances of the case, to put forward such a declaration. What! will it be believed that, in the first article upon hieroglyphs in the same Review, and probably from the pen of the same reviewer, Champollion is lauded to the skies for having completely effected that which, in the article now before us, it is confidently and vehemently denied that he ever attempted? I do not expect or wish the reader to take my word for so extraordinary a fact, but I request him to exercise his own judgment upon the subject, and to compare the passage now under consideration with the following extracts from the same publication:

"Thus, by a series of readings among the most remarkable in the history of scholarship, (but of which we regret to say that our limits have permitted us to give only a faint outline,) has M. Champollion traced the use of hieroglyphics—

phonetic signs, first, from the age of Antoninus upwards to that of Alexander; secondly, from that of Alexander to the Persian Conquest; and, lastly, through the different dynasties up to the commencement of the 18th, about the year 1874 before the Christian era*—exemplifying, at every stage of his progress, the accuracy of the royal chronological canon of Manetho, as preserved by Julius Africanus and Josephus, and which the majority of learned men have hitherto treated with undeserved neglect."—No. lxxxix. p. 144.

"Such is a tolerably complete view of the series of interesting discoveries in hieroglyphic literature, recently achieved by the united ingenuity and perseverance of Dr. Young and M. Champollion; with incidental notices of the results which have been obtained in the course of their laborious and successful researches. The historical importance of these results, independent of their connection with the system of writing, it would, in our opinion, be difficult to exaggerate. The names of the most renowned of the Egyptian princes, Misphrathouthmosis, Thouthmosis, Amenophis, Rameses-Maiamoun, Rameses the Great, Sesouchis, &c. have been deciphered from monuments erected during their respective reigns; and, after having been long abandoned as fabulous, have once more been brought within the pale of history. The canon of Manetho, which the learned in their ignorance had so long contemned, has been verified in every point—first, by the general investigations of M. Champollion; and, secondly, by the discovery

of that very remarkable monument, the chronological table of Abydos."—p. 146.

From the gloomy picture of literary delinquency which has been just presented to our view, I gladly turn away to point attention to one alleviating circumstance; and in fairness and candour—from which I trust no unworthy treatment will ever tempt me in the way of retaliation to deviate—I feel myself bound to acquit the reviewer of any design of cooperating with Champollion in the attempt to undermine the historic truth of the Bible, when he concurred with that writer in maintaining the complete accuracy of Manetho's canon. It appears to me but fair to conclude that he must have assented to the correctness of the canon in ignorance of its contents; because, now that he has been better informed, he altogether abandons its defence. But the same excuse cannot be offered for Champollion; it cannot be said for him that he was ignorant of the extreme discrepancy between the accounts of time given by the canon and the Bible, as he alludes to the attempt of some learned men to reconcile those accounts by the supposition of the co-existence of several of Manetho's dynasties, the kings of those dynasties reigning at the same time in different parts of Egypt (which supposition he pronounces to be an absurdity);† and still further, as he alludes to the alarm felt by people at the excessive antiquity which the canon assigns to the Egyptian monarchy—an antiquity which, it seems,

* In the copy which appears in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* of Dr. Young's chronological table of the lengths of the reigns of the Egyptian sovereigns, determined according to the computation of Manetho, there is an error of the press by which the xviii. dynasty is represented as having commenced in the year 1874, instead of 1774 B.C.—an error which must be obvious to every one acquainted with the subject, and which the slightest attention to the table in question would enable an intelligent reader at once to detect. This error, however, was overlooked by the Reviewer in his first essay upon hieroglyphs, as is proved by the above extract; and that he is still misled by it, is evident from the passage of his critique on my work, in which he speaks of the immediate researches of Champollion, as if they had been carried back as far as "the age of the patriarch Abraham." Even admitting the correctness of Manetho's canon, when cleared from the above misrepresentation, the remotest part of it which the French author pretended to verify, namely the xviii. dynasty, did not commence till half a century after Abraham's death, or near a century after the more remarkable and eventful portion of his life had terminated. Truly my hypercritical censor is well entitled to use the authoritative tone with which he takes upon him to pronounce on the ignorance and inaccuracy of other writers.

† "Les inscriptions sacrées des monuments de l'Égypte offrent une concordance frappante et dans les noms et dans la succession ou la filiation des rois, avec ce que présente la série des dynasties Égyptiennes donnée par Manéthon, série réduite à ses véritables valeurs chronologiques, sans qu'il soit besoin pour cela de recourir au système absurde des dynasties collatérales, si ce n'est en un seul point de cette longue succession."—*Précis*, 2d ed. p. 404.

was not in the least alarming to him; nor, indeed, could it be so to any one else, except from the trifling circumstance that, if established, it would completely overturn the chronology of the Bible.

But to return to the reviewer—dismissing the graver charge against him, still what can we say for his consistency? The pendulum or the weather-cock now fails to supply an adequate illustration, because other qualities are displayed in the present instance, besides mere wavering or fickleness of mind—qualities which I forbear to specify; it would indeed be quite unnecessary to point them out. Perhaps my assailant will deny that he wrote the first of the two articles containing the passages which I have been comparing. Well! let us suppose he did not; let us give him the benefit of this supposition, and see how his case will stand. I have already noticed the indecency of his declaring a statement to be untrue without the support of a particle of evidence or proof; but what shall we think of him, if it turn out that he made this declaration not only without proof, but against proof—against proof of the clearest kind, placed before him in the very book which, in reviewing, he professes to have read with attention—"with more attention than it deserves?" According to this champion's audacious manifesto, Champollion never inferred the truth of the whole canon of Manetho from the assumed truth of part of it; never insisted on the entire certainty of this canon; and the charge I preferred against him under this head is in every respect untrue. Our adventurous critic is so confident of the total and unqualified falsehood of my charge, that he *defies* me to establish in any one point its validity by evidence. To this defiance I shall reply merely by giving the direct evidence of Champollion himself, as the reader may find it in the 243rd page of my *Inquiry*, quoted from the second edition of the *Précis*, pp. 296-7.

"Ce fait capital, que les cartouches renfermant les noms propres des rois de la xviii. dynastie, dont le tableau d' Abydos contient les cartouches prénoms rangés chronologiquement, lus au moyen de mon alphabet hiéroglyphique, donnent

exactement des noms propres, que nous retrouvons écrits en lettres grecques et dans les dynasties de Manethon, et pour la plupart dans Hérodote et Diodore de Sicile, prouve donc, d'un côté, la certitude entière de l'histoire égyptienne transmise en grec par ce prêtre de Sédenxytus, et d'autre part, la haute antiquité des caractères signes de sons ou phonétiques dans le système d'écriture hiéroglyphique ou sacrée des anciens Egyptiens."

Now what becomes of the reviewer's assertion of the falsehood of my charge, and of the ostentatious defiance with which he has accompanied it? We have here the direct evidence of Champollion himself, that he maintained the certain truth of the entire canon of Manetho, which he deduced from the truth of one of its parts. The inference, indeed, is as absurd as the premise is unfounded, but still it is his own; it is not mine, as our critic would have the reader believe. Thus the case of my assailant appears to be very little bettered—and that of the *Edinburgh Review* is not at all so—by the supposition of A being a different person from B. Upon the monstrous heap of incongruities which the attempt to make me out a calumniator of Champollion, has, under every supposition, involved both A and his employers, it is as needless as it would be disagreeable to dwell. Neither shall I lengthen out this reply by again going over the same ground in reference to the second part of A's defiance; his mode of proving my "proficiency in abuse," having been, I conceive, already sufficiently developed. But if the reader should feel any inclination to pursue the subject farther, he will find the charge I brought against Champollion—of his "throwing out hints against the veracity of the Jewish historian in other matters as well as in chronology"—fully sustained with respect to two prominent facts of the Mosaic history, by extracts from the *Précis*, given in my *Inquiry*, pp. 119, 120-1-2. The efforts, indeed, of this writer to throw discredit on the facts to which I allude, are not made openly and directly; but still upon a fair examination there cannot remain the slightest doubt of their tendency; and although the reviewer appears to be displeased at my having pointed

* "[Manetho's Canon] est bien loin d'accorder à la monarchie égyptienne cette durée excessive qui effrayait l'imagination et semblait appeler de doute sur la totalité même des assertions de son auteur."—p. 294.

out this tendency, yet with all due deference to his superior taste and judgment, I cannot avoid thinking that, by the exposure, I have performed an act of some utility.

The champion of the *Edinburgh Review* concludes his proof of my having calumniated Champollion by a remark, which is in itself very little worthy of attention, and deserves to be noticed only on account of its supplying an exact sample of the tactics employed by him throughout the entire article. The remark is conveyed in the following terms :—

“Dr. Wall's bitterness, however, seems to have originated in a blunder of his own. He has, we think, mistaken the one brother for the other—Champollion *le Jeune*, who is no more, for Champollion-Figeac, who, we believe, still survives, and is the author of some chronological speculations, printed in one of the letters to the Duke de Blacas, more remarkable for their boldness than solidity. To one so prone to accuse, a glimpse of these speculations, with the name of Champollion prefixed, would be sufficient, without further inquiry, to convict the one brother of the errors or extravagancies, which are solely imputable to the other.”

In reply to the very candid suggestion contained in this passage, it is only necessary for me to observe that every one of the charges alluded to as preferred by me against Champollion is grounded on and sustained by extracts from the *Précis*, the pages from which these extracts are taken being distinctly specified; and still farther the reader is apprized that the references are made to the second edition of the work, published at Paris in the year 1828. The word *Précis* is not indeed always inserted, as the great number of quotations from it rendered this as unnecessary, as it would have been tedious; but whenever the context does not make it perfectly evident that it is from this book that an extract is given, its name is subjoined, as well as the number of the page in which the quoted passage is to be found. How then, the reviewer himself could possibly believe me guilty of the blunder which he has here imputed to me—of charging the author of the *Précis* with an offence that was not committed by him but by another writer of the same name—I am utterly at a loss to understand. To refute such an imputation and throw back the discredit of it on the source from

which it proceeded, nothing more is necessary than a simple statement of the real facts of the case; and the same observation may be justly applied to every part of the *Philippic* which has been directed against my essay.

The example which the reviewer has selected to prove my ignorance and propensity to blunder is put forward and commented on by him in the following manner :—

“The learned professor of Hebrew having concluded his essay on hieroglyphics, annexes the following notice :—

‘I subjoin a copy of a paper just put into my hands, which I give as a matter of curiosity connected with the subject, but without vouching for its perfect correctness, as I have not seen the Greek of which it supplies a translation. Should there be many characters common to the hieroglyphic inscriptions [inscription] on the Rosetta stone and on this monument, I am in great hopes that the deciphering of the former record will lead to that of the latter; and that a considerable addition will thus be made to the number of hieroglyphs, whose ideographic significations will have been ascertained by pursuing the method I have proposed.’

As to the ‘method’ here referred to, of ‘ascertaining the ideographic significations of hieroglyphs,’ we can give no opinion respecting it, because, although we have read Dr. Wall's book with more attention than it deserves, we have not been fortunate enough to discover that he proposes any method for accomplishing the object in question; or that he possesses a single clear and distinct idea on the subject of hieroglyphical interpretation. But, however this may be, it is impossible for any one at all acquainted with Egyptian literature, and the discoveries which have latterly been made in that new field of inquiry, to read the words which we have just quoted, without astonishment at the strange and unaccountable ignorance they manifest upon the part of this censorious professor. The ‘paper’ of which he subjoins a copy, and in regard to which he seems to be so much at a loss, contains translations of the three Greek inscriptions on the pedestal of the Egyptian obelisk, removed from the island of Philæ for Mr. Bankes, under the direction of the late Mr. Belzoni, and now erected at Kingston Hall, Dorsetshire;—the very monument, be it observed, from which M. Champollion, by means of the drawings furnished by Mr. Bankes, was enabled to construct his phonetic alphabet—to correct the values which had been assigned to several cha-

acters by Dr. Young,—to decipher the hieroglyphical name of *Cleopatra*—fully written in phonetical characters,—to detect the Egyptian name of one of the Ptolemies expressed by the same characters which occur in the inscription of Rosetta,—and to publish the numerous readings contained in his *Lettre à M. Dacier*, which appeared in September, 1822. Of all this, however, Dr. Wall, writing, or at least publishing in the year 1835, appears to be profoundly ignorant. He has evidently not the remotest conception, either of the importance of the monument discovered by Mr. Banks, or of the interesting results which the industry and ingenuity of M. Champollion had deduced from it. 'Should there be many characters common to the hieroglyphic inscriptions on the Rosetta stone and on this monument, I am in great hopes (says he) that the deciphering of the former record [the Rosetta pillar] will lead to that of the latter' [the obelisk of Philæ];—from which it appears that he is totally unacquainted with the most elementary facts in the history of hieroglyphical discovery. Yet, as if to render his inexplicable inconsistency complete, he appears, from a previous part of his essay, to have had a faint glimpse of the truth. In a note to page 148, he says—'In January, 1822, Mr. Banks sent to Paris a lithographic copy of the hieroglyphs on the obelisk of Philæ; and in the September of that same year came out M. Champollion's letter to M. Dacier, in which he claimed the credit of being the original discoverer of the phonetic use of signs made by the Egyptians.' But he does not seem to be aware, even here, upon what grounds M. Champollion rested his claims, or how his researches were promoted by the lithographic copy of the hieroglyphs on the obelisk of Philæ, which Mr. Banks so liberally transmitted to Paris."

From the whole tenor of this lengthy tirade it is quite plain our erudite critic takes it for granted that, the inscriptions of the names of Ptolemy and Cleopatra having been discovered in two cartouches among the hieroglyphs on the obelisk of Philæ, the significations of all of those hieroglyphs must be completely ascertained; whereas, in point of fact, no part of the collection has yet been deciphered so as to satisfy any intelligent mind of the correctness of the analysis, with the sole exception of the writing inside the cartouches in question. Here, then, as well as in other instances which have been noticed, may be seen the justness of the

remark already made, that the reviewer in attempting to draw my literary portrait, has in reality been favouring the public with a very exact likeness of himself. The reader of course recollects the finishing touch of the artist's pencil on that portrait: "and in accusing others of ignorance, he is oftentimes pre-eminently successful in exposing his own."

So far the effusions of the reviewer may amuse; but in their main drift they are calculated to make a very different impression. I shall not, however, attempt to prejudge the case by here advancing any opinion as to the nature of these effusions. I prefer supplying the reader with the requisite materials for forming his own decision on the subject; with which view I beg to call his attention to a simple statement of the course actually taken by my censor in this instance. In the extract, then, which I have just given from his critique, he has charged me with being 'profoundly ignorant' of all the facts connected with the discovery of the obelisk of Philæ, and all the phonetic decipherings that were facilitated and promoted by that discovery,—facts and decipherings which are fully described in the fourth chapter of my essay,—at least as fully as is necessary for enabling a reader previously unacquainted with them, to follow the reasonings and investigations which are thereon founded, and occupy a considerable portion of the chapter. In direct opposition to the evidence which this part of the book supplies upon the point, he has openly and unblushingly accused me of being "totally unacquainted with the most elementary facts in the history of hieroglyphical discovery"; and—as if utterly reckless of detection, or flattering himself that detection would be prevented by his sinking the character of the work so low as effectually to deter the public from its perusal—he has deprived himself of even the lame excuse of having overlooked the chapter in question; since his final quotation from my essay, as given in the above extract, is taken from this chapter—taken actually from a note to one of the very pages in which the external history of the discovery of the monument is detailed.

The following is the paragraph, which, with the annexed portion of its notes, gives the history in question.

"The group which was next analyzed is marked in the same plate as No. 4;

[this is the delineation of one of the cartouches on the obelisk of Philæ, of whose existence on that obelisk the reviewer represents me as totally ignorant,] and the determination of the phonetic powers of its separate characters served to corroborate the right conclusions of Dr. Young respecting the two former groups, [expressing the names Ptolemy and Berenice] and to correct the wrong ones. That, in its aggregate phonetic value, this group denoted the name *Kleopatra*, was ascertained as follows:—it appears in the insculptures on an obelisk, on the base of which a Greek inscription was discovered, recording, in substance, a petition from the priests of Isis, at Philæ, to king Ptolemy and queen Cleopatra. The circumstance of the two inscriptions being found on the same monument suggested the idea that they related to the same subject,* and a slight examination of the upper one was quite sufficient to establish this point, and along with it the collective signification of the group in question. For among the hieroglyphs were observed two very conspicuous groups close to each other, and surrounded by cartouches, of which the one which was higher up, and so first to be read, was the identical group already ascertained to denote *Ptolemaios*; the characters in it being the same and in the same order as before described, with no other difference than that of being placed in a vertical line instead of a horizontal one. Of course, as the two inscriptions tallied

as to the first name, there could be no doubt of their doing so as to the second also; particularly as the under or second hieroglyphic group was found to have the termination indicative of a name belonging to a female [the meaning of this peculiar termination, consisting of an oval and a semicircle, had been previously discovered by Dr. Young.] The group having been thus ascertained collectively to express the name *Kleopatra*, the analysis of the phonetic powers of its separate parts was particularly easy; for after deducting the feminine termination already pointed out, the remaining hieroglyphs were exactly the same in number as the letters of the Greek word; and the order in which those hieroglyphs should be taken, having been also already pointed out [by Dr. Young], nothing remained to be done for determining the power of each of them, but merely to compare it with the letter to which it corresponded in the name, as is exhibited in the two lines facing figure 4 in the first plate. So easy was the operation here to be performed; yet in it Dr. Young, strange to say, failed,† and M. Champollion succeeded. The success in this instance of the latter person, as it was the occasion of his conversion to the phonetic system which he had been shortly before opposing in a work published by him at Grenoble,‡ so is it the sole ground for his having any claim to a share in the original discovery. But the slightest consideration will show that even in this first

* "This ingenious suggestion originated with M. Letronne. The monument itself, which has contributed so much to the verification of Dr. Young's discovery, and to the establishment of the phonetic system as far as it has been justly applied, was found by Mr. Wm. J. Bankes at the southern extremity of Egypt, in the isle of Philæ, in the Nile, and by his spirited exertions was brought to England."

† "Dr. Young accounted for his failure as follows in his publication of 1823:—"It so happens that in the lithographical sketch of the obelisk of Philæ, which had been put into my hands by its adventurous and liberal possessor, the artist has expressed the first letter of the name of Cleopatra by a T instead of a K [that is, by a semicircle instead of a quadrant], and as I had no leisure at the time to enter into a very minute comparison of the name with other authorities, I suffered myself to be discouraged with respect to the application of my alphabet to its analysis."—p. 49.

‡ "Dr. Young's discovery had been given anonymously to the world in Decr. 1819 in the supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, article *Egypt*. In 1821 M. Champollion published at Grenoble his work entitled *De l'Écriture hiératique des anciens Égyptiens*, in which he maintained, among other points, "—que ce second système n'est qu'une simple modification du système hiéroglyphique, et n'en diffère uniquement que par la forme des signes,—que les caractères hiératiques (et par conséquent aussi ceux dont ils dérivent) sont des signes de choses et non des signes des sons."—*Examen crit.* pp. 4-5. In January, 1822, Mr. Bankes sent to Paris a lithographic copy of the hieroglyphs on the obelisk of Philæ; and in the September of that same year came out M. Champollion's letter to M. Dacier, in which he claimed the credit of being the original discoverer of the phonetic use of signs made by the Egyptians."

essay of his in the right road he acted not as a discoverer, but merely as a verifier of a discovery already made. It is true that only a few of the hieroglyphs phonetically used had their powers as yet ascertained, but the means, as above described, [in the paragraph preceding this one] of ascertaining them, were supplied. Still farther it must be admitted, that the correctness of these means had not yet been established by proof, but they were pointed out to the notice of any subsequent investigator, and all he had to do was to verify them by induction, which was quite a subordinate office to that of discovering them."—*Inquiry*, pp. 141-2-3-4.

It is needless to quote more of the chapter in order to showing the extreme discrepancy which exists between the assertions of the reviewer and the real facts of the case; and I have no wish to proceed farther than my own vindication absolutely requires, in unveiling a scene that must be disgusting to every one who is influenced by the principles and the feelings of a gentleman. At the vanity, the dogmatism, and the blunders of my censor, I have laughed heartily; but premeditated falsehood—malignantly employed for the destruction of a literary work, the credit of which the detractor was unable to lower by fair means—is so vile and odious an offence, that I derive no gratification from its exposure; on the contrary, I feel a relief in laying hold of the symptoms of loss of temper which may be here detected, and in pointing them out to the reader's observation, as they go a considerable way towards clearing the offender from the imputation of having acted in this case with premeditation.

In the first place, then, there breathes through the entire extract under consideration a violence of manner which, in a great measure, defeats its own object, and is very nearly incompatible with deliberation. In the second place, some blunders are to be found here which, notwithstanding the mediocrity of my assailant's talents, I hardly think he could have committed if he had been in a calm state of mind. Thus in the beginning of the extract he attacks my grammar for using the term *inscription* in the plural instead of the singular number. Surely no educated person in his sober senses could think of directing attention to so contemptible a subject of criticism. Even if the number were wrong, it would be most

natural to suppose that a superfluous letter had been inserted in the text through a mistake of the printer; but, as it happens, the word has been printed correctly; and this is so obviously the case that I shall not insult the understanding of the reader by entering into any explanation on the point. Again, towards the end of the extract he adduces a quotation from my work which partly refutes his previous charge against me; and in the same place talks of my 'inexplicable inconsistency.' Truly a very striking inconsistency is there exhibited, but it is not by any means inexplicable. Even my clear-headed censor, if he had not been in a paroxysm of passion, must have seen that the contradiction lies not at all between the two quotations he has given from my work, but solely between the latter of them and his own gratuitous assumption of my ignorance of all that has been as yet ascertained on the subject referred to in the former.

In the third place, we are led to the same conclusion by the unguardedness I have already noticed as betrayed by him in selecting the second quotation above referred to from a note of my book, where the text and (I might have added) the adjoining notes present the most direct refutation of the truth of his charge against me. There is indeed evinced in this selection a little piece of contrivance which rather looks the other way. The quotation in question is not, as the reader may observe, what the reviewer is pleased to call it, 'a note to p. 143,' but only the end of a note, the whole point of which is lost by the omission of the principal part. The entire note, by a comparison of dates, brings home to M. Champollion an instance of falsehood which his 'honest admirer' wished, as the wind at present blows, to keep out of view; but at the same time, as the concluding portion of this note merely states the dates of events which are more fully described in the text, it is put forward as my whole account of the matter, in order to give some colour to the assertion that I had only 'a faint glimpse of the truth.' There certainly is here exhibited a degree of low cunning which looks like deliberation; but still I can scarcely think that a designing calumniator with his wits about him, would have resorted to a trick which is so easily exposed and the exposure of which is so sure to reflect discredit on its contriver.

After all, the case I have made out for the reviewer is only an indifferent one; but for this I am not to blame. He has my full concurrence to better it if he can, and should he in any degree succeed, I shall be glad to find he is not as culpable as, I confess, he at present appears to me to be. Leaving this disagreeable subject, I revert to the blunders of my assailant, to give one more example of them, in a case where he seems particularly to pride himself upon his accuracy and superior information. He has recorded the history of Dr. Young's hieroglyphic discovery quite incorrectly, in that part of it which relates to the aid in the investigation derived from the obelisk of Philæ. For he represents this author as having accomplished all that could be effected with the materials in his hands; and Champollion's success in deciphering the hieroglyphs, expressing the name of Cleopatra, as owing solely to his good fortune in having received what his rival did not get at all, or at any rate not as soon—lithographic drawings of the inscriptions on the monument in question. Upon this point he expresses himself, in the first article of the *Edinburgh Review* on hieroglyphs, in the following terms:—

"The first great step had been made [viz. in deciphering the characters inside the cartouches of Ptolemy and Berenice]; and it only required perseverance and good fortune to ensure success. We say good fortune, because Dr. Young had already done almost all that was possible with his materials. . . . But the discovery of a new monument (and in this consisted M. Champollion's good fortune) at length removed all uncertainty in this respect, and led directly and easily to the formation of the alphabet required."—No. Lxxxix, p. 122.

How the reviewer could suppose that Mr. Banks would withhold from Dr. Young the advantage of information with which, through the Academy of Inscriptions in Paris, he supplied M. Champollion, it is difficult to conceive; but the above extract renders it evident that he so represents the matter. In one of the notes to the paragraph which I have been obliged to quote from my work, the reader may see Dr. Young's virtual admission that he obtained as soon as any one else, a copy of the drawings alluded to, (he did not attribute his

failure in this instance to the circumstance of the copy having been sent to him too late, but to quite a different cause,) and the transaction is described in the text as it really occurred. Thus, notwithstanding my very low estimate of the character of M. Champollion, I have, in giving a true account of his share in the completion of the discovery under consideration, done him that justice which is denied him even by his 'honest admirer.'

The last point I shall notice in the reviewer's attack is, the insinuation conveyed in the following sentence of the passage, in which he declaims upon my ignorance, of which the principal part has been already canvassed.

"As to the 'method' here referred to, of ascertaining the 'ideographic significations of hieroglyphs', we can give no opinion respecting it; because, although we have read Dr. Wall's book with more attention than it deserves, we have not been fortunate enough to discover, that he proposes any method of accomplishing the object in question; or that he possesses a single, clear and distinct idea on the subject of hieroglyphic interpretation."

The effective reply to this undoubtedly would consist in the production of copious extracts from the sixth chapter of my work, in which a considerable portion of the twelfth and fourteenth lines of the Rosetta hieroglyphs are deciphered by means of the very method whose existence is here insidiously called in question. But I have not space now left for such a course, nor could I in any case adopt it but with reluctance, as I should thereby virtually become my own reviewer. I hope, however, I may without indelicacy advert briefly to the subject, so far as to give to the less learned part of the public some idea of the present state of the hieroglyphic problem, and to point out what really remains yet to be done in order to its solution; as I may perhaps be fortunate enough thus to induce some competent persons to undertake the task. Had not a far more important subject opened to my view, to the development of which I feel it a duty to devote all the spare time I can command, I should have been delighted to carry on this investigation myself; and if any one of moderate information and clear intellect prosecutes it on the principles I have laid down,

he will, I promise him, derive from the pursuit an abundant share of gratification and amusement.

The great value of the Rosetta inscription consists in the circumstance of its being expressly stated, in the Greek portion of it, that this and the other two portions are, all three of them, records of the same decree; so that we have here to a certainty presented to us the general meaning of the hieroglyphic and enchorial texts to which the above-mentioned Greek is subjoined; but we do not possess the same advantage in reference to any other collection of hieroglyphs as yet found, and consequently it is plain that the Rosetta monument is the great touchstone by which every attempt at deciphering such characters is to be tried. Now Champollion did not submit his phonetic system to this test; and even from this circumstance alone a very strong presumption arises against its correctness. He has indeed given the meanings of some of the more prominent of the Rosetta hieroglyphs, which, by the way, he borrowed from Young without acknowledging the source whence he derived them, and which are on all sides admitted to be ideographically expressed; but the main body of those hieroglyphs he most cautiously avoided, and, in fact as far as respects this record the investigation has not advanced a single step beyond the point at which the English author left it.

It may perhaps strike the reader that, the general meaning of this hieroglyphic text being known, the discovery of that of each separate character ought to follow as a matter of course; and so undoubtedly it would, if each hieroglyph corresponded to a word of the subjoined Greek, as is the case with those whose ideographic significations were ascertained by Young. But in most instances it is not a single hieroglyph, but a combination of several that is to be read by one of the Greek terms; which, by the way, is the only circumstance that has given the least colour to the hypothesis of their being the letters of a word, whereas, in truth, they are signs of the ideas which compose the meaning of that word. This method of combining symbols greatly reduced the total number of those employed in the hieroglyphic writing of the Egyptians, which, as far as it has been as yet determined by reference to existing monuments, is,

I believe, under a thousand, that is, about a fortieth part of the amount of characters made use of by the Chinese, who read out a word for every character. But although a thousand characters is a very small number for any ideographic system, it evidently would be quite too great for one in which the major part of the writing was phonetic.

From the description I have just given of this Egyptian writing, it is obvious that the great desideratum is to ascertain the meaning of each separate hieroglyph; and then the forming them into groups corresponding in signification with the Greek, becomes a comparatively easy operation. Now the method I have proposed for this purpose is to observe a character in two places, where the general meanings are known and different from each other; and to try what common ingredients there may be in those meanings. A very considerable limitation is thus put on the signification of the character under examination; but if we are so fortunate as to find it in a third place where the general context is known, we then can advance in our path so much farther as to be tolerably secure of arriving at the object of inquiry. The characters whose precise significations can by such means be most easily and certainly fixed are those which most frequently occur; and they obviously are also the hieroglyphs whose significations are the most important to be determined in order to the further progress of the investigation.

Among the characters of most frequent occurrence are the limbs of the human body. Some one or more of them may be seen in about ten distinct places of the two lines I have examined, in each of which places the context includes a verb. But, however verbs may otherwise differ, they all suggest the notion of action, of which undoubtedly the limbs of the body afford a natural representation. With one or more of these is always joined some symbol limiting the action to the particular species of it which is intended to be expressed. By examining other parts of the above two lines corresponding with portions of the Greek in which verbs occur, it will be found that action is denoted also in another way, viz. by means of a combination in which the principal hieroglyph is a sceptre, the emblem of power; and it is plain that power is the source from which action

flows. Here as well as in the former way the action is limited to a particular kind by the addition of a symbol designating either the agent, or the instrument, or an effect, or some concomitant circumstance.

To render the foregoing observations more easily understood, it is necessary that I should subjoin a few examples. In the Greek, corresponding with the second line, occurs the verb IEPATETOTZ , which may be construed, "they act the priest," and the equivalent portion of the hieroglyph is fixed to a certainty by a figure known to denote a priest, immediately after which comes the expression for action by means of the sceptre accompanied by the subordinate signs for connexion and the plural number. A little before in the Greek there is written, ITEANHTOPEZOTZ , which is literally, "they shall wear garlands," but may, to accommodate it to the hieroglyphic mode of expression, be construed, "they shall act with garlands, or they shall garlandize;" and the correspondent place of the hieroglyph is clearly shown by the figure of a garland, immediately followed by an expression for action in which the sceptre is the principal ingredient. Still nearer the commencement of the Greek of the whole line occurs an expression which may be literally translated, "making sacrifices and libations, and doing other suitable things;" and the only place between the hieroglyphs last analyzed and the beginning of the line where a sign for action occurs, is one in which a stretched-out arm, accompanied by an emblem of goodness, is flanked by garlands, one at each side. Hence it appears that, while the Egyptian hieroglyphist used the expression "to garlandize," to signify "wearing a garland," he denoted "the making sacrifices and libations" by a combination which in strictness means, "piously garlandizing;" and that his mode of expressing "the doing other suitable things," was by putting the same descriptive noun (if I may so call it,) at the other side of his representation of piously acting. I shall only add one more example. In two places of the 14th, and in one of the 6th line, where from the context it is certain, that the operation of "raising" is expressed, the same tall figure occurs, which therefore must be considered as some sort of machine to assist in raising heavy bodies. In the first place in 14th line, the object stated to be raised is the stone with the inscription on it in

the three kinds of writing; and the action is denoted by a stretched-out arm and two feathers (the emblem of honor) accompanying the elevating machine, as much as to denote, that the stone was to be respectfully raised. In the second place, a reference is made to the statue of King Ptolemy, and the action is more energetically expressed, either on account of the greater weight or greater dignity of the object, the descriptive noun being here accompanied, not only by the arm, but also by the under limbs. In the 6th line, where the expression for raising comes immediately before the statue, the mode of denoting this operation is the most emphatic of all; for here the elevating machine is accompanied by a combination of all the three general emblems of action, the sceptre, the outstretched arm, and the legs.

I am conscious that the sketch just given must convey a very inadequate notion of the nature of my key to the deciphering of the Egyptian hieroglyphs; but if it serves to awaken public attention to the subject, and to shew the practicability of this mode of conducting the investigation, I shall be satisfied. Every new line that is analyzed in the proposed manner will not only add its own stock of deciphered combinations to the fund already formed, but will also afford new points of comparison, and thus essentially aid the progress of the operation in two ways; 1st, by affording opportunities of applying the key to other combinations in the same lines which have not as yet been deciphered, and 2d, by enabling the investigator to verify or correct the decipherings already made. This method, though slow, will, I anticipate, be found sure; and by every step gained, the farther working of the problem will be rendered not only more easy but also less liable to erroneous determinations.

The twelfth and fourteenth lines, which contain rather more than one fifth part of the remains of the Rosetta hieroglyphs, were selected by me for examination; because M. Klaproth endeavoured to analyze the former line according to the phonetic system now in vogue, and Dr. Young, the latter according to the ideographic one. My original object was merely to confirm by a practical illustration the arguments I had previously urged against the phonetic method; but I trust it will be found that I have effected more than this, and that I have corrected

errors of Young's analysis—errors indeed which might naturally be expected in a first attempt, but which have nevertheless thrown an air of guess-work over his performance, and prevented the ideographic theory from ever rising to the credit to which it is really entitled. What farther aid I may possibly have contributed towards the solution of the hieroglyphic problem, it is not for me but the public to decide. The subject, indeed, is one to which I should not allude, but from a desire to encourage others to the adoption of a method, the use of which has already been attended with some success; and thus to excite them to efforts from which the most favourable results may be expected. It was with such view that I recommended to the attention of the learned, the inscriptions on the obelisk of Philæ, because there is a strong probability of the Greek on the pedestal corresponding in meaning with the hieroglyphs on the upper part of the monument; and if the fact turn out to be so, then the method I have proposed may be applied with great effect to these characters, after all that can be done by its application to the Rosetta hieroglyphs alone shall have been accomplished. But it appears, from the manner in which I have expressed myself, that I have not seen any drawings of the entire series of hieroglyphs on the sides of the obelisk; and this circumstance is laid hold of as a proof of my extreme ignorance. Of what, then, am I, in consequence, shown to be ignorant? Merely of that which is equally unknown to every one else, namely, the exact meaning of the hieroglyphic part of the inscriptions in question—a meaning which, I do not hesitate to assert, can never be ascertained till the mode of deciphering hieroglyphs at present in repute shall be totally abandoned. As to the reviewer's attempt to prove me ignorant of all that is really known of the obelisk of Philæ, it is, I should hope, quite unnecessary to add anything more to what has been already stated on that subject.

The method of deciphering which I have now very briefly described, can, in the first instance, be applied only to those hieroglyphic texts of which the general purport is already known, or may, through concomitant circumstances, be ascertained; but if, by its application to such documents, the signification of a sufficient number of elementary characters should be deter-

mined, it evidently then can be extended to others respecting which our information, as derived from external sources, is more defective; and there is a fair prospect that eventually it will enable the investigator to decipher most of those legends in which the proper names are phonetically written. But I feel myself bound to add, that the expectations which at present appear to be entertained on the subject, can never be realised, even should the working of this problem be attended with the greatest possible success. For all the proper names in the older records are ideographically written, and, therefore, are now irrecoverably lost. The phonetic method of designation was derived by the Egyptians, as I have proved by a great variety of arguments, from their acquaintance with Greek writing, and in consequence could not have commenced till after the age of Psammetichus.

The old ideographic denominations consist, each of them, of a characteristic description which suggested the idea of some person or place, and thereby the name by which that person or place was called, to such readers as were already acquainted with the word and had it familiarly impressed on their memories. But as soon as this word was forgotten, it obviously could never be recalled by means of a description with which it had no natural or immediate connexion. To give some idea of the great imperfection of the more ancient mode of expressing names, I shall here adduce one or two examples. The name of Egypt is written in each of the two lines already so often alluded to, (which I copied with as much exactness as I could, from the plates of the Rosetta inscription that were published by the antiquarian society of London in 1803,) and when strictly analysed, expresses by the immediate signification of its elements 'the land of glory and of power,' to which combination is subjoined a cartouch, as much as to denote, that the entire aggregate was to be read out by the spoken name of Egypt. From national prejudice the Egyptians appear never to have employed in the designation of the name of their country, the phonetic method, which they looked on as a foreign innovation. And what is the consequence? That name is now for ever lost. We can have no more dependance on the 'Egypt' of the Greeks bearing any resemblance to the sought word

than on the 'Mizraim' of the Jews; and the 'Khem' of the Copts signifying the land of Kham, the father of Mizraim, seems to have been formed by the Egyptian converts to Christianity in adaptation to the Bible history, and is not at all likely to have been the old Pagan denomination.*

At the very end of the Enchorial part of the Rosetta inscription, the name of King Ptolemy is written in the old ideographic way alone, viz. "Ever-living, beloved by Phthah;" in the place corresponding to that in the hieroglyphic writing, where it is exhibited in the most formal manner, in both the new and the old style, preceded by the titles of sovereign king, and followed by the surname Epiphanes. Now, that the combination, whether hieroglyphic or enchorial, which immediately expresses "ever-living, beloved by Phthah," was read out "Ptolemy" by such of the Egyptians as were unacquainted with, or prejudiced against, the phonetic method of writing this word; and that all the more ancient Egyptian designations of proper names were, as I have already stated, of this ideographic nature, will be found proved in my essay by a great variety of arguments. That such arguments should be viewed with much distrust by the advocates of the theory which now prevails upon the subject, is very natural—no one likes to have it proved to him that the trouble he has taken in a particular mode of investigation has been uselessly thrown away—but that they should not be examined at all is surely very irrational. If hieroglyphic investigators be told that they have got into a wrong track, they are bound in prudence to weigh the grounds of the information thus offered to them, and, if they find it

correct, to change at once their course, however far they may have proceeded in a direction which is shown to them not to be right.

There is but one consideration more which I shall venture to suggest in connexion with the present topic. The phonetic names of the Greek and Roman sovereigns of Egypt have been deciphered to a perfect certainty, and there does not remain upon this point the slightest doubt or difference of opinion among those acquainted with the subject. Surely, then, if the older names were also phonetically written, the words so expressed ought to have been completely ascertained long before now. Yet, if we look, for instance, to the two lists of the sovereigns of Manetho's xviii. dynasty which were formed by M. Champollion, and the two or three since made out by the principal followers of his theory, we shall find no two of those lists agreeing with each other. Surely this circumstance alone ought to be sufficient to excite suspicion and to induce the persons engaged in this inquiry, to pause and examine the facts and arguments submitted in my essay to their consideration, before they advance farther in a line which may eventually turn out to be altogether erroneous.

To return for a moment to my ungenerous foe,—I am glad that he has published his attack on my work anonymously, as he has thereby afforded me an opportunity of vindicating its character and repelling his calumnies without causing to him any personal injury. I shall be still further pleased, if my observations on his conduct should produce in him some feeling of compunction; as com-

* In the fourteenth line Dr. Young attempted to analyze one combination—that signifying Greece—on the supposition of its elements being employed with phonetic powers: and, consequently, I should not have stated, at the conclusion of the first part of my reply, that he held the whole of the hieroglyphic writing outside the cartouches, to be ideographic, but only that he held *nearly* the whole of it to be of that nature. The attempt made by him in the above instance, though very ingenious, was not successful; as can be proved to a certainty by the aid of information acquired since his time. But if the combination in question be ideographic, this circumstance alone affords a strong presumption that all the rest of the general text of the Rosetta hieroglyphs must be such; for if the Egyptian insculptor employed a phonetic expression in that text anywhere outside the cartouches, it naturally would have been in the designation of a foreign proper name. My analysis of this combination gives as its immediate signification, 'divine honoured country;' but I had not sufficient opportunities of comparison to enable me to vouch with confidence for the correctness of the meaning assigned to its final ingredient.

punction leads to amendment, and may prevent the repetition on his part, against other authors, of the very uncandid and unjust treatment of which I have to complain.

I have now done with the Edinburgh Review, and shall conclude by expressing a hope that, should we ever meet again, it may be on better terms. I cannot, indeed, expect that

the conductors of that periodical should, at present, be in very good temper with me. But if they take time to cool and reflect, they surely must perceive that the foregoing observations have been extorted from me in my own defence, and that they can gain no credit by persevering in the line of attack which they have in this instance adopted.

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FARDOROUGH, THE MISER : OR, THE CONVICTS OF LISNAMONA.—PART II.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

THE dwelling of Bodagh Buie O'Brien, to which Connor is now directing his steps, was a favourable specimen of that better class of farm-houses inhabited by our more extensive and wealthy agriculturists. It was a large, whitewashed, ornamentally thatched building, that told by its external aspect of the good living, extensive comfort, and substantial opulence which prevailed within. Stretched before its hall-door was a small lawn, bounded on the left by a wall that separated it from the farm-yard into which the kitchen door opened. Here were stacks of hay, oats, and wheat, all upon an immense scale, both as to size and number; together with thrashing and winnowing machines, improved ploughs, carts, cars, and all the other modern implements of an extensive farm. Very cheering, indeed, was the din of industry that arose from the clank of machinery, the grunting of hogs, the cackling of geese, the quacking of ducks, and all the various other sounds which proceeded from what at first sight might have appeared to be rather a scene of confusion, but which, on closer inspection, would be found a rough yet well-regulated system, in which every person had an allotted duty to perform. Here might Bodagh Buie be seen, dressed in a grey broad-cloth coat, drab kerseymere breeches, and lambs' wool stockings, moving from place to place with that calm, sedate, and contented air, which betokens an easy mind, and a consciousness of possessing a more than ordinary share of property and influence. With hands thrust into his smallclothes pockets, and

a bunch of gold seals suspended from his fob, he issued his orders in a grave and quiet tone, differing very little in his dress from an absolute *Squireen*, save in the fact of his Caroline hat being rather scuffed, and his strong shoes begrimed with the soil of his fields or farm-yard. Mrs. O'Brien was, out of the sphere of her own family, a person of much greater pretension than the Bodagh her husband; and, though in a different manner, not less so in the discharge of her duty as a wife, a mother, or a mistress. In appearance, she was a large, fat, good-looking woman, eternally in a state of motion and bustle, and as her education had been extremely scanty, her tone and manner, though brimful of authority and consequence, were strongly marked with that ludicrous vulgarity which is produced by the attempt of an ignorant person to accomplish a high style of gentility. She was a kind-hearted, charitable woman, however; but so inveterately conscious of her station in life, that it became in her opinion a matter of duty to exhibit a refinement and elevation of language suitable to a matron who could drive every Sunday to Mass on her own jaunting car. When dressed on these occasions in her rich rustling silks, she had, what is called in Ireland, a comfortable *flaghoola* look, but at the same time a carriage so stiff and rustic, as utterly overcame all her attempts, dictated as they were by the simplest vanity, at enacting the arduous and awful character of a *Squireen's* wife. Their family consisted of a son and daughter; the former, a young man of a very amiable disposition, was,

at the present period of our story, a student in Maynooth College, and the latter, now in her nineteenth year, a promising pupil in a certain Seminary for young ladies, conducted by that notorious Master of Arts, Little Cupid. Oona, or Una O'Brien was in truth a most fascinating and beautiful *brunette*; tall in stature, light and agile in all her motions, cheerful and sweet in temper, but with just as much of that winning caprice, as was necessary to give zest and piquancy to her whole character. Though tall and slender, her person was by no means thin; on the contrary, her limbs and figure were very gracefully rounded, and gave promise of that agreeable fulness, beneath or beyond which no perfect model of female proportion can exist. If our readers could get one glance at the hue of her rich cheek, or fall for a moment under the power of her black mellow eye, or witness the beauty of her white teeth, while her face beamed with a profusion of dimples, or saw her while in the act of shaking out her *invincible locks*, ere she bound them up with her white and delicate hands—then indeed might they understand why no war of the elements could prevent Connor O'Donovan from risking life and limb sooner than disappoint her in the promise of their *first* meeting.

Oh that first meeting of pure and youthful love! with what a glory is it ever encircled in the memory of the human heart? No matter how long or how melancholy the lapse of time since its past existence may be, still, still, is it remembered by our feelings when the recollection of every tie but itself has departed.

The charm, however, that murmured its many toned music through the soul of Una O'Brien was not, upon the evening in question, wholly free from a shade of melancholy for which she could not account; and this impression did not result from any previous examination of her love for Connor O'Donovan, though many such she had. She knew that in this, the utmost opposition from both her parents must be expected; nor was it the consequence of a consciousness on her part, that in promising him a clandestine meeting, she had taken a step which could not be justified. Of this, too, she had been aware before; but, until the hour of appointment drew near, the heaviness which pressed her down was such as caused her to admit that the sensation, however painful and gloomy, was new

to her, and bore a character distinct from any thing that could proceed from the various lights in which she had previously considered her attachment. This was, moreover, heightened by the boding aspect of the heavens and the dread repose of the evening, so unlike any thing she had ever witnessed before. Notwithstanding all this, she was sustained by the eager and impatient buoyancy of first affection; which, when her imagination pictured the handsome form of her young and manly lover, predominated for the time over every reflection and feeling that was opposed to itself. Her mind indeed resembled a fair autumn landscape, over which the cloud shadows may be seen sweeping for a moment, whilst again the sun comes out and turns all into serenity and light.

The place appointed for their interview, was a small paddock, shaded by alders, behind her father's garden, and thither, with trembling limbs and a palpitating heart did the young and graceful daughter of Bodagh Buie proceed.

For a considerable time, that is to say, for three long years before this delicious appointment, had Connor O'Donovan and Una been wrapped in the Elysium of mutual love. At mass, at fair, and at market, had they often and often met, and as frequently did their eyes search each other out, and reveal in long blushing glances the state of their respective hearts. Many a time did he seek an opportunity to disclose what he felt, and as often with confession, and fear, and delight, did she afford him what he sought. Thus did one opportunity after another pass away, and as often did he form the towering resolution to reveal his affection if he were ever favoured with another. Still would some disheartening reflection, arising from the uncommon gentleness and extreme modesty of his character, throw a damp upon his spirit; he questioned his own penetration: perhaps she was in the habit of glancing as much at others as she glanced at him; could it be possible that the beautiful daughter of Bodagh Buie, the wealthiest man, and of his wife, the proudest woman, within a large circle of the country, would love the son of Fardorougha Donovan, whose name had alas, become so odious and unpopular? But then the blushing face, the dark lucid eyes, and the long earnest glance rose before his imagination, and told him that, let the difference in the

character and station of their parents be what it might, the fair dark daughter of O'Brien was not insensible to him, nor to the anxieties he felt.

The circumstance which produced the first conversation they ever had, arose from an incident of a very striking and singular character. About a week before the evening in question, one of Bodagh Buie's bee-skeps hived, and the young colony, though closely watched and pursued, directed their course to Fardorougha's house, and settled in the mouth of the chimney. Connor, having got a clean sheet secured them, and was about to commit them to the care of the Bodagh's servants, when it was suggested that the duty of bringing them home devolved on himself, inasmuch as he was told they would not remain, unless placed in a new skep by the hands of the person on whose property they had settled. While on his way to the Bodagh's he was accosted in the following words by one of O'Brien's servants :

"Connor, there's good luck before you, or the bees wouldn't pick *you* out among all the rest o' the neighbours—you ought to hould up your head, man, who knows what manin's in it?"

"Why do you b'lieve that bees settlin' wid one is a sign o' good luck?"

"Surely I do; doesn't every one know it to be thrue? Connor, you're agood-lookin' fellow, an' I need scarcely tell you that we have a purty girl at home; can you lay that an' that together? Arrah, be my sowl, the richest honey ever the same bees 'ill make, is nothin' but Alloways, compared wid that purty mouth of her own! A honey-comb is a fool to it."

"Why, did you ever thry, Mike?"

"Is it me? Och, och, if I was only high enough in this world, maybe I wouldn't be spakin' sweet to her; no, no, be my word! thry indeed for the likes o' me! Faith, but I know a sartin young man that she does be often spakin' about."

Connor's heart was in a state of instant commotion.

"An' who—who is *he*—who is that sartin young man, Mike?"

"Faith, the son o' one that can run a shillin' farther than e'er another man in the county. Do you happen to be acquaint wid one Connor O'Donovan, of Lisnamona?"

"Connor O'Donovan—that's good, Mike—in the mane time don't be goin' it on us. No, no;—an' even if she did,

it isn't to *you* she'd spake about any one, Michael ahagur?"

"No, nor it wasn't to me—sure I didn't say it was—but don't you know my sister's at service in the Bodagh's family? Divil the word o' falsity I'm tellin' you—so, if you haven't the heart to spake for yourself, I wouldn't give knots o' straws for you; and now, there's no harm done I hope—more-over, an' by the same token you needn't go to the throuble o' puttin' up an advertisement to let the parish know what I've tould you."

"Hut, tut, Mike, it's all folly. Una Dhun O'Brien to think of *me*! non-sense, man; that cock would never fight."

"Very well; divil a morsel of us is forcin' you to b'lieve it. I suppose the mother o' you has your *wooden spoon* to the fore still. I'd kiss the Bravery you didn't come into the world wid a *silver ladle* in your mouth, anyhow. In the mane time, we're at the Bodagh's—an' have an eye about you aftier what you've heard—*Nabocklish!*"

This, indeed, was important intelligence to Connor, and it is probable that had he not heard it, another opportunity of disclosing his passion might have been lost.

Independently of this, however, he was not proof against the popular superstition of the bees, particularly as it appeared to be an augury to which his enamoured heart could cling with all the hope of young and passionate enthusiasm.

Nor was it long till he had an opportunity of perceiving that she whose image had floated in light before his fancy, gave decided manifestations of being struck by the same significant occurrence. On entering the garden, the first person his eye rested on was Una herself, who, as some of the other hives were expected to swarm, had been engaged watching them during the day. His appearance at any time would have created a tumult in her bosom, but, in addition to this, when she heard that the bees which had rested on Connor's house, had swarmed from *her own hive*, to use the words of Burns—

"She looked—she reddened like the rose,
Synne pale as only lily;"

and with a shy but expressive glance at Connor, said, in a low hurried voice: "*these belong to me.*"

Until the moment we are describing, Connor and she, not *withstanding* that

they frequently met in public places, had never yet spoken; nor could the words now uttered by Una be considered as addressed to him, although from the glance that accompanied them it was sufficiently evident that they were designed for him alone. It was in vain that he attempted to accost her, his confusion, his pleasure, his timidity, seemed to unite in rendering him incapable of speaking at all. His lips moved several times, but the words, as they arose, died away unspoken.

At this moment, Mike, with waggish good humour, and in a most laudable fit of industry, reminded the other servants who had been assisting to secure the bees, that as they (the bees) were now safe, no farther necessity existed for their presence.

"Come, boys—death-alive, the day's passin'—only think, Miss Una, that we have all the hay in the Long-shot-meadow to get into cocks yet, an' here we're idlin' an' gosterin' away our time like I dunna what. They're schamin', Miss Una—devil a thing else, an' what'll the masher say if the same meadow's not finished tonight?"

"Indeed, Mike," replied Una; "if the meadow is to be finished this night, there's little time to be lost."

"Come boys," exclaimed Mike, "you hear what Miss Una says—if it's to be finished to-night there's little time to be lost—turn out—march. Miss Una can watch the bees without our help. Good evenin', Misther Donovan; be my word but you're entitled to a taste o' honey any way, for bringin' back Miss Una's bees to her."

Mike, after having uttered this significant opinion relative to his sense of justice, drove his fellow-servants out of the garden, and left the lovers together. There was now a dead silence, during the greater part of which, neither dared to look at the other—at length each hazarded a glance, their eyes met, and their embarrassment deepened in a ten-fold degree. Una, on withdrawing her gaze, looked with an air of perplexity from one object to another, and at length with downcast lids, and glowing cheeks, her eyes became fixed on her own white and delicate finger—

"Who would think," said she, in a voice tremulous with agitation, "that the sting of a bee could be so painful?"

Connor advanced towards her with a beating heart, "Where have you been stung, Miss O'Brien?" said he, in

a tone shaken out of its fulness by what he felt.

"In the finger," she replied, and she looked closely into the spot as she uttered the words.

"Will you let me see it?" asked Connor.

She held her hand towards him without knowing what she did, nor was it till after a strong effort that Connor mastered himself so far as to ask her in which finger she felt the pain. In fact, both saw at once that their minds were engaged upon far different thoughts, and that their anxiety to pour out the full confession of their love was equally deep and mutual.

As Connor put the foregoing question to her, he took her hand in his.

"In what finger!" she replied, "I don't—indeed—I—I believe in the—the—but what—what is this?—I am very—very weak."

"Let me support you to the summer-house, where you can sit," returned Connor, still clasping her soft delicate hand in his; then circling her slender waist with the other, he helped her to a seat under the thick shade of the osiers.

Una's countenance immediately became pale as death, and her whole frame trembled excessively.

"You are too weak even to sit without support," said Connor, "your head is droopin'. For God's sake lean it over on me. Oh, I'd give ten thousand lives to have it on my breast only for one moment."

Her paleness still continued; she gazed on him, and as he gently squeezed her hand, a slight pressure was given in return. He then drew her head over upon his shoulder, where it rather fell than leaned; a gush of tears came from her eyes, and the next moment, with sobbing hearts, they were encircled in each other's arms.

From this first intoxicating draught of youthful love, they were startled by the voice of Mrs. O'Brien calling upon her daughter, and, at the same time, to their utter dismay, they observed the portly dame sailing, in her usual state, down towards the harbour, with an immense bunch of keys dangling from her side.

"Oonagh, Miss—Miss Oonagh—where are you Miss, Ma Colleen?—Here's a litter," she proceeded, when Una appeared, "from Mrs. Fogarty, your school-mistress, to yer father—statin' that she wants you to finish your Jiggraphy at the dancin', wid a new

dancin'-tacher from *Dubling*. Why—Eah! what ails you, Miss, Ma Colleen? What the dickens wor you cryin' for?"

"These nasty bees that stung me," returned the girl; "oh, for goodness sake, mother dear, don't come any farther, except you wish to have a whole hive upon you!"

"Why, sure, they would'n't sting any one that wont meddle wid them," replied the mother in a kind of alarm.

"The sorra pin they care, mother—don't come near them; I'll be in, by an' by—where's my father?"

"He's in the house, an' wants you to answer Mrs. Fogarty, statin' fedher you'll take a month's larnin' on the *flure* or not."

"Well, I'll see her letter in a minute or two, but you may tell my father he needn't wait—I wont answer it to-night at all events."

"You must answer it on the nail," replied her mother, "because the messenger's waitin' in the kitching 'ithin."

"That alters the case aktogether," returned Una, "and I'll follow you immediately."

The good woman then withdrew, having once more enjoined the daughter to avoid delay, and not detain the messenger.

"You must go instantly," said she to Connor; "oh, what would happen me if they knew that I lov—— that I——" a short pause ensued, and she blushed deeply.

"Say what you were goin' to say," returned Connor; "oh say *that one word*, and all the misfortunes that ever happened to man, can't make me unhappy! Oh God! an' is it possible. Say that word—oh! say it—say it!"

"Well then," she continued, "if they knew that *I love* the son of Fardorougha Donovan, what would become of me? Now, go for fear my father may come out."

"But when will I see you, again?"

"Go," said she, anxiously; "go, you can easily see me."

"But when?—when? say on Thursday."

"Not so soon—not so soon," and she cast an anxious eye towards the garden gate.

"When then?—say this day week."

"Very well—but go—maybe my father has heard from the servants that you are here."

"Dusk is the best time."

"Yes—yes—about dusk; under the

alders, in the little green field behind the garden."

"Shew me the wounded finger," said he with a smile, "before I go."

"There," said she, extending her hand; "but for heaven's sake go."

"I'll tell you how to cure it," said he, tenderly; "honey is the medicine; put that sweet finger to your own sweeter lip—and, afterwards, I'll carry home the wound."

"But not the medicine, *now*," said she, and, snatching her hand from his, with light fearful steps, she fled up the garden and disappeared.

Such, gentle reader, were the circumstances which brought our young and artless lovers together, in the black twilight of the singularly awful and ominous evening which we have already described.

Connor, on reaching the appointed spot, sat down; but his impatience soon overcame him; and while hurrying to and fro, under the alders, he asked himself in what was this wild but rapturous attachment to terminate? That the proud Bodagh, and his prouder wife, would never suffer their beautiful daughter, the heiress of all their wealth, to marry the son of Fardorougha the miser, was an axiom, the truth of which pressed upon his heart with a deadly weight. On the other hand, would his father, or rather could he, change his nature so far as to establish him in life, provided Una and he were united without the consent of her parents. Alas! he knew his father's parsimony too well; and, on either hand he was met by difficulties that appeared to him to be insurmountable. But again, came the delightful and ecstatic consciousness, that let their parents act as they might, Una's heart and his were bound to each other by ties, which, only to think of, was rapture. In the midst of these reflections, he heard her light foot approach, but with a step more slow and melancholy than he could have expected from the ardour of their love.

When she approached, the twilight was just sufficient to enable him to perceive that her face was pale, and tinged apparently with melancholy, if not with sorrow. After the first salutations were over, he was proceeding to enquire into the cause of her depression, when, to his utter surprise, she placed her hands upon her face, and burst into a fit of grief.

Those who have loved need not be told that the most delightful office of that delightful passion is to dry the

tears of the beloved one who is dear to us beyond all else that life contains. Connor literally performed this office, and enquired, in a tone so soothing and full of sympathy—why she wept? that her tears for a while only flowed the faster. At length her grief abated, and she was able to reply to him.

"You ask me why I am crying," said the fair young creature; "but, indeed, I cannot tell you. There has been a sinking of the heart upon me during the greater part of this day. When I thought of our meeting I was delighted, but again some heaviness would come over me that I can't account for."

"I know what it is," replied Connor, "a very simple thing; merely the terrible calm an' blackness of the evenin'. I was sunk myself a little."

"I ought to cry for a better reason," she returned; "in meeting you I have done—an' am doing—what I ought to be sorry for—that is a wrong action that my conscience condemns."

"There is nobody perfect, my dear Una," said Connor; "an' none without their failins'; they have little to answer for that have no more than you."

"Don't flatter me," she replied; "if you love me as you say, never flatter me while you live; I will always speak what I feel, and I hope you'll do the same."

"If I could spake what I feel," said he, "you would still say I flattered you—it's not in the power of any words that ever were spoken, to tell how I love you—how much my heart an' soul's fixed upon you. Little you know, my own dear Una, how unhappy I am this minute, to see you in low spirits—what do you think is the occasion of it? Spake now, as you say you will do, that is, as you feel."

"Except it be that *my heart* brought me to meet you to-night contrary to *my conscience*, I do not know; Connor, Connor, that heart is so strongly in your favour, that if you were not to be happy neither could its poor owner."

Connor for a moment looked into the future, but like the face of the sky above him, all was either dark or stormy; his heart sank, but the tenderness expressed in Una's last words filled his whole soul with a vehement and burning passion which he felt must regulate his destiny in life, whether for good or evil. He pulled her to his breast, on which he placed her head; she looked up fondly to him, and perceiving that he wrought under some

deep and powerful struggle, said in a low confiding voice, whilst the tears once more ran quietly down her cheeks,

"Connor, what I said is true."

"My heart's burnin'—my heart's burnin'," he exclaimed, "it's not love I feel for you, Una—it's more than love; oh what is it? Una, Una, this I know that I cannot long live without you, or from you; if I did, I'd go wild or mad through the world. For the last three years you have never been out of my mind, I may say awake or asleep; for I believe a night never passed during that time that I didn't drame of you—of the beautiful young crature—oh! God in heaven, can it be thrue, that she loves me at last. Say them blessed words again, Una; oh say them again; but I'm too happy—I can hardly bear this delight."

"It is true that I love you, and if our parents could think as we do, Connor, how easy would it be for them to make us happy, but——"

"It's too soon, Una; it's too soon to spake of that. Happy! don't we love one another? Is n't that happiness? who or what can deprive us of that? We are happy without them; we can be happy in spite of them; oh, my own fair girl; sweet, sweet life of my life, and heart of my heart; heaven—heaven itself would be no heaven to me, if you were n't with me!"

"Don't say that, Connor dear; it's wrong; let us not forget what is due to religion, if we expect our love to prosper. You may think this strange from one that has acted contrary to religion in coming to meet you against the will and knowledge of her parents; but beyond that, dear Connor, I hope I will never go. But is it true that you've loved me so long?"

"It is," said he; "the second Sunday in May next was three years, I kuelt opposite you at Mass. You were on the left hand side of the Altar, I was on the right; my eyes were never off you; indeed you may remember it."

"I have a good right," said she blushing and hiding her face on his shoulder. "I ought to be ashamed to acknowledge it, an' me so young at the time; little more than sixteen. From that day to this, my story has been just your own. Connor, can you tell me how I found it out, but I *knew* you loved me?"

"Many a thing was to tell you that, Una dear; sure my eyes were never off you, whenever you wor near me, an

wherever you were there was I certain to be too. I never miss'd any public place if I thought you would be at it, an' that merely for the sake of seein' you; an' now will you tell me why it was that I could 'a sworn you lov'd me?"

"You have answered for us both," she replied; "as for me, if I only chanced to hear your name mentioned my heart would beat; if the talk was about you I could listen to nothing else, and I often felt the colour come and go on my cheek."

"Una, I never thought I could be born to such happiness. Now that I know you love me, I can hardly think it was love I felt for you all along; it's wonderful—it's wonderful."

"What is so wonderful?" she inquired.

"Why, the change that I feel since knowin' that you love me; since I had it from *your own lips*, it has overcome me—I'm a child—I'm anything, anything you choose to make me—it was never love—it's only since I found you loved me that my heart's burnin' as it is."

"I'll make you happy if I can," she replied, "and keep you so, I hope."

"There's one thing that will make me still happier than I am," said Connor.

"What is it? if it's proper and right I'll do it."

"Promise me that if I live you'll never marry any one else than me."

"You wish then to have the promise all on one side;" she replied with a smile and blush, each as sweet as ever captivated a human heart.

"No, no, no, my darling Una, *a-cushla gra gal machree* no; I'll promise the same to you."

She paused, and a silence of nearly a minute ensued.

"I don't know that it's right, Connor; I have taken one wrong step as it is, but, well as I love you, I won't take another; whatever I do I must feel that it's proper. I'm not sure that this is."

"Don't you say you love me, Una?"

"I do; you know I do."

"I have only another question to ask; could you, or would you, love me as you do, an' marry another?"

"I could not, Connor, and would not, and will not. I am ready to promise; I may easily do it; for God knows the very thought of marrying another, or being deprived of you, is more than I can bear."

"Well, then," returned her lover, seizing her hand; "I take God to wit-

ness that, whilst you are alive an' faithful to me, I will never marry any woman but yourself. Now," he continued, "put your right hand into mine, and say the same words."

She did so, and was in the act of repeating the form, "I take God to witness—" when a vivid flash of lightning shot from the darkness above them, and a peal of thunder almost immediately followed with an explosion so loud as nearly to stun both. Una started with terror, and instinctively withdrew her hand from Connor's.

"God preserve us," she exclaimed, "that's awful. Connor, I feel as if the act I am goin' to do is not right. Let us put it off at all events, till another time."

"Is it because there comes an accidental brattle of thunder?" he returned. "Why the thunder would come if we were never to change a promise. You have mine, now, Una dear, an' I'm sure you wouldn't wish me to be bound an' yourself free. Don't be afraid, darling; give me your hand, an' don't tremble so; repeat the words at wanst, an' let it be over."

He again took her hand, when she repeated the form in a distinct, though feeble voice, observing when it was concluded,

"Now, Connor, I did this to satisfy you, but I still feel like one who has done a wrong action. I am yours now, but I can't help praying to God that it may end happily for us both."

"It must, darling Una—it must end happily for us both. How can it be otherwise? For my part, except to see you my wife, I couldn't be happier than I am this minute; exceptin' that, my heart has all it wished for. Is it possible! Oh! is it possible, that this is not a dream, my heart's life—but if it is—if it is—I never more will wish to waken."

Her young lover was deeply affected as he uttered these words, nor was Una proof against the emotion they produced.

"I could pray to God, this moment with a purer heart than I ever had before," he proceeded, "for makin' my lot in life so happy. I feel that I am better and freer from sin than I ever was yet. If we're faithful and true to one another what can the world do to us?"

"I could n't be otherwise than faithful to you," she replied, "without being unhappy myself, and I trust it's no sin to love each other as we do. Now let us—God bless me, what

a flash; an' here's the rain beginning. That thunder's dreadful; heaven preserve us! It's an' awful night! Connor, you must see me as far as the corner of the garden; as for you I wish you were safe at home."

"Hasten, dear," said he, "hasten; it's no night for you to be out in, now that the rain's coming; as for me, if it was ten times as dreadful I won't feel it. There's but one thought—one thought in my mind, and that I would n't part with for the wealth of the universe."

Both then proceeded at a quick pace until they reached the corner of Bodagh's garden, where, with brief but earnest reassurances of unalterable attachment, they took a tender and affectionate farewell.

It is not often that the higher ranks can appreciate the moral beauty of love as it is experienced by those humbler classes to whom they deny the power of feeling in its most refined and exalted character. For our parts we differ so much from them in this, that if we wanted to give an illustration of that passion in its purest and most delicate state, we would not seek for it in the saloon, or the drawing-room, but among the green fields and the smiling landscapes of rural life. The simplicity of humble hearts is more accordant with the unity of affection than any mind can be that is distracted by the competition of rival claims upon its gratification. We do not say that the votaries of rank and fashion are insensible to love; because how much soever they may be conversant with the artificial and unreal, still they are human, and must, to a certain extent, be influenced by a principle that acts wherever it can find a heart on which to operate. We say, however, that their love, when contrasted with that which is felt by the humble peasantry, is languid and sickly; neither so pure, nor so simple, nor so intense. Its associations in high life are unfavourable to the growth of a healthy passion; for what is the glare of a lamp, a twirl through the insipid mazes of the ball-room, or the unnatural distortions of the theatre, when compared to the rising of the summer sun, the singing of birds, the music of the streams, the joyous aspect of the varied landscape, the mountain, the valley, the lake, and a thousand other objects, each of which transmits to the peasant's heart silently and imperceptibly that subtle power which at once

strengthens and purifies the passion? There is scarcely such a thing as solitude in the upper ranks, nor an opportunity of keeping the feelings unwasted, and the energies of the heart unspent by the many vanities and petty pleasures with which fashion forces a compliance, until the mind falls from its natural dignity, into a habit of coldness and aversion to everything but the circle of empty trifles in which it moves so giddily. But the enamoured youth who can retire to the beautiful solitude of the still glen to brood over the image of her he loves, and who, probably, sits under the very tree where his love was avowed and returned; he, we say, exalted with the fullness of his happiness, feels his heart go abroad in gladness upon the delighted objects that surround him, for everything he looks upon is as a friend; his happy heart expands over the whole landscape; his eye glances to the sky; he thinks of the Almighty Being above him, and though without any capacity to analyze his own feelings—love—the love of some humble, plain but modest girl—kindles by degrees into the sanctity and rapture of religion.

Let not our readers of rank, then, if any such may honour our pages with a perusal, be at all surprised at the expression of Connor O'Donovan when, under the ecstatic power of a love so pure and artless as that which bound his heart and Una's together, he exclaimed, as he did, "*Oh, I could pray to God this moment with a purer heart than I ever had before.*" Such a state of feeling among the people is neither rare nor anomalous, for, however the great ones and the wise ones of the world may be startled at our assertion, we beg to assure them that love and religion are more nearly related to each other than those, who have never felt either in its truth and purity, can imagine.

As Connor performed his journey home, the thunder tempest pealed fearfully through the sky; and, though the darkness was deep and unbroken by anything but the red flashes of lightning, yet, so strongly absorbed was his heart by the scene we have just related, that he arrived at his father's house scarcely conscious of the roar of elements which surrounded him.

The family had retired to bed when he entered, with the exception of his parents, who, having felt uneasy at his disappearance, were anxiously await-

ing his return, and entering into fruitless conjectures concerning the cause of an absence so unusual.

"What," said the alarmed mother, "what in the world wide could keep him so long out, and on such a tempest as is in it? God protect my boy from all harm an' danger, this fearful night! Oh, Fardorougha, what 'ud become of us if anything happened him? As for me—my heart's wrapped up in him; widout our darlin' it 'ud break, break, Fardorougha."

"Hut; he's gone to some neighbour's, an' can't come out till the storm is over; he'll soon be here now that the tundher an' lightnin's past."

"But did you never think, Fardorougha, what 'ud become of you, what you'd do, or how you'd live, if any thing happened him; which the Almighty forbid this night and for ever; could you live widout him?"

The old man gazed upon her like one who felt displeasure at having a contingency so painful forced upon his consideration. Without making any reply, however, he looked thoughtfully into the fire for some time, after which he rose up, and, with a querulous and impatient voice, said,

"What's the use of thinkin' about sich things? Lose him! why would I lose him—I could n't lose him—I'd as soon lose my own life—I'd rather be dead at wanst than lose him."

"God knows your love for him is a quare love, Fardorougha," rejoined the wife; "you would n't give him a guinea if it 'ud save his life, or allow him even a few shillin's now an' then, for poeket-money, that he might be aquil to other young boys like him."

"No use, no use in that, except to bring him into drink an' other bad habits; a bad way, Honor, of showin' one's love to him. If you had your will you'd spoil him; I'm keepin' whatsoever little shillin's we've scraped together to settle him dacently in life; but, indeed, that's time enough yet; he's too young to marry for some years to come, barrin' he got a fortune."

"Well, one thing, Fardorougha, if ever two people wor blessed in a good son, praise be God we are that."

"We are, Honor, we are; there's not his aquil in the parish—achora machree that he is. When I'm gone he'll know what I've done for him."

"Whin you're gone; why Saver of arth sure you wouldn't keep him out of his—husth!—here he is, God be thanked! poor boy, he's safe. Oh,

thin, *vich no Hoiah*, Connor jewel, were you out undher this terrible night?"

"Connor, avich machree," added the father, "you're lost. My hand to you, if he's worth threc hapuns; sthrip an' throw my Cothamore about you, an' draw in to the fire; you're fairly lost."

"I'm worth two lost people yet," said Connor smiling; "mother did you ever see a pleasanter night?"

"Pleasant, Connor, darlin'; oh thin it's you may may say so, I'm sure!"

"Father you're a worthy,—only your Cothamore's too scimpit for me. Faith, mother, although you think I'm jokin', the devil a one o' me is; a pleasanter night—a happier night I never spent. Father, you ought to be proud o' me, an' stretch out a bit with the cash; faith, I'm nothin' else than a fine handsome young fellow."

"Be my sowl an' he ought to be proud out of you, Connor, whether you're in ainst or not," observed the mother, "an' to stretch out wid the *arrighad* too if you want it."

"Folly on, Connor, folly on; your mother 'ill back you, I'll go bail, say what you will; but sure you know all I have must be your's yet, acushla."

Connor now sat down, and his mother stirred up the fire, on which she placed additional fuel. After a little time his manner changed, and a shade of deep gloom fell upon his manly and handsome features. "I don't know," he at length proceeded, "that as we three are here together, I could do better than ask your advice upon what has happened to me to-night."

"Why, what has happened you, Connor?" said the mother alarmed; "plase God no harm I hope."

"Who else," added the father, "would you be guided by, if not by your mother an' myself?"

"No harm, mother dear," said Connor in reply to her; "harm! Oh! mother, mother, if you knew it; an' as for what *you* say, father, it's right; what advice but my mother's an' yours ought I ask?"

"An' God's too," added the mother.

"An' my heart was never more *ra* to God than it was, an' is this night," replied their ingenuous boy.

"Well, but what has happened, Connor," said his father; "if it's any thing where our advice can serve you, of coorse we'll advise you for the best."

Connor, then, with a glowing heart, made them acquainted with the affec-

tion which subsisted between himself and Una O'Brien, and ended by informing them of the vow of marriage which they had that night solemnly pledged to each other.

"You both know her by sight," he added, "an' after what I've sed, can you blame me for sayin' that I found this a pleasant an' a happy night?"

The affectionate mother's eyes filled with tears of pride and delight, on hearing that her handsome son was loved by the beautiful daughter of Bodagh Buie, and she could not help exclaiming, in the enthusiasm of the moment,

"She's a purty girl—the purtiest indeed I ever laid my two livin' eyes upon, and by all accounts as good as she's purty; but I say that, face to face, you're as good, agra, ay, an' as handsome, Fardorougha, as she is. God bless her, any way, an' mark her to grace and happiness, *ma colleen dhas dhun*."

"He's no match for her," said the father, who had listened with an earnest face, and compressed lips, to his son's narrative; "he's no match for her—by four hundred guineas."

Honour, when he uttered the previous part of his observation, looked upon him with a flash of indignant astonishment, but when he had concluded, her countenance fell back into its original expression. It was evident that, while she, with the feelings of a woman and a mother, instituted a parallel between their personal merits alone, the husband viewed their attachment through that calculating spirit which had regulated his whole life.

"You're thinkin' of her money now," she added; "but remimber, Fardorougha, that it was n't born wid her. An' I hope, Connor, it's not for her money that you have any *grah* for her?"

"You may swear that, mother; I love her little finger better than all the money in the king's bank."

"Connor, avich, your mother has made a fool of you, or you would n't spake the nonsense you spoke this minute."

"My word to you, father, I'll take all the money I'll get; but what am I to do? Bodagh Buie an' his wife will never consent to allow her to marry me, I can tell you; an' if she marries me without their consent, you both know I have no way of supportin' her, except you, father, assist me."

"That won't be needful, Connor; you may manage them; they won't see her want; she's an *only* daughter; they *could n't* see her want."

"An' is n't he an *only* son, Fardorougha?" exclaimed the wife; "an' my sowl to happiness but I believe you'd see *him* want."

"Any way," replied her husband, "I'm not for matches against the consint of paarents; they're not lucky; or can't you run away wid her, an' then refuse marryin' her except they come down wid the cash."

"Oh, father," exclaimed Connor, "father, father, to become a villain!"

"Connor," said his mother, rising up in a spirit of calm and mournful solemnity, "never heed; go to bed, achora, go to bed."

"Of coorse I'll never heed, mother," he replied; "but I can't help sayin' that, happy as I was a while ago, my father is sendin' me to bed with a heavy heart. When I asked your advice, father, little I thought it would be to do—but no matter! I'll never be guilty of an act that 'ud disgrace my name."

"No, avillish," said his mother, "you never will; God knows it's as much an' more than you an' other people can do, to keep the name we have in decency."

"It's fine talk," observed Fardorougha, "but what I advise has been done by hundreds that wor married an' happy afterwards; how-an-iver you need n't get into a passion, either of you; I'm not pressin' you, Connor, to it."

"Connor, achree," said his mother, "go to bed, an' instead of the advice you got, ax God's; go, avillish!"

Connor, without making any further observation, sought his sleeping-room, where, having recommended himself to God, in earnest prayer, he lay revolving all that had occurred that night, until the gentle influence of sleep at length drew him into oblivion.

"Now," said his mother to Fardorougha, when Connor had gone, "you must sleep by yourself; for as for me, my side I'll not stretch on the same bed wid you to-night."

"Very well; I can't help that," said her husband; "all I can say is this, that I'm not able to put sinse or prudence into you or Connor; so since you won't be guided by me, take your own coorse. Bodagh Buie's very well able to provide for them; an' if he

won't do so *before* they marry, why let Connor have nothin' to say to her."

"I'll tell you what, Fardorougha; God would n't be in heaven, or you'll get a cut heart yet, either through your son or your money; an' that it may not be through my darlin' boy, oh, grant sweet Saver o' the earth this night! I'm goin' to sleep wid Biddy Casey, an' you'll find a clane night-cap on the rail o' the bed; an', Fardorougha, afore you put it an, kneel down an' pray to God to change your heart—for it wants it—it wants it."

In Ireland the first object of a servant-man, after entering the employment of his master, is to put himself upon an amicable footing with his fellow-servants of the other sex. Such a step, besides being natural in itself, is often taken in consequence of the *esprit du corps* which prevails among persons of that class. Bartle Flanagan, although he could not be said to act from any habit previously acquired in service, went to work with all the tact and adroitness of a veteran. The next morning, after having left the barn where he slept, he contrived to throw himself in the way of Biddy Duggan, a girl, who, though vain and simple, was at the same time conscientious and honest. On passing from the barn to the kitchen, he noticed her returning from the well with a pitcher of water in each hand, and as it is considered an act of civil attention for the male-servant, if not otherwise employed, to assist the female in small matters of the kind, so did Flanagan, in his best manner and kindest voice, bid her good-morrow, and offer to carry home the pitchers.

"It's the least I may do," said he, "now that I'm your fellow-servant; but before you go farther, lay down your burden, an' let us chat awhile."

"Indeed," replied Biddy, "it's little we expected ever to see your father's son goin' to earn his bread undher another man's roof."

"Pooh! Biddy! there's greater wondhers in the world than that, woman, alive! But tell me—pooh—ay is there a thousand quarer things—but I say, Biddy, how do you like to live wid this family?"

"Why, troth indeed, only for the withered ould *leprechaun* himself, divil a dacenter people ever broke bread."

"Yet is n't it a wondher that the ould fellow is what he is, an' he so full o' money?"

"Troth there's one thing myself wondhers at more than *that*."

"What, Biddy? let us hear it."

"Why that *you* could be mane an' shabby enough to come as a sarvint to ate the bread of the man that ruined yees!"

"Biddy," replied Flanagan, "I'm glad you've said it; but do you think that I have so bad a heart as to keep revinge in against an inimy; how could I go to my knees at night, if I—no, Biddy, we must be Christians. Well! let us drop that; so you tell me the mother an' son are kind to you."

"As good-hearted a pair as ever lived."

"Connor, of course, cant but be *very* kind to so good-looking a girl as you are, Biddy," said Bartle, with a knowing smile.

"Very kind! good looking! ay, indeed I'm sure o' that, Bartle; behave! an' don't be gettin' an wid any o' your palavers. What 'ud make Connor be kind to the likes o' me, that way?"

"I dont see why he oughtn't an' mightn't—you're as good as him, if it goes to that."

"Oh yis, indeed!"

"Why, you know you're handsome."

"Handsome," replied the vain girl, tightening her apron strings, and assuming a sly coquettish look; "Bartle, go an' mind your business, and let me bring home my pitchers; it's time the breakwist was down. Sich nonsense!"

"Very well, you're not, thin; you've a bad leg, a bad figure, an' a bad face, and it would be a terrible thing all out for Connor O'Donovan to fall in consate wid you."

"Well, about Connor I could tell you something;—me! tut! go to the sarra; faix you dont know them that Connor's aftler, nor the collogin' they all had about it no longer ago than last night itself. I suppose they thought I was asleep, but it was like the hares, wid my eyes open."

"An' it's a pity, Biddy, ever the same two eyes should be shut. Begad myself's beginning to feel quare somehow, when I look at them."

A glance of pretended incredulity was given in return, after which she proceeded—

"Bartle, dont be bringin' yourself to the fair wid sich folly. My eyes is just as God made them; but I can tell you that before a month o' Sundays passes, I wouldn't be surprised if you

seen Connor married to—you wouldn't guess?"

"Not I; the devil a hap'orth I know about who he's courtin'."

"No less than our great beauty, Bodagh Buie's daughter, Una O'Brien. Now, Bartle, for goodness sake, don't let this crass your lips to livin' mortal. Sure I heard him tellin' all to the father and mother last night—they're promised to one another. Eh! blessed saints, Bartle, what ails you? you're as white as a sheet. What's wrong? and what did you start for?"

"Nothin'," replied Flanagan, coolly, "but a stitch in my side. I'm subject to that—it pains me very much while it lasts, and laves my face, as you say, the colour of dimity; but about Connor, upon my throth, I'm main proud to hear it; she's a purty girl, an' besides he'll have a fortune that'll make a man of him. I am, in throth, heart proud to hear it. It's a pity Connor's father isn't as dacent as himself. Arrah Biddy, where does the ould codger keep his money?"

"Little of it in the house any way—sure whenever he scrapes a guinea together he's away wid it to the county——county——och, that county man that keeps the money for the people."

"The Threasurer; well, much good may his thrash do him, Biddy, that's the worst I wish him. Come now and I'll lave your pitchers at home, and remember you owe me something for this."

"Good will, I hope."

"That for one thing," he replied, as they went along; "but we'll talk more about it when we have time; and I'll thin tell you the truth about what brought me to hire wid Fardorougha Donovan."

Having thus excited that most active principle called female curiosity, both entered the kitchen, where they found Connor and his mother in close and apparently confidential conversation—Fardorougha himself having as usual been abroad upon his farm for upwards of an hour before any of them had risen.

The feelings with which they met that morning at breakfast may be easily understood by our readers, without much assistance of ours. On the part of Fardorougha there was a narrow selfish sense of exultation, if not of triumph, at the chance that lay before his son of being able to settle himself independently in life, without the necessity of making any demand upon the hundreds which lay so safely in the

keeping of the County Treasurer. His sordid soul was too deeply imbued with the love of money to perceive that what he had hitherto looked upon as a proof of parental affection and foresight, was nothing more than a fallacy by which he was led day after day farther into his prevailing vice. In other words, now that love for his son, and the hope of seeing him occupy a respectable station in society ought to have justified the reasoning by which he had suffered himself to be guided, it was apparent that the prudence which he had still considered to be his duty as a kind parent, was nothing else than a mask for his own avarice. The idea, therefore, of seeing Connor settled without any aid from himself, filled his whole soul with a wild hard satisfaction, which gave him as much delight as perhaps he was capable of enjoying. The advice offered to his son on the preceding night appeared to him a matter so reasonable in itself, and the opportunity offered by Una's attachment so well adapted for making it an instrument to work upon the affections of her parents, that he could not for the life of him perceive why they should entertain any rational objection against it.

The warm-hearted mother participated so largely in all that affected the happiness of her son, that if we allow for the difference of sex and position, we might describe their feelings as bearing, in the character of their simple and vivid enjoyment, a very remarkable resemblance. This amiable woman's affection for Connor was reflected upon Una O'Brien, whom she now most tenderly loved, not because the fair girl was beautiful, but because she had plighted her troth to that son who had been during his whole life her own solace and delight.

No sooner was the morning meal concluded, and the servants engaged at their respective employments, than Honour, acting probably under Connor's suggestion, resolved at once to ascertain whether her husband could so far overcome his parsimony as to establish their son and Una in life; that is, in the event of Una's parents opposing their marriage, and declining to render them any assistance. With this object in view, she told him as he was throwing his great-coat over his shoulders, in order to proceed to the fields, that she wished to speak with him upon a matter of deep importance.

"What is it?" said Fardorougha, with a hesitating shrug, "what is it? This is ever an' always the way when you want money; but I tell you I have no money. You wor born to waste and extravagance, Honour, an' there's no curin' you. What is it you want? an' let me go about my business."

"Throw that ould threadbare Cothamore off o' you," replied Honour, "and beg of God to give you grace to sit down, an' have common feeling an' common sense."

"If it's money to get cloes either for yourself or Connor, there's no use in it. I needn't sit; you don't want a stitch either of you."

Honour, without more ado, seized the coat, and flinging it aside, pushed him over to a seat on which she forced him to sit down.

"As heaven's above me," she exclaimed, "I dunna what'll come over you at all, at all. Your money, your thrash, your dirt an' filth, ever, ever, an' for ever more in your thought, heart, and sowl. Oh Chierna! to think of it, an' you know there's a God above you, an' that you must meet him, an' that *widout* your money too!"

"Ay, ay, the money's what you want to come at; but I'll not sit here to be hecchord. What is it, I say agin, you want?"

"Fardorougha ahagur," continued the wife, checking herself, and addressing him in a kind and affectionate voice, "maybe I *was* spakin' too harsh to you, but sure it was an' is for your own good. How an' ever, I'll thry kindness, and if you have a heart at all, you can't but show it when you hear what I'm goin' to say."

"Well, well, go an," replied the pertinacious husband; "but—money—ay, ay, is there. I feel by the way you're comin' about me, that there is money at the bottom of it."

The wife raised her hands and eyes to heaven, shook her head, and after a slight pause, in which she appeared to consider her appeal a hopeless one, she at length went on in an earnest but subdued and desponding spirit—

"Fardorougha, the time's now come that will show the world whether you love Connor or not."

"I don't care a pin about the world; you an' Connor know well enough that I love him."

"Love for one's child doesn't come out merely in words, Fardorougha; actin' for their benefit shows it better than spakin'. Don't you grant that?"

"Very well, may be I do, and agin may be I don't; there's times when the one's better than the other; but go an; may be I do grant it."

"Now tell me where in this parish, ay, or in the next five parishes to it, you'd find sich a boy for a father or mother to be proud out of, as Connor, your own darlin' as you often called him?"

"Divil a one, Honour; *dammo* to the one; I won't differ wid you in *that*."

"You won't differ wid me! the divil thank you for that. You won't, indeed! but *could* you, I say, if you wor willin'?"

"I tell you I could *not*."

"Now there's sinse an' kindness in that. Very well, you say you're gatherin' up all the money you can for *him*."

"For him—*him*," exclaimed the unconscious miser, "why, what do you mane—for—well—ay—yes, yes, I did say for him; it's for *him* I'm keeping it—it is I tell you."

"Now, Fardorougha, you know he's ould enough to be settled in life on his own account, an' you *heard* last night the girl he can get, if you stand to him, as he ought to expect from a father that loves him."

"Why, last night, thin, didn't I give my—"

"Whist, ahagur! hould your tongue awhile, and let me go on. Truth's best—he dotes on that girl to sich a degree, that if he doesn't get her, he'll never see another happy day while he's alive."

All *feasthalagh*, Honour—that won't pass wid me; I know otherwise myself. Do you think that if I hadn't got *you*, I'd been unhappy four an' twenty hours, let alone my whole life? I tell you that's *feasthalagh*, an' won't pass. He wouldn't ate an ounce the less if he was never to get her. You seen the breakfast he made this mornin'; I didn't begrudge it to *him*, but may I never stir if that Flanagan wouldn't ate a horse behind the saddle; he has a stomach that 'd require a king's ransom to keep it."

"You know nothing of what I'm spakin' about," replied his wife. "I wasn't *Una dhas dhun* O'Brien in my best days; an' be the vestment, you war n't Connor, that has more feelin' an' spirit, an' generosity in the nail of his little finger, than ever you had in your whole carkass. I tell you if he doesn't get married to that girl he'll break his

heart. Now how can he marry her except you take a good farm for him, and stock it decently, so that he may have a home such as she deserves to bring her to?"

"How do you know but they'll give her a fortune when they find her bent on him?"

"Why, it's not impossible," said the wife, immediately changing her tactics, "it's not impossible, but I can tell you it's very unlikely."

"The best way, then, in my opinion, 'ud be to spake to Connor about breaking it to the family."

"Why, that's fair enough," said the wife, "I wondher myself I didn't think of it, but the time was so short since last night."

"It is short," replied the miser, "far an' away too short to expect any one to make up their mind about it. Let them not be rash themselves aither, for I tell you that when people marry in haste, they're apt to have time enough to repint at laysure."

"Well, but Fardorougha acushla, now hear me; throth it's thruth and sinse what you say; but still, avourneen, listen; now set in case that the Bodagh an' his wife don't consint to their marriage, or to do any thing for them, wont you take them a farm and stock it bravely? Think of poor Connor, the darlin' fine fellow that he is. Oh, thin, Saver above, but it's he id go to the well o' the world's end to ase you, if your little finger only ached. He would, or for myself, and yet his own father to trate him wid sich—

It was in vain she attempted to proceed; the subject was one in which her heart felt too deep an interest to be discussed without tears. A brief silence ensued, during which Fardorougha moved uneasily on his seat, took the tongs and mechanically mended the fire, and peering at his wife with a countenance twitched as if by *tic dolooureux*, stared round the house with a kind of stupid wonder, rose up, then sat instantly down, and in fact exhibited many of those unintelligible and uncouth movements, which, in persons of his cast, may be properly termed the hieroglyphics of human action, under feelings that cannot be deciphered either by those on whom they operate, or by those who witness them.

"Yes," said he, "Connor is all you say, an' more. an' more—an'—an'—a rash act is the worst thing he could do. It's better, Honour, to spake to

him as, I sed, about lettin' the matter be known to Una's family out of hand."

"And, thin, if they refuse, you can show them a ginerous example, by puttin' them into a dacent farm. Will you promise me that, Fardorougha? If you do, all's right, for they're not livin' that ever knew you to break your word or your promise."

"I'll make no promise, Honour; I'll make no promise; but let the other plan be tried first. Now don't be pressin' me; he is—he is a noble boy, and would, as you say, thravel round the earth to keep my little finger from pain; but let me alone about it now—let me alone about it."

This, though slight encouragement, was still in Honour's opinion quite as much as, if not more than, she expected. Without pressing him, therefore, too strongly at that moment, she contented herself with a full-length portrait of their son, drawn with all the skill of a mother who knew, if her husband's heart could be touched at all, those points at which she stood the greatest chance of finding it accessible.

For a few days after this the subject of Connor's love was permitted to be undebated, in the earnest hope that Fardorougha's heart might have caught some slight spark of natural affection from the conversation which had taken place between him and Honour. They waited consequently with patience for some manifestation on his part of a better feeling, and flattered themselves that his silence proceeded from the struggle which they knew a man of his disposition must necessarily feel in working up his mind to any act requiring him to part with that which he loved better than life, his money. The ardent temperament of Connor, however, could ill brook the pulseless indifference of the old man; with much difficulty, therefore was he induced to wait a whole week for the issue, though sustained by the mother's assurance, that in consequence of the impression left on her by their last conversation, she was certain the father, if not urged beyond his wish, would declare himself willing to provide for them. A week, however, elapsed, and Fardorougha moved on in the same hard and insensible spirit which was usual to him, wholly engrossed by money, and never either directly or indirectly appearing to remember that the happiness and welfare of his son were at stake, or depending

upon the determination to which he might come.

Another half-week passed, during which Connor had made two unsuccessful attempts to see Una, in order that some fixed plan of intercourse might be established between them, at least until his father's ultimate resolution on the subject proposed to him should be known. He now felt deeply distressed, and regretted that the ardour of his attachment had so far borne him away during their last meeting, that he had forgotten to concert measures with Una for their future interviews.

He had often watched about her father's premises from a little before twilight until the whole family had gone to bed, yet without any chance either of conversing with her, or of letting her know that he was in the neighbourhood. He had gone to chapel, too, with the hope of seeing her, or snatching a hasty opportunity of exchanging a word or two, if possible, but to his astonishment she had not attended mass—an omission of duty of which she had not been guilty for the last three years. What, therefore, was to be done? For him to be detected lurking about the Bodagh's house might create suspicion, especially after their interview in the garden, which very probably had, through the officiousness of the servants, been communicated to her parents. In a matter of such difficulty he bethought him of a confidant, and the person to whom the necessity of the case directed him was Bartle Flanagan. Bartle, indeed, ever since he entered into his father's service, had gained rapidly upon Connor's good-will, and on one or two occasions well nigh succeeded in drawing from him a history of the mutual attachment which subsisted between him and Una. His good humour, easy language, and apparent friendship for young O'Donovan, together with his natural readiness of address, or if you will, of manner, all marked him out as admirably qualified to act as a confidant in a matter which required the very tact and talent he possessed.

"Poor fellow," thought Connor to himself, "it will make him feel more like one of the family than a servant. If he can think that he's treated as my friend and companion, he may forget that he's eating the bread of the very man that drove him and his to destruction. Ay, and if we're married, I'm not sure but I'll have him to give me away too."

This resolution of permitting Flanagan to share his confidence had been come to by Connor upon the day subsequent to that on which he had last tried to see Una. After his return home, the disappointment on one hand, and his anxiety concerning his father's liberality on the other, together with the delight arising from the certainty of being beloved, all kept his mind in a tumult, and permitted him to sleep but little. The next day he decided on admitting Bartle to his confidence, and reposing this solemn trust in his integrity. He was lying on his back in the meadow—for they had been rickling the hay from the lapcocks, when that delicious languor which arises from the three greatest provocatives to slumber, want of rest, fatigue, and heat, so utterly overcame him, that, forgetting his love, and all the anxiety arising from it, he fell into a dreamless and profound sleep.

From this state he was aroused after about an hour by the pressure of something sharp and painful against his side, near the region of the heart, and on looking up, he discovered Bartle Flanagan standing over him with a pitchfork in his hand, one end of which was pressed against his breast, as if he had been in the act of driving it forward into his body. His face was pale, his dark brows frightfully contracted, and his teeth apparently set together, as if working under some fearful determination. When Connor awoke, Flanagan broke out into a laugh that no language could describe. The character of mirth which he wished to throw into his face, jarred so terrifically with its demoniacal expression when first seen by Connor, that even unsuspecting as he was, he started up with alarm, and asked Flanagan what was the matter. Flanagan, however, laughed on—peal after peal succeeded—he tossed the pitchfork aside, and clapping both his hands upon his face, continued the paroxysms until he recovered his composure.

"Oh," said he, "I'm sick, I'm as wake as a child wid laughin'; but, Lord bless us, after all, Connor, what is a man's life worth whin he has an enemy near him. There was I, ticklin' you wid the pitchfork, strivin' to waken you, and one inch of it would have baked your bread for life. Didn't you feel me, Connor?"

"Divil a bit, till the minute afore I ris."

"Then the divil a purtier jig ever

you danced in your life; wait till I shew you how your left toe wint."

He accordingly lay down and illustrated the pretended action, after which he burst out into another uncontrollable fit of mirth.

"'Twas just for all the world," said he, "as if I had tied a string to your toe, for you groaned an' grunted, an' went on like I dunna what; but Connor, what makes you so sleepy to-day as well as on Monday last?"

"That's the very thing," replied the unsuspicious and candid young man, "that I wanted to spake to you about."

"What! about sleepin' in the meadows?"

"Devil a bit o' that, Bartle, not a morsel of sleepin' in the meadows is consarned in what I'm goin' to mention to you. Bartle, didn't you tell me the day you hired wid my father, that you wor in love?"

"I did, Connor, I did."

"Well so am I; but do you know who I'm in love with?"

"How the devil, man, could I?"

"Well no swearin', Bartle; keep the commandments, my boy. I'll tell you in the mane time, an' that's more than you did to me, you close-mouth-is-a-sign-of-a-wise-head spalpeen."

"Hard fortune to you, go on, and don't be keepin' me in suspin'—who's the girl?"

"Did you ever hear tell of one *Colleen dhas dhun*, as she's called, known by the name of Una or Oona O'Brien, daughter to one Bodagh Buie O'Brien, the richest man, barrin' a born gentleman, in the three parishes."

"All very fair, Connor, for you or any one else to be in love wid her—ay, or man alive, for myself, if it goes to that—but, *but* Connor, avouchal, are you sure that iver you'll bring her to be in love wid you?"

"Bartle," said Connor, seriously, and after a sudden change in his whole manner, "in this business I'm goin' to trate you as a friend and a brother. She loves me, Bartle, and a solemn promise of marriage has passed between us."

"Connor," said Bartle, "it's wondrous, it's wondrous; you couldn't believe what a fool I am—fool! no but a faint-hearted, cowardly villian."

"What do you mane, Bartle? what the dickens are you drivin' at?"

"Drivin' at! whenever I happen to have an opportunity of makin' a drive that id—but! I'm talkin' balderdash. Do you see here Connor," said he,

putting his hand to his neck, "do you see here?"

"To be sure I do. Well, what about *there*?"

"Be my sowl I'm very careful of—hut!—sure I may as well tell you the whole truth—I sed I was in love; well, man, that was thrue, an'," he added in a low pithy whisper, "I was near—no, Connor, I won't, but go an; it's enough for you to know that I was an' am in love, an' that it'll go hard wid me if ever *any one else* is married to the girl I'm in love wid. Now that my business is past, let me hear your's, poor fellow, an' I'm divilish glad to know, Connor, that—that—why tunder an' ouns, that you're not as I am. Be the crass that saved us, Connor, I'm glad of that."

"Why love will set you mad, Bartle, if you don't take care of yourself; an' faith I dunna but it may do the same with myself, if I'm disappointed. However, the truth is, you must serve me in this business. I strav to see her twist, but could n't, an' I'm afraid of bein' seen spyin' about their place."

"The thruth is, Connor, you want to make me a go-between—a blackfoot; very well, I'll do that same on your account, an' do it well, too, I hope."

It was then arranged that Flanagan, who was personally known to some of the Bodagh's servants, should avail himself of that circumstance, and contrive to gain an interview with Una, in order to convey her a letter from O'Donovan. He was further enjoined by no means to commit it to the hands of any person save those of Una herself, and, in the event of his not being able to see her, then the letter was to be returned to Connor. If he succeeded, however, in delivering it, he was to await an answer, provided she found an opportunity of sending one; if not, she was to inform Connor, through Flanagan, at what time and place he could see her. This arrangement having been made, Connor immediately wrote the letter, and, after having dispatched Flanagan upon his errand, set himself to perform, by his individual labour, the task which his father had portioned out for both. Ere Bartle's return Fardorougha came to inspect their progress in the meadow, and, on finding that the servant was absent, he enquired sharply into the cause of it.

"He's gone on a message for me," replied Connor with the utmost frankness.

"But that's a bad way for him to mind his business," said his father.

"I'll have the task that you set both of us finished," replied the son; "so that you'll lose nothin' by his absence, at all events."

"It's wrong, Connor, it's wrong; where did you send him to?"

"To Bodagh Buie's wid a letter to Una."

"It's a waste of time, an' a loss of work; about that business I have something to say to your mother an' you to-night, afther the supper, when the rest goes to bed."

"I hope, father, you'll do the dacent thing still."

"No; but I hope, son, you'll do the wise thing still; how-an-ever let me alone now; if you expect me to do anything, you must n't drive me as your mother does. To-night we'll make up a plan that'll outdo Bodagh Buie. Before you come home, Connor, throw a stone or two in that gap, to prevent the cows from gettin' into the bay; it won't cost you much trouble. But Connor, homomon dioul, did you ever see sich a gut as Bartle has? He'll brake me out o' house an' home feedin' him; he has a stomach for ten-penny nails; be my word it 'ud be a charity to give him a dose of oak bark to make him dacent; he's a divil at ain', an' little good may it do him!"

The hour of supper arrived without Bartle's returning, and Connor's impatience began to overcome him, when, Fardorougha, for the first time, introduced the subject which lay nearest his son's heart.

"Connor," he began, "I've been thinkin' of this affair with Una O'Brien; an' in my opinion there's but one way of it; but if you're a fool and stand in your own light, it's not my fault."

"What is the way, father?" enquired Connor.

"The very same I tould your mother an' you before—run away wid her—I mane make a runaway match of it—then refuse to marry her unless they come down wid the money. You know afther runnin' away wid you nobody else ever would marry her, so that rather than see their child disgraced, never fear but they'll pay down on the nail, or maybe bring you both to live wid 'em."

"My sowl to glory, Fardorougha," said the wife; "but you're a bigger an' cunningner ould rogue than ever I tuck you for. By the scapular upon me, if I had a known how you'd turn out, the

sarra carry the ring ever you'd put on my finger."

"Father," said Connor, "I must be disobedient to you in this at all events. It's plain you'll do nothing for us, so there's no use in sayin' any thing more about it. I have no manes of supportin' her, and I swear by the blessed sacrament I'll never bring her to poverty. If I had money to carry me I'd go to America an' thry my fortune there; but I have not. Father, it's too hard that you should stand in my way when you could so easily make me happy; who have you sich a right to assist as your son—your only son, an' your only child, too?"

This was spoken in a tone of respect and sorrow at once impressive and affectionate. His fine features were touched with something beyond sadness or regret, and as the tears stood in his eyes, it was easy to see that he felt much more deeply for his father's want of principle than for any thing connected with his own hopes and prospects. In fact the tears that rolled silently down his cheeks were the tears of shame and sorrow, for a parent who could thus school him to an act of such unparalleled baseness. As it was, the genius of the miser, felt rebuked by the natural delicacy and honour of the son—the old man therefore shrunk back abashed, confused, and moved at the words which he had heard—simple and inoffensive though they were.

"Fardorougha," said the wife, wiping her eyes, that were kindling into indignation, "we're now married goin' an—"

"I think, mother," said Connor, "the less we say about it now the better—with my own good will I'll never spake on the subject."

"You're right, avourneen," replied the mother; "you're right; I'll say nothing—God sees it's no use."

"What would you have me do?" said the old man, rising and walking about in unusual distress and agitation; "you don't know me—I can't do it—I can't do it. You say, Honor, I don't care about him—I'd give him my blood—I'd give him my blood to save a hair of his head. My life an' happiness depends on him; but who knows how he an' his wife might mismanage that money if they got it—both young an' foolish. It wasn't for nothing it came into my mind what I'm afraid will happen to me yet."

"And what was that, Fardorougha?" asked the wife.

"Such foreknowledge doesn't come for nothing, Honor. I've had it an' felt it hangin' over me this many a long day, that I'd come to starvation yit; an' I see if you force me to do as you wish, that it 'ill happen. I'm as sure of it as that I stand before you; I'm an unfortunate man wid sich a fate before me; an' yet I'd shed my blood for my boy—I would, an' he ought to know I would; but he wouldn't ax me to starve for him—would you, Connor, avick machree, would you ax your father to starve? I'm unhappy—unhappy—an' my heart's breakin'."

The old man's voice failed him as he uttered the last words; for the conflict which he felt evidently convulsed his whole frame. He wiped his eyes, and again sitting down he wept bitterly and in silence, for many minutes.

A look of surprise, compassion, and deep distress passed between Connor and his mother. The latter also was very much affected, and said,

"Fardorougha dear, maybe I spake sometimes to cross to you; but if I do, God above knows it's not that I bear you ill will, but bekase I'm troubled about poor Connor. But I hope I won't spake angry to you agin; at all evints if I do, remimber it's only the mother pladin' for her son—the only son an' child that God was pleased to send her."

"Father," added Connor, also deeply moved, "don't distress yourself about me—dont, father dear. Let things take their chance, but come or go what will, any good fortune that might happen me wouldn't be sweet if it came by givin' you a sore heart."

At this moment the barking of the dog gave notice of approaching footsteps; and in a few moments the careless whistle of Bartle Flanagan was heard within a few yards of the door.

"This is Bartle," said Connor; "maybe, father, his answer may throw some light upon the business. At any rate, as there's no secret in it, we'll all hear what news he brings us."

He had scarcely concluded when the latch was lifted, but Bartle could not enter.

"It's locked and bolted," said Fardorougha; "as he sleeps in the barn I forgot that he was to come in here any more tonight—open it, Connor."

"For the sake of all the money you keep in the house, father," said Connor, smiling, "it's hardly worth your while to be so timorous; but God help the

County Treasurer if he forgot to bar his door—Asy, Bartle, I'm openin' it."

Flanagan immediately entered; and, with all the importance of a confidant, took his seat at the fire.

"Well, Bartle," said Connor, "what news?"

"Let the boy get his supper first," said Honor; "Bartle, you must be starved wid the hunger."

"Faith I'm middlin' well I thank you that same way," replied Bartle; "divil a one o' me but's as ripe for my supper as a July cherry; an' wid the blessin' o' heaven upon my endayvours I'll soon show you what good execution is."

A deep groan from Fardorougha gave back a fearful echo to the truth of this formidable annunciation.

"Aren't you well, Fardorougha," asked Bartle.

"Throth I'm not, Bartle; never was more uncomfortable in my life."

Flanagan immediately commenced his supper, which consisted of flummery and new milk—a luxury among the lower ranks which might create envy in an epicure. As he advanced in the work of destruction, the grey eye of Fardorougha, which followed every spoonful that entered his mouth, scintillated like that of a cat when rubbed down the back, though from a directly opposite feeling. He turned and twisted on the chair, and looked from his wife to his son, then turned up his eyes, and appeared to feel as if a dagger entered his heart with every additional dig of Bartle's spoon into the flummery. The son and wife smiled at each other; for they could enjoy those petty sufferings of Fardorougha with a great deal of good humour.

"Bartle," said Connor, "what's the news?"

"Divil a word worth telling; at last that I can hear."

"I mane from Bodagh Buie's."

Bartle stared at him; "Bodagh Buie's!—what do I know about Bodagh Buie? are you ravin'?"

"Bartle," said Connor, smiling, "my father and mother knows all about it—an' about your going to Una with the letter. I have no secrets from them."

"Hoot toot! That's a horse of another colour; but you wouldn't have me, widout knowin' as much, to go to betray trust. In the mane time I may as well finish my supper before I begin to tell you what-som-ever I happen to know about it."

Another deep groan from Fardorougha followed the last observation.

At length the work of demolition ceased, and after Honour had put past the empty dish, Bartle, having wiped his mouth, and uttered a hiccup or two, thus commenced to dole out his intelligence :—

"Whin I wint to the Bodagh's," said Bartle, "it was wid great schamin' an' trouble I got a sight of Miss Una at all, in regard of—(hiccup)—in regard of her not knowin' that there was any sich message for her—(hiccup.) But happenin' to know Sally Laffan, I made bould to go into the kitchen to ax, you know, how was her aunt's family up in Skelgy, when who should I find before me in it but Sally an' Miss Una—(hiccup). (Saver of earth this night! *from Fardorougha.*) Of coorse I shuck hands wid her—wid Sally I mane; 'an' Sally,' says I, 'I was sent in wid a message from the master to you; he's in the haggard an' wants you.' So, begad, ou—(hiccup) out she goes, an' the coast bein' clear, 'Miss Una,' says I, 'here's a scrape of a letther from Misher Connor O'Donovan; read it, and if you can write him an answer, do; if you haven't time say whatever you have to say by me.' She go—(hiccup) she got all colours when I handed it to her; an' run away, sayin' to me, 'wait for a while, an' don't go till I see you.' In a minute or two Sally comes in agin as mad as the dickens wid me; the; curse o' the crows an you,' says she, 'why did you make me run a fool's erran' for no reason. The master wasn't in the haggard, an' didn't want me good or bad.'

"Bartle," said the impatient lover, "pass all that over for the present, an' let us know the answer if she sent any."

"Sent any! be my sowl she did so; afther readin' your letther an' findin' that she could depind on me, she said that for fear of any remarks bein' made about my waitin', espishially as I live at present in this family, it would be better she thought to answer it by word o' mouth. 'Tell him,' said she, 'that I didn't think he wa—(hiccup) (Queen o' heaven!) was so dull an' ignorant o' the customs of the country, as not to know that whin young people want to see one another they stay from mass wid an expectation that'—begad I disremember exactly her own words; but it was as much as to say that she staid

at home on last Sunday expectin' to see you."

"Well, but Bartle, what else?—short an' sweet, man."

"Why, she'll meet you on next Thursday night, God willin', in the same place; an' whin I axed her where, she said you knew it yourself."

"An' is that all?"

"No it's not all; she sed it 'ud better to mention the thing to her father. Afther thinkin' it over she says, 'as your father has the na—(hiccup) (Saints above!) name of bein' so rich, 'she doesn't know if a friend 'ud interlere bût his consint might be got; an' that's all I have to say about it, barrin' that she's a very purty girl, an' I'd advise you not to be too sure of her yet Bartle. So now I'm for the barn—Good night Far—(hiccup) (at my cost, you do it!) Fardorougha."

He rose and proceeded to his sleeping place in the barn, whither Connor, who was struck by his manner, accompanied him.

"Bartle," said O'Donovan, "did you take any thing since I saw you last?"

"Only share of two naggins wid my brother Antony at Peggy Finigan's."

"I noticed it upon you," observed Connor; "but I don't think they did."

"An' if they did, too, it's not high thrason I hope."

"No; but Bartle, I'm obliged to you. You've acted as a friend to me, an' I won't forget it to you."

"Dar Deah, an' I'm so much obliged to you, Connor, that I'll remember your employin' me in this the longest day I have to live. But Connor?"

"Well, Bartle."

"I'd take the sacrement, that afther all, a ring you'll never put on her."

"And what makes you think so, Bartle?"

"I don't—I do—(hiccup) don't know; but somehow something or another tells it to me that you won't; others is find of her I suppose as well as yourself; and of course they'll stand betune you."

"Ay, but I'm sure of her."

"Der Christha, but you're not; wait till I see you man and wife, an' thin I'll say so. Here's myself, Bartle, is in love, an' though I don't expect ever the girl will or would marry me, be the crass of heaven no other man will have her. Now, how do you know but you may have some one like me—like me, Connor, to stand against you?"

"Bartle," said Connor, laughing, "your head's a little moidher'd; give me your hand; wish! the devil take you, man, don't wring my fingers off. Say your prayers, Bartle, an' go to sleep. I say agin I wont forget your kindness to me this night."

Flanagan had now deposited himself upon his straw bed, and after having tugged the bed clothes about him, said, in the relaxed indolent voice of a man about to sleep,

"Good night, Connor; throth my head's a little soft tonight—good night."

"Good night, Bartle."

"Connor?"

"Well?"

"Didn't I stand to you tonight? Very well—goo—(hiccup) good night!"

On Connor's return, a serious conclave was held upon the best mode of procedure in a matter which presented difficulties that appeared to be insurmountable. The father seizing upon the advice transmitted by Una herself, as that which he had already suggested, insisted that the most judicious course was to propose for her openly, and without appearing to feel that there was any inferiority on the part of Connor.

"If they talk about wealth, Connor," said he, "say that you are my son, an' that—that—no—no—I'm too poor for such a boast, but say that you will be able to take good care of any thing you get."

At this moment the door, which Connor had not bolted, as his father would have done, opened, and Bartle, wrapped in the treble folds of a winnow-cloth, made a distant appearance."

"Beg pardon, Connor; I forgot to say that Una's brother, the young priest out o' Maynooth, will be at home from his uncle's, where it appears he is at present; an' Miss Una would wish that the proposal 'ud be made while *he's* at his father's. She says he'll stand her friend, come or go what will. I forgot, begad, to mention it before—so beg pardon, an' wishes you all good night!"

This information tended to confirm them in the course recommended by Fardorougha. It was accordingly resolved upon that he (Fardorougha) himself should wait upon Bodagh Buie, and in the name of his son formally propose for the hand of his daughter.

To effect this, however, was a matter of no ordinary difficulty, as they

apprehended that the Bodagh and his wife would recoil with indignation at the bare notion of even condescending to discuss a topic which, in all probability they would consider as an insult. Not, after all, that there existed, according to the opinion of their neighbours, such a vast disparity in the wealth of each; on the contrary, many were heard to assert, that of the two Fardorougha had the heavier purse. His character, however, was held in such abhorrence by all who knew him, and he ranked in point of personal respectability and style of living, so far beneath the Bodagh, that we question if any ordinary occurrence could be supposed to fall upon the people with greater amazement than a marriage, or the report of a marriage, between any member of the two families. The O'Donovans felt, however, that it was better to make the experiment already agreed on, than longer to remain in a state of uncertainty about it. Should it fail, the position of the lovers, though perhaps rendered somewhat less secure, would be such as to suggest, so far as they themselves were concerned, the necessity of a more prompt and effectual course of action. Fardorougha expressed his intention of opening the matter on the following day; but his wife, with a better knowledge of female character, deemed it more judicious to defer it until after the interview which was to take place between Connor and Una on the succeeding Thursday. It might be better, for instance, to make the proposal first to Mrs. O'Brien herself, or on the other hand to the Bodagh, but touching that and other matters relating to what was proposed to be done, Una's opinion and advice might be necessary.

Little passed, therefore, worthy of note, during the intermediate time, except a short conversation between Bartle and Connor on the following day, as they returned to the field from dinner.

"Bartle," said the other, "you wor a little soft last night: or rather a good dale so."

"Faith, no doubt o' that—but when a man meets an ould acquaintance or two, they don't like to refuse a thrate. I fell in wid three or four boys—all friends o' mine, an' we had a sup on account o' what's expected."

As he uttered these words, he looked at Connor with an eye which seemed to say—you are not in a certain secret with which I am acquainted.

"Why," replied Connor, "what do you mane, Bartle? I thought you wor with your brother—at laste you tould me so."

Flanagan started on hearing this.

"Wid my brother," said he—why, I—I—what else could I tell you? he was along wid the boys when I met them."

"Took a sup on account o' what's expected!—an' what's the manin' o' that, Bartle?"

"Why, what would it mane—but—but—your marriage?"

"An' thundher an' fury," exclaimed Connor, his eye gleaming; "did you go to betray trust, an' minton Una's name an' mine, afther what I tould you."

"Don't be foolish, Connor," replied Flanagan; "is it mad you'd have me to be? I said there was something expected soon, that 'ud surprise them; and when they axed me what it was—honour bright! I gave them a knowin' wink, but said nothin'. Eh! was that breakin' trust? Arrah, be my sowl, Connor, you don't trate me well by the words you spoke this blessed minute."

"An' how does it come, Bartle, my boy, that you had one story last night, an' another to-day?"

"Faix, very aisily, bekase I forget what I sed last night—for sure enough I was more *cut* than you thought—but didn't I keep it well in before the ould couple?"

"You did fairly enough; I grant that—but the moment you got into the barn a blind man could see it."

"Bekase I didn't care a button wanst I escaped from the eye of your father; any how, bad luck to it for whisky; I have a murderin big heddick all day afther it."

"It's a bad weed, Bartle, and the less a man has to do with it, the less he'll be throubled aither wid a sore head or a sore conscience."

"Connor, divil a one, but you're the moral of a good boy; I dunna a fault you have but one."

"Come let us hear it."

"I'll tell you some day, but not now, not now—but *I will* tell you—an' I'll let you know the rason thin that I don't minton it now; in the mane time I'll sit down an' take a smoke."

"A smoke! why, I never knew you smoked."

"Nor I, myself, till last night. This tindher-box I was made a present of to light my pipe, when not near a coal. Begad, now that I think of it, I suppose it was smokin' that knocked me up so much last night, an' made my head so sick to-day."

"It help'd it, I'll engage; if you take my advice, it's a custom you won't larn."

"I have a good dale to throuble me, Connor; you know I have; an' what we are brought down to now; I have more nor you'd believe to think of; as much, any way, as 'ill make this box an' steel useful, I hope, when I'm frettin'."

Flanagan spoke truth, in assuring Connor that the apology given for his intoxication on the preceding night had escaped his memory. It was fortunate for him, indeed, that O'Donovan, like all candid and ingenuous persons, was utterly devoid of suspicion, otherwise he might have perceived by the discrepancy in the two accounts, as well as by Flanagan's confusion, that he was a person in whom it might not be prudent to entrust much confidence.

ANTHOLOGIA GERMANICA.—NO. X.

TIECK AND THE OTHER SONG-SINGERS OF GERMANY.*

LUDWIG Tieck, man-milliner to the Muses, poet, metaphysician, dramatist, novelist, moralist, wanderer, weeper and wooer, a gentleman of extensive and varied endowments, is, notwithstanding, in one respect, a sad quack. Such rubbish, such trumpery, such a farrago of self-condemned senilities,

so many mouthy nothings, altogether so much snoring stupidity, so much drowsiness, dreariness, drizzle, froth and fog as we have got in this his last importation from Cloudland, surely no one of woman born before ourself was ever doomed to deal with. We now, for the first time in our life, stumble

* Poems and Songs, by Lewis Tieck; 2 vols. Leipsic, 1835.

Popular Songs of the Germans, with Explanatory Notes, by Wilhelm Klauer-Klattowski. London, Simpkin and Marshall, 1836.

on the discovery that there may be less creditable methods of recruiting one's finances than even those which are recorded with reprobation in the columns of the Newgate Calendar.

Our opinion of the literary merits of Tieck generally is, as Robert Owen would say, "a secret which has hitherto remained hidden from mankind." Be it then, on the 1st of March, 1837, made notorious to all whom it may concern, and also to all whom it may gladden, that for our German friend we cherish the highest imaginable veneration. As a critic we hold him perfect, as a *raconteur* pluperfect, as a philologist preterpluperfect. That is, he shines, we conceive, in syntax, in story-building, and in the art of twaddling on the belles-lettres. We confess we are proud, proud as a peacock, of being able to bear testimony in his favor thus far. Nothing could give us greater pleasure than the privilege of smoking the pipe of peace with him on all occasions whensoever; unless he would allow us to advance one step further and join him in grinning away his hypochondriacism, of which last article, or rather substantive, his inglorious constitution appears to have laid in a stock by no means as easily transferable as stock in general is.

But *Omnia vincit veritatis amor*, as Ferdinand Mendez Pinto observes in his Quarto; and candor compels us to repeat that our esteemed friend is, as a poet, an "gregious quack." For two hours we have been tugging at these two volumes for two consecutive stanzas that might convey to our mind some shadow of a notion of what it was that the writer fancied himself about, and we are now commencing hour the third in a vain search after the same phantom. We scan the page and blink like an owl over it, our countenance preserving the while that steady expression of stupidifiedness which the plodding through Cimmerian poetry is so apt to communicate to the august lineaments of the human face divine. Certes, either he is mysterious beyond the capacity of the children of men, or we are Impenetrability personified.

All that we can gather is that he is delectably miserable. He maintains almost from first to last one monotonous wail, as mournful and nearly as unvarying as the night-lament of the Whip-Poor-Will in the forests of South America. He simpers and whimpers; and yet, one cannot tell whether he would fain be thought glad

or sad. He plays the poetical coquette between Fortune and Misfortune, and might adopt for his *devise* the plaint of Uberto, in Pergolesi's Opera, *La Serva Padrona*:

O un certo che nel core,
Che dir per me non sò
Se è odio o s'è amore;
Io sto fra il sì e il no,
Fra il voglio e fra il non voglio,
E sempre più m'imbroglio.

Trifles and things of nothing also exercise prodigious power over him. It is easy to see that, if tempted to "make his quietus," it will be with nothing savier than "a bare bodkin," and that a yard of packthread will be quite sufficient to aid his efforts at exhibiting a case of suspended animation in his own person. Hotspur complains of being "pestered by a popinjay," but Tieck's patience, like that of *Tristram Shandy's* uncle, is put to the test by a blue-bottle fly. He is knocked down by a bulrush every half-minute in the day, and reverently kisses the face of his fatherland fourteen hundred and forty times in twelve hours. A dead leaf throws him into convulsions, and at the twittering of a swallow the heart of the poor man batters his ribs with such galvanic violence of percussion that at three yards' distance you suspect the existence of hypertrophy, and are half-disposed to summon a surgeon. Like Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians, he is the victim of a million of tiny tormentors, who slay him piecemeal, the ten-thousandth part of an inch at a time. The minuter his calamity, too, the more he suffers. He may exclaim, with the lover in Dryden's play, "My wound is great, because it is so small!" The colossal evils of life he passes over *sous silence*, as unworthy the notice of a sentimentalist. Like the bronze figure of Atlas, he can stand immovable with a World of Woes upon his shoulders; but a single disaster, particularly if it be very slight, is too tremendous for his equanimity. The last feather, it is said, breaks the horse's back; but Tieck's back is broken by one feather. He is ready to oppose, as our friend Fergusson would say, an "iron-bound front," to the overwhelming allurements of an entire parterre, while a simple bouquet brings on an attack of *delirium tremens*. He can lounge through a flower-garden half-a-mile long, his hands in his pockets, a Peripatetic in appearance and a Stoic at heart; but "dies of one rose in aromatic pain."

Under such circumstances one should

suppose that he was much to pity. The case is the contrary. His sufferings are the sole source of his pleasures. Reversing the saying of the frogs in the fable, what seems death to you is sport to him. Every emotion that tenants his heart must pay a rack-rent, or the income of his happiness is so far deficient. Like Sindbad in the Valley of Diamonds, the lower the gulf he descends into, the wealthier he becomes. If he be found in tears, it is a proof that he is lost in extacy. He not only agrees with the author of Hudibras, that "Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight, and sets them off to a more noble height," but goes further, and, like Zeno, makes pain and pleasure identical. To help him to an annoyance or two, therefore, is to confer a favour on him that awakens his most lugubrious gratitude. He is like Brother Jack in the *Tale of a Tub*, whose felicity consisted in planting himself at the corners of streets, and beseeching the passengers, for the love of Heaven, to give him a hearty drubbing. Or he reminds us of Zobeide's porter in the *Arabian Nights*, who, as each successive load was laid upon his aching shoulders, burst forth with the exclamation: "O fortunate day! O, day of good luck!" But why waste our ink in these vain illustrations? There is no saying what he resembles, or what he is or what he does, except that he doubts and groans, and allows his latitudinarianism in the one volume to carry on the war so soporifically against his valetudinarianism in the other, that not Mercury himself, if he took either in hand, could avoid catching the lethargic infection, and dropping dead asleep over the page.

The apex of Tieck's cranium must, we should think, display a mountainous development of the organ of Self-esteem. It is quite manifest that whatever he chooses to pen becomes in his own conceit ineradicable and inestimable. A piece of bizarre barbarianism that Rabelais would have blotted out on a first reading is reckoned as the production of Ludwig Tieck, worthy of being enshrined in gold and amber. With submission, nevertheless, to our esteemed, he here reckons without his host; that is, without his host of readers, and also without us, his knouter, who are a host in ourself. The world, we would beg to assure him, gains nothing but dead losses by such acquisitions to the staple stock of literature. Where a man's genius, indeed, is very pronounced, where "his soul is like a star and dwells apart," people

have an excuse for attaching importance to his extravagances. But Tieck, if a star at all—and he is rather a startling than a star—is but one of a family constellation, whose number may hereafter, when Time shall have brushed away the dust from our moral telescopes, appear as augmented as their glory will appear diminished. If we hold up all we have got from him between our eyes and the light, we shall be rather at a loss to discover in what it is that he has transcended his neighbours. The grotesque make of an article, he ought to recollect, is but a so-so set-off against its inutility. Common sense judges of all things by their intrinsic worth. A pedlar scarcely guarantees the admiration of a sensible purchaser by shewing him a pair of bamboo sandals from the shores of the Bhurrampootee, or a necklace of cherry-stones strung together by a child born without arms or legs. We want not that which is unique and singular, but that which is of paramount and permanent interest. The Roman Emperor who rewarded with a bushel of millet-seed the man whose highest ambition it was to cast a grain of that seed through the eye of a needle, set an example of contempt for mountebankism which we are at length beginning to copy. We do not now-a-days, like our ancestors, barter an estate for a Dutch tulip. Not exactly, Ludwig! Your thoughts, Ludwig, are not one gooseberry the more valuable to the public on the score that they are your thoughts exclusively. "I cannot be expected," says Goldsmith's Chinese, "to pick a pebble off the street, and call it a relic, because the king has walked over it in a procession." If the Useful should take precedence of the Ornamental, how far into the rear should it not hustle the Fantastic? Poets generally reflect less to the purpose than other men, or they would have long ago found out that the world is weary of their impertinences, and that nothing satisfies in the long run but what was of sterling respectability from the beginning. A publican can think of nothing better for luring the thirsty crowd into his pot-house than a Hog in Armour, and a poet must clap some parallel monstrosity over the door of his own *sanctum sanctorum*, or he fears that he will not be left in a situation to quarrel with his company. But Nature, after all, does not often back the appeals of the Bedlamite. "The common growth of Mother Earth—her humblest tears, her humblest

mirth," suffice for the generality. Few people catch mermaids in these times and still fewer are caught by them. A phoenix is a nine days' wonder—a sight to be stared at and talked of during a season; but our affections are given to the goose, and she is honored from Michaelmas to Michaelmas. Let Tieck but bring us geese into the market and we shall be satisfied. We will not even object to go to the length of puffing off all his geese as swans. The sole stipulation we make with him is, that he shall close the gates of his Phoenix-Park.

Tieck is our particular friend. We have called him a quack. Our freedom of speech is a proof of our friendship. For the world we have little but hypocritical smiles and silver lies. Tieck deserves better, and we have favored him with a gentle trouncing. He must not droop, therefore, but contrariwise rejoice. He must pluck up heart. There is pith and stamina within him. We depend on him for yet giving us something rather less remarkable for platitude than his *Blue-beard* is. The Titian of *The Pictures*, the Prometheus of *The Old Man of the Mountain*—above all, the concoctor of *The Love-charm* can never be destitute of the means of retrieving his poetical reputation. But the task is one that will exact the sacrifice of his entire cistern of tears. If he undertake it, it must be with nerves of iron and a brow of brass. It was not, he should remember, by enacting Jackpudding under the mask of a Howling Dervish, that Milton or Goethe grew to be an intellectual Colossus. Annual self-exhibitions at Leipzig Fair may be all very well for nondescripts and nobodies—the awkward squad of the literary army—the tag-rag-and-bobtail of the bookmaking multitude, who are glad to pocket sixpence by hook or crook, and will hawl and bray the whole day long for half a dollar, but Tieck ought to be above those degrading shifts and antics. His mode of procedure is obvious and simple. He aspires to the title of a poet. Very good: let him give us conceptions we may make something out of; and sentiments that our flesh and blood hearts will respond with a

thrill to. He need neither overleap the pale of the world, nor yet grovel in the low and swampy places of the world. Enough of work, we warrant him, will he find to do in the right spot. He can build himself a magnificent mansion, with "ample room and verge enough" in it to entertain the whole circle of his acquaintance, "yea, the great globe itself," if his architecture be not of the clumsiest. Embrace, O, Tieck, the Beautiful and True! Abandon the Factitious and the False! The bowers of Poetry, bestrewn with roses, and overarched with evershining laurel, shall no man visit but with Nature's passport! You cannot assimilate Kant and Shakespeare. Metaphysics and Poetry are by no manner of means nitrogen and oxygen. They dwell best asunder. Each should be kept at a distance from the other, as brandy should be kept at a distance from water. The *tertium quid* produced by the attempted amalgamation of both is a nauseous humbug. If any doubt of the truth of our assertion overcast your mind, peruse your own poems and doubt no longer.

One of the least unintelligible of Tieck's vagaries is a small composition entitled *Ball-music*. It is a *tableau* of the feelings of an imaginative but morbid mind, under the influence of the artificial excitement which such a scene as a ball-room presents, is calculated to engender. The lights and shades are too strongly contrasted, but the general idea is good, though not as well sustained as in more dextrous hands it might have been. It is altogether a sort of loose-jointed and rhapsodical commentary on that text of Holy Writ: *In the midst of Life we are in Death*. We shall hazard the selection of a few passages from this poem, which, indeed, affords about the best evidence we have been able to collect of its author's ability to put into the form of rhyme something that may escape the chance of being condemned as utterly insane. The poet begins by representing himself buried in a brown study, in the solitude of his parlour, out of which he is aroused by sounds that seem to proceed from a hundred orchestras.

The weariful day was past,
The mind, overstrained,
Was fain to succumb at last.
'n dungeons of drowsiness,
As when dull dreams oppress,
My spirit lay passionless,

And chilled and chained—
When the Devil of Riot arose,
Who so metamorphoses mortals,
And thundered against the portals
With many and clangorous blows.

The Devil of Riot is Music, as we learn from what follows—

Stancheon after ~~stancheon~~ lay upturn.
List, the violin!—and hark, the horn!
And the trumpet, and the drum,
Through the gloom they come, they come.
And with the jingle
Of busy bells
Profusely mingle
The falls and swells
Of pipes and lutes,
And dulcimers and flutes;

To say nothing of harps, hautboys, and hurdy-gurdies innumerable, all, as we are told—

All raging to madden
The bosoms they gladden,
And bound by a horrible paction
To rouse the wild passions and thoughts into action.

Gay groups of dancers now begin to assemble in the drawing-rooms.

Whitherward rushes the throng?
Why trip those light legions along?
On, on, as the sun-coloured clouds
Which at even-tide pave
The dusk heaven, they sweep,
In multiplied clusters and crowds,
Or as wave chases wave
O'er the green of the Deep;
And thicker and quicker,
With fairy-faint tread,
They glide and they glance,
And they swim in the dance,
Till the onlooker's head
Grows giddy, and reels as with liquor.

The poet comes, sees, and is conquered. "Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!" He must be among the Terpsichoreans.

"Louder still, ye terrible trombones! Flutes, exhaust the fiercest of your tones!" he exclaims, as he ascends the *escalier*. Now he selects his partner, a blonde in pink satin, with *corsage à l'enfant*, and pays her sundry compliments on her face, figure, carriage, &c.

So far so middling; but by and by a fearful change "comes o'er the spirit of his dream." His imagination, by some unexplained process, converts the ball-room into a charnel-chamber, and the waltzers into skeletons, going through the evolutions of Holbein's Dance of Death. He looks at his partner. Horrible! She, like each of the others, is but an *anatomic vivante*.

Ha! and could I call *thee* beautiful?
Babbled I applause of *thy* red lips?
Did *thine* eyes intoxicate my soul?
Thou, outwrenched from whose naked skull
Those eyes lie in everdark eclipse—
Thou, the co-mate of the worm and mole!

After a while the illusion passes, and the beauty in pink is again the pink of beauty. The poet very properly refuses to believe that so much splendor as he sees about him can be found in a common coffin-vault, or, as the elegant German compound has it, *bone-house*.

Hence, ye lugubrious phantasies! I rave!
Be these fair silks the trappings of the grave?
Have the Dead music? Are there brindled lights
Hung up in human sepulchres o' nights?

In a few minutes more, however, again with tenfold vividness. The departed phantasmagoria, notwithstanding these interrogatories, return series of questions.

Hear we not the timbrel's tone ?
Is not this thy sleek apparel ?
Clasp I not thy love-hot hands, as
Through the dædal dance we whirl ?
Are not all extravaganzas
Here the birth of Joy alone ?
Taste then of Happiness ere the
Moments be sped that are flowing :
In the sunk soil of Despair the
Flowers of Enjoyment are growing !
Here be Love, Laughter, and Leisure ;
Cherish them : each is a treasure ;
Cherish them all, and cherish their sovereign, Pleasure !

Follows a pretty song.

Song.

Yes, cherish Pleasure !
To him alone
'Tis given to measure
Time's jewelled zone.

As over meadows
Cloud-masses throng,
So sweep the Shadows
Of Earth along.

The years are hasting
To swift decay ;
Life's lamp is wasting
By day and day.

Yet cherish Pleasure !
To him alone
'Tis given to measure
Time's jewelled zone.

For him the hours are
Enamelled years ;
His laughing flowers are
Undulled by tears.

With him the starry
And regal wine
Best loves to tarry
Where sun-rays shine.

And when Night closes
Around his sky,
In graves of roses
His Buried lie.

Then cherish Pleasure !
To him alone
'Tis given to measure
Time's jewelled zone.

The spirit of recklessness in which the poet finally gives vent to his con-

tradictory and overwhelming emotions is fine and forcible.

It is vain ! it is vain !
Life is wreathed with woes :
Ev'ry struggle must close
In the triumph of Pain.
These pleasures shall vanish—
The laughter, the rapture,
The music, the gay tread ;
And Envy shall banish
To deserts of Hatred
All juggles that capture
The fortress of Reason :
Yet, heartwitching season !
I dare not despise thee—
I still idolise thee !

From pageant to pageant
Of brilliantest beaming
My drunken looks wander.
Who is it, that radiant
With beautiful seeming,
Now beckons me yonder ?
Is that, then, my chosen, my bride ?
Or shall it be she that is nigh her,
The statue-pale Shape at her side,
Whose deadlier eyes, with a ruinous
fire,
Lighten and glance,
And pierce like a lance ?

Let us now see how the entire is wound up.

So riot and play,
So say and unsay,
So rave and so feel

We of Earth, one and all,
As with dizziest reel
Through the thick-thronged Hall

Of Existence we wander,
Where shrivel and wither
All joys as they bloom ;
The Destinies giving,
In pity, in kindness,
To all who come thither,
No Loving, no Living,
No pauses to ponder,
But Chaos and Blindness,
And dreams and a tomb.
Therein who shall say
What strange horror remains,
What ghastly array
Of extravagant pains?
Wild flowers hold holiday revel be-
side it,
As anxious to hide it ;

There summer-birds warble ;
Thick greenery clammers
The walls of the marble ;
But under, far under,
Death dwells in dark chambers !
Then louder, yet louder, in counterfeit
thunder,
Ye viols and lutes,
Ye clarions and flutes,
Since dreams and a tomb
Are Mortality's doom,
Yet louder and stormier, ho ! ho ! ho !
With pitiless melody drown the
Weak shriekings of those who plunge
down the
Black depths of the Precipice yawning
below !

Is this intended for a moral? Probably ; but we are at a loss to discover the advantage derivable from the theory that Despair itself has its own dreary philosophy. A poet need not, indeed should not, be a preacher ; but we have a right to demand that the tendency of his writings shall in all cases be favorable to the encouragement of human hopes and energies, and in no case favorable to the depression of them. Man is a sane and ratiocinating being, or he is not. If he be, here is so much poetry made subservient to the interests of untruth and absurdity. If he be not, still nobody has an apology for trying to make his condition worse than it is. Those who live like Mirabeau may, to be sure, like Mirabeau, find it necessary to call for music to stun them in their last moments—and,

by the bye, Tieck and Mirabeau seem to have hit on the same idea—but the generality of people stand in no need of a flourish of trumpets to herald their entrance into eternity. We firmly believe that no tranquil-minded man ever yet took it into his head to regard Life as a mystery, or Death as a terror. If poets would now and then reflect before they write, what an *amas* of rhodomontade would be fortunately lost to the world !

The song beginning *Die Geliebten und die Schönen*, is written in very curious trochaics. The first four stanzas being free from nonsense, and the last four free from every thing except nonsense, we shall take the liberty of quoting the first four, and omitting the last four.

The Minnesinger.

All who live of Loved and Beauteous,
Sigh to
Think how soon the trelliced bowers
Fade away with all their flowers,
While the nightingales, unduteous,
Also fly to
Sing their soulful songs in far lands,
And the wasted Summer dies, with all its odours, hues and garlands.

Sooth to sing, it seems a dreamy
Vision.
Lavishly from silver fountains
Fall diffused o'er lakes and mountains,
Light and Life ; when lo ! the beamy
Face elysian
Of the heavens is darkened wholly,
And the false enchantress flies, and leaves her dupes to melancholy.

All that blooms but blooms to wither.
Gladly
Would the shrinking foliage flourish,
Would the flowers their petals nourish

In the beams that wander hither ;
 But too sadly
 Sweepeth change ; and Flora's garnish
 Scarcely pranks her infant minions ere, alas ! they droop and tarnish.

Love ! and art thou fled, Consoler ?
 Weary
 Feels my heart to see returning
 Sombre-vested months of mourning,
 While the spent year sinks with dolor,
 And so dreary
 Seem the woods I cannot haunt less,
 Even though bare of all their beauty, scentless, rayless, leafless, chauntless.

The rhymes of the following fall pleasantly on the ear.

Light and Shadow.

The gayest lot beneath
 By Grief is shaded ;
 Pale Evening sees the wreath
 Of Morning faded.

Pain slays or Pleasure elays ;
 All mortal morrows
 But waken hollow joys
 Or lasting sorrows.

Hope yesternoon was bright
 Earth beamed with Beauty ;
 But soon came conquering Night
 And claimed his booty.

Life's billows as they roll
 Would fain look sunward ;

But ever must the soul
 Drift darkly onward.

The sun forsakes the sky,
 Sad stars are sovereigns,
 Long shadows mount on high
 And Darkness governs.

So Love deserts his throne,
 Weary of reigning ;
 Ah ! would he but rule on
 Young and unwaning !

Pain slays, or Pleasure elays,
 And all our morrows
 But waken hollow joys
 Or lasting sorrows.

Turn we now to our other volume, the "Popular Songs of the Germans."

M. Klattowski has here strung together a brilliant array of poetical pearls. His selections are in general judicious and excellent. The few exceptions we would not particularise ; there are motes, as well as beams, in the brightest of eyes, and spots on the "bright eye of the universe," himself ; and so, considering these things well, we hold our peace. In all respects beside a handsomer affair than this we shall not look on soon. No meaningless bombast, no clumsy gibing, no distorted humor, no stupid extravagance, no, or next to no, mawkish mockery of sentiment affronts us here. The book, to tell truth, shame the devil, and, we fear, somewhat annoy M. Klattowski's feeling of nationality, is just such an agreeable and sparkling book as we should have expected a

German Song-book not at all to be. The notes, also, are a great acquisition, and for those we give M. Klattowski unqualified praise. They extend to fifty pages and embody much useful information. They are quite as instructive as the lyrics are entertaining. Indeed the *utile* and the *dulce* were never more gracefully blended than they are in this little work. Altogether we pronounce it, in perfect good faith, a production highly creditable to the taste and talents of M. Klattowski.

The first song that we shall "do" into English from its pretty pages is one by Ernest Moritz Arndt, Professor of History in the College of Bonn—in early life the enthusiastic admirer, and subsequently the enemy of *Buonaparte*. It is unadorned, but energetic. There is a good deal of the hammer about it. We recommend our readers to read it aloud.

The German's Fatherland.

Where is the German's Fatherland ?
 Is't Prussia ? Swabia ? Is't the strand

Where grows the vine, where flows the Rhine?
Is't where the gull skims Baltic's brine?
—No!—yet more great and far more grand
Must be the German's Fatherland!

How call they then the German's land?
Bavaria? Brunswick? Hast thou scanned
It where the Zuyder Zee extends?
Where Styrian toil the iron bends?
—No, brother, no!—thou hast not spanned
The German's genuine Fatherland!

Is then the German's Fatherland
Westphalia? Pomerania? Stand
Where Zurich's waveless water sleeps;
Where Weser winds, where Danube sweeps:
Hast found it now?—Not yet! Demand
Elsewhere the German's Fatherland!

Then say, Where lies the German's land?
How call they that unconquered land?
Is't where the Tyrol's mountains rise?
The Switzer's land I dearly prize,
By Freedom's purest breezes fanned—
But no! 'tis not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
'Tis surely Austria, proud and bold,
In wealth unmatched, in glory old?
O! none shall write her name on sand;
But she is not the German's land!

Say then, Where lies the German's land?
Baptize that great, that ancient land!
Is't Alsace? Or Lorraine—that gem
Wrenched from the Imperial Diadem,
By wiles which princely treachery planned?
No! these are not the German's land!

Where, therefore, lies the German's land?
Name now at last that mighty land!
Where'er resounds the German tongue—
Where German hymns to God are sung—
There, gallant brother, take thy stand!
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is his land, the land of lands,
Where vows bind less than clasped hands,
Where Valour lights the flashing eye,
Where Love and Truth in deep hearts lie,
And Zeal enkindles Freedom's brand,
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland
Where Hate pursues each foreign band—
Where German is the name for friend,
Where Frenchman is the name for fiend,
And France's yoke is spurned and banned—
That is the German's Fatherland!

That is the German's Fatherland!
Great God, look down and bless that land!

And give her noble children souls
To cherish while Existence rolls
And love with heart, and aid with hand,
Their Universal Fatherland !

Passing from patriotism to metaphysics, as a man escapes from a house on fire into an alley full of smoke, we submit for general praise a *morceau* by John Frederick Castelli, author of the popular drama, *The Orphan and the Murderer*. He must have been a very select wag.

The Metempsychosis.

I've studied sundry treatises by spectacled old sages
Anent the capabilities and nature of the soul, and
Its vagabond propensities from even the earliest ages,
As harped on by Spinoza, Plato, Leibnitz, Chubb and Toland ;
But of all systems I've yet met, or p'rhaps shall ever meet with,
Not one can hold a candle to (*videlicet*, compete with)
The theory of theories Pythagoras proposes,
And called by that profound old snudge (in Greek) *Μετεμψύχωση*.

It seems to me a pos'tive truth, admitting of no modifi-
cation, that the human soul, accustomed to a lodging
Inside a carnal tenement, must, when it quits one body,
Instead of sailing to and fro, and profitlessly dodging
About from post to pillar without either pause or purpose,
Seek out a habitation in some other cozy *corpus*,
And when, by luck, it pops on one with which its habits match, box
Itself therein instanter, like a sentry in a watch-box.

This may be snapped at, sneered at, sneezed at. Deuce may care for cavils.
Reason is reason. Credit me, I've met at least one myriad
Of instances to prop me up. I've seen (upon my travels)
Foxes who had been lawyers at (no doubt) some former period.
Innumerable apes, who, though they'd lost their patronymics,
I recognised immediately as mountebanks and mimics,
And asses, calves, *etcetera*, whose rough bodies gave asylum
To certain souls, the property of learn'd professors whilome.

To go on with my catalogue : what will you bet I've seen a
Goose, that was reckoned in her day a pretty-faced young woman ?*
But more than that, I knew at once a bloody-lipped hyena
To've been a Russian Marshal, or an ancient Emperor (Roman)
All snakes and vipers, toads and reptiles, crocodiles and crawlers
I set down as court sycophants or hypocritic bawlers,
And there I may've been right or wrong—but nothing can be truer
Than this, that in a scorpion I beheld a vile reviewer.

* The transmigration of the souls of princesses into the bodies of owls has always been a matter of course ; upon what principle it is not easy to divine. We should like to see a commentary on the old ballad beginning—

I was once a monarch's dochter,
Ande satte on a lady's knee ;
Yet I'm now a nyghtlie rover,
Banisht to the ivie-tree.

Cryinge, Hoo hoo, hoo hoo, hoo hoo,
Hoo hoo hoo, my feete are colde ;
Pitye me, for here you see me
Persecuted, poore ande olde.

So far we've had no stumbling-block. But now a puzzling question

Arises : all the afore-named souls were souls of stunted stature,
Contemptible or cubbish—but Pythag. has no suggestion

Concerning whither transmigrate souls noble in their nature,
As Homer, Dante, Shakspeare, Schiller—these now, for example,
What temple can be found for such appropriately ample?
Where lodge they now? Not, certes, in our present ninnyhammers,
Who mumble rhymes that seem to've been concocted by their Gammars.

Well, then, you see, it comes to this—and after huge reflection

Here's what I say : A soul that gains, by many transmigrations,
The summit, apex, pinnacle or acmé of perfection,

There ends, concludes and terminates its earthly per'grinations.
Then, like an air-balloon, it mounts through high Olympus' portals,
And cuts its old connections with Mortality and mortals ;
And evidence to back me here I don't know any stronger
Than that the truly Great and Good are found on Earth no longer.

We observe, in this volume, Leopold (in a former Anthology) is somewhat
Count Stolberg's little song, *Das Grab*. longer than either, but wants the re-
We like it rather better than Count pose of Salis's, and the depth of Stol-
Salis's equally little song, *Das Grab*. berg's.
The *Grab* of Count Kalchberg (given

The Grave.

Life's Day is darked with Storm and Ill ;
The Night of Death is mild and still :
The consecrated Grave receives
Our frames as Earth doth withered leaves.

There sunbeams shine, there dewy showers
Fall bright as on the garden-bowers ;
And Friendship's tear-drops, in the ray
Of Hope, are brighter still than they.

The Mother* from her lampless dome
Calls out to all, Come home ! Come home !
O ! could we once behold her face,
We ne'er would shun her dark embrace.

Talking of Kalchberg, we are re- certainly stamps the perpetrator as be-
minded of a trifling enormity of his longing to the unfair sex.
(not in M. Klattowski's book) which

A Warning.

O, youths and men, distrust the Fair !
Deep, sea-deep is their smooth deceit ;
Their beauty is a dazzling snare
Their love, at best, a bitter sweet.

And by their glances, manner soft,
Their witching words and siren smiles,
Our hearts become entangled oft
Within their net of many wiles.

But soon as Wedlock's breakless chain
Hath bound us to the fairest wife,
We turn with rueful toil and pain
The weary Systemwheel of Life.

* Earth.

Too soon the goddess takes to flight,
And leaves behind the wrangling shrew ;
And oh ! the bosom snowy white,
The laughing lips of purple hue,

That fascinating form and face
A stranger-spoiler's prey become,
And all derision and disgrace
Complete our crown of martyrdom.

Then, youths and men, distrust the Fair !
Deep, seadeep, is their smooth deceit ;
Their beauty is a dazzling snare,
Their love, at best, a bitter sweet.

Of a very different order from this for transcription here, but from which is the advice given by the greatest of we borrow the first stanza. Hearken the German poets, in a poem too long to Schiller.

Ehret die Frauen ! Sie flechten und weben
Himmliche Rosen ins irdische Leben,
Flechten der Liebe beglückendes Band,
Und, in der Grazie züchtigem Schleier,
Nähren sie wachsam das ewige Feuer
Schöner Gefühle mit heiliger Hand.

Reverence Woman ! She garlands the bowers
Of earthly existence with heavenly flowers ;
Apparelled in Modesty's vestal attire,
She winningly weaves each affectionate band,
And heedfully nurtures the long-living fire
Of beautiful Feeling with holiest hand.

To return to the volume before us. carded here to the extent of a page
Poor Kotzebue, we perceive, is pla- and a quarter.

Be Merry and Wise.

No beauty, no glory remaineth
Below the unbribable skies :
All Beauty but winneth and waneth—
All Glory but dazzles and dies.

Since multitudes cast in a gay mould
Before us have lived and have laughed
To the slumberers under the claymould
Let goblet on goblet be quaffed !

For millions in centuries after
Decay shall have crumbled our bones,
As lightly with revel and laughter
Will fill their progenitors' thrones.

Here banded together in union
Our bosoms are joyous and gay.
How blest, could our festive communion
Remain to enchant us for aye !

But Change is omnipotent ever ;
Thus knitted we cannot remain ;
Wide waves and high hills will soon sever
The links of our brotherly chain.

Yet even though far disunited
 Our hearts are in fellowship still,
 And all, if but one be delighted,
 Will hear it with Sympathy's thrill.

And if, after years have gone o'er us,
 Fate bring us together once more,
 Who knows but the mirth of our chorus
 May yet be as loud as before!

Goblet-quaffing in Germany usually means the drinking of beer. We are surprised that Kotzebue should have said nothing about pipes. His mealy-mouthedness is the less to be palliated as tobacco-smoke has been always the fifth element of a German—as essential to the maintenance of his existence as the common atmospherical air. What says Höltz?

Tobac, ho.

Concerning Life and its load of troubles
 Jackasses bore us with dismal clack :
 For me, I laugh at these hubble-bubbles
 While I've a pipeful of brown tobac.
 This morning, nathless, I cannot smoke with
 My wonted gusto, because I lack
 A gay donzella to chat and joke with,
 And fill my pipe with superb tobac.

The marching soldier when hungry, very,
 The sailor stinted in rum or 'rack,
 Are made, the rascals, immensely merry,
 By two great pipes of the best tobac.
 'Tis then a redlipped and blackeyed maiden
 Can make their hearts go tick-tick-a-tack,
 Till even their meerschaums, at first well laden,
 Expire neglected and sans tobac.

I laud with fervor that most amazing
 And jolly genius, Von Snickersnack,
 Who, save when puffing, was ever praising
 Transcendant women and prime tobac.
 In spite of thunder he always carried
 His sweetheart's portrait in 's travelling-pack,
 And smoked like fury, where'er he tarried,
 Stupendous pipefuls of strong tobac.

M. Klattowski lays particular stress on the merits of a certain tiny ode of Klopstock, of which we confess we can make nothing. It runs thus :—

Di Früehen Gräber.

Willkommen, o silberner Mond,
 Schöner, stiller Gefährt der Nacht!
 Du entfliehst? Eile nicht, bleib, Gedankenfreund,
 Sehst, er bleibt; das Gewölk wallte nur hin.

Des Maies Erwachen ist nur
 Schöner noch wie die Sommernacht,
 Wenn ihm Thau, hell wie Licht, aus der Locke träuft,
 Und zu dem Hügel herauf röthlich er kommt.

Ihr Edleren, ach, es bewächst
 Eure Maale schon ernstes Moos!
 O wie war glücklich ich, als ich noch mit euch
 Sahe sich röthen den Tag, schimmern die Nacht!

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

Early Graves.

I welcome thee, silvery moon !
 Mute and beautiful Guide of Night !
 Dost thou flee ? Flee not yet ! Bide, O, Friend of Thought !
 Lo ! she abides : 'tis the clouds only that pass.

The waking of May is alone
 Sweeter still than the Summer night,
 When the dew, bright as day, droppeth from her locks,
 And to the mountain aloft blushing she comes.

Ye Nobler, alas ! on your tombs
 Grows already the mourning moss :
 O, how blest once was I, while I still with you
 Saw the day redden at dawn, and the night gleam !

"Whilst contemplating," says M. Klattowski, "on a fine summer-night the starry heavens, the poet is filled with sadness at the recollection of his early departed friends, and he expresses his deep-felt emotion in these verses." What! friend Klattowski, call you that sample of drowsy driveling emotion? Twaddle, man, boarding-school twaddle. Read it again, read it in our version—the phrases the same, the metre the same as those of the star-surveyor, and acknowledge that any thing more thoroughly impregnated with the concentrated quintessential extract of wishy-washyism has yet to pass through a printing-office. Pretty phraseology, too, we have in "*Wie war glücklich ich*," and "*Des Maies Erwachen ist nur schöner noch wie !*" But Klopstock made it a point to sacrifice sense to sound, and both to metre. He possessed the finest metrical ear ever granted to mortal. Gifted with this, and a *penchant* for tear-shed-

ding and plethoric adjectives, he made incredible way among his countrymen for a season. But his reputation is now fast waning, and in a few years more, the great light which so dazzled the Saxon owlets of the last age will die off like the burnt-down wick of a farthing candle. He was, in fact, little beyond a mere mechanician, and if he had been called Stopclock, instead of Klopstock, the name would have tolerably well typified the man.

Goethe's delightful little ballad, *The Violet*, meets us here again : also *The Cosmopolite*, and *Mignon's Song*. We have already overset all three, and must be excused from trying to surpass ourselves. *The Fisherman*, however, demands a line from us, or else threatens to make us kiss the rod ; and *The King of Thule* proffers us what we take for his gem-adorned crown—but this being pompously placed on our head, turns out to be a Zany's cap hung round with bells.

The Fisherman.

The waters rush, the waters roll ; a fisherman sits angling by ;
 He gazes o'er their glancing floor with sleepy brow and listless eye ;
 And while he looks, and while he lolls, the flood is moved as by a storm,
 And slowly from its heaving depths ascends a humid woman's form.

She sings, she speaks,—Why lure, why wile, with human craft and human snare,
 My little brood, my helpless brood, to perish in this fiery air ?
 Ah ! couldst thou guess the dreamy bliss we feel below the purple sea,
 Thou wouldst forsake the earth and all, to dwell beneath with them and me.

The moon, the sun, their travel done, come down to sleep in Ocean's caves ;
 They reascend their glorious thrones, with doubled beauty from the waves.
 Ah ! sure the blue ethereal dew, the shining heaven these waters shew,
 Nay, even thine own reflected face must draw thee, win thee down below.

The waters rush, the waters roll ; about his naked feet they move ;
 An aching longing fills his soul, as when we look on her we love,
 She sings to him, she speaks to him : alas ! he feels that all is o'er,
 She drags him down ; his senses swim ; the fisherman is seen no more !

The King of Thule.

Oh! true was his heart while he breathed,
That King over Thulé of old,
So she that adored him bequeathed
Him, dying, a beaker of gold.

At banquet and supper for years has
He brimmingly filled it up,
His eyes overflowing with tears as
He drank from that beaker-cup.

When Death came to wither his pleasures
He parcelled his cities wide,
His castles, his lands, and his treasures,
But the beaker he laid aside.

They drank the red wine from the chalice,
His barons and marshals brave;
The monarch sat in his rock-palace
Above the white foam of the wave.

And now, growing weaker and weaker,
He quaffed his last Welcome to Death,
And hurled the golden beaker
Down into the flood beneath.

He saw it winking and sinking,
And drinking the foam so hoar;
The light from his eyes was shrinking,
Nor drop did he ever drink more.

"It is the speaker's last argument that weighs with me," said Byron. It is to the last word of a song that our ears tingle. There is a vibration from the last word that we miss in every other word; mirthful, if the song be mirthful; melancholy, if the song be melancholy. We always look down at the end of a ballad, and if the last word be pretty, we fall at once in love with the entire, as the Prince in the fairy-tale fell in love with Cinderella directly he cast eyes on her slipper. The last word

Comes o'er our ear like the sweet South,
(not Dr. South, the preacher,
Breathing upon a bank of violets,
(a leaf-bank, if not a branch-bank,) and
Stealing, and giving odour,
(like a pickpocket abstracting a scented handkerchief.)
It so happens that the last word of each of our last two ballads is *more*. Talismanic word! which puzzled Horne Tooke, and which the world so well understands, the sound of which in England is Life, and in France is Death. It calls upon us for other songs. Long let it so continue to call.

Let the echo of that call visit the cells of our brain oft in the deep midnight for months to come. We will yet hear and answer. But now, and for a season, our lips are sealed. Unless we alter our mind. A contingency which may occur. Nobody knows. At present, however, our resolution is firm.

The torch shall be extinguished, which hath lit
Our midnight lamp—and what is writ is writ.
Would it were worthier!

We close this Anthology by a poem from Kerner.

"Reading and writing," says honest Dogberry, "comes by nature." There is a good deal of truth in the remark; more by half than Shakspeare imagined. A poet takes to ink as a duckling takes to water: "he lisps in numbers, for the numbers come." It is all instinct. The individual is passive in the matter. He is like a voyager at sea, without power to leave the vessel he is in, or arrest its progress. He follows the Will-o'-the-Wisp of Rhyme, "a weary chase, a wasted hour," because he must follow it, and for no other reason. So rushes the iron towards the loadstone, the moth towards the flame, the earth towards the sun.

At the same time it is to be noted, that as to "reading and writing," the poet uniformly reads and writes just as much and as well as, and no more and no better than Nature ordains. This is the age of wonders; but still every body cannot excel everybody, even in poetry. It is a result of the natural, no less than of the canon law, that there shall be many Priors and few Popes. The eloquence of one man will shake thrones, where that of twenty other men cannot interfere with the equilibrium of a three-legged stool.

With these irrefragable truths we have been familiar from childhood. It would, therefore, be quite impossible that we should ever censure anybody for his or her intellectual deficiencies. We have never presumed to censure our particular friend Kerner. We have expressed some pity for him generally, because, in despite of etiquette and education, we now and then express what we feel, but we have never threatened him with the tomahawk.

He is unfortunate, poor fellow. Nature has, as yet, only half taught him to read and write. His *Reading-made-Difficult* is still in his venerable hands, and when we ask for a specimen of his calligraphy we are invited to contemplate a blurred copy-book, full of pot-hooks and hangers. What then?—His brains were not of his own constructing. The worst that can be said of him is, that he has made indifferent poetry because he was unable to make different. We are not irrational enough to condemn, or even to condemn him. On the contrary, we have doled out, to the fraction of a pennyweight, the precise *avoirdupois* quantum of panegyric that his deserts called for. Surely, therefore, he ought to be contented.

But if, as we suspect, he remain still as dissatisfied as ever, we would just request his attention to the following translation, and ask him whether he be not, after all, our debtor to a very serious extent.

My Adieu to the Muse.

1830.

Winter is nearing my dark threshold fast :
 Already in low knells and broken wailings,
 Ever austerer, menaces the blast
 Which, soon a tempest, with its fierce assailings
 Will swoop down on its unresistant prey.
 The Iris-coloured firmament, whereto
 Imagination turned, weeps day by day,
 For some lost fragment of its gold and blue,
 And the dun clouds are mustering thick, that soon
 Will overdark the little of the beams
 Of that unfaithful and most wasted Moon
 Of Hope, that yet with pallid face (as gleams
 A dying lamp amid grey ruins,) wins
 The cozened spirit o'er its flowerless path.
 So be it ! When the wanderer's night begins,
 And the hoarse winds are heard afar in wrath,
 He gazes on the curtained West with tears,
 And lists disturbedly each sound, nor sees
 Aught but dismay in the vague Night, nor hears
 Aught but funereal voices on the breeze,
 But when—his hour of gloom and slumber done—
 He looks forth on the re-awakened globe,
 Freshly apparelled in her virgin robe
 Of morning light and crowned with the sun,
 His heart bounds like the light roe from its lair.
 And shall it not be thus with me—the trance
 Of death once conquered and o'erpast?—Perchance :
 I know not, but I cannot all despair.
 I have grieved enough to bid Man's world farewell
 Without one pang—and let not this be turned
 To my disparagement what time my unurned
 Ashes lie trodden in the churchyard dell ;

For, is not Grief the deepest, purest, love ?

Were not the tears that I have wept alone

Beside the midnight river, in the grove,

Under the yew, or o'er the burial-stone,

The outpourings of a heart that overflowed

With an affection worlds beyond control,

The pleasurable anguish of a soul

That, while it suffered, fondly loved and glowed ?

It may be that my love was foolishness,

And yet it was not wholly objectless

In mine own fancy, which, in soulless things,

Fountains and wildwood blossoms, rills and bowers,

Read words of mystic lore, and found in flowers

And birds, and clouds, and winds, and gushing springs

Historics from ancient spheres like the dim wanderers

Whose path is in the great Inane of Blue,

And which, though voiceless, utter to the few

Of Earth whom Heaven and Poesy make ponderers

Apocalyptic oracles and true.

My Fatherland ! my Mother-Earth ! I owe

Ye much, and would not seem ungrateful now ;

And if the laurel decorate my brow,

Be that a set-off against so much woe

As Man's applause hath power to mitigate :

If I have won, but may not wear it yet,

The wreath is but uncultured, and soon or late

Will constitute my vernal coronet,

Fadeless—at least till some unlooked for blight fall—

For, thanks to Knowledge, fair Desert, though sometimes

Repulsed and baffled, wins its meed at last,

And the reveil-call which on Fame's deep drum Time's

Hands beat for some lost hero of the Past,

If mute at morn and noon, will sound ere nightfall,

Hard though the struggle oft be which is made,

Not against Power throned in its proud pavilions,

Not against Wealth in trumpery sheen arrayed,

But against those who speed as the Postillions

Of Mind before the world, and, in their grade

Of teachers, can exalt or prostrate millions.

I have said I would not be an ingrate—No !

'Twere unavailing now to examine whence

The tide of my calamities may flow—

Enough that in my heart its residence

Is permanent and bitter :—let me not

Perhaps rebelliously arraign my lot.

If I have looked for nobleness and truth,

In souls where Treachery's brood of scorpions dwelt,

And felt the awakening shock as few have felt,

And found, alas ! no anodyne to soothe,

I murmur not ; to me was overdealt,

No doubt, the strong and wrong romance of Youth.

Less blame I for each lacerating error,

For all the javelin memories that pierce

Me now, that world wherein I willed to mirror

The visions of my boyhood, than the fierce

Impulses of a breast that scarce would curb

One ardent feeling, even when all was gone

Which makes Life dear, and ever frowned upon

Such monitors as ventured to disturb

Its baleful happiness. Of this no more.

My benison be on my native hills !

And when the sun shall shine upon the tomb

Where I and the remembrance of mine ills

Alike shall slumber, may his beams illumine

Scenes happy as they oft illumed before,
 Scenes happier than these feet have ever trod!
 May the green Earth glow in the smile of God!
 May the unwearying stars as mildly twinkle
 As now—the rose and jessamine exhale
 Their frankincense—the moon be still as pale—
 The pebbled rivulets as lightly tinkle—
 The singing-birds in Summer fill the vale
 With lays whose diapasons never cloy!
 May Love still garland his young votaries' brows!
 May the fond husband and his faithful spouse
 List to the pleasant nightingale with joy!
 May radiant Hope for the soft souls that dream
 Of golden hours long, long continue brightening
 An alas! traitorous Future with her beam,
 When in forgotten dust my bones lie whitening!
 And, for myself, all I would care to claim
 Is kindness to my memory—and to those
 Whom I have tried, and trusted to the close,
 Would I speak thus: Let Truth but give to Fame
 My virtues with my failings; if this be,
 Not all may weep but none will blush for me;
 And—whatsoever chronicle of Good,
 Attempted or achieved, may stand to speak
 For what I was, when kindred souls shall seek
 To unveil a life but darkly understood,—
 Men will not, cannot write it on my grave
 That I, like myriads, was a mindless clod,
 And trod with fettered will the course they trod,
 Crouched to a world whose habitudes deprave
 And sink the loftiest nature to a slave,
 Slunk from my standard and renounced my God.
 They will not, cannot tell, when I am cold,
 That I betrayed even once a plighted trust,
 Wrote but a single vow in Summer dust,
 Or, weakly blinded by the glitter, sold
 The best affections of my heart for gold,
 And died as fickle as the wind or wave;
 No! they will not write this upon my grave.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAP. III.—CALLONBY.

"Away, away, you're all the same,
 A flattering, smiling, glittering throng,
 Oh, by my soul I burn with shame
 To think I've been your slave so long.
 "Say you, so Moore—why zounds I thought
 That *you're* experience brought no sadness;
 For *mine*, tho' somewhat dearly bought,
 Gives to my heart but joy and gladness."

My first evening at Callonby passed
 off as nearly all first evenings do
 everywhere. His lordship was most
 agreeable, talked much of my uncle,
 Sir Guy, whose fag he had been at
 Eton half a century before, promised
 me some capital shooting in his pre-

serves, discussed the state of politics;
 and, as the second decanter of port
 "waned apace," grew wondrous con-
 fidential, and told me of his intention
 to start his son for the county at the
 next general election. Such being
 the object which had now conferred

the honor of his presence on his Irish estates.

Her ladyship was most condescendingly civil, vouchsafed much tender commiseration for my "exile, as she termed my quarter in Kilrush, wondered how I could possibly exist in a marching regiment, (who had never been in the cavalry in my life,) spoke quite feelingly of my *kindness* in joining their stupid family party; for they were living, to use her own phrase, "*toute patriarchale*"; and wound up all by a playful assurance that as she perceived, from all my answers, that I was bent on preserving a strict incognito, that she would tell no tales about me on her return to town. Now, it may readily be believed, that all this, and many more of her ladyship's allusions, were a "Chaldee manuscript" to me; that she knew certain facts of my family and relations, was certain; but that she had interwoven in the humble web of my history, a very pretty embroidery of fiction was equally so; and while she thus ran on, with innumerable allusions to Lady Marys and Lord Johns, whom she pretended to suppose were dying to hear from me, I could not help muttering to myself with good Christopher Sly, "And all this be true—then Lord be thanked, for my good amends;" for up to that moment I was an ungrateful man for all this high and noble solicitude. One dark doubt shot for an instant across my brain. Maybe her ladyship had "registered a vow" never to syllable a name unchronicled by Debrett, or was actually only mystifying me for mere amusement. A minute's consideration dispelled this fear; for I found myself treated "en Seigneur" by the whole family. As for the daughters of the house, nothing could be possibly more engaging than their manner. The eldest, Lady Jane, was pleased from my near relationship to her father's oldest friend to regard me, "*tout d'un coup*, on the most friendly footing, while, with the younger, Lady Catherine, from her being less *manière* than her sister, my advances were even greater; and thus, before we separated for the night, I contrived "to take up my position" in such a fashion, as to be already looked upon as one of the family party, to which object Lord and indeed Lady Callonby, seemed most willing to contribute, and made me promise to spend the entire of the following day at Callonby, and as many of the succeeding ones as my military duties would permit of.

As his lordship was wishing me "good night" at the door of the drawing-room, he said, in a half whisper,

"We were ignorant yesterday, Mr. Lorrequer, how soon we should have had the pleasure of seeing you here; and you are therefore condemned to a small room off the library, it being the only one we can insure you as being well aired. I must therefore apprise you that you are not to be shocked at finding yourself surrounded by every member of my family, hung up in frames around you. But as the room is usually my own snuggery, I have resigned it without any alteration whatever."

The apartment, for which his lordship had so strongly apologized, stood in very pleasing contrast to my late one in Kilrush. The soft Persian carpet, on which one's feet sank to the very ankles; the brightly polished dogs, upon which a blazing wood fire burned. The well upholstered fauteuils which seemed to invite sleep without the trouble of lying down for it; and last of all, the ample and luxurious bed upon whose rich purple hangings the ruddy glare of the fire threw a most mellow light, were all a pleasing exchange for the "*garniture*" of the "Hotel Healy."

"Certes, Harry Lorrequer," said I, as I threw myself upon a small ottoman before the fire in all the slippered ease, and *abandon* of a man who has changed a dress coat for a morning gown; "Certes, thou art destined for great things; even here, where fate had seemed 'to do its worst' to thee, a little paradise opens; and what, to ordinary mortals had proved but a 'flat, stale, and most unprofitable' quarter, presents to thee all the accumulated delight of a hospitable mansion, a kind, almost friendly, host, a condescending Madame Mere, and daughters too! ah ye Gods! but what is this;" and here, for the first time, lifting up my eyes, I perceived a beautiful water-color drawing in the style of "Chalon," which was placed above the chimney-piece. I rose at once, and taking a candle, proceeded to examine it more minutely. It was a portrait of Lady Jane, a full-length, too, and wonderfully like; there was more complexion, and perhaps more *embon-point* in the figure than her present appearance would justify; but if any thing was gained in brilliancy it was certainly lost in point of expression; and I infinitely preferred her pale, but

beautifully fair countenance to the rosy cheek of the picture; the figure was faultless; the same easy grace, the result of perfect symmetry and refinement together, which only one in a thousand of even handsome girls possess, was portrayed to the life. The more I looked, the more I felt charmed with it. Never had I seen anything so truly characteristic as this sketch, for it was scarcely more —. It was after nearly an hour's quiet contemplation, that I began to remember the lateness of the night; an hour, in which my thoughts had rambled from the lovely object before me, to wonder at the situation in which I found myself placed; for there was so much of "empressment" in the manner of every member of the family towards me, coupled with certain mistakes as to my habits and acquaintances, as left me perfectly unable to unravel the mystery which so evidently surrounded me. "Perhaps," thought I, "Sir Guy had written in my behalf to his lordship. Oh, he would never do any thing half so civil. Well, to be sure, I shall astonish them at head quarters: they'll not believe this. I wonder if Lady Jane saw my 'Hamlet;' for they landed in Cork from Bristol about that time. She is indeed a most beautiful girl. I wish I were a marquis, if it were only for *her* sake. Well, my Lord Callonby, you may be a very wise man in the House of Lords; but, I would just ask, is it exactly prudent to introduce into your family on terms of such perfect intimacy a young, fascinating, well-looking fellow, of four-and-twenty, albeit only a subaltern, with two such daughters as you have? *Peut-être!* One thing is certain—I have no cause for complaint; and so, good night, Lady Jane"—and with these words I fell asleep, to dream of the deepest blue eyes, and the most melting tones that ever reduced a poor ensign in a marching regiment to curse his fate, that he could not call the Commander of the Forces his father.

When I descended to the breakfast-room, I found the whole family assembled in a group around Lord Kilkee, who had just returned from a distant part of the county, where he had been canvassing the electors and spouting patriotism the day before. He was giving an account of his progress with much spirit and humour as I entered, but, on seeing me, immediately came forward, and shook hands with me like an old acquaintance. By Lord Callonby and the ladies I was welcomed also

with much courtesy and kindness, and some slight badinage passed upon my sleeping, in what Lord Kilkee called the "Picture Gallery," which, for all I knew to the contrary, contained but one fair portrait. I am not a believer in Mesmer; but certainly there must have been some influence at work—very like what we hear of "magnetism"—for before the breakfast was concluded, there seemed at once to spring up a perfect understanding between this family and myself, which made me feel as much *chez moi*, as I had ever done in my life; and from that hour I may date an intimacy which every succeeding day but served to increase.

After breakfast Lord Callonby consigned me to the guidance of his son, and we sallied forth to deal destruction amongst the pheasants, with which the preserves were stocked; and here I may observe, *en passant*, that with the single exception of fox-hunting, which was ever a passion with me, I never could understand that inveterate pursuit of game to which some men devote themselves—thus, grouse-shooting and its attendant pleasures! of stumping over a hoggy mountain from day-light till dark, never had much attraction for me; and, as to the delights of widgeon and wild-duck shooting, when purchased by sitting up all night in a barrel, with your eye to the bung, I'll none of it—no, no! give me shooting or angling merely as a *divertimento*, a pleasant interlude between breakfast and luncheon-time, when, consigning your Manton to a corner, and the game keeper "to the dogs," you once more humanize your costume to take a canter with the daughters of the house; or, if the day look louringly, a match of billiards with the men.

I have ever found that the happiest portions of existence are the most difficult to chronicle. We may—nay, we must, impart our miseries and annoyances to our many "dear friends," whose forte is sympathy or consolation—and all men are eloquent on the subject of their woes; not so with their joys: some have a miser-like pleasure in hording them up for their own private gratification; others—and they are prudent—feel that the narrative is scarcely agreeable even to their best friends; and a few, of whom I confess myself one, are content to be happy without knowing why, and to have pleasant souvenirs, without being able to explain them.

Such must be my apology for not

more minutely entering upon an account of my life at Callonby. A fortnight had now seen me enfoncé, the daily companion of two beautiful girls in all their walks and rides, through a romantic, unfrequented country, seeing but little of the other members of the family; the gentlemen being entirely occupied by their election tactics, and Lady Callonby being a late riser, seldom appeared before the dinner hour. There was not a cliff upon the bold and rocky coast we did not climb, not a cave upon the pebbly beach unvisited; sometimes my fair companions would bring a volume of Metastasio down to the little river where I used to angle; and the "gentle craft" was often abandoned for the heart-thrilling verses of that delightful poet. Yes, many years have passed over, and these scenes are still as fresh in my memory as though they had been of yesterday. In my memory, I say, as for thee

"Qui se si te,
Ti sovrerai di me."

At the end of three weeks the house became full of company, from the garret to the cellar. Country gentlemen and their wives and daughters came pouring in, on every species of conveyance known since the flood; family coaches, which, but for their yellow panels, might have been mistaken for hearses, and high barouches, the "entree" to which was accomplished by a step-ladder, followed each other in what appeared a never-ending succession; and here I may note an instance of the anomalous character of the conveyances, from an incident to which I was a witness at the time.

Among the visitors on the second day came a maiden lady from the neighbourhood of Ennistimon, Miss Elizabeth O'Dowd, the last of a very old and highly respectable family in the county, and whose extensive property, thickly studded with freeholders, was a strong reason for her being paid every attention in Lord Callonby's power to bestow. Miss Betty O'Dowd—for so was she generally styled—was the very personification of an old maid; stiff as a ramrod, and so rigid in observance of the proprieties of female conduct, that in the estimation of the Clare gentry—Diana was a hoyden compared to her.

Miss Betty lived, as I have said, near Ennistimon, and the road from thence to Callonby at the time I speak of—it was before Mr. Nimmo—was as like

the bed of a mountain torrent as a respectable highway; there were holes that would have made a grave for any maiden lady within fifty miles; and rocks thickly scattered enough, to prove fatal to the strongest wheels that ever issued from "Hutton's." Miss O'Dowd knew this well; she had upon one occasion been upset in travelling it—and a slate-coloured silk dress bore the dye of every species of mud and mire to be found there, for many a year after, to remind her of the misfortune, and keep open the wound of her sorrow. When, therefore, the invitation for Callonby arrived, a grave council of war was summoned, to deliberate upon the mode of transit, for the honor could not be declined, "*coute qui coute*." The chariot was out of the question; Nicholas declared it would never reach the "Mow-ran Beg," as the first precipice was called; the inside car was long since pronounced unfit for hazardous enterprise; and the only resource left, was what is called in Hibernian parlance, a "low-backed car," that is, a car without any back whatever; it being neither more nor less than the common agricultural conveyance of the country, upon which, a feather bed being laid, the farmers' wives and daughters are generally conveyed to fairs, wakes, and stations, &c. Putting her dignity, if not in her pocket, at least wherever it could be most easily accommodated, Miss O'Dowd placed her fair self, in all the plenitude of her charms and the grandeur of a "bran new green silk," a "little off the grass, and on the bottle," (I love to be particular,) upon this humble voiture, and set out on her way, if not "rejoicing," at least consoled by Nicholas, that "it 'id be black dark when they reached the house, and the devil a one 'id be the wiser than if she came in a coach and four." Nicholas was right; it was perfectly dark on their arrival at Callonby, and Miss O'Dowd having dismounted, and shook her plumage, a little crumpled by her half-recumbent position for eight miles, appeared in the drawing-room, to receive the most courteous attentions from Lady Callonby, and from his Lordship the most flattering speeches for her kindness in risking herself and bringing her horses on such a dreadful road, and assured her of his getting a presentment the very next assizes to repair it; "for we intend, Miss O'Dowd," said he, "to be most troublesome neighbours to you in future."

The evening passed off most happily. Miss O'Dowd was delighted with her hosts, whose character she resolved to maintain in spite of their reputation for pride and haughtiness. Lady Jane sang an Irish melody for her, Lady Callonby gave her slips of a rose geranium she got from the Princess Augusta, and Lord Kilkee won her heart by the performance of that most graceful step, yclept "cover the buckle" in an Irish jig. But, alas! how short-lived is human bliss, for while this estimable lady revelled in the full enjoyment of the hour, the sword of Damocles hung suspended above her head; in plain English, she had, on arriving at Callonby, to prevent any unnecessary scrutiny into the nature of her conveyance, ordered Nicholas to be at the door punctually at eleven; and then to take an opportunity of quietly slipping open the drawing-room door, and giving her an intimation of it, that she could take her leave at once.

Nicholas was up to time, and having disposed the conveyance under the shadow of the porch, made his way to the door of the drawing-room unseen and unobserved. He opened it gently and noiselessly, merely sufficient to take a survey of the apartment, in which, from the glare of the lights, and the busy hum of voices, he was so bewildered that it was some minutes before he recognized his mistress. At last he perceived her; she was seated at a card table, playing whist with Lord Callonby for her partner. Who the other players were, he knew not.—A proud man was Nicholas, as he saw his mistress thus placed, actually sitting, as he afterwards expressed it, "foreint the Lord," but his thoughts were bent upon other matters, and it was no time to indulge his vauntings.

He strove for some time patiently, to catch her eye, for she was so situated as to permit of this, but without success. He then made a slight attempt to attract her attention by beckoning with his finger; all in vain. "Oh murder," said he, "what's this for? I'll have to spake after all."

"Four by honours," said his Lordship, "and the odd trick. Another double I believe, Miss O'Dowd."

Miss O'Dowd nodded a graceful assent, while a sharp-looking old dowager at the side of the table called out, "a rubber of four only, my Lord;" and now began an explanation from the

whole party at once. Nicholas saw this was his time, and thought that in the *melecé*, his hint might reach his mistress unobserved by the remainder of the company. He accordingly protruded his head into the room, and placing his finger upon the side of his nose, and shutting one eye knowingly, with an air of great secrecy, whispered out, "Miss Betty—Miss Betty, alannah!" For some minutes the hum of the voices drowned his admonitions—but as, by degrees, waxing warmer in the cause, he called out more loudly,—every eye was turned to the spot from whence these extraordinary sounds proceeded; and certainly the appearance of Nicholas at the moment was well calculated to astonish the "*elegans*" of a drawing-room. With his one eye fixed eagerly in the direction of his mistress, his red scratch wig pushed back off his forehead, in the eagerness of his endeavour to be heard: there he stood, perfectly unmindful of all around, save Miss O'Dowd herself. It may well be believed, that such an apparition could not be witnessed with gravity, and, accordingly a general titter ran through the room, the whist party still contending about odd tricks and honours, being the only persons insensible to the mirth around them—"Miss Betty, arrah, Miss Betty," said Nicholas with a sigh that converted the subdued laughter of the guests into a perfect burst of mirth.

"Eh," said his Lordship, turning round; "what is this? we are losing something excellent, I fear."

At this moment, he caught a glimpse of Nicholas, and, throwing himself back in his chair, laughed immoderately. It was now Miss Betty's turn; she was about to rise from the table, when the well-known accents of Nicholas fell upon her ear. She fell back in her seat—there he was: the messenger of the foul fiend himself would have been more welcome at that moment. Her blood rushed to her face and temples; her hands tingled; she closed her eyes, and when she opened them, there stood the accursed Nicholas glowering at her still.

"Man—man!" said she at length: "what do you mean, what do you want here?"

Poor Nicholas, little guessing that the question was intended to throw a doubt upon her acquaintance with him, and conceiving that the hour for the announcement had come, hesitated for

an instant how he should designate the conveyance; it was not a coach, nor a buggy, nor a jaunting car; what should he say?

"Miss Betty, the—the—the—," and here he looked indescribably droll;

"the thing, you know, is at the door."

All his Lordship's politeness was too little for the occasion, and Miss O'Dowd's tenantry were lost to the Callonby interest for ever.

CHAP. IV.—PERPLEXITIES.

"A very pretty quarrel as it stands."—*The Rivals.*

"The carriage is at the door, my Lord," said a servant, entering the luncheon-room where we were all assembled.

"Now then, Mr. Lorrequer," said Lord Callonby, "allons, take another glass of wine, and let us away. I expect you to make a most brilliant speech, remember!"

His Lordship here alluded to our intention of visiting a remote barony, where a meeting of the freeholders was that day to be held, and at which I was pledged for a "neat and appropriate" oration in abuse of the corn laws and the holy alliance.

"I beg pardon, my Lord," said her Ladyship in a most languishing tone; "but Mr. Lorrequer is pre-engaged; he has for the last week been promising and deferring his visit to the new conservatory with me; where he is to find out four or five of the Swiss shrubs that Collins cannot make out—and which I am dying to know all about."

"Mr. Lorrequer is a false man then, said Lady Catherine, "for he said at breakfast, that we should devote this afternoon to the chalk caves, as the tide will be so far out, we can see them all perfectly."

"And I," said Lord Kilkee, "must put in my plea, that the aforesaid Mr. Lorrequer is booked for a coursing match—'Mouche versus Jessie.'—Guilty or not guilty?"

Lady Jane alone of all said not a word.

"Guilty on every count of the indictment," said I; "I throw myself on the mercy of the court."

"Let his sentence then be banishment," said Lady Catherine with affected anger, "and let him go with Papa."

"I rather think," said Lord Kilkee, "the better plan is to let him visit the conservatory, for I'd wager a fifty he

finds it more difficult to invent botany, than canvass freeholders; eh?"

"I am sure," said Lady Jane, for the first time breaking silence, "that Mamma is infinitely flattered by the proposal that Mr. Lorrequer's company is conferred upon her for his sins."

"I am not to be affronted, nor quizzed out of my chaperon; here, Mr. Lorrequer," said Lady Callonby rising, "get Smith's book there, and let me have your arm; and now, young ladies, come along, and learn something if you can."

"An admirable proviso," said Lord Kilkee, laughing; "if his botany be only as authentic as the autographs he gave Mrs. MacDermot, and all of which he wrote himself, in my dressing-room in half an hour. Napoleon was the only difficult one in the number."

Most fortunately this unfair disclosure did not reach her Ladyship's ears, as she was busily engaged putting on her bonnet, and I was yet unassailed in reputation to her.

"Good by, then," said Lord Callonby; "we meet at seven;" and in a few moments the little party were scattered to their several destinations.

"How very hot you have this place, Collins," said Lady Callonby as we entered the conservatory.

"Only seventy-five, my Lady, and the Magnolias require heat."

I here dropped a little behind, as if to examine a plant, and in a half-whisper said to Lady Jane—

"How came it that you alone, Lady Jane, should forget I had made another appointment? I thought you wished to make a sketch of Craigmoran Abbey, did you forget that we were to ride there to-day?"

Before she could reply, Lady Callonby called out—"Oh, here it is, Mr. Lorrequer. Is this a heath? that is the question."

Here her Ladyship pointed to a

little scrubby thing, that looked very like a birch rod. I proceeded to examine it most minutely, while Collins waited with all the intense anxiety of a man whose character depended on the sentence.

"Collins will have it a *jungermania*," said she.

"And Collins is right," said I, not trusting myself with the pronunciation of the awful word her Ladyship uttered.

Collins looked ridiculously happy.

"Now that is so delightful," said Lady Callonby, as she stooped to look for another puzzle.

"What a wretch it is," said Lady Catherine, covering her face with a handkerchief.

"What a beautiful little flower," said Lady Jane, lifting up the bell of a "*lobelia splendens*."

"You know of course," said I, "what they call that flower in France, *L'amour tendre*."

"Indeed!"

"True, I assure you; may I present you with this sprig of it," cutting off a small twig, and presenting it at the same instant unseen by the others.

She hesitated for an instant, and then extending her fair and taper hand took it. I dared not look at her as she did so, but a proud swelling triumph at my heart nearly choked me.

"Now Collins," said Lady Callonby, "I cannot find the Alpen tree I brought from the *Gründenwald*."

Collins hurried forward to her Ladyship's side.

Lady Catherine was also called to assist in the search.

I was alone with Lady Jane.

"Now or never," thought I; I hesitated—I stammered—my voice faltered. She saw my agitation: she participated in, and increased it. At last I summoned up courage to touch her hand; she gently withdrew it—but so gently, it was not a repulse.

"If Lady Jane," said I at length, "if the devoted ———"

"Holloa, there," said a deep voice without; "is Mr. Lorrequer there?"

It was Lord Kilkee, returned from his coursing match. None but he who has felt such an interruption, can feel for me. I shame to say that his brotherhood to her, for whom I would have perilled my life, restrained me not from something very like a hearty commendation of him to the powers that burn——

"Down dogs, there—down," con-

tinued he, and in a moment after entered the conservatory flushed and heated with the chase.

"Mouche is the winner—two to one—and so, Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pounds."

Would to heaven that I had lost the wager, had it only taken a little longer to decide it! I of course appeared overjoyed at my dog's success, and listened with great pretence of interest to the narrative of the "run," the more so, because that though perhaps more my friend than the older members of the family, Lord Kilkee evidently liked less than them, my growing intimacy with his sister; and I was anxious to blind him on the present occasion, when, but for his recent excitement, very little penetration would have enabled him to detect that something unusual had taken place.

It was now so nearly dark, that her ladyship's further search for the alpine treasure became impossible, and so we turned our steps back towards the house.

"Any letters?" said her ladyship to a servant, as she crossed the hall.

"Only one, my lady—for Mr. Lorrequer, I believe."

"For me!" thought I; "how is this?" My letters had been hitherto always left in Kilrush. Why was this forwarded here? I hurried to the drawing-room, where I found a double letter awaiting me. The writing was Curzon's, and contained the words "to be forwarded at once" on the direction. I opened and read as follows:—

"DEAR LORREQUER,—Have you any recollection, among your numerous 'escapades' at Cork, of having grievously insulted a certain Mr. Giles Beamish, in thought, word, or deed? If you have, I say, let me know with all convenient despatch, whether the offence be one admitting of apology—for if not, the Lord have mercy on your soul—a more wrothy gentleman than the aforesaid, it has rarely been my evil fortune to foregather with. He called here yesterday to inquire your address, and at my suggestion wrote a note, which I now enclose. I write in great haste, and am ever yours faithfully,

"C. CURZON.

"N.B.—I have not seen his note, so explain all and every thing."

The inclosed letter ran thus:

"SIR,—It can scarcely have escaped your memory, though now nearly two

months since, that at the Mayor's *dejuné* in Cork, you were pleased to make merry at my expense, and expose me and my family for your amusement. This is to demand an immediate apology, or that satisfaction which, as an officer, you will not refuse, your most obedient servant,

"GILES BEAMISH.

"*Swinsburne's Hotel.*"

"Giles Beamish! Giles Beamish!" said I, repeating the name in every variety of emphasis, hoping to obtain some clue to the writer. Had I been appointed the umpire between Dr. Wall and his reviewers, in the late controversy about "phonetic signs," I could have not been more completely puzzled than by the contents of this note. "Make merry at his expense!" a great offence truly—I suppose I have laughed at better men than ever he was; and I can only say of such innocent amusement, as Falstaff did of sack and sugar, if such be a sin, "then heaven help the wicked." But I wish I knew who he is, or what he alludes to, provided he is not mad, which I begin to think not improbable. By the by, my Lord, do you know any such person in the south as a Mr. Beamish, Giles Beamish?"

"To be sure," said Lord Callonby, looking up from his newspaper, "there are several of the name of the highest respectability. One is an alderman of Cork—a very rich man, too—but I don't remember his christian name."

"An alderman, did you say?"

"Yes. Alderman Beamish is very well known. I have seen him frequently—a short, florid, little man."

"Oh, it must be him," said I, musingly, "it must have been this worthy alderman, from whose worshipful person I tore the robe of office on the night of the fete. But what does he mean by my 'exposing him and his family?' Why, zounds, his wife and children were not with him on the pavement. Oh, I see it; it is the mansion-house school of eloquence; did not Sir William Curtis apologise for not appearing at court, from having lost an eye, which he designated as an awful 'domestic calamity.'"

It being now settled to my satisfaction that Mr. Beamish and the great unclad were "convertible terms," I set about making the amende in the most handsome manner possible. I wrote to the alderman a most pacific epistle, regretting that my departure from Cork deprived me of making re-

paration before, and expressing a most anxious hope that "he caught no cold," and a fervent wish that "he would live many years to grace and ornament the dignity of which his becoming costume was the emblem." This I enclosed in a note to Curzon, telling him how the matter occurred, and requesting that he would send it by his servant, together with the scarlet vestments which he would find in my dressing-room. Having folded and sealed this despatch, I turned to give Lord Callonby an account of the business, and showed him Beamish's note, at which he was greatly amused; and, indeed, it furnished food for mirth for the whole party during the evening. The next morning I set out with Lord Callonby on the long threatened canvassing expedition—with the details of which I need not burden my "Confessions." Suffice it to say, that when Lord Kilkee was advocating Toryism in the west, I, his accredited ambassador, was devoting to the infernal gods the prelacy, the peerage, and the pension list—a mode of canvass well worthy of imitation in these troublesome times; for, not to speak of the great prospect of success from having friends on both sides of the question, the principal can always divest himself of any unpleasant consequences as regards inconsistency, by throwing the blame on his friend, "who went too far," as the appropriate phrase is.

Nothing could be more successful than our mission. Lord Callonby was delighted beyond bounds with the prospect, and so completely carried away by high spirits, and so perfectly assured that much of it was owing to my exertions, that on the second morning of our tour—for we proceeded through the county for three days—he came laughing into my dressing-room, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Here, Lorrequer," said he, "here's news for you. You certainly must read this," and he handed me a copy of the "Clare Herald," with an account of our meeting the evening before.

After glancing my eye rapidly over the usual routine in such cases. Humph, ha—nearly 200 people—most respectable farmers—room appropriately decorated—"Callonby Arms"—"after the usual loyal toasts, the chairman rose—" Well, no matter. Ah! here it is:—"Mr. Lorrequer here addressed the meeting, with a flow of eloquence it has been rarely, if ever, our privilege

to have witnessed the equal of. He began by—"humph—

"Ah," said his lordship, impatiently, "you will never find it out—look here. 'Mr. Lorrequer, whom we have mentioned as having made the highly exciting speech, to be found in our first page, is, we understand, the son of Sir Guy Lorrequer of Elton, in Shropshire—one of the wealthiest baronets in England. If rumour speak truly, there is a very near prospect of an alliance between this talented and promising young gentleman, and the beautiful and accomplished daughter of a certain noble Earl, with whom he has been for some time domesticated.' Eh, what think you? son of Sir Guy Lorrequer. I always thought my old friend a bachelor, but you see the 'Clare Herald' knows better. Not to speak of the last piece of intelligence, it is very good—is it not?"

"Capital, indeed," said I, trying to laugh, and at the same time blushing confoundedly, and looking as ridiculously as need be.

It now struck me forcibly that there was something extremely odd in his Lordship's mention of this paragraph, particularly when coupled with his and Lady Callonby's manner to me for the last two months. They knew enough of my family, evidently, to be aware of my station and prospects—or rather my want of both—and yet in the face of this they not only encouraged me to prolong a most delightful visit, but by a thousand daily and dangerous opportunities, absolutely threw me in the way of one of the loveliest of her sex, seemingly without fear on their parts. "*Eh bien*," thought I, with my old philosophy, "Time, that 'pregnant old gentleman,' will disclose all, and so *laissez aller*."

My reveries on my good and evil fortune were suddenly interrupted by a letter which reached me that evening, having been forwarded from Callonby by a special messenger. "What! another epistle from Curzon," said I, as my eye caught the address, and wondered not a little what so pressing emergency had called forth the words on the cover—"to be forwarded with haste." I eagerly broke the seal and read the following:

"MY DEAR HARRY.—I received yours on the 11th, and immediately despatched your note and the raiment to Mr. Beamish. He was from home at the time, but at eight o'clock I was sent

for from the mess to see two gentlemen on most pressing business. I hurried to my quarters, and there found the aforesaid Mr. B. accompanied by a friend, whom he introduced as Dr. de Courcy Finucane, of the North Cork Militia—as warlike looking a gentleman, of his inches, some five feet three, as you would wish to see. The moment I appeared, both rose, and commenced a narrative, for such I judge it to be, but so energetically and so completely together, that I could only bow politely, and at last request that one, or the other, would inform me of the object of their visit. Here began the tug of war, the Dr. saying, 'Arrah, now Giles'—Mr. Beamish interrupting by 'Whisht, I tell ye—how, can't you let me? Yese, Mr. Curzon'—for so they both agreed to designate me. At last, completely worn out, I said, 'Perhaps you have not received my friend's note?' At this Mr. Beamish reddened to the eyes, and with the greatest volubility poured forth a flood of indignant eloquence, that I thought it necessary to check; but in this I failed, for after informing me pretty clearly that he knew nothing of your story of the alderman nor his cloak, added, that he firmly believed your pretended reparation was only a renewed insult and that—But in a word, he used such language, that I was compelled to take him short; and the finale is, that I agreed you should meet him, though still ignorant of what he calls the 'original offence.'—But heaven knows, his conduct here last night demands a reprimand, and I hope you may give it; and if you shoot him, we may worm out the secret from his executors. Nothing could exceed the politeness of the parties on my consenting to this arrangement. Dr. Finucane proposed Carrigaholt, as the rendezvous, about 12 miles, I believe, from Kilrush, and Tuesday evening at six as the time, which will be the very earliest moment we can arrive there. So, pray, be up to time, and believe me yours,

"C. CURZON."

Saturday Evening.

It was late on Monday evening when this letter reached me, and there was no time to be lost, and I was then about 40 Irish miles from the place mentioned by Curzon, and after briefly acquainting Lord Callonby that I was called off by duty, I hurried to my room to pack my clothes, and again read over this extraordinary epistle.

I confess it did appear something droll, how completely Curzon seemed to imbibe the passion for fighting from these "blood-thirsty Irishmen." For by his own showing he was utterly ignorant of my ever having offended this Mr. Beamish, of whom I recollected nothing whatever. Yet when the gentleman waxed wrothy, rather than inconvenience him, or perhaps anxious to get back to the mess, he coolly says, "oh, my friend shall meet you," and then his pleasant jest "find out the cause of quarrel from his executors!"

Truly, thought I, there is no equanimity like his who acts as your second in a duel. The gentlemanlike urbanity with which he waits on the opposite friend—the conciliating tone with which he proffers implacable enmity—

the killing kindness with which he refuses all accommodation—the Talleyrand air of his short notes, dated from the "Travellers," or "Brookes," with the words 3 o'clock or 5 o'clock on the cover, all indicative of the friendly precipitancy of the negotiation. Then when all is settled, the social style with which he asks you to take a "cutlet" with him at the "Clarendon," not to go home—are only to be equalled by the admirable tact on the ground—the studiously elegant salute to the adverse party, half à la Napoleon, and half Beau Brummell—the politely offered snuff-box—the coquetting railery about 10 paces or 12—are certainly the beau ideal of the stoicism which precludes sending your friend out of the world like a gentleman.

CHAPTER V.—THE DUEL.

How very often is the face of external nature at variance with the thoughts and actions—"the sayings and doings" we may be most intent upon at the moment. How many a gay and brilliant bridal party has wended its way to St. George's, Hanover-square, amid a downpour of rain, one would suppose sufficient to quench the torch of Hymen, though it burned as brightly as Mr. Drummond's oxygen light; and, on the other hand, how frequently are the bluest azure of heaven and the most balmy airs shed upon the heart bursting with affliction, or the head bowed with grief, and without any desire to impugn, as a much higher authority has done, the moral character of the moon. How many a scene of blood and rapine has its mild radiance illumined. Such reflections as these came thronging to my mind, as on the afternoon of Tuesday I neared the little village of our rendezvous. The scene which in all its peaceful beauty lay before me, was truly a bitter contrast to the occasion that led me thither. I stood upon a little peninsula which separates the Shannon from the wide Atlantic. On one side the placid river flowed on its course, between fields of waving corn, or rich pasturage—the beautiful Island of Scattery, with its picturesque ruins reflected in the unrippled tide—the cheerful voices of the reapers, and the merry laugh of the children were mingled with the seaman's cry of the sailors, who were "heaving short" on their anchor, to

take the evening tide. The village, which consisted of merely a few small cabins, was still from its situation a pleasing object in the picture, and the blue smoke that rose in slender columns from the humble dwellings, took from the scene its character of loneliness, and suggested feelings of home and homely enjoyments, which human habitations, however lowly, never fail to do.

"At any other time," thought I, "and how I could have enjoyed all this, but now—and, ha, I find it is already past five o'clock, and if I am rightly informed I am still above a mile from Craigmoran, where we were to meet."

I had dismissed my conveyance when nearing the village, to avoid observation, and now took a foot-path over the hills. Before I had proceeded half-a-mile, the scene changed completely. I found myself traversing a small glen, grown over with a low oak scrub, and not presenting on any side the slightest trace of habitation. I saw that the ground had been selected by an adept. The glen, which grew narrow as I advanced, suddenly disclosed to my view a glimpse of the Atlantic, upon which the then declining sun was pouring a flood of purple glory. I had scarcely turned from the contemplation of this beautiful object, when a long low whistle attracted my attention. I looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and discovered at some distance from me three figures standing

beside the ruin of an old Abbey, which I now for the first time perceived.

If I had entertained any doubts on the subject they had been speedily resolved, for I now saw one of the party waving his hat to me, whom, as I advanced, I recognized to be Curzon; he came forward to meet me, and, in the few hundred yards that intervened, before our reaching the others, explained as much as he knew of the opposite party; which, after all, was but little. Mr. Beamish, my adversary, he described as a morose, fire-eating southern, that evidently longed for an "affair" with a military-man, then considered a circumstance of some éclat in the south; his second, the doctor, on the contrary, was by far "the best of the cut-throats," a most amusing little personage, full of his own importance, and profuse in his legends of his own doings in love and war, and evidently disposed to take the pleasing side of every occurrence in life; they both agreed in but one point—a firm and fixed resolve to give no explanation of the quarrel with me. "So, then," said I, as Curzon hurried over the preceding account, "you absolutely know nothing whatever of the reason for which I am about to give this man a meeting."

"No more than you," said Curzon, with imperturbable gravity; "but one thing I am certain of—had I not at once promised him such, he would have posted you in Limerick the next morning; and, as you know our mess rule in the 4-th, I thought it best——"

"Oh, certainly, quite right; but now are you quite certain I am the man who offended him? for I solemnly assure you, I have not the most remote recollection of having ever heard of him."

"That point," said Curzon, "there can be no doubt of, for he not only designated you as Mr. Harry Lorrequer, but the gentleman that made all Cork laugh so heartily, by his representation of Othello."

"Stop!" said I, "say not a word more; I'm his man."

By this time we had reached the ruins, and turning a corner came in full contact with the enemy; they had been resting themselves on a tombstone, and rose as we approached.

"Allow me," said Curzon, stepping a little in advance of me; allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Lorrequer—Dr. Finicane; Dr. Finicane—Mr. Lorrequer."

"Finucane, if quite agreeable to you; Finucane," said the little gentleman, as he lifted his hat straight off his head, and replaced it most accurately, by way of salute. "Mr. Lorrequer, it is with sincere pleasure I make your acquaintance." Here Mr. Beamish bowed stiffly, in return to my salutation, and at the instant a kind of vague sensation crossed my mind, that those red whiskers, and that fiery face were not seen for the first time; but the thumbscrews of the holy office would have been powerless to refresh my memory as to when.

"Captain," said the doctor, "may I request the favor of your company this way, one minute?" they both walked aside; the only words which reached me as I moved off, to permit their conference, being an assurance on the part of the doctor, "that it was a sweet spot he picked out, for, by having them placed north and south, neither need have a patch of sky behind him." Very few minutes sufficed for preliminaries, and they both advanced, smirking and smiling, as if they had just arranged a new plan for the amelioration of the poor, or the benefit of the manufacturing classes, instead of making preparations for sending a gentleman out of the world.

"Then, if I understand you, captain," said the doctor, "you step the distance, and I give the word."

"Exactly," said Curzon.

After a joking allusion to my friend's length of limb, at which we all laughed heartily, we were placed, Curzon and the doctor standing and breaking the line between us; the pistols were then put into our hands, the doctor saying—"Now, gentlemen, I'll just retire six paces, and turn round, which will be quite time enough to prepare, and at the word 'fire,' ye'll blaze away; mind now." With a knowing wink, the doctor delivered this direction, and immediately moved off; the word "fire" followed, and both pistols went off together. My hat was struck near the top, and, as the smoke cleared away, I perceived that my ball had taken effect upon my adversary; he was wounded a little below the knee and appeared to steady himself with the greatest difficulty. "Your friend is hit," said Curzon, to the doctor, who now came forward with another pistol.

"Your friend is hit."

"So I perceive," said he, placing his finger on the spot; "but it is no

harm in life; so we proceed, if you please."

"You don't mean to demand another shot?" said Curzon.

"Faith, do I," said the doctor coolly.

"Then," said Curzon, "I must tell you most unequivocally, I refuse, and shall now withdraw my friend; and had it not been for a regulation peculiar to our regiment, but never intended to include cases of this nature, we had not been here now; for up to this hour my principal and myself are in utter ignorance of any cause of offence ever having been offered by him to Mr. Beamish."

"Giles, do you hear this?" said the doctor.

But Giles did not hear it, for the rapid loss of blood from his wound had so weakened him, that he had fainted, and now lay peaceably on the grass. Etiquette was now at an end, and we all ran forward to assist the wounded man; for some minutes he lay apparently quite senseless, and when he at last rallied and looked wildly about him, it appeared to be with difficulty that he recalled any recollection of the place, and the people around him; for a few seconds he fixed his eyes steadily upon the doctor, and with a lip pale and bloodless, and a voice quivering from weakness, said,

"Fin! didn't I tell ye, that pistol always threw high—oh!" and this he said with a sigh that nearly overpowered him, "Oh, Fin, if you had only given me the saw-handled one, that *I am used to*; but it is no use talking now."

In my inmost heart I was grateful to the little doctor for his mistake, for I plainly perceived what 'the saw-handled one he was used to' might have done for me, and could not help muttering to myself with good Sir Andrew—"If I had known he was so cunning of fence, I'd have seen him damned before that I fought with him."

Our first duty was now to remove the wounded man to the high road, about which both he himself and his second seemed disposed to make some difficulty; they spoke together for a few moments in a low tone of voice, and then the doctor addressed us—"We feel, gentlemen, there is no need of any concealment from you; but the truth is, we have need of great circumspection here, for I must inform you, we are both of us bound over in heavy recognizances to keep the peace."

"Bound over to keep the peace!" said Curzon and myself together.

"Nothing less; and although there is nobody hereabout would tell, yet if the affair got into the papers by any means, why there are some people in Cork would like to press my friend, there, for he is a very neat shot when he has the saw-handle," and here the doctor winked.

We had little time permitted us to think on the oddity of meeting men in such circumstances, for we were now obliged to contribute our aid in conveying him to the road, where some means might be procured for his transfer to Kilrush, or some other town in the neighbourhood, for he was by this time totally unable to walk.

After half an hour's toiling, we at last did reach the high-way, by which time I had ample opportunity, short as the space was, to see something of the character of our two opponents. It appeared that the doctor exercised the most absolute control over his large friend, dictating and commanding in a tone which the other never ventured to resist; for a moment, or two Mr. Beamish expressed a great desire to be conveyed by night to Kilrush, where he might find means to cross the Shannon into Kerry. This, however, the doctor opposed strenuously, from the risque of publicity; and finally settled that we should all go in a body to his friend, Father Malachi Brennan's house, only two miles off, where the sick man would have the most tender care, and what the doctor considered equally indispensable, we ourselves a most excellent supper, and a hearty welcome.

"You know Father Malachi, of course, Mr. Lorrequer?"

"I am ashamed to say I do not."

"Not know Malachi Brennan and live in Clare! Well, well, that is strange; sure he is the priest of this country for twelve miles in every direction of you, and a better man, and a pleasanter, there does not live in the diocese; though I'm his cousin that says it."

After professing all the possible pleasure it would afford my friend and myself to make the acquaintance of Father Malachi, we proceeded to place Mr. Beamish in a car that was passing at the time, and started for the residence of the good priest. The whole of the way thither I was occupied but by one thought, a burning anxiety to know the cause of our quarrel, and I longed for the moment when I might

get the doctor apart from his friend, to make the enquiry.

"There—look down to your left, where you see the lights shining so brightly, that is Father Malachi's house; as sure as my name is De Courcy Finucane, there's fun going on there this night."

"Why, there certainly does seem a great illumination in the valley there," said I.

"May I never," said the doctor, "if it isn't a station——"

"A station!—pray may I ask——"

"You need not ask a word on the subject; for, if I am a true prophet, you'll know what it means before morning."

A little more chatting together brought us to a narrow road, flanked on either side by high hedges of hawthorn, and, in a few minutes more, we stood before the priest's residence, a long, white-washed, thatched house, having great appearance of comfort and convenience. Arrived here, the doctor seemed at once to take on him the arrangement of the whole party; for, after raising the latch and entering the house, he returned to us in a few minutes, and said,

"Wait a while now; we'll not go in to Father Malachi 'till we've put Giles to bed."

We, accordingly, lifted him from off the car, and assisted him into the house, and following Finucane down a narrow passage, at last reached a most comfortable little chamber, with a neat bed; here we placed him, while

the doctor gave some directions to a bare-headed, red-legged hussey, without shoes or stockings, and himself proceeded to examine the wound, which was a more serious one than it at first appeared.

After half an hour thus occupied, during which time roars of merriment and hearty peals of laughing burst upon us, every time the door opened, from a distant part of the house, where his reverence was entertaining his friends, and which, as often as they were heard by the doctor seemed to produce in him sensations not unlike those that afflicted the "wedding guest" in the "Ancient Mariner," when he heard the "loud bassoon," and as certainly imparted an equally longing desire to be a partaker in the mirth. We arranged everything satisfactorily for Mr. Beamish's comfort, and with a large basin of vinegar and water, to keep his knee cool, and a strong tumbler of hot punch, to keep his heart warm—homœopathic medicine is not half so new as Dr. Hahnemann would make us believe—we left Mr. Beamish to his own meditations, and doubtless regrets that he did not get "the saw-handled one, he was used to," while we proceeded to make our bows to Father Malachi Brennan.

But, as I have no intention to treat the good priest with ingratitude, I shall not present him to my readers at the tail of a chapter; here then I rest, and here, if the influenza does not take me by the nose, *ad interim*, I shall be found "confessing" this day month.

NAPIER'S HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.*

THE Fifth Volume of Major-General Napier's Peninsular War has been now, for some time, in the hands of his readers, and is, as the former were, both interesting and important. We doubt, indeed, if the interest of the events which he narrates is not greater at the present day, than even during the stirring period when they occurred; as they come upon us, after the lassitude of a long peace, with a force and a

freshness that could scarcely be said to belong to them, when the minds of men were dazzled and distracted by the tumult and the brilliancy of the various astounding military exploits, which marked the tide of war, as it rolled its fiery surges over a convulsed and agitated world. Certain it is that the transactions in the Peninsula were worthy of a more concentrated attention than could be given to them, while

* History of the War in the Peninsula and in the South of France, from the year 1807 to the year 1814. By W. F. P. Napier, C.B. Colonel H.P. Forty-third Regiment, Member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Military Sciences. Vol. V. London: Thomas and William Boone, New Bond-street. 1836.

so many things of almost equal moment were claiming public attention ; and our author has done well to avail himself of a season of quiet and reflection, for the purpose of laying before his readers those stores of knowledge, which his personal experience, as well as his acquaintance with many of the principal actors upon that theatre of British glory which he has chosen to illustrate, has enabled him to command.

Of his capabilities for the task which he has undertaken, it is not now necessary for us to speak. We have, in a former number, expressed our opinion of his strength and his weakness ; and from that we see no reason to deviate. Our readers will bear us witness that we have not been sparing in praise of the industry and the sagacity of our author, nor have we stopped to notice some few blemishes which give a rakish and a school-boy character to his style, in our admiration of the perspicacity of his details, the vigour of his narrative, and the brilliancy of his descriptions. In truth, we believe we are bad critics, as we love to find an excuse for praise rather for censure ; but maugre that amiable weakness, we are compelled to say, that General Napier's present Volume makes it a matter of conscience with us to put a restraint upon our inclinations, and to abate much of the cordiality with which we should rejoice to congratulate him upon the progress of his labours.

In the first place, we think that the vigour of his genius has been somewhat enervated by success. He slurs through the less important parts of his history in a careless and slovenly manner, and reserves his resources for those more striking events which determined the fortune of the war, and by a description of which he endeavours, and often succeeds in his endeavour, to fill the mind of the reader with astonishment, and terror, and admiration. But even here we sometimes miss the sustained and graphic vigour by which his former attempts in this line were distinguished. In painting the fluctuations of a battle, there is too little of the quietude of habitual command, and too much of the eagerness of tumultuous excitation. Indeed, we have felt surprise that a veteran, which we know General Napier to be, should exhibit the boyish enthusiasm in which he indulges, in describing what should be as familiar to his mind as daily occurrences to ordinary men ; and the conviction has

been forced upon us, that, although he does not want the head to understand, or the eye to describe, yet he does want the capacity to direct or to originate great achievements.

Our next exception relates to his depreciating notice of the efforts of the heroic Spaniards for their own liberation. Assuredly we do not think that they could have accomplished their deliverance themselves ; and we will not even affirm that Lord Wellington might not have accomplished it without them. But it is impossible to read General Napier's volumes without admitting that our noble commander's most signal successes were owing chiefly to his superiority above the French in the article of intelligence—a superiority almost entirely caused by the activity of the Partidas, in harassing the marches, impeding the communications ; and intercepting the despatches of the enemy. No matter what may have been their deficiencies in the field, that was a service which they well performed ; and when we consider how important time is in the affairs of war, the value of such service can scarcely be over-rated ; especially as, in the present case, it was not only the means of giving a great advantage to the British troops, but of fostering jealousies, and sowing dissensions, amongst the unprincipled invaders.

Our next exception relates to his partial admiration of the French, and the un-British feeling which he exhibits in treating of such an event as the invasion of Spain. Let a reader take up his work at almost any page, and he will suppose that it is all fair war—a struggle in which either party may have an equal right, and which is to be regarded more with reference to the skill or the valour, than the moral deserts of those who were engaged in it. He would never once suppose that the invaders deserved no other character than that of robbers and murderers. Yet such was the fact. If General Napier's house was attacked by some kind friend, who had previously endeavoured, in vain, to seduce his wife ; and if the treacherous and abandoned villain sought to accomplish his nefarious object by bloodshed and conflagration, it would only be an example, upon a small scale, of what was experienced during the Peninsular war, by the universal Spanish nation. And if a writer in " Bell's Life in London," in narrating the above supposed event, was almost wholly

silent respecting the moral enormity of the offence, while no terms were sufficiently extravagant to express his admiration of the courage and the skill which were evinced in its perpetration ; if, moreover, he depreciated the efforts which the gallant General would, no doubt, have made to defend all that was dear to him from rapine and violation, and noted, with a cool, sarcastic, insolence, the deviations from the strict line of scientific defence, which were caused by the very tumult and storm of his soul ; if our author will suffer his imagination to picture for him such a case as this, it will go near to afford him a just idea of what must be felt respecting *his* history by all honest and indignant readers. In truth, his work is less a history of the Spanish war, than an apology for the French invasion ; and whatever may be the instruction or the amusement to be derived from it, the moral lesson, which should ever be uppermost in the historian's mind, has been most culpably disregarded.

Indeed, if the animus of this writer may be collected from the general spirit of his work, "the enemy" who were chiefly present to his thoughts during the composition of it, were not the French, but those whom he calls the oligarchy of England. Against the Tory ministry who governed England during that eventful war, he is venomous and unmeasured in his vituperation. And, unhappily for himself, the shallowness and the vulgarity of his political prejudice, completely defeats his own object.

That our resources might have been more abundantly furnished for carrying on the war in Spain, with every prospect of advantage ; that the supplies which were afforded might have been more judiciously administered ; and that fuller information respecting the real character of the contest in Spain, and a more unbounded confidence in the genius of the British commander, would have been desirable in our rulers, is most true ; but it is also true, that it is one thing to judge of things *looking back*, and another to judge of them *looking forward*. General Napier but lightly estimates the sort of check in which the government was held by the profligate Whig opposition, who lost no opportunity of causing difficulties in the prosecution of the war, and who were better to Buonaparte than an additional army. He forgets that ours was a free government, under which

the ministry, for every reverse, or, for every turn of the war that *seemed* a reverse, might be brought to a sort of parliamentary court-martial in the face of Europe. Or, if he holds these particulars in mind, he does not make sufficient allowance for the caution, and even for the timidity, which the servants of the crown might have justifiably felt, whether as regarded their position either at home or abroad, in every movement which they made in that eventful contest.

If General Napier will refer to the sentiments of those individuals of the Whig opposition, whose opinions upon general politics were most consentaneous with his own at present, he will find that they blamed the government of Mr. Percival much more for the *largeness* than for the *smallness* of the pecuniary aid by which he sustained the war in Spain ; and he may from this form a more just idea of the difficulties in which the minister was placed, by the machinations of those with whom he would, himself, had he been in parliament at the time, have, in all probability, consorted. Nor do we see anything to surprise us in the hatred which Whigs and revolutionists exhibited towards Mr. Percival, when living, and the rancour which their legitimate successor now evinces towards his memory, when dead. Both were equally unprincipled. By both Mr. Percival was regarded as the uncompromising guardian of the civil and religious institutions of the country, and in *that* there was no mistake. By both, Jacobinism in the abstract seemed to be idolized, and Bonaparte's military genius was held in the most unbounded admiration. And, this being so, we were not unprepared for the assault upon Mr. Percival for his profligate waste of the resources of England by the men of his own day, and by Major-General Napier, for his penury, in doling out these resources, when the interest of the country required a liberal expenditure, "grudgingly, and of necessity." Nor, do we think that his predecessors in the work of calumny would deem that our author, although he has reversed their charges, has done bad service. A temporary obloquy may be excited now, by accusing that great and good man of an impolitic parsimony, as it was when he lived, by accusing him of an unprincipled profusion ; and those who look not beyond the present, are incapable of seeing how much each

must serve as a commentary upon the other, and how both must thus be discredited in the judgment of the future historian.

Had our author confined his complaint to the real cause of offence; had he stripped of its mask the base and treacherous Jacobinism, which sought by depreciating the military power of England, and magnifying that of France, to lower the heart and the hopes of the country in the impending contest; had he shewn how this must, of necessity, have cooled the ardour and crippled the resources of any government depending upon popular support, while it afforded a corresponding encouragement to the common enemy; had he held up to merited reprobation the palliators of French atrocities, the men who scrupled not "to call evil, good, and good, evil;" and who hesitated not to rejoice in the invasion of Spain, as the bright era of its moral and political renovation,—he would have done well. The wickedness of evil-doers might thus be rebuked, and the ignorance of foolish men put to shame. Had he taken to task that able organ of the revolutionary party, the *Edinburgh Review*, then in the plenitude of its reputation; had he detected the unsoundness of its views, and exposed the fallacy of its predictions, and employed the power of scornful sarcasm which he possesses, in branding its base and canting sophistry with merited indignation, we could well believe that Major-General Napier was really solicitous for the removal of those impediments which prevented the British government from bestowing all its energies upon the ardent and effectual prosecution of the war in Spain. But, seeing that he leaves untouched those sources of national difficulty, which hung, as it were, upon the flanks and rear of the government at home, even as the *Guerillas* and the *Partidas* upon the French in the Peninsula, no candid reader can help regarding his complaints as partaking more of the rancour of the partizan, than the honest reprehension of the dispassionate historian.

With General Napier's views respecting questions of domestic policy, we do not meddle; they are wholly beside our purpose, even if they were not below contempt. He appears to us to be an uneducated bigot of the vulgarest democracy, intoxicated with self-conceit, and thinking it a fine thing to strut upon his literary stilts, and

swag his saucy plume in the face of men who are immeasurably his superiors. But we tell him this, that, until democratic England has evinced the wisdom and the prowess, the righteous determination, and the noble perseverance, that distinguished aristocratic England under the ancient constitution, that has been overthrown, it were wiser to restrain his boasting. We trust in God the occasion may not soon arise, when efforts, like those of Wellington may be necessary for our preservation;—but, if they did, we have little doubt that events would soon occur which would rebuke the folly of the military historian, and convince him, that if, in the transactions which he now records, there was a feebleness, a vacillation, and a want of promptitude in the conduct of our rulers, which rendered it difficult for Lord Wellington to carry on the war—all those evils would be only aggravated one hundred fold, by the caprice and the violence, the ignorance and the profligacy, which would be sure to characterise a more unmitigated democracy.

It will be seen from the above remarks, that we do not regard Major-General Napier's history as perfect. But it cannot be denied that he has done good service in recording, as he has done, the great events in which he bore no inglorious part, and illustrating, as he has done, transactions which it required knowledge and experience such as he possessed to make plain to the comprehension of the general reader. He has thus furnished materials of which some future writer may take advantage, in giving a really enlightened account of the contest in Spain; and we look to Mr. Alison, if his history of the French revolution should extend so far, as one who will yet avail himself abundantly of our author's researches and of his skill, while he eschews the errors of the intemperate politician, and rebukes, with an unsparring severity, the shallow impertinences of the factious pamphleteer. We will, by those who know us, be believed, when we say, that we regret to be obliged to speak thus of one who belongs to a profession which we love, and who frequently evinces a spirit and an ability which we would delight to honor; but truth and justice required from us this exposure, and having made it, we proceed to the much more agreeable task of making known the merits of Major-General Napier's work to our readers.

His last volume brought down his history to the siege of Badajos, which he described with a force and a fidelity which we never remember to have seen exceeded. By that memorable exploit, the Duke of Wellington laid a basis for more extended operations in Spain, which it is the object of the General's present volume to describe; and it is but right to say, that he does not suffer his political prejudices to interfere much with his estimate of the transcendent merits of our great commander. Indeed, the services of this extraordinary man are such as surpass all praise; and it is impossible for us not to regard as providential the circumstances which placed him at the head of our army, when it is our conscientious persuasion that the complicated difficulties with which he had to contend could have been mastered by no other man in the British empire.

Buonaparte was now intent upon his Russian campaign. The intruder, Joseph, was in Madrid, and at variance with almost all the generals by whom the French troops in the various parts of Spain were commanded. They decried him for his want of generalship, and he, with a feeling worthy of a better cause, felt displeased with them for their arbitrary severities, and their tyrannous exactions.

Wellington was now no longer to be coupled up within the territory of Portugal. By the successes of the last campaign, it was free to him to operate either upon the north or the south of Spain; and he chose the former, as well because success in that direction would bring him nearer to cutting off the communication of the enemy with France, as that the lateness of the harvests in Leon and Castile promised a more continued supply of provisions for his army.

Nearly three hundred thousand French troops were still in arms in the Peninsula. Seventy-six thousand, under Suchet, composed the armies of Catalonia and Arragon. Forty-nine thousand composed the army of the North, under Caffarelli, and were distributed on the grand line of communication from St. Sebastian to Burgos: of these, two divisions were destined to reinforce Marmont. Nineteen thousand composed the army of the centre, "occupying a variety of posts in a circle round the capital, and having a division in La Mancha." Sixty-three thousand composed the army of the South, under Soult, occu-

pying Andalusia and a part of Estremadura. "The army of Portugal, under Marmont, consisted of seventy thousand men;" these occupied Leon, part of Old Castile, and the Asturias; their front was upon the Tormes; and a division watched the movements in Galicia.

Joseph saw that it was now optional with Wellington to direct his force against any of the divisions of the French army; and, accordingly, arrangements were made by which, wherever the attack was made, there should be a concentration of force by which it might be resisted. His chief anxiety, however, seemed to be about the security of Madrid, which, considering the position of affairs at that time, he valued at more than its importance. Both Marmont and Soult respectively apprehended that they would be the object of the British commander; and, accordingly, their advice respected, chiefly, the exigencies in which they imagined that they would, separately, be placed; and they either thwarted or disobeyed the commands of their king in a manner that was well calculated to provoke his indignation. Of the strife which prevailed between Joseph and Soult, the following may serve to convey some idea to the reader. The latter was directed by the king

"To keep Drouet, with one third of the army of the south, so far advanced in Estremadura, as to have direct communication with General Trielhard in the valley of the Tagus; and he especially ordered that Drouet should pass that river, if Hill passed it."

"The duke of Dalmatia would not suffer Drouet to stir, and Joseph, whose jealousy had been excited by the marshal's power in Andalusia, threatened to deprive him of his command. The inflexible duke replied that the king had already virtually done so by sending orders direct to Drouet, that he was ready to resign, but he would not commit a gross military error. Drouet could scarcely arrive in time to help Marmont, and would be too weak for the protection of Madrid, but his absence would ruin Andalusia, because the allies, whose force in Estremadura was very considerable, could in five marches reach Seville, and take it on the sixth; then communicating with the fleets at Cadiz they would change their line of operations without loss, and unite with thirty thousand other troops, British and Spanish, who were at Gibraltar, in the Isla, in the Niebla, on the side of Murcia.

and under Ballesteros in the Ronda. A new army might also come from the ocean, and Drouet, once beyond the Tagus, could not return to Andalusia in less than twelve days; Marmont could scarcely come there in a month; the force under his own immediate command was spread all over Andalusia, if collected it would not furnish thirty thousand sabres and bayonets, exclusive of Drouet, and the evacuation of the province would be unavoidable.

"For these reasons Soult would not permit Drouet to quit Estremadura, yet he promised to reinforce him, and so to press Hill, that Graham, whom he supposed still at Portalegre, should be obliged to bring up the first and sixth divisions. In fine, he promised that a powerful body of the allies should be forced to remain in Estremadura, or Hill would be defeated and Badajoz invested. This dispute raged during May and the beginning of June, and meanwhile the English general, well acquainted from the intercepted letters with these dissensions, made arrangements, so as to confirm each general in his own peculiar views."

Andalusia was now supposed to be the object of the British general; and all his address was employed in confirming them in that erroneous persuasion. In truth, such a design had been seriously entertained, and was but recently relinquished; and the secret despatches to the Portuguese government, in which this first intention had been fully declared, was, by their culpable negligence, suffered to appear in a Gibraltar newspaper, and served, in no small degree, to satisfy Soult that immediate hostilities were to be expected. Hill's position at Almaraz, which he had so gloriously captured, menaced, alike, the north and the south; but he took care to disseminate a rumour that the invasion of Andalusia was at hand. "Graham, indeed, returned to Beira, with the first and sixth divisions of Cotton's cavalry; but as Hill was at the same time reinforced, and Graham's march sudden and secret, the enemy were again deceived in all quarters. For Marmont and the king, reckoning the number of divisions, thought the bulk of the allies was in the north, and did not discover that Hill's corps had been nearly doubled in numbers, though his division seemed the same, while Soult, not immediately aware of Graham's departure, found Hill more than a match for Drouet, and still expected the allies in Andalusia."

The reader will at once, perceive that Wellington had to fight for more than victory. He must take care not to purchase success over one division of the French army, at an expense that might leave him unequal to the others:

Having succeeded in deceiving Soult, and isolating, in some measure, the army of Portugal, the British general proceeded vigorously in that course of action on which he had resolved, and took every human precaution that his great design should now experience no serious interruption. The *Partidas*, and the Spanish forces, were directed to operate on the flanks and the rear of the enemy. An expedition, under Sir Home Popham, was to commence operation on the coast of Biscay, for the purpose of engaging the attention of Caffarelli's division, and withholding them from the succour of Marmont. A Sicilian expedition was to menace Catalonia and Valencia, for the purpose of preventing Suchet from reinforcing the king. And the garrison at Gibraltar, together with the Anglo-Portuguese and Spanish troops in the *Isla de Leon*; insurrections in the kingdom of Cordoba, and the Spanish army under Ballesteros, were so to occupy Soult, as to prevent him overwhelming Hill, before the latter had effected his junction with the main body of the British army.

But Marmont now clearly understood the drift of these extended arrangements, and he was, our author tells us,

"A man to be feared. He possessed quickness of apprehension, and courage, moral and physical, scientific acquirements, experience of war, and great facility in the moving of troops; he was strong of body, in the flower of life, eager for glory, and although neither a great nor a fortunate commander, such a one as might bear the test of fire. His army was weak in cavalry, but admirably organized; for he had laboured, with successful diligence, to restore that discipline, which had been so much shaken by the misfortunes of Massena's campaign, and by the unceasing operations from the battle of Fuentes Onoro to the last retreat from Beira."

Wellington was soon before Salamanca, the forts of which he straitly invested. The French, at first, retired at his approach. But the strength of the forts had been underrated; and intercepted returns showed the Duke, that the armies of the south and of Portugal were far stronger than he had

supposed. Marmont quietly remained in observation at Fuente el Sauco, until his expectation of reinforcements justified him in retracing his steps for the purpose of relieving the forts.

"Meanwhile Marmont, who had remained in person at Fuente el Sauco, united there, on the 20th, four divisions of infantry and a brigade of cavalry, furnishing about twenty-five thousand men of all arms, with which he marched to the succour of the forts. His approach over an open country was descried at a considerable distance, and a brigade of the fifth division was immediately called off from the siege, the battering train was sent across the Tormes, and the army, which was in bivouac on the Salamanca side of St. Christoval, formed in order of battle on the top. This position of Christoval was about four miles long, and rather concave, the ascent in front steep, and tangled with hollow roads and stone enclosures, belonging to the villages, but the summit was broad, even, and covered with ripe corn; the right was flanked by the Upper Tormes, and the left dipped into the country bordering the Lower Tormes, for in passing Salamanca, that river makes a sweep round the back of the position. The infantry, the heavy cavalry, and the guns crowned the summit of the mountain, but the light cavalry fell back from the front to the low country on the left, where there was a small stream and a marshy flat. The villages of Villares and Monte Rubio were behind the left of the position; the village of Cabrerizos marked the extreme right, though the hill still trended up the river. The villages of Christoval, Castellanos, and Moresco, were nearly in a line, along the foot of the heights in front, the last was somewhat within the allies' ground, and nothing could be stronger than the position, which completely commanded all the country for many miles; but the heat was excessive, and there was neither shade, nor fuel to cook with, nor water nearer than the Tormes.

"About five o'clock in the evening the enemy's horsemen approached, pointing towards the left of the position, as if to turn it by the Lower Tormes, whereupon the British light cavalry made a short forward movement and a partial charge took place; but the French opened six guns, and the British retired to their own ground near Monte Rubio and Villares. The light division which was held in reserve, immediately closed towards the left of the position until the French cavalry halted and then returned to the centre. Meanwhile the main body of the enemy bore, in one dark volume, against the right, and halting at the very foot of the position, sent a flight of shells on the

lofty summit; nor did this fire cease until after dark, when the French general, after driving back all the outposts, obtained possession of Moresco, and established himself behind that village and Castellanos within gun-shot of the allies.

"The English general slept that night on the ground, amongst the troops, and at the first streak of light the armies were again under arms; nevertheless, though some signals were interchanged between Marmont and the forts, both sides were quiet until towards evening, when Wellington detached the sixty-eighth regiment from the line, to drive the French from Moresco. This attack, made with vigour, succeeded, but the troops being recalled just as day-light failed, a body of French, coming unperceived through the standing corn, broke into the village as the British were collecting their posts from the different avenues, and did considerable execution. In the skirmish an officer of the sixty-eighth, named Mackay, being suddenly surrounded, refused to surrender, and singly fighting against a multitude, received more wounds than the human frame was thought capable of sustaining, yet he still lives to shew his honourable scars.

"On the 22d three divisions, and a brigade of cavalry joined Marmont, who having now nearly forty thousand men in hand, extended his left and seized a part of the height in advance of the allies' right wing, from whence he could discern the whole of their order of battle, and attack their right on even terms. However, General Graham, advancing with the seventh division, dislodged this French detachment with a sharp skirmish before it could be formidably reinforced, and that night Marmont withdrew from his dangerous position to some heights about six miles in his rear."

We cannot afford space to follow the marchings and the counter marchings of these adverse leaders, in which so much consummate generalship was displayed, and which, indeed, could not be clearly understood, without an inspection of the very neatly executed plans which accompany our author's volume. But the following is so strikingly graphical that we cannot withhold it from the reader:—

"The 23d the two armies again remained tranquil, but at break of day, on the 24th, some dropping pistol-shots, and now and then a shout, came faintly from the mist which covered the lower ground beyond the river; the heavy sound of artillery succeeded, and the hissing of the bullets as they cut through the thickened atmosphere, plainly told that the French

were over the Tormes. After a time the fog cleared up, and the German horsemen were seen in close and beautiful order, retiring before twelve thousand French infantry, who in battle array, were marching steadily onwards. At intervals, twenty guns, ranged in front, would start forwards and send their bullets whistling and tearing up the ground beneath the Germans, while scattering parties of light cavalry, scouting out, capped all the hills in succession, and peering abroad, gave signals to the main body. Wellington immediately sent Graham across the river by the fords of Santa Marta with the first and seventh divisions and Le Marchant's brigade of English cavalry; then concentrating the rest of the army between Calerizos and Moresco, he awaited the progress of Marmont's operation.

"Bock continued his retreat in the same fine and equable order, regardless alike of the canonade and of the light horsemen on his flanks, until the enemy's scouts had gained a height above Calvaria Abaxo, from whence, at the distance of three miles, they, for the first time, perceived Graham's twelve thousand men, and eighteen guns, ranged in an order of battle, perpendicular to the Tormes. From the same point also, Wellington's heavy columns were to be seen, clustering on the height above the fords of Santa Marta, and the light division was descried at Aldea Lengua, ready either to advance against the French troops left on the position of Aldea Rabia, or to pass the river to the aid of Graham. This apparition made the French general aware of his error, whereupon hastily facing about, and repassing the Tormes he resumed his former ground.

"Wellington's defensive dispositions on this occasion were very skilful, but it would appear that unwilling to stir before the forts fell, he had again refused the advantage of the moment; for it is not to be supposed that he misjudged the occasion, since the whole theatre of operation was distinctly seen from St. Christoval, and he had passed many hours in earnest observation; his faculties were indeed so fresh and vigorous, that after the day's work he wrote a detailed memoir upon the proposal for establishing a bank in Portugal, treating that and other financial schemes in all their bearings, with a master hand. Against the weight of his authority, therefore, any criticism must be advanced."

If the forts continued to hold out much longer, Marmont was resolved to give battle; but they having fallen much sooner than he expected, he withdrew his garrison from the Castle

of Alba de Tormes, and retreated towards the Duero, by the roads of Tordesillas and Tero. He was followed briskly by the British commander, but no opportunity presented itself for bringing matters to any decisive issue, and each general continued to act with a degree of caution, which was the best compliment which he could pay to the abilities of the other. Meanwhile, Wellington felt exceedingly straitened for want of money. The promised remittance from England had not arrived; and as the insufficiency of land carriages rendered it extremely difficult to feed the army even on the Duero, to venture further into Spain, without pecuniary resources upon which he could certainly rely, would be the height of madness. But his difficulties at this period are best described in his own words.

" 'I have never,' said he, 'been in such distress as at present, and some serious misfortune must happen, if the government do not attend seriously to the subject, and supply us regularly with money. The arrears and distresses of the Portuguese government are a joke to ours, and if our credit was not better than theirs, we should certainly starve. As it is, if we don't find means to pay our bills for butcher's meat there will be an end to the war at once.' "

Marmont, in his turn, now became the assailant, and he effected the passage of the Duero with great strategic skill. Then commenced a series of movements, in which much generalship was displayed on both sides, and which terminated in bringing the allies and the French within very nearly the same positions which they occupied a month before, when the first advance of Marmont caused the attack upon the forts of Salamanca to be suspended. Upon the whole, the French general seemed to have the advantage. He had succeeded in turning the flanks of the allies, had gained possession of the principal passage over the Tormes, and seemed, from his position and his force, able to menace the communication of the allies with Salamanca, and Ciudad Rodrigo.

"Wellington was deeply disquieted at the unexpected result of this day's operations, which had been entirely to the advantage of the French general. Marmont had shown himself perfectly acquainted with the country, had outflanked and outmarched the allies, had gained the command of the Tormes, and

as his junction with the king's army was thus secured, he might fight or wait for reinforcements or continue his operations as it seemed good to himself. But the scope of Wellington's campaign was hourly being more restricted. His reasons for avoiding a battle except at advantage, were stronger than before, because Caffarelli's cavalry was known to be in march, and the army of the centre was on the point of taking the field; hence, though he should fight and gain a victory, unless it was decisive, his object would not be advanced. That object was to deliver the Peninsula, which could only be done by a long course of solid operations, incompatible with sudden and rash strokes unauthorized by any thing but hope; wherefore yielding to the force of circumstances, he prepared to return to Portugal and abide his time; yet with a bitter spirit, which was not soothed by the recollection, that he had refused the opportunity of fighting to advantage, exactly one month before, and upon the very hills he now occupied. Nevertheless that steadfast temper, which then prevented him from seizing an adventitious chance, would not now let him yield to Fortune more than she could ravish from him: he still hoped to give the lion's stroke, and resolved to cover Salamanca and the communication with Ciudad Rodrigo to the last moment. A letter stating his inability to hold his ground was, however, sent to Castanos, but it was intercepted by Marmont, who exultingly pushed forwards without regard to the king's movements; and it is curious that Joseph afterwards imagined this to have been a subtlety of Wellington's to draw the French general into a premature battle."

Marmont passed the Tormes, and took up a strong position behind Calvariza Ariba. This necessitated a counter movement on the part of Wellington, who also passed the Tormes, by the fords of Santa Marta, and Aldea Lengua, leaving the third division and D'Urban's cavalry on the right bank, who entrenched themselves at Cabrerizos.

"It was late when the light division descended the rough side of the Aldea Lengua mountain to cross the river, and the night came suddenly down, with more than common darkness, for a storm, that common precursor of a battle in the Peninsula, was at hand. Torrents of ruin deepened the ford, the water foamed and dashed with increasing violence, the thunder was frequent and deafening, and the lightning passed in sheets of fire close

over the column, or played upon the points of the bayonets. One flash falling amongst the fifth dragoon guards, near Santa Marta, killed many men and horses, while hundreds of frightened animals breaking loose from their piquet ropes, and galloping wildly about, were supposed to be the enemy's cavalry charging in the darkness, and indeed some of their patrols were at hand; but to a military eye there was nothing more imposing than the close and beautiful order in which the soldiers of that noble light division were seen by the fiery gleams to step from the river to the bank, and pursue their march amidst this astounding turmoil, defying alike the storm and the enemy."

Intelligence was now received by the British commander, that large reinforcements were about to join the enemy; and his determination was taken to retire before the arrival of the new troops, by whom his operations might be so seriously impeded.

The two Arapiles are two hills which stood between the hostile armies, and the possession of which was deemed by both an object of the first importance. They were accordingly strongly contested; and while the enemy gained the first, they were repulsed in an attempt to gain the second. Marmont, imagining that Wellington would see the importance of dislodging the French from the first hill, inasmuch as their possession of it must exercise a most sinister influence upon his retreat, was prepared with a strong reserve of troops to meet the apprehended attack, which would, undoubtedly, have been made, had it not been thus anticipated. But the Duke, seeing the approach of the French, gave counter orders; judging it better to wait for new events, being certain that at night he could make his retreat good, and wishing rather that Marmont should attack him in his now strong position. The remainder of these evolutions we must give in our author's words:

"The French troops coming from Babila Fuente had not yet reached the edge of the forest, when Marmont, seeing that the allies would not attack, and fearing that they would retreat before his own dispositions were completed, ordered Thomieres' division, covered by fifty guns and supported by the light cavalry, to menace the Ciudad Rodrigo road. He also hastened the march of his other divisions, designing, when Wellington should move in opposition to Thomieres, to fall upon him, by the village of Ara-

piles, with six divisions of infantry and Boyer's dragoons, which last, he now put in march to take fresh ground on the left of the Arapiles rocks, leaving only one regiment of cavalry to guard Foy's right flank at Calvariza.

"In these new circumstances, the positions of the two armies embraced an oval basin formed by different ranges of hills, that rose like an amphitheatre of which the Arapiles rocks might be considered the door-posts. This basin was about a mile broad from north to south, and more than two miles long from east to west. The northern and western half formed the allies' position, which extended from the English Arapiles on the left to Aldea Tejada on the right. The eastern heights were held by the French right, and their left, consisting of Thomieres' division with the artillery and light cavalry, was now moving along the southern side of the basin; but the march was wide and loose; there was a long space between Thomieres' and the divisions which, coming from the edge of the forest, were destined to form the centre, and there was a longer space between him and the divisions about the Arapiles. Nevertheless, the mass of artillery placed on his right flank was very imposing, and opened its fire grandly, taking ground to the left by guns, in succession, as the infantry moved on; and these last marched eagerly, continually contracting their distance from the allies, and bringing up their left shoulders as if to envelope Wellington's position, and embrace it with fire. At this time also, Bonet's troops, one regiment of which held the French Arapiles, carried the village of that name, and although soon driven from the greatest part of it again, maintained a fierce struggle.

"Marmont's first arrangements had occupied several hours, yet as he gave no positive indication of his designs, Wellington, ceasing to watch him, had retired from the Arapiles. But at three o'clock a report reached him that the French left was in motion, and pointing towards the Ciudad Rodrigo road; then starting up he repaired to the high ground, and observed their movements for some time, with a stern contentment, for their left wing was entirely separated from the centre. The fault was flagrant, and he fixed it with the stroke of a thunder-bolt. A few orders issued from his lips like the incantations of a wizard, and suddenly the dark mass of troops which covered the English Arapiles, was seemingly possessed by some mighty spirit, and rushing violently down the interior slope of the mountain, entered the great basin amidst a storm of bullets which seemed to shear

away the whole surface of the earth over which the soldiers moved. The fifth division instantly formed on the right of the fourth, connecting the latter with Bradford's Portuguese, who hastened forward at the same time from the right of the army, and the heavy cavalry galloping up on the right of Bradford, closed this front of battle. The sixth and seventh divisions, flanked on the right by Anson's light cavalry, which had now moved from the Arapiles, were ranged at half cannon-shot in a second line, which was prolonged by the Spaniards in the direction of the third division; and this last, reinforced by two squadrons of the fourteenth dragoons, and by D'Urban's Portuguese horsemen, formed the extreme right of the army. Behind all, on the highest ground, the first and light divisions, and Pack's Portuguese were disposed in heavy masses as a reserve.

"When this grand disposition was completed, the third division and its attendant horsemen, the whole formed in four columns and flanked on the left by twelve guns, received orders to cross the enemy's line of march. The remainder of the first line, including the main body of the cavalry, was directed to advance whenever the attack of the third division should be developed; and as the fourth division must in this forward movement necessarily lend its flank to the enemy's troops stationed on the French Arapiles, Pack's brigade was commanded to assail that rock the moment the left of the British line should pass it. Thus, after long coiling and winding, the armies came together, and drawing up their huge trains like angry serpents mingled in deadly strife."

Now commenced the battle—the most glorious, probably, of any during Wellington's Peninsular campaigns. Marmont felt that he was taken at a disadvantage, in the midst of a difficult and complicated evolution; and, having failed to arrest the advance of the British by a tempest of bullets, his only hope of restoring the battle, was by bringing up his reserve divisions, and falling by the village of the Arapiles, upon what was now the left of the allies' position. But even this was but a weak resource, as there were, on the part of the British, although unknown to him, reserves by which such a device might be promptly counteracted.

"However, the French general, nothing daunted, despatched officer after officer, some to hasten up the troops from the forest, others to stop the progress of his

left wing, and with a sanguine expectation still looked for the victory, until he saw Pakenham with the third division shoot like a meteor across Thomieres' path; then pride and hope alike died within him, and desperately he was hurrying in person to that fatal point, when an exploding shell stretched him on the earth with a broken arm and two deep wounds in his side. Confusion ensued, and the troops, distracted by ill-judged orders and counter-orders, knew not where to move, who to fight, or who to avoid.

"It was about five o'clock when Pakenham fell upon Thomieres, and it was at the instant when that General, the head of whose column had gained an open isolated hill at the extremity of the southern range of heights, expected to see the allies, in full retreat towards the Ciudad Rodrigo road, closely followed by Marmont from the Arapiles. The counter-stroke was terrible! Two batteries of artillery placed on the summit of the western heights suddenly took his troops in flank, and Pakenham's massive columns supported by cavalry, were coming on full in his front, while two-thirds of his own division, lengthened out and unconnected, were still behind in a wood where they could hear, but could not see the storm which was now bursting. From the chief to the lowest soldier all felt that they were lost, and in an instant Pakenham, the most frank and gallant of men, commenced the battle.

The British columns formed lines as they marched, and the French gunners standing up manfully for the honour of their country, sent showers of grape into the advancing masses, while a crowd of light troops poured in a fire of musketry, under cover of which the main body endeavoured to display a front. But bearing onwards through the skirmishers with the might of a giant, Pakenham broke the half-formed lines into fragments, and sent the whole in confusion upon the advancing supports; one only officer, with unyielding spirit, remained by the artillery; standing alone he fired the last gun at the distance of a few yards, but whether he lived or there died could not be seen for the smoke. Some squadrons of light cavalry fell on the right of the third division, but the fifth regiment repulsed them, and then D'Urban's Portuguese horsemen, reinforced by two squadrons of the fourteenth dragoons under Felton Harvey, gained the enemy's flank. The Oporto regiment, led by the English Major Watson, instantly charged the French infantry, yet vainly, Watson fell deeply wounded, and his men retired.

"Pakenham continued his tempestuous course against the remainder of Tho-

mieres' troops, which were now arrayed on the wooded heights behind the first hill, yet imperfectly, and offering two fronts the one opposed to the third division and its attendant horsemen, the other to the fifth division, to Bradford's brigade, and the main body of cavalry and artillery, all of which were now moving in one great line across the basin. Meanwhile Bonet's troops, having failed at the village of Arapiles, were sharply engaged with the fourth division. Marmont kept his menacing position behind the French Arapiles, and as Clausel's division had come up from the forest, the connection of the centre and left was in some measure restored; two divisions were however still in the rear, and Boyer's dragoons were in march from Calvariza Ariba. Thomieres had been killed, and Bonet, who succeeded Marmont, had been disabled, hence more confusion; but the command of the army devolved on Clausel, and he was of a capacity to sustain this terrible crisis.

"The fourth and fifth divisions, and Bradford's brigade, were now hotly engaged and steadily gaining ground; the heavy cavalry, Anson's light dragoons and Bull's troop of artillery were advancing at a trot on Pakenham's left; and on that general's right D'Urban's horsemen overlapped the enemy. Thus in less than half an hour, and before an order of battle had been even formed by the French, their commander-in-chief and two other generals had fallen, and the left of their army was turned, thrown into confusion and enveloped. Clausel's division had indeed joined Thomieres', and a front had been spread on the southern heights, but it was loose and unfit to resist; for the troops were, some in double lines, some in columns, some in squares; a powerful sun above full in their eyes, the light soil, stirred up by the trampling of men and horses, and driven forward by a breeze, which arose in the west at the moment of attack, came full upon them, mingled with smoke in such stifling clouds, that, scarcely able to breathe, and quite unable to see, their fire was given at random.

"In this situation, while Pakenham, bearing onward with a conquering violence, was closing on their flank, and the fifth division advancing with a storm of fire on their front, the interval between the two attacks was suddenly filled with a whirling cloud of dust, which moving swiftly forward, carried within its womb the trampling sound of a charging multitude. As it passed the left of the third division Le Marchant's heavy horsemen, flanked by Anson's light cavalry, broke forth from it at full speed, and the

next instant twelve hundred French infantry, though formed in several lines, were trampled down with a terrible clamour and disturbance. Bewildered and blinded, they cast away their arms and run through the openings of the British squadrons, stooping and demanding quarter, while the dragoons, big men and on big horses, rode onwards smiting with their long glittering swords in uncontrollable power, and the third division followed at speed, shouting as the French masses fell in succession before this dreadful charge.

"Nor were these valiant swordsmen yet exhausted. Their own general, Le Marchant, and many officers had fallen, but Cotton and all his staff was at their head, and with ranks confused, and blended together in one mass, still galloping forward they sustained from a fresh column an irregular stream of fire which emptied a hundred saddles; yet with fine courage, and downright force, the survivors broke through this the third and strongest body of men that had encountered them, and Lord Edward Somerset, continuing his course at the head of one squadron with a happy perseverance, captured five guns. The French left was entirely broken, more than two thousand prisoners were taken, the French light horsemen abandoned that part of the field, and Thomieres' division no longer existed as a military body. Anson's cavalry, which had passed quite over the hill, and had suffered little in the charge, was now joined by D'Urban's troopers, and took the place of Le Marchant's exhausted men; the heavy German dragoons followed in reserve, and with the third and fifth divisions and the guns, formed one formidable line, two miles in advance of where Pakenham had first attacked; and that impetuous officer with unmitigated strength still pressed forward, spreading terror and disorder on the enemy's left."

Clauzel, upon whom the command of the French army had now devolved, proved himself an able commander. With singular dexterity and presence of mind, he re-collected the beaten and scattered troops, and took measures for securing a retreat, the most judicious that could be adopted. Nor was he yet without an idea that victory was not altogether beyond his reach.

"His hopes were founded on a misfortune which had befallen General Pack; for that officer ascending the French Arapiles in one heavy column, had driven back the enemy's skirmishers and was within thirty yards of the summit, be-

lieving himself victorious, when suddenly the French reserves leaped forward from the rocks upon his front, and upon his left flank. The hostile masses closed, there was a thick cloud of smoke, a shout, a stream of fire, and the side of the hill was covered to the very bottom with the dead, the wounded, and the flying Portuguese, who were scoffed at for this failure without any justice; no troops could have withstood that crash upon such steep ground, and the propriety of attacking the hill at all seems very questionable. The result went nigh to shake the whole battle. For the fourth division had just then reached the southern ridge of the basin, and one of the best regiments in the service was actually on the summit, when twelve hundred fresh adversaries, arrayed on the reverse slope, charged up hill; and, as the British fire was straggling and ineffectual, because the soldiers were breathless and disordered by the previous fighting, the French, who came up resolutely and without firing, won the crest. They were even pursuing down the other side, when two regiments, placed in line below, checked them with a destructive volley.

"This vigorous counter-blow took place at the moment when Pack's defeat permitted Maucune, who was no longer in pain for the Arapiles hill, to menace the left flank and rear of the fourth division, but the left wing of the fortieth regiment immediately wheeled about, and with a rough charge cleared the rear. Maucune would not engage himself more deeply at that time, but General Ferey's troops pressed vigorously against the front of the fourth division, and Brennier did the same by the first line of the fifth division. Boyer's dragoons also came on rapidly, and the allies, being outflanked and overmatched, lost ground. Fiercely and fast the French followed, and the fight once more raged in the basin below. General Cole had before this fallen deeply wounded, and Leith had the same fortune, but Beresford promptly drew Spry's Portuguese brigade from the second line of the fifth division, and thus flanked the advancing columns of the enemy; yet he also fell desperately wounded, and Boyer's dragoons then came freely into action, because Anson's cavalry had been checked after Le Marchant's charge by a heavy fire of artillery.

"The crisis of the battle had now arrived, and the victory was for the general who had the strongest reserves in hand. Wellington, who was seen that day at every point of the field exactly when his presence was most required, immediately brought up from the second line the

sixth division, and its charge was rough, strong, and successful. Nevertheless the struggle was no slight one. The men of General Hulse's brigade, which was on the left, went down by hundreds, and the sixty-first and eleventh regiments won their way desperately, and through such a fire, as British soldiers only, can sustain. Some of Boyer's dragoons also, breaking in between the fifth and sixth, slew many men, and caused some disorder in the fifty-third; but that brave regiment lost no ground, nor did Clauzel's impetuous counter-attack avail at any point, after the first burst, against the steady courage of the allies. The southern ridge was regained, the French general Menne was severely, and General Ferey mortally, wounded; Clauzel himself was hurt, and the reserve of Boyer's dragoons coming on at a canter were met and broken by the fire of Hulse's noble brigade. Then the changing current of the fight once more set for the British. The third division continued to outflank the enemy's left, Maucune abandoned the French Arapiles, Foy retired from the ridge of Calvariza, and the allied host, righting itself as a gallant ship after a sudden gust, again bore onwards in blood and gloom, for though the air, purified by the storm of the night before, was peculiarly clear, one vast cloud of smoke and dust rolled along the basin, and within it was the battle with all its sights and sounds of terror.

"When the English general had thus restored the fight in the centre, he directed the commander of the first division to push between Foy and the rest of the French army, which would have rendered it impossible for the latter to rally or escape; but this order was not executed, and Foy's and Maucune's divisions were skillfully used by Clauzel to protect the retreat."

Nothing now remained for the French general but to withdraw his men from the field of battle with as much expedition as possible. The Duke of Wellington imagined that his only line of retreat was by the ford of Huerta, and upon that point he directed his pursuit; Alba de Tormes, the only other practicable passage of the river on that side, being, as the Duke supposed, strongly garrisoned by Spaniards. But the governor had abandoned the place; and, what was still more inexcusable, had not informed the British commander of his movement. The consequence was, that that passage was now free to Clauzel, and that he was enabled to retire comparatively unmolested. Had the

Duke's orders been attended to, or had the Spanish officer but given him timely information that they were not attended to, the whole of the French army would have been either taken or destroyed.

Such was the battle of Salamanca, the most decisive that had yet been fought in Spain. Its immediate consequences were, the retreat of the army of Portugal beyond the Duero, and the abandonment of Madrid by the intrusive king of Spain.

"In former actions," General Napier observes, "the French had been repulsed; here they were driven headlong, as it were, before a mighty wind, without help or stay, and the results were proportionate. Joseph's secret negotiations with the Cortes were crushed; his partisans in every part of the Peninsula were abashed, and the sinking spirit of the Catalans was revived; the clamours of the opposition in England were checked; the provisional government of France was dismayed; the secret plots against the French in Germany were resuscitated; and the shock, reaching even to Moscow, heaved and shook the colossal structure of Napoleon's power to its very base."

When Joseph retired from Madrid he was accompanied by a motley group of about twenty thousand men, women and children, who seemed in most wretched plight, and were evidently prepared for anything rather than the precipitate and unceremonious departure from the capital, to which they were now condemned. But they were ignorant that, bad as their condition was, they were only protected from worse evils by the humanity of the British general.

"The cavalry of the allies," our author tells us, "could have driven the whole before them into the Tagus; yet, Lord Wellington did not molest them. Either from ignorance of their situation, or what is more probable, compassionating their misery, and knowing that the troops, by abandoning the convoy, could easily escape over the river, *he would not strike where the blow could only fall on helpless people, without affecting the military operations.* Perhaps he also thought it wise to leave Joseph the burden of his court."

The entrance of the Duke into Madrid, and his reception, are thus described:—

"Wellington seeing that the king had crossed the Tagus in retreat, entered Ma-

trid, a very memorable event, were it only from the affecting circumstances attending it. He, a foreigner, and marching at the head of a foreign army, was met and welcomed to the capital of Spain by the whole remaining population. The multitude who before that hour had never seen him, came forth to hail his approach, not with feigned enthusiasm, not with acclamations extorted by the fear of a conqueror's power, nor yet excited by the natural proneness of human nature to laud the successful, for there was no tumultuous exultation; famine was amongst them, and long-endured misery had subdued their spirits, but with tears, and every other sign of deep emotion, they crowded around his horse, hung upon his stirrups, touched his clothes, or throwing themselves upon the earth, blessed him aloud as the friend of Spain. His triumph was as pure, and glorious, as it was uncommon, and he felt it to be so."

Our author, who was present at the battle, thus describes his demeanour towards the close of the glorious victory—

"I saw him late in the evening of that great day, when the advancing flashes of cannon and musketry, stretching as far as the eye could command, shewed in the darkness how well the field was won; he was alone, the flush of victory was on his brow, and his eyes were eager and watchful, but his voice was calm, and even gentle. More than the rival of Marlborough, since he had defeated greater warriors than Marlborough ever encountered, with a prescient pride he seemed only to accept this glory as an earnest of greater things."

"Is not the gaining of a great victory the most glorious thing in the world?" observed a lady, to the Duke of Wellington, during the occupation of Paris by the allies. The Duke replied, "it is the greatest of human calamities, except a defeat." A memorable saying, and well worthy the greatest man of this, or of any other age. And how strikingly was it exemplified, even in the victorious army, after the battle of Salamanca :—

"All the hospitals in the rear were crowded, and Salamanca itself, in which there were six thousand sick and wounded, besides French prisoners, was the very abode of misery. The soldiers endured much during the first two or three days after the battle, and the inferior officers' sufferings were still more heavy and protracted. They had no money, and many sold their horses and other property to

sustain life; some actually died of want, and though Wellington, hearing of this, gave orders that they should be supplied from the purveyor's stores in the same manner as the soldiers, the relief came late. It is a common, yet erroneous notion, that the English system of hospitals in the Peninsula was admirable, and that the French hospitals were neglected.—Strenuous and unceasing exertions were made by Lord Wellington and the chiefs of the medical staff to form good hospital establishments, but the want of money, and still more the want of previous institutions, foiled their utmost efforts. Now there was no point of warfare which more engaged Napoleon's attention than the care of his sick and wounded; and he being monarch as well as general, furnished his hospitals with all things requisite, even with luxuries. Under his fostering care also, Baron Larrey, justly celebrated, were it for this alone, organized the establishment called the hospital "*Ambulance*;" that is to say, waggons of a peculiar construction, well horsed, served by men trained and incorporated as soldiers, and subject to a strict discipline.—Rewarded for their courage and devotion like other soldiers they were always at hand, and whether in action or on a march, ready to pick up, to save, and to carry off wounded men; and the astonishing rapidity with which the fallen French soldiers disappeared from a field of battle attested the excellence of the institution.

"But in the British army, the carrying off the wounded depended, partly upon the casual assistance of a weak waggon train, very badly disciplined, furnishing only three waggons to a division, and not originally appropriated to that service; partly upon the spare commissariat animals, but principally upon the resources of the country, whether of bullock carts, mules, or donkeys, and hence the most doleful scenes after a battle, or when an hospital was to be evacuated. The increasing numbers of the sick and wounded as the war enlarged, also pressed on the limited number of regular medical officers, and Wellington complained, that when he demanded more, the military medical board in London neglected his demands, and thwarted his arrangements. Shoals of hospital mates and students were sent out, and they arrived for the most part ignorant alike of war, and their own profession; while a heterogeneous mass of purveyors and their subordinates, acting without any military organization or effectual superintendence, continually bade defiance to the exertions of those medical officers, and they were many, whose experience, zeal, and talents would, with a good institution to work upon, have ren-

dered this branch of the service most distinguished. Nay, many even of the well-educated surgeons sent out, were for some time of little use, for superior professional skill is of little value in comparison of experience in military arrangements; where one soldier dies from the want of a delicate operation, hundreds perish from the absence of military arrangement.—War tries the strength of the military frame-work; it is in peace that the frame-work itself must be formed, otherwise barbarians would be the leading soldiers of the world; a perfect army can only be made by civil institutions, and those, rightly considered, would tend to confine the horrors of war to the field of battle, which would be the next best thing to the perfection of civilization that would prevent war altogether."

Most earnestly do we recommend these important observations to the Government; and most sincerely do we hope that, should war again occur, they will not have been made in vain!

This great victory dislocated the whole frame-work of the French invasion; and, what was even more important, increased the causes of dissatisfaction between Joseph and his generals, to such a degree, as to render a vigorous cooperation for a common result, a thing not to be expected. The king was peremptory in requiring Soult to evacuate Andalusia; and this although, as the marshal showed, a false movement, was yet the means of concentrating such a force under the intrusive monarch, as eventually rendered it necessary for Wellington to retire from Madrid; but he hoped by taking time by the forelock, to strike another heavy blow before he concluded the campaign.

It was with this view he undertook the siege of Burgos, in which, for want of a sufficient battering train, and because also of the skill and gallantry of the governor, who defended the town with matchless vigour, he failed. But, in his retreat, (for the whole power of the French in Spain was now brought to bear upon him,) he evinced as much gallantry and skill as he ever displayed in gaining a victory. His first retiring movement, necessarily one of great difficulty, is thus described—

"This operation was commenced on the night of the 21st by a measure of great nicety and boldness, for the road, divaricating at Gamonal, led by Villatora, to the bridge of Villaton on the one hand, and the bridge of Burgos on the other,

and Wellington chose the latter, which was the shortest, though it passed the Arlanzan river close under the guns of the castle. The army quitted the position after dark, without being observed, and having the artillery-wheels muffled with straw, defiled over the bridge of Burgos with such silence and celerity, that Dubreton, watchful and suspicious as he was, knew nothing of their march, until the Partidas, failing in nerve, commenced galloping; then he poured a destructive fire down, but soon lost the range. By this delicate operation, the infantry gained Cellado del Camino and Hormillas that night, but the light cavalry halted at Estepar and the bridge of Villa Daniel. Souham, who did not discover the retreat until late in the evening of the 22d, was therefore fain to follow, and by a forced march, to overtake the allies, whereas, if Wellington, to avoid the fire of the castle, had gone by Villaton, and Frandovinez, the French might have forestalled him at Cellada del Camino."

We must refer our readers to General Napier's volume for the various evolutions which distinguished this masterly retreat, and the valour and the vigour of the British troops when they were compelled to stand on the defensive. Suffice it here to say, that the British army soon found itself in its old quarters on the Tormes, in the neighbourhood of Salamanca; and that their glorious commander took up a position which enabled him to bid a proud defiance to the enemy. Here it was proposed by Jourdan to attack him in front, which would have brought on a pitched battle; but Soult's opinion prevailed, who was for operating upon his flank and rear, and, while his retreat was thus menaced, fighting him upon ground, where he might be taken at a disadvantage. As we cannot afford space to describe the details of the various movements and counter-movements of the opposing armies, suffice it to say, that the tactics of Soult, on the present occasion, were similar to those of Marmont, before the battle of Salamanca; except that the evolution by which he hoped to surround the Duke was made

"On a wider scale, by a second range of heights enclosing as it were those by which the Duke of Ragusa moved on that day, and consequently, beyond the reach of such a sudden attack and catastrophe. The result in each case was remarkable. Marmont closing with a short quick turn, a falcon striking at an

eagle, received a buffet that broke his pinions, and spoiled his flight. Soult, a wary kite, sailing slowly and with a wide wheel to seize a helpless prey, lost it altogether."

But it was not alone the enemy the Duke had to encounter. During this retreat, he experienced considerable annoyance from the misconduct of his own men; and the success of his movements was at one time put to hazard, by the following act of presumptuous disobedience.

"Knowing that the most direct road was impassable, he had directed the divisions by another road, longer, and apparently more difficult: this seemed such an extraordinary proceeding to some general officers, that, after consulting together, they deemed their commander unfit to conduct the army, and led their troops by what appeared to them the fittest line of retreat! Meanwhile Wellington, who had, before daylight, placed himself at an important point on his own road, waited impatiently for the arrival of the leading division until dawn, and then suspecting something of what had happened, galloped to the other road, and found the would-be commanders, stopped by that flood which his arrangements had been made to avoid. The insubordination, and the danger to the whole army, were alike glaring, yet the practical rebuke was so severe and well-timed, the humiliation so complete, and so deeply felt, that, with one proud sarcastic observation, indicating contempt more than anger, he led back the troops and drew off all his forces safely. However some confusion and great danger still attended the operation, for even on this road one water gully was so deep that the light division which covered the rear, could only pass it man by man over a felled tree, and it was fortunate that Soult, unable to feed his troops a day longer, stopped on the Huebra with his main body, and only sent some cavalry to Tamames."

The following observations of our author, upon the retreat, are very just; even his prejudices against aristocracy seem to have been overcome, by the greatness of Wellington's military genius—

"Pursued by a superior army and seeing his cavalry defeated, he turned as a savage lion at the Carrion, nor would he have removed so quickly from that lair, if the bridges at Palencia and Banos had been destroyed according to his order.—Neither is his cool self-possession to be

overlooked; for when both his flanks were thus exposed, instead of falling back in a hurried manner to the Duero, he judged exactly the value of the rugged ground on the left bank of the Pisuerga, in opposition to the double advantage obtained by the enemy at Palencia and Banos; nor did the difficulty which Souham and Caffarelli, independent commanders and neither of them accustomed to move large armies, would find, in suddenly changing their line of operations, escape him. His march to Cabecon and his position on the left of the Pisuerga was not a retreat, it was the shift of a practised captain.

"When forced to withdraw Hill from the Tagus, he, on the instant, formed a new combination to fight that great battle on the Adaja which he had intended to deliver near the Guadalaviar; and though the splendid exploit of Captain Guingret, at Tordesillas, baffled this intent, he, in return, baffled Souham by that ready stroke of generalship, the posting of his whole army in front of Rueda, thus forbidding a passage by the restored bridge. Finally, if he could not maintain the line of the Duero, nor that of the Tormes, it was because rivers can never be permanently defended against superior forces, and yet he did not quit the last without a splendid tactical illustration. I mean that surprising movement from the Arapiles to the Valmusa, a movement made not in confusion and half flight, but in close order of battle, his columns ready for action, his artillery and cavalry skirmishing, passing the Junguen without disorder, filing along the front of and winding into the rear of a most powerful French army, the largest ever collected in one mass in the Peninsula, an army having twice as many guns as the allies, and twelve thousand able horsemen to boot. And all these great and skilful actions were executed by Lord Wellington with an army composed of different nations; soldiers, fierce indeed, and valiant, terrible in battle, but characterised by himself as more deficient in good discipline than any army of which he had ever read!"

But an adequate idea of the difficulties with which our great commander had to contend, can only be formed when the reader has seen the embarrassments which were caused him, by the obstinate, bigoted, and jealous government of Portugal, who could only, with the utmost difficulty, be withheld from courses by which the safety of his army would be compromised; and the erroneous schemes of finance which were proposed to him from home, and

which he was more than once called upon to expose, when all his faculties were required to watch the evolutions of a powerful and a daring enemy. But for this we must refer the reader to the volume before us.

In the battle of Castalla, which was fought against Suchet, by Sir John Murray, in the April of 1813, the following striking incident is recorded.—Our men were strongly intrenched upon heights, which were assailed by the French with great intrepidity.

“The ascent in front of Whittingham’s post, being very rugged and steep, and the upper parts entrenched, the battle there resolved itself at once into a fight of light troops, in which the Spaniards maintained their ground with resolution; but on the other side of the jut, the French mounted the heights, slowly indeed and with many skirmishes, yet so firmly, that it was evident nothing but good fighting would send them down again. Their light troops spread over the whole face of the Sierra, and, here and there attaining the summit, were partially driven down again by the Anglo-Italian troops; but where the main body came upon the second battalion of the twenty-seventh there was a terrible crash. For the ground having an abrupt declivity near the top, enabled the French to form a line under cover, close to the British, who were lying down waiting for orders to charge; and while the former were unfolding their masses, a grenadier officer, advancing alone, challenged the captain of the twenty-seventh grenadiers to single combat. Waldron, an agile vigorous Irishman and of boiling courage, instantly sprung forward, the hostile lines looked on without firing a shot, the swords of the champions glittered in the sun, the Frenchman’s head was cleft in twain, and the next instant the twenty-seventh jumping up with a deafening shout, fired a deadly volley, at half pistol-shot distance, and then charged with such a shock that, maugre their bravery and numbers, the enemy’s soldiers were overthrown, and the side of the Sierra was covered with the killed and wounded.—In Murray’s despatch this exploit was erroneously attributed to Colonel Aadam, but it was ordered and conducted by Colonel Reeves alone.”

This battle seems to have been brought on against the wishes of both commanders; and certainly, the victory was not improved, as it should have been, by Sir John Murray; who, if our author is to be credited, exhibited a timidity in the onset, and a hesitation

and a tardiness in the pursuit, which we have not often seen occasion to censure in the conduct of a British soldier.

Of the campaign in 1813, we cannot afford space to speak at any length, and common justice would not be done it, by any hasty or transient survey of Lord Wellington’s profound and scientific strategical combinations. He had now to contend against the concentrated power of all the French generals in Spain, who were unfettered by the difficulties with which he had to struggle in all his delicate and perilous operations. For,

“The allied army was not so lithe as the French army; the latter carried, on occasion, ten days’ provisions on the soldiers’ backs, or it lived upon the country, and was, in respect of its organization and customs, a superior military machine; the former never carried more than three days’ provisions, never lived upon the country, avoided the principle of making the war support the war, paid or promised to pay for every thing, and often carried in its marches even the corn for its cavalry. The difference of this organization, resulting from the difference of policy between the two nations, was a complete bar to any great and sudden excursion on the part of the British general, and must always be considered in judging his operations.”

Such were his comparative disadvantages; notwithstanding which, in six weeks, with one hundred thousand men he marched six hundred miles, passed six rivers, gained one decisive battle, invested two fortresses, and drove one hundred and twenty thousand veteran troops from Spain. All the details of our author respecting these events are very interesting; and cordially do we accord our meed of praise to the general fidelity of his narrative, and the vigour and brilliancy of his descriptions. Had he only eschewed politics, all would have been well; but, he fancies that to be his strength, which is, in fact, his weakness; and his parade of low radicalism, whenever the temptation to introduce it presents itself, can only excite disgust or pity in the mind of the enlightened reader. But upon this we have already observed; and we can assure him, however little he may be disposed to credit us, that our strictures have been made “more in sorrow than in anger.”

Into his controversy with the Quarterly Review, and the other able an-

tagonists by whom his views or his statements have been impugned, we do not enter. When the respective parties have written their last words, the subject will come more legitimately within our province ; and every day will bring to light some piece of information, by which the matters in dispute may be more perfectly elucidated, than they can be at present.— We have thought that some of the strictures to which he has been subjected, were, to say the least of them,

hypercritical ; and we feel bound to say, that the temper which he has evinced, in his reply to the accusations of his adversaries, is not that which can do him credit either as a scholar, a gentleman, or a soldier. But we will not anticipate. By those who alone are competent to discuss it, the subject has not as yet been half discussed ; and before another of the General's volumes sees the light, all parties must be in a much better condition for estimating his accuracy as a military historian.

TITIAN'S VENUS.

Titian !—great Master of a spell above
The fable of that elvish boy of old,
Whose shaft had power to fill the breast with love :

Oh by what power untold
Its living beauty in yon painted shade
Did'st thou infuse ? For surely, never art
Could so o'ercome the heart
With tender madness, and love's soft surprise.

Oh by what aid
Dipt thou thy pencil in the starry spring
That dews those radiant eyes ?
Thou might'st not wing
Sunward like him of yore, to steal Heav'n's fire
Unquenchable by Time :—thus to inspire
The heart of ages with thy deathless thought.

From Love's own self it was, thy pencil caught
The tender sparkle that far down doth lie
In these deep azure fountains, undecayed.

From Love, thine eye
Hath caught this glowing shade,—
These chastened beams

Of youthful fire, that pale the orient sky.
Love touched with golden gleams
Those bright brown ringlets, thro' whose rich caress
Yon spheres of kindling softness—hid beneath—
Glow half revealed, with amorous mystery.

Love touched for thee
This bright cheek,—these warm lips that seem to breathe
Some nameless dream of woman's tenderness.
The form of imaged fondness—from thy heart.
Love fixed with deathless truth ; beyond all power of art.

J.U.U.

THE RED RAPPAREE.

ONE evening a very pretty peasant-girl was alone in her father's cottage, preparing supper for the family, when an individual entered, and, after the usual unceremonious fashion of the country, sat down opposite her, beside the fire. It was evident at once what this person's feelings were towards the girl; but, unfortunately for himself, he belonged to a class, which the gentler sex does not, we fear, sufficiently appreciate. Jack Cumeskey, or as he was more commonly called, Jack Rhua, (Anglicé, Red Jack), was a simple, honest-hearted fellow; somewhat clownish both in mind and person, but distinguished by the most devoted generosity of character. His good qualities gained him universal esteem,—but this was not sufficient to satisfy the heart of Jack, whose dreams had become tinged of late with the crimson of a certain sun-burnt cheek; and who, notwithstanding his short and clumsy stature, and the unhappy colour of his round and closely shorn head, dared to aspire to the love of the fairest girl of Ballycorly.

"How are you this evenin', Nelly?" he said, as he took his seat by the hob.

"I'm well, Jack, I'm obleeged to you," said the girl, in a tone much more sprightly than poor Jack's; "and how is yourself?"

"Oh, in troth, Nelly, I'm bravely,—thank God and you; and doin' bravely;" he added, "all to a trifle, or so, that I needn't perplex myself talkin' about."

"And musha what's that, Jacky darlint?" said the other, in the same light and bantering manner.

"Oh, in troth you know bravely what it is," said Jack; "only you think it mighty cute-like not to let on."

"In troth I know nothin' about it," said the girl; "barrin' that there's still some one unlucky thing or other ailin' you; and signs by it," she added, casting a satirical glance on the full and rubicund countenance of the other, "sure aren't you wastin' to a reg'lar shadow?"

"Oh murder!" cried Jack, "but that's dhroll! Well now! and I said that, if ever I seen one could make themselves laugh like you. But it's no matter, Nelly; I only hope and pray your heart may be always as light."

"Ay, when you're lyin' low, you maue."

"Augh, whisht now; by my sowl it might come sooner nor you think. Did you never hear tell of what the man said to the docthor?"

"No, Jack; what was it?" said the girl, a little eagerly.

"No! Faith but I'd take my oath you did; only you want me to be tellin' you now," he cried, with a triumphant air; for he had wit enough to perceive the advantage he had accidentally acquired.

"Why had cess to your impidence," exclaimed Nelly; "I want you to be tellin' me!"

"Ah sure you know well you do; and in troth I will tell you, and don't be vexed now, alanna. Well, he said as this—Docthor," says he, 'there's no use in talkin', but it's hard to say what a man might do when he meets a girl that's as beautiful as the mornin' dawa, but has a kantankerous way, that the devil couldn't make his own of her.'

"Well, Jack," said the maiden, stooping down to conceal a rising blush, "what is it you're like to do?"

"Oh, by my faix I dont know what I'll do. I suppose I'll dhrown myself, or take a lover's lep off the Rock of Foyle, some mornin'. Any way, Nelly, if I stay in the one mind I'll assassinate myself somehow or other, never fear me."

"You will, now, Jack?"

"Och! if I dont!"—But poor Jack might have spared his vows of self-destruction. Nelly, whose womanly heart had yielded for an instant to the force of admiration, had now relapsed into her former mood, and all her lover's protestations being of a rather ludicrous character, produced the very contrary effect to what he desired. He sat looking at the fire, and Nelly stood looking at him;—and certainly his face was an admirable study for a light-hearted girl, particularly as she saw, in its lachrymose and varying expression, a manifestation of her own power.

On raising his head at length he encountered Nelly's eye,—the girl burst out laughing, and Jack, with the instinct of a true lover, offered at once the most effectual remonstrance to her ill-timed mirth. He leaped up, and flinging his arm round her neck, without leave or license ardently pressed

the lips of the fair scorner. He quickly, however, freed her from his embrace; for the weighty metal spoon, with which Nelly had been examining the boiling potatoes, descended with all the vigour of the maiden's arm on his unprotected head.

"Whoo!" cried Jack, clapping his hand on his cranium, and springing halfway across the floor. "The devil's in the woman's fist! Oh, bad luck to me," he added in most dolorous accents, "if it ben't gone to the bone!"

"Ha! more o' that to you!" exclaimed the girl, her face flushed with anger; "maybe that'll larn you manners agin, you impident blackguard!"

"Whisht, Nelly M'Evoy,—whisht, I bid you, you catheract—You—you—Och, murder! to go split a boy's skull for kissing that ugly mouth of your's, and be danged to you!"

"Well, never heed it," cried Nelly; "it's a mighty ugly mouth, I know; but sure your's is a purty mouth, Jack, and that's a comfort." Nelly knew she might slander, with perfect safety, the sweetest feature of her face; and when poor Jack beheld the white teeth slightly displayed by a satirical smile which curled her rosy lips, and thought of his own stout tusks, and the enormous chasm in which they were contained, he could not resist the ludicrous impression of the contrast.

"Oh no," he said, with a melancholy laugh; "I'm no beauty, the world knows: but sure I'm what God made me,—you can't say agin that. And if I'm not a beauty," he added, "maybe I can take a beauty's fancy as well as them that is."

"Oh the sorra doubt, Jacky—if you were shaved."

"Ay, and my beard in my pocket. Well, well! I never made a fool of myself but wanst, anyhow."

"And when was that wanst, Jack?"

"Faith it was when I knocked the breath out of Dan Sullivan, for tellin' a blazin' lie of you,—that's when it was."

"Well! and were you a fool for that?"

"Was I? By my song I was—the Devil's fool. Sure wasn't it thrue for the boy, you're no better nor another, only for the consaty way you have about you?"

"Well, Jack, I'm sorry you have that bad notion of me," replied the girl, in a tone which went most painfully to the poor fellow's honest and simple heart. He looked at her for a mo-

ment, not knowing exactly what to say. "And who the devil tould you I had?" he cried at last.

"Sure arn't you afther tellin' me yourself?"

"No I'm not afther tellin' you.

Why, bad luck to me, woman, do you think would I condescind to murder a decent boy, if it was a thing I had the same notion myself all the while? But it's easy seein', Nelly, what makes you so scornful to me. I'm not as white in the face and as smooth-goin' a chap as Willy O'Brien,—forbye being a poor mau's son."

"On whisht and don't be makin' a fool of yourself," cried Nelly, blushing to the eyes, and endeavouring to lift off the potato-pot from the 'crook,' where it hung above the blazing turf.

"Ah whoo! that's the way of it," exclaimed the other. "Well, come out of this, and don't be breaking the little arms of you, anyhow. Here! show us where I'll tumble them," he said, relieving the girl of her load.—"Now, can you say I'm jealous of Willy, you little beauty?"

"Oh, in troth, Jack, you're a decent boy afther all."

"Oh I am—a wondherful decent boy, to myself it may be told. But faix only I have a regard for Willy, I'd be settlin' a trifle of accounts with him some o' these days."

Their *tête-à-tête* was here interrupted by the appearance of a rosy, curly-headed boy, whose strong resemblance to Nelly at once announced their relationship.

"Well, Jack," he said, looking up with the same playful and mischievous expression which sometimes distinguished his sister's face; "how is Barney gettin' on these times?" Jack looked at the child, and then at Nelly, and he tried to laugh, but his embarrassment was most painfully evident.

"Whisht, sir, with your impidence," cried the girl, casting a reproving look on the young offender; "go off and call your father in to supper;" and out he flew, glad of an opportunity to escape the anger he had so speedily excited. Poor Jack was sadly crest-fallen.

"That's what's still flung in my teeth, God help me," he said. "Nelly, there's one thing—I'll never cross Willy's way again,—you may depend I never will; and I ax your pardon this night, alanna, for wishing you to bear a name that's —. Oh, musha, my heart's broke with his ways, and so

is the ould man's, worse nor mine—a dale worse, the unfortunate ould cra-thur."

The dusk was deepening as Jack descended to the river's side, beyond which his father's cabin stood, in the opening of a dark and rugged glen, and by the margin of a small tributary stream, which emptied itself into the river, a few perches below this solitary dwelling. The glen ran up for a considerable distance through a wild and mountainous district, and was divided, about midway by the Rock of Foyle, over which the streamlet fell in a glancing torrent, and thence flowed on, with hardly a glimpse of sun, for the remainder of its independent career. The river in the neighbourhood of Jack's dwelling was wide, but not deep; and it was crossed by means of a number of large stepping-stones which, however, answered only when the water was at its ordinary level. In case of floods which, in the winter season, were of frequent occurrence, this passage was exceedingly dangerous, and the bridge being a mile higher up, at the extremity of Lord —'s domain, the Cumeskeys, who were the only inhabitants through a considerable sweep of country beyond the river, were cut off in a great degree from all intercourse with their neighbours. As Jack approached he observed his father, a little grey-headed old man, sitting on a bench at their cabin door.

"O the Lord help you!" muttered Jack—"it's no wonder what the neighbours says, that you're come to that when the ould bed's still the softest;" as he got within hearing, however, he assumed a more careless tone. "Well, father!" he cried, "you're sticking to the ould way; just killin' yourself out of the face. Go in I toul't you," he added, giving him a friendly push, "and dont be gettin' your death here in the ould dews."

"Oh Jacky," cried the other, "there's no use in talkin' to me—sure if I do get my death itself what harm?—I think there's none can allow but I'm too long in it!"

"Whisht!" exclaimed the son, "and dont let me hear you say the like. Faix I wonder but an ould man like you would have more sense."

"Well, well, I have no sense nor no troubles either—Blessed be His name that gives me strength to bear them; but I tell you, Jacky, there's them would think it a hardship for a man that strove to keep an honest cha-

rather through the worst of times, to find in his ould age he was all along rearin' a son for the gallows."

"Oh by dad, father, I give in to you there; it's a hard case sure enough—but it's to be hoped there's better times afore us all yet; and a better end for Barney than the gallows, bad as he is."

"Ay! you may hope, Jack; but there's a power of differ between the young and ould; and it's what I often think, that hopes in the heart are like the little thorny-backs in that strame fornenst us; there's hundreds of them sportin' in it up among the green hills beyant; but hardly one at all you'll see there, where it's flowin' by us ould and dark!"

"Oh in troth that's the truth," said Jack, "but here's Barney," he added with a slight degree of perturbation, as he observed the object of their allusions coming whistling along the glen. On reaching the cabin door, this individual lifted the pipe, which lay cold beside the old man, and entered rather rudely, without taking the slightest notice of either father or son.

"Musha, bad luck to you," muttered the latter, "but you're civil in yourself this evenin'."

"Whist, Jack, you'll only aggravate him," cried the old man, alarmed, lest these words might reach the ear of the person to whom they were addressed.

"Och, by my sowl, father," exclaimed Jack in a louder tone, "if it goes to that, I'm as good a man as him, the best day ever he was."

"What's that you say, Jack?" demanded the other, as he reappeared with his lighted pipe at the door of the cabin.

"Oh, it's nothin'," exclaimed the father hastily—"I tell you, Barney, be said nothing about you. Oh musha, musha, amn't I the unfortunate ould man!"

"Faith it's better for him to say nothin' about me," said Barney, casting a look on his brother, which stout as he was, almost made him tremble. He returned the scowl, however, and it was consideration for his father's feelings alone which restrained the more open expression of his hostility.

The old man had gone to rest, when the two brothers sat at the dying turf, the elder busy with the contemplation of his own evil schemes, and poor Jack reflecting on his recent and somewhat mortifying interview with Nelly. After a long silence, the former, crushing in

a piece of lit turf, to kindle the new charge of his *doodeen* addressed his companion—

"Well, Jack, when do you mane to be bringin' ould Aby's daughter home to us?"

"You needn't fret, Barney," was Jack's gruff reply, for he was in the worst possible temper for joking on such a subject.

"Because," continued the other, "I was thinkin' of payin' her a visit myself some of these nights."

Jack looked up in sudden terror—"You were, Barney?" he exclaimed.

"Ay," replied Barney, "you know I have a grudge agin' Aby of ould."

The hair rose on Jack's head, and a livid paleness was gathering about his lips.

"Barney Cumeskey," he said, in an unsteady voice, "if it's what you mane to hurt or harm Nelly M'Evoy, by the mortal frost I'll make a world's wonder of you."

The individual thus mildly threatened, eyed his brother with a look between admiration and contempt. He seemed not displeased with the indignation he evinced.

"Take it asy, Jack," he said, "and it'll do you good. Arrah, God help you, boy, if you think the Ropairé Roudh* would trouble his head about the likes o' that little grinnin' gipsy, and him that can get ere a girl from Ross to Leighlin without so much as *shooil lat avourneen*.† It was only givin' you a hint I was; for you know," he continued with a significant glance, "I have a way of my own of coortin'."

"Oh in troth, Barney, you have more ways nor manes, that's sartin. But you needn't think I'm goin' to folly your notion; if that's what you're at."

"Faith, I'll be bound you're not," replied the other with a contemptuous laugh: "and troth, Jack, bad as I am now, I'd be sorry to ax you."

"You would, I'm tould," said Jack, who gave but little credit to this declaration, from one who had more than once endeavoured to draw him into his own ungodly courses.

"Oh, honour's bright!" cried the robber; "it's the least the ould man may have one left to close his eyes—and that'll not be me," he added, with an assumed recklessness of manner; "barrin' I take out my licence."

"Ay, and give over the free tradin'.

Oh well, Barney, it's asy talkin'; but the Lord knows I'd give the ten best years o' my life, ay, and the hand off my body, to see you this night what you once were, when the ould man was the proudest father in Ballycorly."

"Troth, and that's what you'll never see me," said the other hastily.

"Troth I b'lieve it," rejoined Jack. "Troth I b'lieve that, sure enough; but, mark me, Barney, it's a power of gold that's worth a clear character and a light heart."

"Och Jack, don't be talkin' foolishness," cried his brother; "where's the use of this nonsense? sure if I made my bed I'm not afeard to lie on it. Any way I'll have my fling for a bit, and when the worst comes to the worst, why it's what I think that there isn't one of my name but could meet it like a man."

"Faix, I don't know," said Jack, who nevertheless was not inferior to his brother in courage; "I'd as lieve let it alone; and I have a notion it might be as well for yourself to do the same, stout as you are."

"Jack," said the other, after a moment's reverie; "I'll tell you a secret. I'm beginnin' to suspect some foul play among the boys. Faith I'm beginnin' to doubt there's more Hughy Stapletons among them; and worse nor Hughy maybe, if all was known."

"Troth, you may swear it—it's often I tould you that, Barney, but you wouldn't heed my word."

"Oh well! I'll know all about it afore long. But if ever I'm hard pushed I'll give you warnin' if it's in my power, and then you may stand by me or not as you like."

Barney was right in believing that he could confide more safely in the honest attachment of his brother than in the fidelity of his unprincipled associates. Jack had formerly regarded him with natural pride and affection, and though the former feeling had been long extinguished, the latter still remained fervent as ever in his bosom.

At the period of which we are speaking, the terror of Barney's name had spread far and wide; but though one of the most notorious and desperate offenders known in that country for many years, he had hitherto managed, probably more by good luck than good guidance, to escape in a great degree the power of the law. He had experienced some of its minor penalties;

* The Red Rapparee.

† Come away my dear.

but though tried more than once on capital impeachments, where no moral doubt could remain as to his guilt, he was acquitted for want of sufficient evidence for a legal conviction. This, of course, had only the effect of increasing his audacity, and his influence amongst his associates, who began to imagine that the *Ropairé Ruadh* had certainly been born under a lucky star, and that he was destined to mount the scaffold, loaded with the honours of a long and brilliant career. It is hardly necessary to observe that persons of Barney's profession, though objects of universal reprobation, generally possess a considerable share of popular sympathy. Their daring and reckless habits—their adventurous lives—and, more than all, their generosity and tenderness to the poor, a virtue which has distinguished the most celebrated of our Irish bandits, naturally produce in their favour a feeling of interest and regard.

But Barney Cumeskey, if not altogether excluded from this charitable indulgence, enjoyed it in a very slight degree. There was hardly a redeeming trait in his character. He was sanguinary and vindictive, and, all that can be said in his favour is, that he was an honest ruffian. He never concealed his feelings, and never accepted a trust in order to betray. This can scarcely be considered to have arisen from any conscientious scruples on Barney's part, but he had the true professional courage, and he scorned to have recourse to unworthy means for the attainment of an object, as long as a more manly and dangerous course lay open before him. Notwithstanding, however, the nobility of these sentiments, the Red Robber was equally feared and disliked, and his removal in any way, would have been regarded as a singularly happy event. There was one individual to whom he was an object of peculiar aversion, and this was Aby McEvoy, the father of our young acquaintance. Aby, who was a man of wealth and character in the country, had suffered a little by the depredations of his lawless neighbour. He had on one occasion succeeded in bringing him to justice, but though the offence and punishment were comparatively trivial, those who knew Barney, said he was not a man likely to forget a service of that nature; indeed he made no secret of his intention to be revenged some day or other on the honest farmer. In personal appear-

ance, the robber had considerably the advantage of his brother. The physique of his face was better, though its expression was peculiarly repelling;—his form was athletic and well proportioned; but he was most distinguished by his dark red hair, from which he derived his surname, and which, from a singular and imprudent species of vanity, he generally wore hanging almost to his shoulders. The other members of this family were, as we have seen, in all respects, the reverse of Barney. Every one was fond of Jack; and the father, notwithstanding the disgrace brought on his house, was universally respected and esteemed. Having borne through life an upright character, there were none who would visit on him, in his old age, the sins of his offspring.

Jack, according to his resolution, ceased almost altogether his attentions to Nelly McEvoy, particularly when, in spite of his cherished illusion, he became at length convinced of the impossibility of supplanting his rival. Willy O'Brien was, it must be confessed, a very unexceptionable suitor. So Nelly thought, and she accordingly yielded to him her heart and affections, and her father would, in all probability, have been of the same opinion, but for an ancient feud which had for many years divided the two most illustrious houses of Ballycorly. But this feud could not divide the young hearts of Nelly and her lover. Their attachment was of an early date, and as they had frequent opportunities of being together, they, for a long time, experienced more pleasure than inconvenience from the secrecy in which it was necessary to conceal their love. At length, however, the girl's parents perceived the state of her feelings. The mother could not find it in her heart to condemn a passion so natural and pure: but her father prohibited, on the severest penalties, any further intercourse with the young "Montague."

Poor Nelly was a fond and dutiful child. She loved her father "as well as a daughter should do;" but her love for another had gained too strong an ascendancy, to yield to a feeling which she could not persuade herself came within the limits of filial duty. Had their relative circumstances been different, she might probably have found less difficulty in complying with her father's command; but Willy was living almost beside her; she would meet him in the mornings on the green banks of

the deep and shaded river; or when hastening homewards in the twilight, she would encounter her lover, and then instead of passing on as Nelly was always resolved to do, they would stop and talk, and at last wander off together through the dark and dewy vallies, and never think of returning till the lights in the distant cabins had, one by one, disappeared; and woe to poor Nelly if her father was, by chance, awake, as she gently unlatched the door, and stole in with a beating heart, and trembling, probably, from the damp night air. Thus their courtship went on, more cautiously than heretofore; for these night rambles seldom occurred and were hardly ever discovered; but from this very caution, as well as from the circumstance that the dreamy time of youth was now past, their attachment had assumed a deeper and more serious character. But there was yet another stage in the history of Nelly's love, and it was occasioned by an event, which wrought an important change in her mind, or rather brought to sudden maturity all its best and strongest principles. Her mother died; but shortly before her departure, she took her daughter's hand, who sat beside her, pale and broken-hearted at this first calamity of her life.

"Nelly," she said, "afore I lave you darlint, will you make me one promise?"

"I will, mother," replied the girl, with a momentary firmness of voice, which she could with difficulty command.

"Well achora, this is what I want you to promise me. I spoke to your father about Willy O'Brien, and I told him, Nelly, of the hardship of biddin' a young crathur never hope to follow the ways of her own heart. Now, Nelly, from the time I seen the sort you were, I never passed a day or night without thanking God on my bended knees for the treasure he sent me. You have a dyin' mother's blessin' on you this mornin' acushla, as you had her livin' prayers; and take my word for it, whatever throuble's afore you, God in his own time will bring about what's for your good; but till then, darlint, you'll promise me never to go again your father's will, nor to lave him broken-hearted in his ould age, when he'll have none but you and my poor little Tommy there to comfort him."

Nelly's white lips moved, and she made the sign of the cross on her breast, as if praying for strength to ac-

complish this sacrifice. She then looked in her mother's face; and with dilated eyes, and a beautiful solemnity of countenance she said, "I promise you before God, mother, never to disobey your dyin' words."

"God bless you!" cried the mother; "God for ever bless and guard you my darlint child;" and the tears were streaming down Nelly's cheeks, as she embraced her dying parent, and she felt no pain at that sacred moment in a vow which she was assured had sealed her earthly doom. From that day to the period in which she is first introduced to our notice she had but one regular interview with her lover, and had avoided, as far as it was possible, any accidental meetings. In this interview she acquainted the young man with the fatal vow which separated them for ever; for in the first transport of their despair, the probability of her father's relenting never occurred to either. Willy earnestly but vainly remonstrated against the obligation incurred by this act. For a long time the girl languished in hopeless sorrow, but she was young and of a naturally buoyant temper; and she at length in some degree recovered her wonted spirits. When she reflected, too, on the consoling words of her mother she occasionally felt half convinced that her filial piety would, sooner or later, receive the only reward she could desire on earth. More than a year had now elapsed, and she still adhered to her resolution of avoiding all intercourse with her unhappy lover. This she knew was not included in her promise; but she saw the cruelty of keeping alive in his bosom a fevered passion, for there was nothing in reason to justify the slight glimmering of hope, which was now the cold but cherished light of her own poor heart.

It was some time after Jack's last visit at her father's cottage, that Nelly wandered away, one evening, along the banks of the river, thinking of the happy times that were gone, and wondering if such hours with all their hopes and rapture would ever return. It was a soft and delightful evening, and Nelly's thoughts being of an interesting character, she was astonished at finding herself all at once in a wild and solitary place which she knew to be nearly two miles from her own dwelling. She was alarmed at this, and was about to return, when suddenly, as if he had risen out of the earth, her lover stood before her. She

was struck with something unusual in his appearance, and the expression of his face; and for the first time in her life she felt a painful uneasiness from his presence. The darkness was gathering fast, the place was lonely, and said to be haunted, and Nelly, it is to be presumed, was not altogether divested of superstition.

"Bless us all, Willy," she cried; "what brings you here at this time o' night?"

If Willy had not been too much occupied with his own thoughts he might have been surprised, in his turn, at the doubtful and earnest look which accompanied these words.

"And where would I be, alanna, but where you are?" he said. "Where would the likes of me be wanderin' but where the river's deep and the current strong; but though you scorn me, acushla, *you'll break your vow!!* Wont you?—wont you?" he shouted and laughed in the girl's face.

"Oh my God!" cried Nelly, shrinking back, as a horrible fancy suggested itself, "*are you Willy O'Brien, at all?*"

She looked round—there was no help—no living being near. "Holy Mother save me this night," groaned the poor girl as she clung to a tree to sustain her sinking form.

Willy, whose strongly excited feelings gave way, at once to alarm for Nelly's safety, sprang forward to her support.

"Nelly, Nelly adheelish!" he cried, looking into her face with all the fondness and anxiety he had ever evinced; "sure I am Willy, your own Willy achora; and is it afear'd of me you'd be? Oh abone oh! me that loves you beyant the world!"

"Oh Willy," cried the girl, reassured by his fondness, "I'm not afear'd of you. In troth I know you love me well; but I'm easily frightened—and not thinkin' to meet you here—that's what it was."

"Well," replied the youth, "I'm sorry I frightened you, but I didn't think it alanna. I was meandherin' along here with a friend of my own, when I seen you all by yourself, and I thought it would be no offence to come and ax you how you were, just for the sake of ould times, Nelly."

"No," replied the girl, "it's no offence; but I'm greatly obleeged to you instead of that. Howsomdever," she added, sorrowfully, "there's no use in talkin' of ould times—they're past and gone, Willy, and if the gloss of

both our hearts is gone with them, sure we're only the fitter for the world's troubles."

"Ay," replied the young man, eagerly; "but they're not past and gone; for it's what I think, them days was never sent to be a heart-break to us all through life. Is it them ould and happy days? Ah, Nelly, it would be a cryin' sin to think the like, or to say after all it was a dark hour that we first met."

Nelly had nothing to answer to this natural logic. She cast her eyes on the ground, and her lover's arm closely encircling her waist, she never reflected that she was now in the very circumstances she had so long and constantly avoided.

"What can we do?" she said, in a low and faltering voice.

"I'll tell you what we can do," replied her lover; "remember, Nelly, what was the first promise them lips ever spoke; and if you talk of not breakin' the vow that was the beginnin' of all our troubles—tell me how will you break the oath that bound you afore the holy stars to be mine?"

"Willy, Willy," cried the girl, "don't spake to me of that. I tell you now what I tould you then, that I'll never give hand or heart to another but yourself; but you wouldn't ax me to go again' the word I gave a dyin' mother! and sure it was as good as an oath," she added hastily; "for our two hands were locked together when I spoke, and they were never loosened, Willy, till her's was stiff and could."

"Well," said the other, a little shaken from his purpose of directly urging the breach of so solemn an engagement, "but you never think of what's to become of me. You never think that the man that loved you so long, is not like to go on quiet and easy through life when he laves you for ever. Nelly M'Evoy, there's dark days afore me, and I only hope it's far away from this I may be when the time comes that I'll be a sorrow and disgrace to my people."

"Ah Willy, darlint," cried the girl, "don't say the like. I know it's a hardship—och it's a cruel hardship; but we must only bear whatever it's His will to send us."

She had hardly uttered these words when she clung trembling to her lover's arm.

"Look, Willy!" she whispered; for on the opposite bank of the river sat the Ropaire Ruadh, contemplating with a malicious sneer this interview.

Nelly was dreadfully alarmed ; for this person, as we have seen, entertained the most hostile feelings towards her father, and the thought naturally occurred to her of the possibility of his satisfying his resentment by some immediate act of violence. The young man, however, did not evince either surprise or uneasiness at this disagreeable intrusion. When the girl urged him to hasten homeward, he hesitated for a moment, and she thought she observed him making some kind of signal as he looked back once or twice to where the robber sat. On their way home he urged, with greater earnestness than ever a compliance with his wishes. Nelly, however, continued inflexible ; and when they were within a little way of her father's cottage, O'Brien stopped.

"Nelly McEvoy," he said, "I ax you, for the last time, do you mane that all the love that ever was between us is over and forgotten?"

"No, Willy," she replied, "it will never be forgotten by me."

"Then will you promise me," he said, "what you promised once on this very spot, afore we knew what throuble was?"

His manner was solemn—it overawed the maiden.

"Willy darlint," she said, "you may depend the ould man will give in."

"Bah!" cried her lover, "don't be talkin' folly, woman. You dont know what's afore us! By the light that shines, Nelly, it's to save yourself and me from ruin I spake; and I ax you now, on my bended knees, for the last time in life—will you marry me afore a twelvemonth goes round, whether the ould man gives in or no?"

"Willy," cried the girl, bursting into tears, "I tould you my mind."

The youth cast on her a look of the wildest despair.

"Then God be with you, Nelly, till we meet again."

He sprung to his feet, wrung her hand violently as he spoke, and the next moment she was standing alone on the scene of this mournful interview.

The next evening Willy O'Brien was loitering for a long time about the heathy common, which lies beyond the hills at the upper end of Glen Foyle. It was towards the close of autumn, and the wind was sweeping through the mountains with the mournful sound

peculiar to that season; the few persons whose way lay across the common had long since past; and Willy was still there, with a mind as gloomy and disturbed as the lonely scene around him. He was obliged, however, to assume an appearance of composure as he observed the Red Robber rising from the glen and advancing hastily towards him.

"Well, Willy," cried the former, as he approached the young man, "are you ready for the mountains tonight?"

"Ay, Barney," he replied, "though in troth—"

"In troth, what?" cried the robber, with some astonishment.

"Och nothin'," said Willy, "only I wisht it was well over."

"Why, what do you mane, man? sure it isn't afeared your gettin'."

"No," said the other, firmly; "the man's not livin' can ever say he seen me cowed yet."

"Well, and what are you musin' about?"

"Why, then, Barney, I may just tell you. I'd as lieve now we hadn't taken the job in hands good or bad."

"You would," cried the ruffian, with a scowl, at once fierce and scornful. "Well, it's never too late—we can do bravely without you, Willy, never fear."

"Oh, I'm obliged to you," said the other, drily; "but what is it you have to say to me, Barney?"

"Why, if that's the notion you're in, I have nothin' to say to you, but to wish you safe home, and that no young woman may run off with you on the way."

"Oh, Barney Cumeskey, you needn't be so ready with your jeerin' now; you know rightly it isn't for myself I'm afeared."

"Faith, then, it isn't for me I'll take my oath."

"Faith you may take your oath of that, Barney, sure enough. But it's too late, now," he muttered, in a low and melancholy tone.

"Oh, the devil a one taste," said Barney; "it's just the hoight o' good time. Go home, and never fear we'll not lave Nelly without a sweetheart; and maybe," he added, "one she'd as lieve put up with as yourself, if a body might judge by her likin' for your company. Faix, it's the devil's way of coortin' yees have, meetin' once in the twelve-

month, and then frightnin' the lives out of other."

"Barney Rua," cried his companion, with much impatience, "do you want to spake to me? If you have anything to say, say it out and no more o' your jaw."

"Troth and Willy, afore I say it I'll know whether you're a thrue man or no."

"There's my hand," replied the other; "I'll stand by you through death and danger—that's for as far as I tould you at first."

"Oh, by my song, that'll not do, you must let me have my own way."

"Your own way, is it?" said Willy, with a bitter laugh. "Faix, Barney, dear, I know you too well for that."

"Well, but it's what I mane you're to give me my own way, only I'm not to meddle with any one barrin' the girl, if it ben't in self-defence."

"Well, well, have it so," cried the other, "and I'll trust to yourself, Barney, that you'll not lave Nelly without a portion."

"Oh, lave that to me; never fear, I'll do the dacent thing; so now here's what I want to say to you. I'll bring out the boys just as the moon goes down, and you'll meet us at the ould ash with the horse; and be sure you take a rattlin' baste, for yees'll have a hard ride you may depind; but there's a light-footed chap of mine will bring yees a short cut through the hills, where not a man in Ireland, barrin' one of ourselves, could folly you. So, off wid you now, and take care and have a dhrop of somethin' in to keep up your heart, for, in troth, the devil a bluer-lookin' chap ever I seen at gettin' a girl with a stockin'-full of guineas."

"Well, maybe it's no wondher," muttered the conscience-stricken lover; and if Barney could not sympathise with his feelings, he was at least convinced that no apprehensions of personal danger disturbed his mind.

"Hut man!" he cried, "cheer up! sure the hangin' comes last of all, and that cant be these six months anyway;" and with this soothing reflection the conspirators parted. Barney Ruadh descended to his occasional retreat in the glen, while Willy went to prepare on his part for the night's adventures, with as heavy a heart and as dissatisfied a conscience as ever oppressed a novice in crime.

Willy O'Brien had long endeavoured to justify to his own mind the measure he had at last adopted. He thought

their mutual attachment, and her own early promise, had given him a right over Nelly's heart, of which no forced and subsequent act of her's could deprive him. He knew she loved him dearly, and that her happiness as well as his was sacrificed to her father's prejudices; and it was not till every entreaty had been exhausted and failed, that he determined on having recourse to the criminal expedient of abduction. He had, however, no intention of forcing her to break her vow, but his object was by carrying her off to the house of a relative of his own, in a distant part of the country, and by keeping her father in ignorance of her retreat, and every thing concerning her, to extort a consent to their marriage, and so ensure their happiness without any violation of that engagement which the girl held so sacred. But notwithstanding all this he felt it was a guilty and dishonorable enterprise. He could not reconcile to himself the idea of being aided by the most abandoned characters in the country, and still less the terms on which it was necessary to purchase their co-operation; for Barney insisted, as a *sine qua non*, that he should be paid, for his dangerous services, out of the treasury of the wealthy farmer. But there was no alternative. Willy was of course resolved, when he set about the affair, to adopt the surest means of success, and he knew there was none who could so effectually serve him as the Ropairé Ruadh; besides it was a capital felony, and he might have found it difficult to induce any less desperate character to undertake it. When he first proposed the subject to the Red Rapparee, the latter embraced it with the utmost eagerness; for, independent of his natural taste for all achievements in any way connected with his profession, he was now rejoiced at the opportunity of wreaking such ample and terrible vengeance on his old enemy M'Evoy. He accordingly urged forward, by every means in his power, the accomplishment of the design; and frequently when Willy wavered and seemed inclined to forego the measure altogether, he was confirmed in his purpose anew by the instigations of his more resolute associate. The former managed to get over some of his scruples about the plunder of Aby's gold, by resolving to accept no dowry with his bride. He did not, however, communicate this resolution to the robber, for he knew that when Barney's hand was once in his enemy's

coffer, there was only one consideration which might possibly restrain him, and he therefore appealed to his honour not to leave the bride portionless.

That same evening M'Evoy had occasion to send his little son over the river to his neighbour Cumeskey's; and as there was every prospect of a stormy night, he desired him in case he should be detained any time, not to return till the following morning—an injunction of which Tommy gladly availed himself. The moon had gone down, and left the tempest to rage away in absolute darkness, when Jack Cumeskey was awakened by the plaintive wailing of his goat, which stood outside the cabin door. Now Jack, like my uncle Toby, had a heart that could feel for a fly, so he leaped up at once and admitted the trembling beast to shelter. Having provided for its comfort, he stood for a few moments at the door, as if to enjoy the contrast between his own warm bed and the desolate appearance of all without, when he was surprised at hearing a number of voices mingling with the storm which howled down the glen.

"Them's some of Barney's boys that's out to-night, I'll be bound," muttered Jack, "though he's far away himself if he tould me the truth."

The persons, three in number, now emerged from the obscurity of the glen; and as Jack drew in and held the door closed over, he heard one of them say—

"By my song, boys, she'll have a soft night for her journey."

Not a word did Jack say; not a moment did he hesitate to conjecture or to plan—a suspicion of their purpose instantly occurred to him, and stealing over to his bed-side he hurried on his clothes with all possible expedition.

"What's the matther, Jack?" whispered little Tommy, who was his friend's bed-fellow for the night.

"Oh, go sleep, Tommy," said the other, "nothin's the matther, only I hear the cow broke loose in the byre." But Tommy was not to be deceived.

"Now, Jacky, you may as well tell us what's the matther," he said, "or if you don't, I'll just waken the ould man."

"Whoo! you little divil, will you keep yourself quiet, I bid you."

"Well, tell us where you're goin'" cried the child standing up, strangely terrified by the unknown evil.

"Well then, Tommy, I'm afeared

there's somethin' wrong up at your place; but lie down there, like a gay fellow, and I'll be back in a jiffey;" and cautious not to disturb the rest of his unhappy father, he stole quietly out, and through gloom and storm, reached the edge of the river, just as the objects of his suspicion had gained the farther side. He stood on the bank till he saw them joined by a horseman at the blasted ash, when the whole party proceeded, as he thought, in a different direction from that leading to M'Evoy's cottage. He might have been deceived by the darkness, and the error might possibly have been strengthened by a natural repugnance to ford on chance a midnight torrent; but at all events he soon lost sight of the troop, and between the roaring of winds and waters, it was vain to listen for any sound which might inform him of the course of their progress. Still he stood on the bank, uneasy and doubtful how to act, sometimes suspecting that his apprehensions and his conduct were equally extravagant, but still unwilling to return, while danger was probably impending over that home which the instinct of his loving heart had led him forth to guard. At length, however, he thought he could distinguish figures moving on the hill, and presently after a light appeared in Aby's cottage. Jack hesitated no longer; but dashing through the river, he flew up the hill, altogether regardless of the danger he was about to encounter.

The little family in M'Evoy's cottage had many hours ago retired to rest, but Nelly still lay awake, listening to the tempest raging without, and thinking of the last evening's interview with her lover, and the mysterious and sorrowful words with which it had closed. About midnight her reflections were disturbed, and she listened eagerly once or twice, for she thought she heard footsteps and low whisperings around the house; but while yet uncertain whether there was any real cause for alarm, her attention was attracted to the roof. A portion of the thatch was suddenly torn away, a cold gust swept through the cabin, and the next moment the horrified girl heard the tread of a man on the floor. In a moment the door flew open, and in rushed the remainder of the party.

"Look to the money, boys, afore you mind the girl," shouted the leader, in a feigned voice.

A light was instantly struck, and while two of the men hastened to se-

onre M'Evoy, and tie him down to his bed, another, evidently the leader of the party, forced Nelly into an inner apartment, at the door of which he placed the fourth individual, who stood apart, passive and sullen, and apparently a most unwilling actor in their proceedings. Three of the men had their faces blackened, but this person, as if careless of concealment, trusted to the imperfect disguise of a muffling and a slouched hat. Having made some further arrangements, the leader approached the bed where M'Evoy lay, bound hand and foot, and desired him to let them know instantly where his money was deposited. The unfortunate man looked up at the speaker, whose blackened features gave an unnatural brightness to his eyes, and contrasted still more fearfully with his white and unusually large teeth; but there was another circumstance which fixed M'Evoy's attention, and made him tremble perceptibly in every limb. The long red locks had escaped from under the robber's hat, and at once discovered to his captive the full extent of his danger. The unfortunate man raised his eyes in despair—

"Oh, Lord of heaven, protect us this night," he exclaimed, "it's the Ropaire Ruadh!"

"Ha, ould chap! you know me," cried the ruffian; "well, blame me, scushla, if ever you get my neck in a halter again;" and so saying he plucked a long pointed knife from his bosom, and quickly elevating his arm, stood 'with the feelings and aspect of a fiend' above his prostrate victim.

The sentinel at Nelly's door made a tiger spring, and the next moment he and the Ropaire Ruadh were rolling on the floor in a struggle of life and death. The robber still held the fatal weapon, but his wrist was locked in the nervous grasp of his adversary, while the two hands were seen, black and strained, twisting above their bodies, till at length the Rapparee, by a tremendous effort, disengaged his arm, and raising it to its full length, he plunged the knife down with such blind fury that it missed its intended object, and striking the floor, broke short at the haft. Nelly in the mean time, little suspecting who the midnight plunderer was, that, at the risk of his own life, had all at once become the preserver of another, rushed to where her father struggled in desperate efforts to free himself from his bonds, while one of the subordinate ruffians ransacked the

cabin, the other having gone to his leader's assistance. The antagonist of the latter was speedily overpowered, when Barney springing up caught Nelly in his arms.

"This is better than goold," he shouted; "knock out O'Brien's brains, boys, and come off!" and rushing out of the cottage, he had already lifted the shrieking girl to the pillion, when he fell apparently lifeless on the earth.

"There's one done for, anyhow!" shouted a lusty voice; and while all within turned their eyes to the door, Jack Rua appeared, bearing Nelly back in safety, while in his right hand he held the short knotted club, with which he had nearly cleft the skull of his unfortunate brother.

The contest was now quickly terminated. Jack laid about him like a hero, and M'Evoy being liberated at last, it was not without difficulty the enemy effected their retreat, or succeeded in bearing off their wounded chief.

"Where's th' other ruffan," shouted Jack, re-entering the cabin, flushed with conquest, and not aware of the part which this person had taken in the transactions of the night.

"Oh, he's away Jack," cried Nelly hastily—"he's a good mile out o' this afore now."

"He is, you tell me!" cried the other in astonishment; "by my faix, then, he has a light foot on the road. Arrah didn't I see him standin' on that spot when the two black devils run out? Ay, and he whispered somethin' in your ear, too, that made you turn up your eyes like a duck in thunder. Now don't deny it," he cried, rudely interrupting the girl, whose changing colour and deprecating glance towards the old man would have betrayed her secret to any one more observant than Jack of such appearances.

"Well, well, Jack," said M'Evoy, casting a look of suspicion on his daughter, "never mind, aviek. I hope whoever he is, he's out of harm's way."

"Oh, by the dad, ay," said the other, not knowing what to make of this unseasonable lenity; "it would be a murderin' pity any thing should happen him—till the 'sazes comes round;" for so it was;—the chance of an ignominious death was all the unfortunate young man had gained by this abortive and criminal enterprise.

Jack kept watch and ward at the cottage for the remainder of the night;

but great was his horror on discovering that it was his own brother who had fallen beneath his hand.

"Oh, murder," he cried, "if I had only the luck to set about slaughtering, the other villains out of the face! though, by my song, if it isn't a thing he's murdered outright, he deserves what he got."

It was a dark and stormy morning when he left M'Evoy's cottage, and descended through the fields towards his own secluded residence. On reaching the river he found it flooded to an unusual degree, and it was with no small surprise he beheld little Tommy wandering up and down on the opposite bank, pale as a ghost, and thoroughly drenched with rain. On perceiving his friend approach, the child evinced the most intense anxiety; but when the loud voice of the former had assured him of the safety of 'his people,' he forgot, in his transport, all the miseries he had endured through the night. Jack, having with difficulty forded the torrent, sprung to shore, and shaking the wet from about him—

"That's a wild mornin', Tommy," he said.

"By dad it is Jacky," cried the boy, "or I'm no judge of weather; and it was a wild night," he added, with a glance of conscious heroism, "to be meanderingin' about here by the roarin' waters!" for thus it was the child had passed the many gloomy hours since his friend's departure.

Tortured with apprehensions, and unable to rest, he had left the old man sleeping in his hut, and pursued the same invisible path which Jack had taken not half an hour before. The noise of the river might have been in itself sufficient to terrify so young an adventurer, but when he saw the light in his father's cottage, and thought of the danger to which its inmates were exposed, anxiety for them overcame every fear for his own safety. He entered the torrent with a beating heart; but when he had struggled half-way through, his courage forsook him, and he was totally unable to proceed. His situation was now peculiarly dreadful. Stunned by the roaring of the flood he gazed round in horror, but he was beyond all hope or chance of assistance. The hut he had so imprudently abandoned was invisible in the darkness; the light in his own home seemed to float unsteadily before his eyes; his senses

grew bewildered; and wild and giddy he clung round the large stepping-stone to save him from being swept away at the mercy of the waters. He felt the coldness of death come over him; but there was one feeling which despair could not extinguish in his bosom; and his face was pale, and his words were scarcely half articulated, as, kneeling in the midst of that wild torrent, he looked up to the black and starry sky, and, in the fervour of his infant heart, prayed to the Being who dwelt above it. The robbers in the meantime having been routed, and the river lying in the way of their retreat, they came up at a fortunate moment for the child, just as he was praying, according to his own account, for deliverance from a sudden and unprovided death. They halted on perceiving the strange apparition; and one of them called out, "who's that?" in more hurried accents than if he had been challenging an armed traveller on the high road.

"It's me," cried Tommy.

"And who are you?" enquired the other.

"Amn't I little Tommy M'Evoy, son of Aby M'Evoy on the hill beyant? But if it's for murderin' me ye'es are," he added, as they approached, and he discovered, by their blackened features, to what class of society they belonged; "if it's for murderin' me ye'es are, you may just take and lay me on the bank, and I'll be bound I'll be dead in no time."

They satisfied him, however, that their intentions were not altogether so sanguinary, and one of their number, taking him by the hand, conducted him safely back to the side of the river towards which they were proceeding. The leader was mounted on Willy's horse, which constituted the entire spoil of the night, but he could with difficulty keep his saddle, his head drooping on his chest, and the blood pouring copiously from the wound he had received. He desired the boy to go and sleep in his father's cabin till morning; "and tell Jack," he said, "that no man ever lifted a hand against the Ropairé Ruadh, that he didn't repent it the longest day he lived." Having allowed his two companions, however, to proceed a little way in advance, he again called Tommy towards him, and repeating his message in a louder tone, hastily whispered to the child, "tell Jack if he doesn't hear news of me afore two

days goes round, to come, the night after, to The Three Whitethorus, and he'll have God's blessin' and mine; but you know, Tommy! not a word to mortal breathin' barrin' Jack himself!" A caution so expressed, and from Barney Rua, was not likely to be disregarded.

The robbers pursued their way; but Tommy, instead of returning to the hut, continued on the banks of the river the whole night long; occasionally standing under shelter, but ever looking towards the light on the hill, burning, as he felt almost assured, in a desolated dwelling. Jack heard, with feelings of a most mingled and contradictory nature, the communication from the Ropairé, and the description of the state to which he was apparently reduced. He reprobated as strongly as any man could, the atrocity of his enterprise, the object of which, by the by, he was somewhat puzzled to understand; but there was something very dreadful in the idea that the blow he had inflicted would in all probability expedite his brother's end, if not by its own immediate consequences, at least by facilitating his discovery and arrest.

"Well, Tommy," he said, "if I knowed it was him was in it, I'd have saved Nelly M'Evoy—certainly I would—but to say it's a thing I'd go murder him out and out—oh! by my song, divil as Barney is, I wouldn't have hot him that whang for all the colleens within the four seas of Ireland."

His young friend tried to comfort him by the reflection that Barney would have been hanged one day or other, at all events, and while arguing the probabilities of such a catastrophe, for Jack rejected this species of consolation, they reached the cabin where the elder Cumeskey, who was fortunately ignorant of all the events of the night, had already kindled the fire, and was preparing their homely meal.

Early on the same morning Aby M'Evoy proceeded to the neighbouring town, for the purpose of lodging informations with the magistrate. Barney Cumeskey was the only individual whom he could charge with being concerned in the outrage, but Aby, as well as his worship, would have been perfectly satisfied, could they only ensure the punishment of this daring offender. The most active measures were accordingly adopted for his ap-

prehension; a reward was offered, and a pardon proclaimed to any of his associates who should deliver him into the hands of justice. Willy O'Brien, in the meantime, whose guilt and danger were unknown to all but the actors of the night, pursued his ordinary avocations as if quite unconcerned in an event which for some days set the entire country astir. He was indeed perfectly regardless about his own fate. He had, by this last act, not only destroyed all hopes of a union with Nelly, but, in losing his place amongst honest men, he felt, in his sudden degradation as though he had lost something which had heretofore been essential to life. He had associated himself with the vilest outcasts in a midnight robbery; and, overwhelmed with disappointment and remorse, he cared very little how soon, or in what manner he might meet his deserts. Two days had now elapsed and no tidings of the Red Rapparee had reached his family. They were days of infinite misery to poor Jack, who fancied his brother dying in some savage retreat, friendless and forsaken by all the world. At the close of the third day he wandered up the glen, and having reached the farther extremity, he crossed the heathy common, where Willy and his confederate had made arrangements for their unfortunate undertaking. He next entered a piece of wild scenery, such as hardly afforded sufficient shelter for an outlaw, but where a party of Whiteboys might be supposed to hold their midnight meetings; it was so savage, and so remote from any human habitation. Not far from the centre of the scene, stood three old and romantic hawthorns, associated with many a wild tradition which rendered them a more suitable retreat for the Ropairé Ruadh. As Jack approached this spot he felt a mingled sensation of fear and pity on beholding the ghastly figure of the robber seated on a large stone, near the walls of a ruined cabin. His long hair hung as usual about his shoulders; his head was bandaged up, his face deadly pale, while its habitual fierceness was softened into an expression of sullen resignation. "Well, Jack," he said, with a bitter smile, as the other drew near, "you're proud of yourself, I'll be bound, this evenin'—troth and well you may—you're the first ever brought the Ropairé Ruadh to this." But so emotions of vain glory could mingle

with the feelings which filled Jack's heart, as he contemplated the fallen and apparently hopeless condition of the outlaw. He uttered no reproach, nor did he once allude to the circumstances which more than justified his fatal act, but endeavoured to atone for his rashness, by devoting all his energies now to the unfortunate man's restoration and escape. Barney, on finding his brother so well disposed to exert himself on his behalf, informed him briefly of the present state of his fortunes. He was no longer the formidable Ropairé, the leader of a fearless and powerful bauditti; but shattered in frame, and fallen from his high authority, he lay there in the mountains, with a price on his head and as he said himself, without a man to stand by him. He had for a long time suspected the fidelity of some of his associates, and his suspicions were realized on the night of this last ill-omened enterprise. While he lay motionless and half-stunned at M'Evoy's door, he heard one of the 'boys' propose to leave him to his fate, but this measure, which would have compromised their own safety, was prudently rejected by the other; and their object being merely to get rid of Barney, who had latterly become unpopular in the gang, they mounted him on O'Brien's horse, and having conveyed him to one of their retreats, left him there with the assurance that they would return in the course of that or the following night. It was probable that they had immediately proceeded to some distant part of the country; for the gang was widely connected, and they might have calculated that their chief would have either sunk under his wound, or under the hand of the law, and that the circumstance of the outrage would be forgotten, before their return to the neighbourhood of Ballycorly. Barney being thus deserted, had only one course to adopt. Removal, at present, was altogether out of the question; but as it was generally supposed he had left the country, and the search in his own immediate neighbourhood was, in consequence relaxed, he thought he might continue unmolested for a little time, until his strength should be sufficiently restored to allow of his throwing himself once more upon the world, but, as Jack fondly hoped, with altered purposes and feelings to guide him. He had this evening crept over with difficulty from a more remote and inaccessible retreat, to the place ap-

pointed for an interview with his brother; but, as, from the circumstances we have just mentioned, either place afforded sufficient security, and, as the latter had many advantages, particularly as being so much nearer his father's dwelling, it was determined that he should take up his abode in the ruin under the shade of the three classic thorns. Jack accordingly fixed up the interior of the walls, part of which he covered in with rods and leaves, and making a bed for the outlaw of the driest and softest materials he could collect, went to procure him some food, of which the unfortunate robber stood much in need. He then left him for the night, and with a mind somewhat relieved from the torturing anxiety of the last two days, he hastened home to acquaint his father with the safety of his unhappy son.

The wound in Barney's head was of a serious nature, and not being properly attended to, it brought on a fever, which, from his present unfavourable circumstances was likely to prove fatal. Jack and the father bestowed on him all the attention it was possible to afford; but the strictest caution was necessary in the fulfilment of their charitable offices. They would have had still greater difficulties to contend with, however, but, as we have mentioned, it was generally understood that the robber had forsaken that part of the country. Tommy preserved his secret with the utmost fidelity; he had never even to his sister given the slightest hint of the message he had borne, till one day as they were discoursing about the circumstances of that memorable night, he chanced to observe, "Well, but isn't it a wonder Jack hasn't more wit nor to thrust himself with that red ruffan up among the wild mountains yonder?"

"What's that you're sayin', Tommy?" cried the father, who had not been attending to the former part of their conversation; but his sister cast on him a cautioning look, and the child reddened and stammered, and said he did not know what he was saying.

Nelly's feelings in this matter were perfectly understood by her father; she had indeed many motives to desire the safety of the man, whom, of all living, she most feared and detested. Barney Ruadh was brother to the kind-hearted Jack, and loved by him with all a brother's devotion. He had saved little Tommy's life, and lastly, and

above all other considerations, she believed that his safety and that of her unfortunate lover were identified. All these circumstances had even some weight with Aby himself, but he considered that neither he nor his family could ever be free from danger while an enemy so ruthless and vindictive as the Red Rapparee remained at large.

Barney was some days in his new abode; his fever was beginning to assume a bad appearance, and Jack and his father were conversing gloomily about his probable doom, when they observed a way-worn traveller, loitering about, and at last lying down at the edge of the little rivulet which ran past their dwelling. They could not, under any circumstances, disregard this silent and unusually diffident appeal to their hospitality, and the stranger was presently seated by their hearth. He had travelled he said from the county Tipperary, and was going up the country in search of work; but, as the times were bad, and his purse exhausted, he would be satisfied now with any occupation which would procure him lodging and food. It instantly occurred to our friends, that, as their little portion of tillage had latterly been much neglected, and, as it was not likely that for some time longer they could devote sufficient care to their ordinary concerns, it would be an act of prudence as well as charity to keep this man to assist them in their labour, until he should be able to procure some more profitable employment. The offer was gratefully accepted, and the Tipperary man became an inmate of the lonely but hospitable cabin of the glen. He appeared an exceedingly simple-minded individual, and a drawling accent, and unmeaning laugh, increased the effect of a remarkably vacant expression of countenance. The Cumeskeys felt an interest for him, believing him an unfortunate; for he would frequently utter ejaculations of sorrow, and when at evening Jack or the old man would have gone to see their neighbour that was poorly, for it was impossible not to admit him so far into the nature of their evening excursions up the glen, poor Larry would loiter out alone, and enquiring on his return for the invalid, he would shake his head, and with a bitter sigh lament the fate of those, who had neither a home in sickness, nor a friend in trouble. The old man thought, however, he perceived something in the cha-

racter of this stranger not altogether consistent with the extreme simplicity he evinced; but, though he afterwards watched him with a more attentive eye, he could trace no one appearance to justify his suspicion. It was singular that Jack, too, had some slight misgivings, but they were so very slight that when his father, having mentioned his feelings to him, afterwards told him that he believed they were without foundation, he felt quite relieved at suspicion being removed from the character of the poor traveller. His own doubts, however, were renewed on meeting him one evening at the upper end of the glen, from which the way to the robber's hut lay across the heathy common we have mentioned. This was certainly as natural a place as any other for a man to take an idle stroll; and, though the glen was somewhat better than a mile in length, Larry, who at his daily labour ever displayed a most philosophic coolness, might easily have been induced to wander so far, by the glowing beauty of an autumn evening. But fear is ever calling up danger, and Jack thought the presence of the Tipperary man, at that time and place, boded something ill. The latter evinced a little surprise on meeting his host. "Oh, masha is it you?" he said, with his usual drawling simplicity.

"Oh, the divil a one else," said Jack, "and I have a notion that a you—if the likeness doesn't desave me."

"Oh, faix it is me," said the other with a silly laugh, "but isn't this a wonderful purty place, Jack?" he added, looking up at the sides of the glen, that rose, dark and beautiful above them.

"Oh, it is," rejoined Jack; "a mighty purty place entirely, and some of the purtiest down-leps in it ever you seen," he added, with a glance which a little discomposed the placid countenance of his companion.

"Ay, by dad, lashins of them sure enough."

"And you're a thraveller, you tell me?" said Jack, eying him with a sneering but dangerous look.

"Faix I am that, Jack, and an unfortunate thraveller, too, God help me!—God help us all!" exclaimed Larry, with a devout elevation of countenance; "sure what are we all but thravellers, in this weary world?"

"Sure enough," said the other, "but I'll be bound you never heard tell of the wonderful ways of the *Black of*

Foyle, in your thravels; why, man, if you'd only just take a standin'-lep from the top of it, you'd never have an hour's trouble the longest day you'd live."

"You may depend on that," replied the other, a little disturbed, but still with the same unmeaning smile.

"Well, come and try your luck, any how," cried Jack, and he laid hold on Larry, who shrunk back in terror from his grasp. He still, however, affected to take all in good part, until Jack's manner became a little too serious to be misunderstood.

The Tipperary-man then altered his tone. "Oh, masha, is it mad he is?—Is it to kill me you mane? Oh, wurrah! wurrah! would you take the life of a poor wandherin' stranger?"

"Come on; I tould you," exclaimed Jack, giving him a strenuous pull, while the darkening countenance of the other changed in a moment from its assumed simplicity, as he plunged his hand into his bosom, as if to draw forth a concealed weapon. Jack, however, did not perceive the action, but, on turning round, he saw a momentary fierceness about the stranger's eyes which belied the former almost idiotic expression of his face. That expression, however, was instantly resumed. Jack was considerably perplexed—"Tell us now," he said, "honestly, are you a stranger, at all, at all?"

"Isn't a Tipperary man a stranger, when he's a hundred miles from his own country?"

"Faith I don't know," said Jack, and he gazed for some moments on the lachrymose countenance of the other. "By my sowl I think I'll twist your neck, any way."

"Oha!" cried poor Larry, drawing back in horror. "You'll twist my neck! Oh, masha but you're the quare people in this country; faix myself wishes I was safe back in Tipperary. The poor stranger would thravel a long while there, young man, afore he'd get the ballyraggiu you're neither ashamed nor afeard to give the crathur that doesn't know where he'll lay his head the morrow-night."

Jack, whose heart was far too good for his understanding, felt the entire force of this accusation; and he and Larry eventually returned to the cabin, the best possible friends, neither enemy nor suspicion existing between them. The Munster-man had been some days an inmate of their hut, when he intimated to the ~~Canna-~~

keys his intention of proceeding on his way. This was the day following that of the interview detailed above. He expressed, on his departure, more than ordinary acknowledgments for the hospitality he had enjoyed; but, though no civility was wanting, he did not receive the cordial "God speed you" which usually cheers the departure of a guest. He was carefully directed in the way he was to proceed, but when he was gone, the father and son exchanged looks.

"Jack," said the former, "I don't like his way!"

"By dad, nor me, father," said Jack, with a serious expression. "Did you mind the look he gave out of the corner of his eye, when he said, and him on his step, 'I hope your sick neighbour will be mendin' soon?'"

"Troth I did mind that, and it wasn't an honest look, Jack."

"By dad, father, I'll folly him!"

"No, no," cried the father as Jack was about to hasten after the suspicious stranger; "where's the use of that? we must only be careful how we go near the poor crathur beyant; and maybe we're wrongin' the gossoon," he added. "I know them Tipperary boys isn't like this country men in a power o' their ways, and I wouldn't have it said, avick, that we evened a bad thought to a poor thraveller far from home."

"Well, father, your way of it," said the other; "but I'll tell you how we'll manage:—I'll take my oath he hasn't a notion where Barney is yet any how; so let you keep about the house this evening, when I slip away up the glen; and if you see him comin' back this road, you may just ax him, 'are you goin' far that way, neighbour,' says you; and then if it's foxin' he is, never fear but I'll settle him."

This was accordingly agreed upon; and towards evening Jack proceeded alone to the outlaw's retreat. On reaching the spot he was surprised at hearing the robber talking in a low voice, but his astonishment was increased when he entered the miserable abode, and found Barney sitting up in bed—the bandage removed—and the blood slowly trickling down his cheek. "Oh Barney, man, how is this you are?" cried Jack; when the other turning his eyes on the speaker, he saw at once the progress his malady had made. A low muttering delirium had set in, and all Jack's enquiries were answered only by the incoherent rav-

ings of the sufferer. Jack was thunderstruck. He knelt down beside his unfortunate brother, and, as with trembling hands he bandaged up his head, his own mind was hardly less disturbed than his patient's. Indeed, his half uttered exclamations of anguish and remorse seemed to indicate a disordered intellect, but for the occasional look of dreadful consciousness, with which he gazed on the wretched object before him. The old man in the meantime was wandering about in the neighbourhood of his dwelling, oppressed with some unaccountable anxiety, and still haunted by the image of his suspicious guest. He sat down, at length, in the shadow of the glen, and was looking at the rivulet flowing by, when he was startled by the rapid tread of feet, and the next moment a party of police, conducted by the false Munster man, rushed past him, with fixed bayonets, up the glen. They appeared at the entrance of the hovel, while Jack was still gazing in stupid agony on the face of his brother. The former perceived at once, that resistance was vain; and resolving not to irritate by any useless opposition, he stood apart, and silently watched their proceedings. The outlaw half rose from his pallet, and gazing on the armed men with more collectedness than had hitherto appeared in his countenance, seemed to keep them at bay by the terror of his look. He was indeed a fearful object, as he lay within those ruined walls—his mind disordered—his mad eyes glaring on his captors—his face rendered more ghastly by the red locks hanging about it—and all associated with the dark fame of the *Ropairé Ruadh*.

Jack did not move when the police proceeded to secure their captive, till one of the men producing a pair of handcuffs, was about to fasten them on the robber's wrists. On seeing his object, however, he stepped forward—

"Come out o' this," he said; "come out o' the way, my honest man; he's your prisoner, I allow; but sure man, you wouldn't go put them irons on the crathur that's lyin' for death?"

"Secure the prisoner," shouted the individual in command, who stood with one or two of his party at the entrance of the hut.

"O murder," cried Jack; "it's not a wild baste that's in it. Ah misther dear, you wouldn't handcuff that poor mad crathur, that doesn't know what's

happenin' him. Sore there's four o' yees—*five*, by jabers!" he shouted, as he observed the grinning face of the stranger at the door.

Jack moved slowly, and as if unintentionally towards the party.

"There's five o' yees," he said; but with a less pleading tone, "agin' one unfortunate, that's not able to keep his standin' no more nor—that hathen hound;" and ere the last words were uttered, and while the dishonest face of the spy was turned with a sneer on the speaker, Jack's iron fist fell right between his eyes, and the poor Tipperary man reeled, and staggered, and tumbled head foremost into a wilderness of briars.

Jack was now secured as well as his brother. The former was shortly after discharged on security, while the latter was lodged of course in the county jail, where, having the usual medical attendance, he recovered in time from his wound, and the fever it had occasioned.

From the night of the attack on Aby's cottage, Nelly and her lover had never met. Indeed, a meeting was now more cautiously avoided by Willy than it had formerly been by the girl herself. He no longer entertained a shadow of hope, and believing that he had sunk in her estimation, he even tried to banish the image which had been so long the idol of his life. That is a painful passage in the heart's history, when, from whatever motive, we first endeavour to forget the object of early love; and no wonder that poor Willy did not feel the same concern about his personal safety now, that he might have experienced when that love gave a universal brightness to his life. After the Red Robber's capture, his mind was relieved from much of its anxiety; for he now considered his fate inevitable, and he was prepared for the worst. When the assizes drew near, however, and he was still unsuspected, he began to reflect, that as Barney had some notions of honour and generosity, and as he could have no object, beyond the gratification of revenge, in betraying him, his secret was probably safe in the robber's bosom. He was strengthened in his opinion on discovering that even Jack was ignorant of his having been concerned in the outrage. As soon as he was so far convinced of Barney's fidelity, he felt that he was bound in all honour to make some effort for the safety of a man who stood true to him, and, what-

ever his motive was, had forfeited his life in his service. He resolved, therefore, to make an effort for the robber's rescue, if by any means it could be accomplished, no matter at what risk or cost to himself. He would most probably, have found it impracticable but for an accident which singularly favoured his design. Willy had been absent at a fair in a neighbouring county, and the day after his return, he went across the river for the purpose of holding a conference with Jack Cumeskey. Jack was engaged in repairing the banks of the little rivulet, when his friend and rival approached.

"God bless the work, Jack."

"And you likewise," replied the other.

"Well, Jack, what news with you this morning?"

"The not a word that's strange, Willy—barrin' that I'm tould there's no chance."

"Faith, there's no chance at the trial, you may depind; but there might be a chance for all that."

"Ah no, Willy," replied the other, dependingly. "You wish us well I know, but it isn't the Ropaire Ruadh need think of pardon."

"Well, but did you never hear tell of a man follyin' his own way, just takin' a spree into his head, and givin' leg bail to the whole kit o' them?"

"Oh God help you, is that what you're at? Why man," he continued, leaning on his spade; "if you'd only seen the black hole of a place he's locked up in, and the load 'of chains that's on him, now you'd be surprised."

"No matter for that, Jack, the like was done afore."

"Ay, that's thrue; but it isn't every one they keep as close as Barney; you know the name he has, Willy, makes them asfearl."

"Oh, of coorse," said the other, "it's natral to suppose; but I'll tell you a sacret, Jack, and troth myself does'nt care a power whether you keep it a sacret or no—only for Barney's sake, it's betther to keep it for a start any-way—but it's what I'm goin' to tell you, if every man had his due the Ropaire's not the only one would be lyin' in could irons to-night."

"By my song," said Jack, "I b'lieve you; faix that's the sacret the world knows."

"Well, but Jacky, do you mind on the night of the robbery, the chap that

his face was'nt blackened like the rest?"

"Ay, him that saved ould Aby's life?"

"The very one; and did Barney never tell you who that ruffan was?"

"No, he only said he acted like a man; and though he'd have stuck him that night if he could, it was one thing he was thankful for that he had'nt his blood on his soul, any way. And I hope and pray, said he, that he may never come to my end, as I trust he wont."

"Did he say that?" cried the young man, his countenance lighted up with admiration and gratitude.

"Troth he did say that, sure enough."

"Well, then it's what I think, no man ever lost by havin' a friendly heart yet; and now I'll tell you the sacret out and out—it was me was in it that night, and," he added in a lower tone, "it was for the daughter we went."

"Go to God!" cried the other, thunderstruck with the intelligence.

"Och, you dont think I'd tell you a lie, that'll may be put my own neck in a halter—but quit starin' at me, I say, and listen to what I have to tell you. We must save Barney by hook or by crook, that's all about it."

"Willy," cried the other, hardly recovered from his astonishment, "that's beyant us, I doubt."

"But I'm full sure it's not beyant us, and I have a notion how it may be done."

"You have, Willy!"

"I have, in troth, Jack, but there's danger in it of coorse."

"An alibi?" whispered Jack with a doubtful look.

"No," said the other, "I wouldn't perjure my sowl to save my own or any other man's life; but there's a better way than that, and an honest way, and listen now and I'll tell you what it is. When I was in the fair of Thurles the other day, I sees a man loiterin' about, quite careless-like, till at last he kem over to where myself was standin' with the cattle, and he begins handlin' them as if he was for buyin'."

"Them's purty bastes, God bless them," he says.

"Ay," says I, 'there's worse on the street; and with that we looked at each other, and he says—

"I think," says he, 'I seen you afore.'

"It's like enough," says I; for I sus-

pected who it was the first sight I got of him, and when he said that, I knowed him at wanst.

"And who was it?" said Jack.

"Faith, it was just one of Barney's boys, that was with us that unlucky night. So he comes over to me—

"'You had a hard rowl,' says he, 'that night with the Ropairé Ruadh. By my sowl,' he says, 'young man, I'd sooner be friends nor foes with you, for I never seen one could give the captain his own afore.'

"'Well, well,' says I, lettin' on, 'the captain, as you call him,' says I, 'has met his match this turn anyway. It's a strong guard,' says I, 'the law can't break.'

"'Ay,' says he, 'poor fellow, I hear he's back in the ould lodgin's; but wait awhile,' says he, 'he was there afore, and, troth, myself was there afore, more nor wanst; and I have a notion that for all he's under lock and irons, Barney was never born to stretch a rope.'

"'Oh, by my faix,' says I, 'it's a folly to talk. If he had as many lives as a Plutarch, he's done now.'

"'Well, may be so,' said he, and then he mused for a bit. 'Certainly,' said he, 'he has a worse chance than ever, for he had still them would stand by him, always till now.'

"'Many's the time, Jacky, since Barney was taken, I was wonderin' with myself what could be done to save him. So when the fellow said this, I thought he might maybe be a good man to put us on some way of doin'; so I axed him would he be pleased to come in and take a dhrop of somethin'; and I calls another boy that was with me to keep an eye to the cows, and in we went. Well, if we did, afther a power of talk, and me findin' that he had a good wish for Barney still, we begun considerin' about a rescue; and at long last here's what we agreed was best to be done. One of the jailers, you see, is brother's son to this chap's father; and as he was one o' Barney's men himself, he thinks he might be willin' enough to sarve him yet.

"'Any way,' says he, 'I know he'd do a trifle to obleege me; and I have a right to know it,' he says, 'for I had some dalin's with him lately—it's no matter what it was about,' says he, '—but I had my own notions, Jacky, what it was about—' but,' says he, 'he allowed me to stand by the boys, for that he was never sorry but once for lavin' them. So I think,' he says, 'if

the worst went to the worst—Hughy Stapleton's a wild divil, and for all he looks so sober now, I know, he says, the world wouldn't tame him—and as he was what you may call an eddycong of Barney's, by gor, I think he might be tempted to give us a hand himself, if it would even force him to lave the place.'

"'Well,' says I, 'he could be of sarvice no doubt.'

"'Oh, wouldn't he be the crownin' o' the business?' says he, 'and, faix,' says he, 'I'm glad you're in the notion, for I'll tell you no lie, we're all gone clane to the divil, since we lost the poor captain.'

"'Very well,' says I: 'you're up to these things, you tell me, and if it's a thing we can save Barney from the gallows, I'm your man for life or death.'

"'By gor, then,' says he, 'it's a bargain; and I tell you many a good man's trustin' to worse nor us. But we'll want more help,' says he; 'Jack Rua would be a good hand.'

"'The divil a better,' says I.

"'Well, then,' says he, 'let you and Jack meet me at the beech grove two days afore the thrial comes on, and I'll tell you then how it is we'll manage.'

"So what do you think of that, Jack?"

Jack, who had listened with all his soul to this narration, now struck his spade, up to the shaft, in the earth.

"What do I think of it?" he said. "Now, may I never lift that spade, Willy O'Brien, if I don't stand throe to you and yours while there's breath in my body."

"Oh, Jack, never heed that kind o' talk. It was to sarve me Barney got into all this throuble, and I wouldn't be an honest man if I didn't sthrive my best to get him out of it."

"Well, and sure you are sthrivin' your best; and though you missed once, in troth we'll dance at yours and Nelly's weddin' yet, plase God."

"In troth you'll not, Jacky," replied the other; "and if Nelly has any likin' for you, you may take her with my heart and good-will. I'll never be a hindrance to you or any man again."

"Och, do you hear him now?" cried Jack. "You'd make me believe it's all over with yees."

"Faith, it is Jacky," said the other, with ill-assumed carelessness.

"Faith but your right sure it's not. By my song, I think she's fonder o'

you nor ever; and you think it yourself, Willy, for all your talkin'."

"Oh, I do," said the unhappy lover in a low and bitter tone, "she has a good right; but any way, Jacky, mind all I could you."

"I will," said Jack, "and I thank God and you that Barney's not beyant his chances yet."

As the azzies approached there was a considerable degree of interest felt about the fate of the Ropaire Ruadh. As far as he alone was concerned, there was very little sympathy for his misfortunes, but the neighbours uniformly endeavoured to afford comfort and consolation to the unhappy old man, who it was evident could not long bear up against the sorrows which clouded his age. Jack had intimated to him the possibility of a rescue, but he at once rejected such an idea. He felt that Barney's fate was merited, and he would not compromise the safety of a more worthy son, in a desperate effort to prolong for a time his guilty career.

On the day previous to the appointed meeting between Willy and his associates, Nelly M'Evoy was sitting, pale and silent, at her wheel, whose melancholy sound seemed the fittest music for a mourner's heart. Her father had never mentioned to her his suspicions of O'Brien's guilt; but there had been latterly a coldness in his manner towards her, peculiarly painful, as she had sacrificed every other feeling to her duty to him. She was a tender-hearted girl; and now that her mother was gone, and that her filial devotion received so poor a return, she felt more bitterly the loss of one, in whose love she could have reposed for ever with full and happy confidence. She understood, besides, that Willy O'Brien was about to leave the country; and the intelligence of this event was the last and strongest test of her resolution. While reflecting on her hopeless lot, and beginning for the first time to consider whether her vow was absolutely and unconditionally binding, her lover entered the cottage. The girl started—she had not seen him since that fatal night—and while her eyes filled, a fond and embarrassed expression gave a singular charm to her countenance. The young man was still more embarrassed. He advanced, however, and with a slight tremor in his voice, he said,

"I hope, Nelly, it's no offence to come and spake to you, for the last time."

The girl held down her head—she endeavoured to reply, but her voice was choked. Willy bit his lip, till the blood almost appeared, as he walked up and down for some moments; and then standing before the girl—

"Nelly M'Evoy," he said, "it's a long day since we first met; and I can say now, before Him that hears me, I never from that hour had a thought but for your good. I turned villain in the end, I know, but afore we part for ever, I came to ax your forgiveness; and," he added, unable to restrain his emotion, "to give you back the promise you made me when we were both younger than now, and a dale happier than we'll ever be again."

The tears fell like rain from Nelly's eyes at this renunciation of all their hopes.

"Willy," she cried, "you needn't give me back that promise. If I can't be yours, I'm never goin' to be another's."

A gleam of joy passed over Willy's face, but it was only momentary. He remembered that her refusal, though it assured him anew of her attachment, was of little avail to their happiness now.

"No," he cried, with some bitterness of tone, "where's the use of bein' bound to one that will never see you more? Take back your promise, Nelly, and my heart's blessin' go with you, and with him that will love you when I'm far away."

The girl turned her eyes on her lover, and there was something of reproach mingled with their sorrow.

"I knew," she said, in firm but tender accents, "there was throuble afore us, but I never thought to hear you spake that word. I never said the like to you, Willy, though if I was dyin' this minute, I could say I love you as thruly as the heart of woman ever loved afore."

"I know you do, darlint," cried the youth, clasping her in his arms. "I know you do, achora machree; and, och, it's a comfort," he added, "that there's one'll think well of me, when I'm an outcast on the world." He folded her to his bosom in an agony of despair.

"The grass is green above her," cried the girl wildly, "the grass is green above her, and I darn't break my vow. Oh God forgive you, father, it's the sore hearts your pride has left us this day——"

And sore and sorrowful were the

hearts of those young beings, as they sacrificed, to a sense of virtue, all the hopes and happiness of their lives. Her lover no longer thought of inducing Nelly to violate her promise. He was about to engage in an enterprise, the nature of which he did not fully comprehend; and as he probably anticipated more danger than he was likely to encounter, he felt a manly consolation in the thought, that should he fall, he could lose nothing more than a weary and hopeless life. The prospect of his approaching end, moreover, filled his mind with feelings of a new and peculiar character.

"Nelly," he said, "it's a hard thought I know, but I'm beginning to fear that with a dyin' mother's word agin it, we loved too well for God to bless us."

"Well, maybe we did," replied the other, "any way there's no blessin' over us now;" and trembling through her entire frame, as this desolating apprehension darkened her soul, she lay folded in her lover's arms, and she felt that he was the only stay, here or above, of her broken spirit.

"You wont lave me," she murmured, "you wont lave me, Willy, to die after all, without friend or comfort."

Willy looked on her pale and supple face, and his resolution half yielded to the force of those feelings, which had been cherished for years as the religion of his heart; but he reflected at once that were he to forego his determination, it could not lessen their misfortunes; and with many words of mingled consolation and despair he endeavoured to reconcile the girl to his departure. Poor Nelly was bewildered; she could hardly believe that this dark and sorrowful hour was the end of all their happiness; and when her lover would have departed, she clung wildly to his bosom.

"Willy, Willy! she cried, *I'll break my vow!* don't lave me. Willy, oh, don't lave me, and I'll be your own for ever."

Willy looked wildly into her eyes. That declaration came like a flash of lightning through his soul, and all his fine resolutions lay scattered and destroyed. Nelly saw the effect her words had produced. She trembled as she reflected on their guilty nature, but she had not strength to revoke them.

"Oh Lord look down on us this day!" she cried; "the heart's broke in my body!" and she burst into a flood of tears. The lovers were saved

from the danger in which they now stood by the appearance of the girl's father. He had entered some moments before, unobserved, and had heard the declaration which only despair could have wrung from his wretched daughter. Having stood for some moments, gazing sternly on the victims of his unconquerable prejudice, he approached and drew the girl rudely away; then addressing himself to O'Brien,

"Leave this house, young man," he said. "I hope and trust it isn't your father's son can ever say his wife was reared under the roof of a M'Evoy; and as for you," he added, turning darkly on his child, "since you're not afeared to scorn the words of a dyin' mother, take him, if you will, with her curse and mine."

The day appointed for the Red Robber's trial at last arrived. The greater part of the inhabitants of Ballycorry set off at an early hour to the assize town, which was ten miles distant, some engaged about their own concerns, but many more to witness this last scene but one in the eventful life of the Red Rapparee.

The father of the unhappy criminal was now wandering about the grand and solitary ravine, which, in its wintry beauty, might have dissipated any ordinary carcs; but which brought back to the old man's heart the recollection of all the hopes and promises which had encompassed the boyhood of his unfortunate son. He stood on the heights and looked towards the town where that son now lay a captive felon; and once when his eyes fell through the depths of the glen below, a dark temptation rose in his mind, and he thought of never witnessing the event to which the proceedings of this day must lead. As he turned away and invoked the Being who alone can save the wretched from despair, he heard his name frequently called through the glen, and presently after perceived a young man running at full speed towards him.

"Barney's escaped," shouted the man; "he has escaped without thrial or a ha'porth. The sorra taste of him was in it this mornin' when they wint to his cell."

The old man looked so long on the speaker that the latter turned away his eyes from the gaze. He then sank on his knees; but as he prayed, a paleness came over his face, and his clasped hands trembled violently.

"Help me in avick, I'm weakly," he said.

The other assisted him to his cabin; where he laid him on his bed. The old man lingered but a few days more; and his dying eyes were turned on his younger son; but his last prayer was breathed for the homeless fugitive.

The only trace discoverable, of the means by which Barney had effected his escape, was a rope which hung on the outer side of the wall, and to the end of which a small weight was attached which caught on the inner side, and of course clung with a firmness proportioned to the force applied at the other end of the cord. The same means, it is evident, might have answered the robber for ascent and descent. Having, in the first instance, thrown the weight across, he had merely to change its position when he reached the top of the wall. The under jailer was the only person suspected of having aided in this escape. The prisoner's fetters were found unlocked in his dungeon, and this, with some other circumstances, excited suspicion of our friend Hugh's fidelity. As there was no positive evidence against him, however, he was merely removed from office, a circumstance which occasioned him but little regret, as he joined his old companions of the road in the more honourable capacity of lieutenant to the Ropairé Ruadh.

Jack returned home the day after his brother's escape; but he returned with a heavy heart, for he had parted Willy O'Brien under circumstances which filled him with apprehensions for his future lot. They had conducted the robber some distance in his flight; but when they had left him, and that Jack spoke of proceeding homewards, the other desired him to remember him to all friends in Ballycorly; "and tell them," said he, "I'm gone—wherever you like to say, Jack."

Poor Jack could hardly be persuaded that he was serious in the resolution he expressed of going, as he said, to seek his fortune. He had frequently heard him speak of going to America; but he had never contemplated the actual adoption of such a measure. All his intreaties could not, however, move Willy from his purpose. The latter told him, what was the fact, that he had now with him the money he had saved for his voyage, and he said that his mother, having her other sons about her, could not experience any inconvenience from his absence; "but

there's no use," said he, "in goin' back. I know the partin' would distress her sorely."

Jack's prayers and solicitations were all unavailing, and he took a mournful leave of his friend, and returned just in time to witness the termination of his father's sorrows.

Nelly had now no longer any motive for contending against the misery that was at her heart. The uncertain fate of her lover would have been hard enough to bear, but from some expressions which had escaped him in their last interview, the idea constantly haunted her that he had associated himself with the gang of the notorious Rapparee. She would hardly confess to herself that she entertained a suspicion so injurious, but it was a gloomy terror, and it therefore suited best the tone of all her feelings. Her father's soul was moved at last; he saw her droop from day to day, and he knew her heart was breaking; and it was then he began to repent of his having destroyed for ever the happiness of a child so dutiful and tender. Her cheek was wasted and pale; her step was languid, and her laugh was heard no more—that most delightful of all sounds of joy, when it bursts from the heart of a young and happy girl.

"Nelly," he said, approaching her one day as she sat at the cottage door; "Nelly, dear, I'm afear'd you're poorly."

"Oh no, father," said the girl, in whose gentle heart that one expression of kindness obliterated for a moment all recollection of her wrongs.

"I'm well enough, only for an achin' in my head now and then, when I be sittin' long at the wheel."

"Indeed," cried little Tommy, who had been gazing earnestly in his sister's face, "she's very poorly, father, you may depend. Sure do you mind a bit ago there wasn't the like of her in the parish, and now—troth father you'd think it wasn't the one girl at all was in it."

Nelly kissed the boy affectionately; but she felt too keenly the truth of his words to be able to reply.

"Now tell us what's the matter with you, Nelly; are you frettin' or what's a trouble to you at all at all; tell me darlint, your own me, that loves you better than the whole world wide?"

The maiden's eyes overflowed, as she endeavoured, in some broken words, to assure her brother that she was perfectly well, and free from care. The

father stood looking on his unhappy child until sorrow and remorse overcame his firmness.

"God help us," he muttered, as he turned away; "I see the ould heads arn't still the wisest; and God strengthen them poor crathurs that sea and land's dividin' afore now."

Nelly heard this murmur; this accomplishment of her mother's soothing prophecy. It filled her soul as if with sudden light, when she felt that her vow was redeemed to the letter. A long and dismal interval had elapsed since that vow was recorded, and though her happiness was over in this world, she could more calmly anticipate her passage to the next, sustained by the reflection that the term of that fatal promise was past, and that she had sacrificed the hopes and brightness of youth; and lastly, her young life itself to its observance. But such was not the destiny of our gentle heroine. Jack soon learned by some chance or other the change which had occurred in her father's feelings; and he determined that, the old obstacle to her union with Willy being removed, no fresh difficulties, short of the absolute emigration of the latter, should obstruct the happiness of two beings to whom he was bound by the strongest feelings of gratitude and affection. He conjectured that Willy must be still in Ireland, as the season for emigrating to America had not yet commenced.

"Murther," he cried, "if I could only get spakin' a word to Barney, it's him would make him out if he's above ground."

A vessel bound to New York was announced to sail from one of our principal sea-ports on a certain day; a few days subsequent to the incidents we have mentioned above. During the previous night the quays were crowded with emigrants, whose appearance could not fail to strike any person accustomed to witness the ordinary assemblages of our Irish peasantry. There was neither gladness nor gaiety among them. No jokes nor jests, nor the roar which, in their own sunny fields, used to respond to their rustic wit; a universal gloom was on the hearts of the exiles, broken only by the occasional merriment of some poor wretch who tried in vain to keep up his sinking spirits. In an humble house of entertainment, and apart from the various groups with which it was filled—fond and early friends spending their last night together—sat Willy

O'Brien, his head resting on his hand, and his eyes wandering about as if in envious contemplation of those who were going forth on the world, but not like him alone and friendless. The night was far advanced, when a stranger, who appeared to have ridden a considerable distance, entered the house, and looking round, fixed his eye steadily on O'Brien, with a doubtful and scrutinizing gaze.

"It's him sure enough," said the stranger at length, and coming over he handed Willy a note, while he struck his whip on the table, and in an authoritative tone called for supper.

Willy looked at the man in amazement, while he held the note unopened in his hand.

"Read what's in it, young man," said the other; "I haven't long to stop."

Willy opened it and read: "There's them in Ballycorly's thinkin' long till you come back. Never heed seekin' your fortune this turn, for the right notion's come into the ould devil's heart at long last; so no more at present, but when the priest's gone home and the boys is hearty, mind you have a dhrop for a friend, and catch me if he doesn't drink Nelly's health in spite o' the world. Whoo! ould Ireland for ever! B. C."

A few words of explanation from the bearer of this note determined Willy at once how he should proceed.

"Well," said the former, "it's a brave clear night; and if it's for the road you are, I have a baste without 'ill carry you properly."

"He has carried me afore now," cried Willy, springing on the back of his own horse, which had been taken off by the robbers on the night of the unfortunate affair at M'Evoy's; "and there's my hand," he added; "neither you nor Barney will be losers by this."

There was a wonderful wedding, they say, at Ballyporeen, but it was nothing at all to the wedding at which were congregated all the "flying feet" and light hearts of Ballycorly; at least there never was an occasion at Ballyporeen or any where else, on which a heart more true to virtue and to love, received a purer or a brighter reward. Jack, as grooms-man, was, of course, entitled to kiss the bride, a ceremony which he performed with less grace than alacrity.

"Oh Nelly," he whispered, "do you mind when you hot me the whang for what you done tonight, and no thanks to you?"

A blush and a kindly smile told the girl's recollection of the circumstance.

In the full glow of their revelry and excitement, and while parties were dancing each other down hard and fast, the women screamed and the men stood mute with astonishment at beholding the audacious Rapparee in the midst of the assembly. Having enjoyed, for some moments, the effect his presence had produced, he lifted up a smoking bowl of punch.

"Here's to yeas all!" he cried. "Willy, ould Ireland for ever! Health and happiness to you and yours a colleen!" he exclaimed, stretching out his hand to the bride—

"Health to your wealth,
Money to your purse,
Heaven to your sowl,
And I wish you no worse.

Glory to yeas both for ever!" and at one deep draught he emptied the goblet. "Good by to you, Aby," he added, with a facetious nod, and the robber disappeared.

Aby McEvoy slept with his fathers, but not until he had seen his child in the midst of a fair and happy household—the pride of his heart and the honor of his old age. Poor Jack continued to inhabit his solitary little home in the mouth of the glen. He led a laborious and happy life, and the only severe stroke he ever experienced was many years after, when he heard that his unfortunate brother who had been sent out of the country, in a condemned regiment, was shot in the suppression of a mutiny he had excited.

CURIOSITIES OF IRISH LITERATURE.

THE LIBRARIES.

THERE is nothing which more strongly marks the difference between this island and Great Britain, than a comparison of the libraries of an English and an Irish resident gentleman. It might be affirmed almost universally, that there is no residence of an English gentleman possessing an income of £2,000 a year, without a library; meaning not only a collection of books, but one or more apartments fitted up with books, maps, &c. and kept exclusively for purposes of study. In Ireland there are many gentlemen of £5,000 a year, and upwards, who possess neither separate apartments for study, nor a sufficient quantity of books, if collected, to furnish even a moderate closet; while the collections of those who do possess nominal libraries, are not only in many cases very meagre, but are in almost every instance marked by a peculiar defect which would be alone sufficient to establish the difference alluded to, even though the material point of contrast did not exist. We allude to the marked deficiency of even our best private collections in those works which form a library of national history. This is the class of works which occupies the foremost shelf in every English study. Without such materials of study and reference every

man must feel himself a stranger in the country he inhabits. There is a species of national self-knowledge as conducive to public respectability as individual self-knowledge is to personal self-respect. This knowledge of the country we inhabit, too many of our educated men have only upon hearsay. The causes of this want of information which in any other country would be considered a disgraceful species of ignorance, are chiefly these—first, a prevalent impression that there is no history of Ireland yet written; secondly, a feeling, that, if such a history were written, its study would not be necessary to a liberal education; and, thirdly, a dastardly fear of looking former times in the face, which is of all other motives to ignorance at once the most congenial and the most infatuated. It is true there is no adequate compilation of the existing materials for a history of Ireland; but the case was the same in England up to a comparatively recent period; yet it is impossible to point out any time since England had an historical existence in which her educated classes were deficient in knowledge of their country's history. The fact that no history of Ireland is taught in our schools (an instance of self-abasement unexampled

in the practice of any country of Europe) gives more than plausibility to the second argument ; and we admit it is too true that an Irish gentleman may be ignorant of his own country's history, when he dare be ignorant of no other branch of what is called a good education. But the time for that dashing disclaimer of acquaintance with an unfashionable subject is past. The subject is no longer one of choice or caprice ; it has become the weapon of argument on topics of vital interest, and must be studied in self-defence, or those who neglect it must abandon the contest. Whether a man seek for change or for continuance of existing institutions, he must ground a great part of his reasonings on historical example. Many unpalatable truths must be encountered, many cherished prejudices must be abandoned on both sides before a fair or an effective use of such materials for argument can be expected. Notwithstanding the general neglect of which we complain, there is no doubt that the subject at present attracts very considerable attention. We have only to point to the reports of public proceedings in Ireland for the last three months to justify ourselves in asserting that there has been more historical discussion on Irish affairs during that time than for any equal period since the agitation of the Catholic question. Antiquarian information was never so practically valuable ; for, what is matter of ordinary history in England, still remains the subject of antiquarian research here ; and, until the violence of parties shall have subsided sufficiently to admit of a general compilation which will be received with a certain degree of assent by both sides, every man who would take a forward part in Irish politics must be an antiquary, as English politicians invariably were before the publication of their common historical text-books.

Of course there are numerous and honorable exceptions ; but these are chiefly studious men, who affect retirement and learned ease, while the number of active exceptions is barely sufficient to prove the rule.

If we transfer our inquiry from private individuals to public institutions, we shall find the same subject of complaint, though in a less degree. A library is here a vital part of the body politic of each, and in every library there are of course some works on the history and statistics of the country.

— In no one whatever is there a per-

fect collection. A perfect collection of printed books relating to Ireland does not exist—there is not such a thing to be found in the whole world ; and probably in the whole world there is no other civilized country which has the same shameful tale to tell. In most of the provincial libraries gross apathy prevails. We will give two instances from a quarter where it will be least expected. In the year 1826 the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos presented to the library of the Royal Belfast Academical Institution a copy of O'Connor's celebrated "*Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores Veteres*"—a book, at that time, not to be procured for money, and confessedly the most important work on ancient Irish history that has ever been printed. It is in four quarto volumes, and it will scarcely be credited, that, with the exception of a few leaves of the first volume, *it remained uncut for seven years*. Again, the Commissioners of Irish Records, from time to time, presented to this and to the Belfast Linen Hall Library, copies of their publications of the records of the kingdom—works, the value of which is only beginning to be appreciated, now that they are no longer to be had for money, unless by private or accidental sale. By some mismanagement in the office of the person entrusted with their distribution, it happened that duplicates of one volume, instead of that volume and the succeeding one, were sent to each ; so that both possess duplicates of the Inquisitions for Leinster, but neither has the single volume containing the Inquisitions for Ulster. It would be idle to comment on the negligence which has left the capital of a great province without the published records of its own district, especially when it is known that a reference to these records would save a serious loss of time and money now expended on speculative searches among the originals, and that an application to any of the authorities would be at once effectual in having the deficiency supplied. Of the Cork Institution we cannot speak with certainty ; but we believe the diocesan library of Armagh, and the collegiate library of Maynooth, to be in this respect by much the best furnished of our provincial institutions. To come to Dublin, proceeding on the ascending scale, we have first the King's Inns library, a showy depository of an ill-assorted collection, particularly def-

cient in history, although, it must be granted, rich in law. We would rank Marsh's library next: here is an air of cloistered antiquity that agrees well with the solid theological burthen of the shelves: this is the place to study such writers as Ware and Usher, where the eye when raised from the page, rests on the secluded precincts of St. Patrick's, and the dust which an eager reader shakes from an upper shelf may have rested there since last disturbed by the hands of Swift. We come now to the library of the Royal Dublin Society, a practical and extensive collection, but not by any means rich in rare Irish works. The library itself is a cheerful and well-aired room, and it only wants the addition of some rarer works of reference, to be in all respects a most satisfactory place of study. The collection of the Royal Irish Academy is much more valuable, but the very inefficient manner in which this library is heated, renders prolonged study in it both disagreeable and dangerous. We have now reached the magnificent and truly valuable library of Trinity College, in which the Irish collection approaches so near perfection, that the addition of a few more volumes would remove it entirely from the general charge in which we have included it. Those acquainted with the ardour of the present acting librarian in Irish historical pursuits, will scarcely need to be told, that if diligence could find out where those works are to be had for liberality to purchase, they would not long be wanting on the shelves of the Dublin University. The labours of this learned individual have rendered this collection the most perfect of its

kind in the world, that of the British Museum itself not excepted. But the inconveniences chargeable against the library of the Royal Irish Academy, are trifling in comparison with the actual hardships which those who frequent the library of Trinity College for purposes of study must endure; for where the one is an apartment of about 35 by 25 feet, lighted from the top, and heated, however inefficiently, by steam, the other is a gallery as long and half as broad as Westminster Hall, lighted by upwards of ninety windows, so disposed as to produce fully forty separate thorough drafts, *and not heated at all, either by steam or any other means.* Summer and winter the same icy chill pervades it, and we are not sure if the fact of a dozen students being found together occupied at its dreary table, would not afford as strong evidence of an eager pursuit of learning among us as any other instance that could be adduced.*

Still it is astonishing to see how much the number of readers in this Nova Zembla of letters has increased within the last five years: were the room at all safe for delicate people, as the studious usually are, to sit in for any length of time, we have no doubt that it would have an average daily attendance of from twenty to thirty all the year round. As it is, we suppose the total number of visits for purposes of study does not exceed two thousand in the year. The visits to the reading-room of the British Museum, for purposes of study, amounted, in the year 1835, to sixty-three thousand four hundred and sixty-six. Comment is needless;—and yet we would observe,

* The inhabitants of Iceland have been styled the "*Joves Statores*" of flying literature: if the learned Scandinavian who used the expression, could get but a sight of her college votaries of the present day, in their customary array of great coats and mittens, it would doubtless go far to confirm him in the truth of this fanciful idea; for if the object of their search had really fled to the arctic circle, they could not come more carefully prepared against being frost-bitten in the pursuit. Decent black is elsewhere considered the most correct costume for a reading man; but a frize coat and linsey-wolseys are your academics in the Irish university. Under such discipline there is little fear of the formation of a sect of *Gymnosophists* among us, and yet our sophists are sometimes fain to have recourse to gymnastics, and imitate the action of the chilled coachman with good success over a team of the fathers. "*Alere flammam*" translated in this bleak atmosphere signifies to blow one's nails. The only appearance of comfort the place presents is a deception; for, as you pass down the centre, and cast your eyes on the shivering occupant of each lateral recess,

"You'd swear that his breath was the smoke of a pipe
In the frosty morning fog."

But it is scarcely necessary to add, that smoking is prohibited alike to the student and to both ends of the chimney.

that of this average daily attendance of nearly two hundred individuals, perhaps a full third was Irish, and those the working men whose writings sustain the preeminence of the metropolitan press. But every thing in this noble institution is on a scale of grandeur and munificence that makes it a delightful subject to turn to, after even the best of our establishments at home. Good character your only introduction—a million and a half of books and manuscripts at your command—a reading room, commodious and comfortable as the best apartment of a large hotel, expressly for your occupation—numerous and intelligent porters to bring the books or manuscripts you have selected from the catalogues, to your table, and to remove them, when no longer required, to their proper shelves in the immense depositories within—surrounded by several hundreds of the first scholars and writers of the age—you sit, without the outlay of a single farthing, the enviable possessor of means to knowledge, which could not be purchased for ten millions of money. Nor is this all: the officers of the establishment, men of high attainments, and of the most obliging manners, are ready to assist the inexperienced investigator by pointing out the proper course of study, and, if they find him diligent, by perhaps bringing him acquainted with other inquirers engaged on the same class of subjects. English decorum presides over the whole: no sound but that of the well-regulated machinery of the establishment interrupts the progress of study or the course of thought; and while you sit pondering your separate inquiry, a thousand new ideas are starting into existence on every side around you—theories which are, perhaps, destined to dazzle future ages, are now developing their first rudiments in one mind—flashes of fancy that may yet delight the world, are glancing remotely through the imagination of another—facts that will confirm some great argument have been found and seized on by a third: here the wily politician decides what he shall quote, and what he shall suppress next evening in the assembly of the legislature—there, the engineer or architect plans domes higher than St. Paul's, and bridges wider than the Menai, while poring over the magnificent portfolios of the king's library; in another place, the economist, marshalling his regiments of figures, rubs his hands as in fancy he reconciles the dis-

crepancies of his favourite paradox;—and yonder, oh, yonder sits the antiquary—he has got his hands upon a manuscript so rare that it is invaluable (shall we say so old that it is illegible?); and who can paint his rapture?—he knows not which first to turn to, the "*characteres rotundi, nihidi, elegantes*"—or the "*atramentum æternitati sacrum*"—or the illuminations dimly glimmering through that exquisite tarnish—or shall he not rather drop a tear over that lamentable hiatus of the first page, "*unde difficile est dictu quo avo exaratus fuerit*"? How often in the midst of such a scene have we laid down our book to think in what a wondrous laboratory of opinion, in what an amazing workshop of mind our privilege of living in an enlightened age and self-respecting country, had placed us!

But perhaps an equally delightful resort for the lover of manuscripts—and for the lover of the middle-age antiquities of Ireland, beyond comparison the most delightful in existence—is the palace at Lambeth. Here, under one roof with the Lollard's tower, overlooking the full, broad Thames, with the hall and abbey of Westminster rising, grand beyond expression, on its farther bank—the aged elms of Bird Cage Walk, rustling with breezes from Richmond under your window—the spirit of antiquity pervading the air you breathe—the genius of the constitution present in the very space around you—to sit, as we have sat on a warm day in summer, turning over the autographs of Sidney and Sussex, and the impetuous Perrot (swearing great oaths in his very despatches)—of the politic Chichester, and the severe Mountjoy—of Desmond, and the White Knight and Florence McCarthy—of "We, Shane O'Neill, from our camp at Knockboy," of Sorley Boy Mac Donnell, from Dunluce, and great Earl Hugh himself, from his castle of Dungannon—then to turn to the annals of Friar Clynne, or the Book of Howth, and mix again with the De Burghos and the Mortimers, the Lacey's and the De Courceys of Norman times—or from narrative to have recourse to representation, and study native arms and costumes in the plans of battles and sieges, or trace our ancient topography in the plots of towns and castles or forfeited countries of rebel lords beyond the pale—to spend the hot mornings thus under the shadow of antiquity, and in the evenings to stroll about the precincts of the seat of government—the

Horse Guards, the Admiralty, the Treasury, the State-paper Office—it is enough to make a man a lover of history, and a reverer of the constitution for ever after. To the distinguished prelate, in whose keeping those treasures of literature are deposited, we would here pay our tribute of grateful acknowledgments, as well on our own part as on behalf of all our countrymen who have experienced his liberal permission of access to them. The same obliging disposition characterises the keepers of all the stores of learning in London: in the record room of the Tower itself, the student of official antiquities may be seen poring over the most precious rolls of the Edwards and Henrys. Nothing more strongly marks the respect in which such pursuits are held, than the fact of those sacred documents, which are altogether inaccessible to others, and the mere transcripts of which can only be procured at a high price for legal purposes, being put gratuitously into the hands of the student. It would be tedious to enumerate the other depositories of similar treasures to the Irish historian in England. Stowe, we believe, is now inaccessible, or nearly so, a churlish and a solitary exception to the long and honorable list of open English libraries.

We owe an explanation to our own University, which we may seem to have placed invidiously in comparison with other institutions. It is true, the public do not derive an advantage from its library proportionate to that enjoyed by them in the library of the British Museum. But it must be borne in

mind, that the British Museum is a public institution, bound to give value in this and other ways for yearly grants of the public money, while the University of Dublin is an independent corporation, governed by a charter which limits the use of its library to certain qualified persons; so that the utmost the liberality of the heads of the College can effect, is to give to those persons the best means of information, and the most suitable species of accommodation in their power. The first they have provided, and continue to provide, liberally and creditably; but we must renew our protest against the inadequacy of their provision (if provision it can be called) for the latter. Hitherto we have spoken of printed books and manuscripts in the English and Latin languages only. With regard to the more valuable Irish MSS. those which form the chief riches of the Royal Irish Academy and University libraries, we have less to say, as we conceive that the contents of these or any other works in the antique dialect of a language which it requires the study of years to understand, do not come legitimately within the sphere of our present subject. The object proposed is rather to give such occasional papers as may seem calculated to show that the study of accessible works on Irish history (which, we admit, it is our main purpose to inculcate) is neither dry nor barren, but abounds with as much food for amusing speculation and profitable reflection as is generally found to accompany the record of human life in other countries.

THE THAUMATURGISTS.

AT what period the primitive faith in Ireland became overlaid with those fantastic fables which are found in such abundance in all the legends of our early saints, it is hard to determine. For, if we condemn them all as forgeries of the purely monkish times, we cut away the authority on which a considerable part of the argument for the existence of any other than superstitious times in Ireland is made to rest. And if we recognize them as compositions of the early ages they purport to belong to, we find ourselves encumbered with a load of exploded absurdities in the very place where we have been accustomed to look for a church comparatively pure. That the discipline

of any church, which, after the first conversion of a naturally sanguine and pious people, had no difficulty whatever to contend against for several centuries, should continue perfect among all the temptations to abuse arising out of undisputed authority and the contagion of barbarous manners, is far from probable; nor would it be reasonable to expect that the Irish church in the seventh century should exhibit the same simplicity which is traceable in our records of her in the fifth. Barbarism and superstition are mutually productive of one another. During the period between the decline of letters and the invention of the art of printing, the temptation to play upon the credulity

of uneducated minds was of daily occurrence. Where the means were so obvious, and the ends which might appear, however imperfectly, to be attained by them, so important, it is scarcely probable that they would not be used. Among the old Irish in particular, the popular taste for fiction, the enthusiastic and imaginative turn of the national mind, the remote situation of the country, out of the way of dispute, and of that enquiry which attends on argument, the repugnance to moral teaching which long familiarity with strife and bloodshed cannot but have created among the mass of the people—all these were concurrent inducements to the ecclesiastic to indulge the prevalent taste of his disciples, and where he could not combat their ignorance with legitimate weapons to turn their imaginations against their dispositions, and excite at least a pious sentiment where he had failed in raising a religious feeling. Such, probably, was the first step to superstition, a step fatal as it was false; for, of all other appetites none grows with what it feeds on more ravenously than this craving after the supernatural, and he who has ministered to it once, must be prepared with a continual supply of similar aliment, if he would not see all influence and office taken out of his hands and seized into those of more inventive providers. Whether the first step was provoked by the people, or volunteered by the clergy, the consequences were the same. Whether superstition begot ignorance, or ignorance begot superstition, it is certain that each was infinitely reproduced and multiplied in the issue.

It is not pretended to fix the date of the first fable, nor to trace the reciprocal effects of appetite and indulgence throughout the process of accumulating folly; but to take the result as it is found in the whole collection of legendary traditions, as received in Ireland at the time when this accumulation had reached its height. This period may be fixed at some time before the sixteenth century, after which the credit of these fictions had materially declined, although their general collection was not much attended to till about a century later.

John of Teignmouth, who flourished in 1366, seems to have been the first to make a regular collection of the lives of Irish saints, whom he includes with those of Britain, in that "great magazine," from which Capgrave, in 1526,

borrowed most part of his *Nova Legenda*. Capgrave was followed by Messingham, who, in 1624, published at Paris his *Florilegium Sanctorum Hibernie*, a work which, in like manner, furnished the materials of Dempster's Ecclesiastical History of the Scots, three years after. Dempster was a determined pirate where the plunder was a saint, and appropriated to his own country many of the brightest ornaments of the Florilegy. "This prize," says Nieholson, "was retaken with reprisals in abundance by John Colgan, an Irish friar mendicant, and divinity lecturer in the University of Louvain, who published three large volumes of the lives of some hundreds of saints that are supposed to have been born or bred (or at least that lived some years) in the kingdom of Ireland. The two former of these, though last printed, he named *Triadis Theomaturge, sive Divorum Patricii, Columbe, et Brigide, trium veteris seu majoris Scotie seu Hibernie Sanctorum Insule, communium patronum, Acta* (*Fol. Louvain, 1647.*) Into these he has transcribed all the (long and short) lives that he could meet with, either in print or manuscript, which had been written of these three famous contemporary saints; saving that he has contented himself with laying before his readers seven or eight of the most bulky of those of St. Patrick, which were all compiled by the apostle's own disciples, and which (he verily believes) contain all that's to be found in sixty-six by other hands. His third volume is called *Acta Sanctorum Veteris et Majoris Scotie, &c.* (*Fol. Louvain, 1645.*) In this he has hooked in most of the old holy men and women in England and Scotland: so that even Dempster himself could not be more intent on multiplying the Scotch army of saints and martyrs, than Colgan of raising recruits for that of his own native country, &c." As a key to the ancient topography of the country, Colgan's annotations are invaluable; but his *Acta* include the lives of those saints only whose festivals fall before the end of the month of March, so that the lives of the Irish saints whose feasts fall during the remaining three-fourths of the year are still to be collected. It is said that the remainder of Colgan's work still exists in MSS. at Louvain. From the inestimable importance of the notes in Irish topography, it is much to be desired that these MS. collections should be given to

the world. Of the probable value of the text, an estimate will be formed from the references to Colgan, throughout the remainder of this paper. For the lives of those saints which are not included in the above works, recourse must be had to the general *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, where they will be found under the dates of their proper festivals. Their numbers were immense. Archbishop Usher enumerates over 650 Irish saints from the year 433 to the year 664. In the martyrology of *Ængus* are enumerated 62 classes of homonymous Irish saints. Among these are 34 Mochumii, 37 Moluani, 43 Lasarian's, 58 Mochuans, and above 200 of the name of Colman. Colgan also mentions 23 Columba's, 84 Columbanus's, and about 120 Colman's. In point of numbers, then, Ireland is plainly entitled to her title of *insula sanctorum*, and that her claim to the same distinction, on the ground of the lives and actions of this host of holy men, ought not to be disputed, will, we think, appear equally plainly from the following summary of the *Acta* of some of the most distinguished of them.

Before entering on such a mass of materials, it will be necessary to adopt some classification. The most natural division seems to be into fables of direct suggestion, and fables of the imagination. The process by which an accident, a chance coincidence, or a dexterous feat may be magnified into a miracle, in superstitious times, even without the sanction of the person to whom such powers are attributed, is so familiar that we need not dwell on its causes, but proceed to mark its effects by a few instances taken at random. It is recorded by Cogitosus, (a writer, it is said, of the seventh century,) in his life of Brigid, that, having distributed the produce of her churning among the poor, she had a second gathering of butter miraculously vouchsafed to her: (*vit. Brigid. c. 2.*) Here is nothing impossible, yet this is associated with alleged miracles the most stupendous. The latter were most probably believed on the credit of the former, and here we have an instance of the rise of a miraculous reputation. Of the same character are the following: Brigid divides her suet with the dog, yet the dumping is nothing lessened thereby. (*ibid. c. 4.*) She takes three milkings a day from her cow to provide sweet milk for the bishop, and

obtains as much by these three milkings of one cow, as the ordinary milkings of three cows would yield. (*c. 6.*) She makes a hungry dog abstain from clean pudding. (*c. 14.*) This last exercise of power will probably remind some readers of the anecdote of a distinguished controversialist and dog fancier of the present day, whose greyhounds eat no fleshmeat on Fridays. Again, St. Columba changes crab apples to sweet pippins. (*Adamnan vit. Columb. c. 23.*) He draws thorns to admiration. (*c. 112.*) He has wonderful success in recovering stolen cattle. (*c. 113.*) He sails against wind and tide. (*c. 22.*)—So little idea had the old Irish of sailing on a wind, that an omen of the fall of Galway was drawn from the fact of the English fleet being seen beating to windward in the bay, on their first arrival on that coast.—The anecdote is told, if we recollect right, in the annals of Innisfallen.) He stays a bloody flux, (*c. 18.*) He restores a wife's affections to her husband, (*c. 41.*) &c. &c. It were idle to accumulate instances of the same sort from the lives of other saints, where any one who possesses sufficient curiosity may find them on almost every subject from the milking of a sticking cow, (*vit. Maidoc. c. 23.*) to the procuring of maternal joys for a long barren matron, (*vit. Columbanus apud Messingham.*)

A few of these, whether in example or in practice, suffice. For, as soon as a miraculous reputation has been established by the success of any fable however trifling, succeeding legend-writers have nothing to fear from scepticism in adding whatever more stupendous wonders their learning or their imagination can enable them to adapt. As might naturally be expected, the miracles of the Old and New Testaments are those, which, after the first establishment of a character for Thaumaturgy, furnish the most numerous, because the most readily suggested examples. To enumerate the various imitations, repetitions, and exaggerations of Scripture miracles which abound among these legends, would be a tedious as well as a disagreeable task. Suffice it to say, that there is no character of Scripture history so exalted as not to have, among these creatures of imagination, a rival or rivals in the most stupendous exercises of divine power. A note is subjoined in which the necessary references will be found to enable such readers as

are so inclined to satisfy themselves more fully of the extent of these imitations.*

We gladly hasten from this part of our subject to profane history, which seems to have furnished some sufficiently curious materials. We are told in the *Fasti Romani*, that in the consulship of Marcus Viniteus and T. Statilius Taurus, in the time of the emperor Claudius, a young woman, after

much pain, suffered a metamorphosis into the opposite sex, on account of which prodigy Claudius founded an altar to Jupiter Averruncius; again, that in the consulship of Sillanus Torquatus and Quintus Austerius, a like event befel another female: which Pliny appears to corroborate by stating, (l. 7, c. 4.) that when in Africa, he saw one Cassicus, a citizen of Tripoli,

* The contest of Moses and Aaron with the sorcerers of Pharo is repeated in the lives of Patrick, Berach, and Columba, (see life of Patrick in Book of Armagh; Betham's *Antiq. Researches*, appendix; and Colgan, vol. 1, p. 342; vol. 2, p. 16, 24, 41, 75, 411.) Moses' miraculous production of water from the rock will be found *totidem verbis* in the lives of Columba and Columbanus (Triad. Thaum. p. 352, 420; Jonas in vit. Columbani, c. 10.) The passage of the Red Sea is repeated in the instance of St. Attracta and his people (Colgan, v. 1, p. 528), and that of the Jordan in the instances of St. Abban, St. Patrick, and St. Fridian, (Colgan, v. 1, p. 617, 641; v. 2, p. 86, 89.) Joshua's stopping the course of the sun is repeated in the life of St. Fechin, of Fore, in Westmeath—a similar miracle is asserted by Campion (if we recollect aright) to have taken place in much later days, "the sun standing still in his epicycle and hastening not to go down for about six hours," till the English had defeated an Irish army in the red bog of Athy. The destruction of Gentile idols is repeated in the lives of Saints Buo, Abban, Hiber, and Patrick. (Colgan, v. 1, p. 256, 370, 613; v. 2, p. 23, 77, 115, &c.) N. B.—The references to Colgan are adapted to the work, as bound in two volumes, the second being the Trias.

The following extracts chiefly from the "Index moralis" of the Trias, will, in some degree, exhibit the extent to which the miracles of the New Testament have been appropriated.

WATER.—St. Patrick turns water into honey, p. 116, 119—into fire, p. 11. St. Columba turns water into wine, p. 333, 338—a whole well of water into do. p. 398; St. Brigid turns water into ale, p. 516, 519, 528, 571—into milk, p. 529—into honey, p. 538, 551, &c. St. Abban walks on the water (Colg. v. 1, vit. Abbani)

LOAVES.—St. Columbanus feeds 60 monks with two loaves, so that all were filled and more left. (Jonas in vit. Columbani, c. 16.)

FISHES.—St. Columbanus procures a miraculous draught of fishes (Jonas, c. 10.)

THE BLIND made to see, by St. Patrick, p. 11, 35, 44, 93;—by St. Columba, p. 432, 443;—by St. Brigid, p. 529, 530, 548, &c. &c.

THE LAME made to walk, by St. Patrick, p. 93, 124, 141;—by St. Brigid, p. 535.

THE DUMB made to speak, by St. Brigid, p. 529, 579, 530, 548, 562, &c.

THE DEAD brought to life, by St. Patrick—one boy, p. 11—another man, p. 36—another, p. 156—another, dead 27 years, p. 26—nineteen others, resuscitated and made monks, p. 83—two daughters of king Leogarius, p. 47—a certain giant, dead 100 years, and with him 14 others, p. 26, 43, 81—Ectra, a woman, p. 57—a man, p. 27—another, p. 45—one Eochy, p. 83—the grandsire of one who would not believe the resurrection, p. 84—Garvanus, a robber, p. 45—two women, p. 79—a son and daughter of the king of Dublin, p. 80—Eronata, a virgin, p. 46—Thirty-three at once, p. 106.—By St. Columba, Cruthencanus, his tutor, p. 364—the son of king Edus, p. 398—another man, at Raphoe, p. 399—Conla, an artisan many years before burned to ashes, p. 405—a certain drowned king, p. 406—another man, p. 411.—By St. Brigid, a certain infant that had died the day it was born, p. 347 St. Patrick, for a while, p. 592, &c.

This portion of the note might easily be extended to twice its length, for the personages to whose lives the references are made are but three out of a calendar of almost three times as many hundreds, all claiming miraculous powers. In raising the dead particularly, the heroes and heroines of the Trias boast only divided honors with the Irish saints, Senan, Fridian, Fursey, Dunchad, Keiran of Clonmanoise, Deicola, Fechin, Molagga, Cadoch, Gildas, Maidoc, Attracta, Berach, Fintan, Dagmar, Monnu, Brendan, Aidus, Tigernach, Cathald, Mochemoc, Abban, and divers others whose festivals fall after March, and who, therefore, are not to be found in Colgan, among whom may be mentioned, St. Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop of Dublin at

who had at one time been a female ; and Livy, who writes a similar anecdote of a girl of Spoletum, during the second Punic war. Much more upon the same subject may be seen in St. Augustin, de Civitate Dei, l. 8, c. 31, in the Sixth Book of Hippocrates, and the Ninth of Gellius. St. Augustin was probably the means of conveying the information to our Irish ecclesias-

tics, who did not long permit so available a hint to lie unemployed ; for as early as the seventh century if we are to believe himself, we find the author of the life of St. Abban, the apostle of Tipperary and Kildare, telling of that distinguished thaumaturgist, that he effected a like transmutation for a nobleman of Ely O'Carrol ; while the author of the life of Gorald, bishop

the time of the English invasion, whose pretensions will be best gathered from what is stated in the Bull decreeing his canonization. This document, which affords an abstract of the views of the church at that period on the subject of miraculous interpositions, as well as an interesting account of the mode pursued in investigating the claims of candidates for the honor of canonization, may be seen in the original Latin in the 3d volume of the *Bullarium Magnum Romanum*, from which it has been transcribed by Messingham into his *Florilegy*.

Honorius the third, Pope, to the universal faithful in Christ, of the Diocese of Rouen, health and apostolic benediction.

The unspeakable providence of God, duly dispensing things suitable to every season, begat his church as from the womb, amid the splendors of the saints, and while rendering them illustrious by the frequent light of those miracles which accompanied her birth, and amazing the Gentile with their glory, gathered those whom it had begotten for the faith of Jesus Christ, (in whose name, and by whose power they saw that those things were done,) into the number of the children of his adoption.

§ 1. Afterwards, when the number and multitude of the faithful began to increase, the people called out of darkness walking, according to his prophecy, in the light of the light of the Lord their God, that wonderful Dispenser changed, as it were, his lightnings into rain, and, intermitting those signs and wonders which were no longer needful for the faithful, did raise up pastors for new nations, to instruct the same in knowledge and in doctrine, as by the mouth of Jeremiah he had promised, who might fill the land of the faithful-hearted with the dews of doctrine, and who, having extirpated the thorns of vice might fecundate that soil to the production of the germ of virtues, and the fruit of good works.

§ 2. But, inasmuch as the Catholic, by the freezing of charity, groweth torpid in the performance of good works, and the Heretic, his error leading him devious, strays away ; while the Jew, the veil still remaining drawn over his heart, sees but obscurely ; and the Pagan, his daystar not yet being risen, still walks in darkness ; the tender-hearted Lord, who desires not that any man should perish, from time to time renews his signs, and pitifully alters the tenor of his dispensations by shewing forth, miraculously, the merits of certain of those of the Church Militant, whom in the Church Triumphant he glorifies. That so the Catholic, the torpor of his mind being cast off, may be awakened to the just exercise of good works, that the Heretic, his error being abandoned, may be withdrawn from his by-path to the way, and that the Jew and the Pagan, the true light being recognized, may escape from the darkness and from the shadow of death, and may run to Christ, the light, the way, the truth, and the life.

§ 3. Wherefore, inasmuch as the body of Laurence, Archbishop of Dublin of holy memory, shining in the light of miracles vouchsafed by the Divine power, now happily reposes at the church of St. Mary de [] in the diocese of Rouen, our venerable brother the archbishop, and our beloved sons of the chapter of Rouen ; together with the abbot and brotherhood of the said church, and with many other archbishops and bishops, abbots and religious men, intimating to us by their letters the distinguished and shining miracles of his venerable life, have humbly prayed that we would have it in our care to enrol him in our calendar of saints, inasmuch as by the apostolic authority, a fitting honor may be shewn to him on earth, who appears by such clear signs and evident arguments, in heaven to be held in honor.

§ 4. But albeit it is becoming that human devotion should with prompt affection honor those whom the divine favor honors, nevertheless, being desirous in an affair of this nature to proceed, according to the practice of the apostolic see with becoming maturity, we gave in charge to the aforesaid archbishop, and to our dean and treasurer

of Mayo, assured us, that to secure the descent of the crown of Connaught, the latter saint not only resuscitated the dead daughter of the king of that province, but made her fit to inherit under the Salique law at the same time. (*Acta S. S. Hib.* v. 1, pp. 600, 601.) Madame de Genlis, who who had nearly killed herself by jumping, in hopes to effect a similar metamorphosis—for, an event of this nature

was said to have occurred in France, in consequence of excessive jumping a short time before—would have derived great consolation from the story of Colgan, who, in his annotation on one of the above passages, declares that “they who smile at such an expectation, ought rather themselves to be the objects of laughter, as being manifestly ignorant of history, both natural and civil.” It may be as well

of Rouen, that they should with all diligence enquire concerning the life of the said Laurence, and the truth of his miracles, and that they should faithfully certify us of the same, in order that, these things being fully ascertained, we might the more safely gratify the pious wishes of our suppliants.

§ 5. But they, diligently following out our commands, and not being able to be certified of the life and conversation of the aforesaid Laurence by the people of that country, for that he being taken with his disorder while making his journey through the said parts fell sick at their church, where he departed from this light on the eighth day, wrote to our venerable brother the archbishop of Dublin, that he would make search into, and inform them of the truth of, this matter by his letters. But he, being occupied with the affairs of the illustrious king of the English on the other side of the Irish sea, and not being able to make that enquiry in person, committed his charge in this matter to our venerable brethren the bishop of Kildare, his suffragan, and the prior of the Holy Trinity in Dublin. And he at length directed to them of Rouen the letters of these personages, containing full confirmation of the sanctity of life and conversation of the aforementioned Laurence, testified by their hands and seals; which, together with the depositions of the witnesses examined touching the miracles, they transmitted to us under their proper seals.

§ 6. But, from the tenor of these letters we have collected that the aforesaid Laurence was the son of the king and queen of Ireland, and was from his infancy learned in the Holy Scriptures; that he exhibited in his youth the gravity of mature years, and that he put away from him the temptations of worldly vanities far beyond the degree which at such an age is customary.

§ 7. That afterwards being chosen to the archbishopric of Dublin, he proceeded from virtue to virtue, and was so assiduous in prayer, so austere in self-mortification, and in the bestowal of charity so unbounded, as to have entirely dedicated himself to the service of God.

§ 8. But, by the depositions of the aforesaid witnesses, it appears manifest that his holy life was testified by so many successive miracles, that he who would write them one by one would have to compile no inconsiderable history. But, that we should omit how the lame received their activity, the dumb their speech, lepers their cleansing, and those afflicted with divers maladies their health, on the invocation of his name, and that we should merely mention those which shine forth peculiarly among his other miracles;

§ 9. The said saint—yea, rather God for his glorious merits—miraculously raised to life seven dead persons, whereof one was of three days' date.

§ 10. Being therefore certified of his sanctity by such miracles, and following the divine judgment which has intimated his glorification to us by such evident arguments, we have inscribed his said blessed name in our calendar of the saints, and have decreed that he is to be enumerated among the company of the Holy Confessors, and among those to be adored by the faithful of Christ.

§ 11. Decreeing that his venerable festival from henceforth, yearly, shall be solemnly celebrated on the 18th of the kalends of December. And we advise your University and exhort you in the Lord, as worshippers of God with devout minds, and anxious to benefit by the example of so much virtue, that you humbly supplicate the suffrages of the same most glorious confessor with the Lord.

§ 12. And we, relying on the mercy of Almighty God, and by the authority of the blessed Peter and Paul, to all truly repentant persons having confessed, who at the aforesaid church, on the day of the feast of the aforesaid most holy confessor, or within eight days after, shall come to solicit the suffrages of his prayers, have tenderly relaxed twenty days of the penances on them enjoined.

Given at Rome, the 3d of the Ides of December, and in the tenth year of our pontificate.

to add, that medical men of the present day see nothing miraculous in such phenomena.

The existence of the island of Atlantis, mentioned by so many of the classic writers, seems to have conspired with the old tradition of O'Brasil, in producing the fable of Saint Brendan. His navigation to the Land of Promise has been lately published in a cotemporary work, from a French rythmical romance, seemingly founded on the story quoted from several sources by Colgan, who tells us that he finds the 22nd of March marked as the feast of the migration of St. Brendan and his family, in the martyrology of Tamlacht (Tallow) written before the year 787. The Bollandists affect to doubt the perfect accuracy of all that Colgan brings forward, and it is sufficiently amusing to hear the men who assure us with a grave face that Saint Fingar (for instance) carried his head in his hands for some days after his decapitation, telling us to receive *cum grano salis* the apocryphal voyages of Brendan, which after all are neither very ridiculous nor altogether unworthy of some pretensions to historical foundation. The legend states that Brendan and his fourteen companions having heard from one Saint Barinthus of the existence of a western island where the inhabitants lived most happily, feeding only on nuts and apples, determined to go in search of it across the Atlantic. Their boat was covered with cow-hides, well greased with butter, and had one mast and a square sail. They put to sea from the neighbourhood of Brandon-hill in Kerry, and sailed westward till overtaken by a mist and calen; then losing their reckoning they drifted hither and thither for seven years till they came back, says Johannes á Sancto Bosco, by way of the Orcades and the Out isles; but whether they reached their destination in the Land of Promise is not clearly stated; only we are told that Brendan gave a full account of the whole matter to Abban while they remained together, "engaged in divine colloquies and angelical visitations" on the occasion of the latter saint's visit to Brendan's country.

Those who would read further of Brendan, as of his annual celebration of Easter during this seven years' navigation on the back of a whale;—of the miserable condition in which he found ~~himself~~ chained to a rock of the ~~island~~ right of Paradise which he ~~and his companions~~, &c. &c. are directed

by Girald Cambrensis to read the book written about him, which is probably one of those enumerated by Nicholson in his Historical Library, p. 86.

The Pagan mythology has few materials for the legend writer to imitate. Had they been more numerous we might be sure of finding them laid under more frequent contribution. As it is, we must confine our examples to the only metamorphoses besides that already mentioned, which we know of in the Irish Acta. The first are cases of the deformed transformed, in which truly charitable work St. Fechin, St. Patrick and St. Berachus were the Rowlands of their day. The only instance of malicious transformation we recollect is that related by Girald Cambrensis, as having been performed by St. Natalis.

"About three years before the coming of Earl John to Ireland," he says, "it happened to a certain priest journeying from the parts of Ulster towards Meath, to spend the night in a forest on the borders of the latter country. Now while he was sitting meditating by the light of a fire which he had kindled under shelter of a leafy tree, with no companion but a single boy, strange to relate, a wolf approached and thus accosted them—'Be not surprised: you have no need for alarm;' adding, when he saw that they were overcome with terror and unable to reply, that, before God, what he said was true. Therefore, being strictly enjoined by the priest, and adjured by the Almighty God, and the faith of the Trinity not to harm them, but to declare what sort of creature he might be that thus in a bestial shape enunciated human speech, he made fit answer to each interrogatory, and further added, 'We are of a certain kindred of the men of Ossory, two of whom, namely, a male and a female, are once in every year compelled by virtue of the malediction of a certain Saint called Natalis the Abbott, to become exiles alike from home and from the appearance of humanity, being metamorphosed into wolves and sent to roam the woods for the space of seven years, which time being completed, they then, if still surviving, return to their natural shapes and former habitations, their places being filled by two others subject to a like condition. And, as for the companion of my own exile (said the wolf) she lieth not far from hence grievously sick; and I would, if it please you, that, as she is even now at the point of death, you would afford to her the consolations of your office by permitting her to look on her Saviour ere she dies.'—Whereupon the

trembling priest follows his wolfish guide to a tree near at hand, in the hollow of which he beholds a female wolf—in appearance a wild animal, yet moaning and groaning with a human voice. The moment she saw him she gave him a courteous salutation, and rendered fervent thanks to God for having vouchsafed her so much consolation in a strait so urgent; and so to the completion of the communion, received every rite, orderly and fitly at the hands of the priest, whom, however, she importuned most suppliantly to complete his bountiful dispensation by bestowing on her also the viaticum; but when the priest firmly denied that he had such in his possession, the wolf, which had retired to a little distance, returned, and pointed out to him a little manual, containing some consecrated unguent, which the priest, as is the custom of the country, carried on his journey suspended from his neck beneath his cassock. The wolf moreover besought him that he would not deny them that boon which Providence had thus destined for their comfort; and therefore, to remove all doubt from the mind of the priest, making use of his paw as it were a hand, he pulled off and folded back the whole hide of the female as far as her middle, and straight there appeared the form of an aged woman beneath. Having seen this, the priest, more on the impulse of terror than of reason, no longer resisted their entreaties, but administered; and forthwith the skin being pulled back, the wolf resumed its former appearance. The ceremony being thus performed, by *rite*, rather than *right*, the wolf throughout the night gave them his company, more like a man than a beast, beside the fire. Then, upon day-break, leading them out of the wood, he gave many and sure directions to the priest for the remainder of his journey; and on his departure returned many thanks to him for the benefit he had bestowed, engaging however, to give him much more effectual acknowledgments should God ever recall him for that exile, whereof he had already fulfilled two parts out of three."

(Girald. Cambrens. Topogr. Hib. c. 31.)

Messingham, who quotes this story in an appendix to his *Florilegy*, expresses a surprise bordering on indignation, that Colgan should have omitted such a signal miracle from his life of Natalis in the *Acta*.

We now proceed to fables of direct invention, or such as do not appear to be founded either on probable circumstances or adapted from example in sacred or profane history. Here, where the fancy of a proverbially ima-

ginative people had full scope, we may be prepared to expect absurdities of a still more whimsical character, and assuredly we shall not be disappointed; but materials so copious as now flow in on us require a farther arrangement. We will commence with those relating more immediately to the person—of these there is a numerous class devoted to what has been called ante-natal history. Dreams and prophecies constitute the majority, but these may be omitted as having by this time lost their raciness for the reader, and as more properly belonging to the preceding division of the subject. The first objection will not, we think, apply to the following. St. Fursey, while yet unborn, hearing his grandfather condemn his mother to death for the supposed fault to which he owed his existence, astonished his cruel relative—as indeed well he might—by declaring from his place that his daughter was an honest woman, adding (for the very words are preserved) with a gravity which must be admitted to be worthy of maturer years, "*Indignum est certe cujusvis conditionis homini, filiam suam tradere igni, nisi probabili causa exigente, et rationabili.*" Colgan, however, in his annotation states that such an event, although "*rarius quidam,*" is nevertheless a thing not altogether unheard of, and instances St. Barr, the founder of the Cathedral of Cork; but it is to be regretted that what Barr said has not been handed down with verbal accuracy. A story not quite so wonderful, but of the same sort, is told by Sabelius (l. 5, c. 1.) of St. Brictus of Turin, who having been accused of standing in an unbecoming degree of relationship to an expected visitant, was triumphantly exculpated by the infant pronouncing his acquittal with its first breath of atmospheric air. Persons curious in such matters may consult (if they can find them) Cælius l. 29, c. 14; and Marulus, l. 1, c. 1, mentioned as authorities by Colgan. Another distinguished infant was St. Cathaldus, who would seem to have been destined rather for secular than spiritual employment in Ireland, for his head was so hard that when he pitched on it at a very early age, so early indeed that it would be difficult to assign any prior event in his life, the stone on which he fell yielded to the impression like wax, and the embryo Dinmont started unhurt to his feet, and flew to the assistance of his fainting mother. This stone, like those

which accompanied the births of Saint Columba and St. Gerald, possessed great curative virtues, especially in obstetric cases; and holy water mingled in the cavity of it, has always been found peculiarly efficacious. (*Acta S.S. Hib. vol. 1, p. 544.*)

The youth of characters whose infancy was so remarkable was of course far from being in any instance tame or commonplace. An Irish Saint who had led an ordinary life would have had little chance of attention among the crowd of thaumaturgists of every age and degree of pretension around him. The faculty of wonder soon becomes pallied by abuse, and the stimulus of prurient associations is generally called in when mere marvellousness has failed to excite active admi-

ration; thus the dolt of superstition, whose deadened powers of wonder had lain dormant under the dull repetition of holy footprints impressed on common stones, would be stirred perhaps to a species of sluggish devotion by the peculiarity of circumstances attending on the impression of St. Cathald's head in the block of marble, and if this still failed to rouse him, he would surely acknowledge the titillation of such a legend as the following which we may suppose administered by the spiritual empiric in the same way as the village doctor, after all other stimulants have failed to awake a comatose patient, applies a red-hot poker to the back of his neck, or a heated brick to the soles of his feet.

HYMN FROM THE OFFICE (FUNERAL SERVICE) OF ST. FIACRE.

Lucernæ novæ specula
Illustratur Hibernia;
Coruscat Meldis insula
Tantæ lucis præsentia.

Hibernia to her constellation
Of saints has got a bright accession,
Whose shining light adorns our story
And clothes the banks of Marne with glory.

Illa misit Fiacrum,
Hæc missum habet radium,
Habent commune gaudium
Hæc patrem illa filium:

For 'twas Hibernia hither sent us
The good Fiacre to content us;
Whence she and we rejoice together,
She in a son, we in a father.

Ad vitam solitariam
Suspirans, exit patriam;
Faronem Meldis reperit
Cui suum votum aperit:

To lead a hermit's life intending
He from his home in sorrow wending
To our good bishop did apply him,
Who, studying how to gratify him,

Hunc loco solitario
Locat in sole proprio;
Fit Ioanni similis,
Cultor deserti sterilis:

Far in a forest unfrequented,
A hermitage to him presented:
A place for penitence the aptest,
Indeed, a desert for John Baptist.

Dum locum signat baculo,
Novo nemus miraculo
Tanquam cæsum dejicitur,
Humo, non fossa, cingitur.

Here while with's staff he traced his mearing
The woods (some angel's hatchet clearing)
Fell down, as if before the woodman,
And left a garden for the goodman.

Sic sancti viri meritum
Locī dilatat ambitum;
Res innotescit sæminæ,
Recusat ut de crimine;

While thus on heavenly aid depending
Fiacre was his bounds extending,
A wicked wife who heard the rumor
And thought it all the work of glamour;

Damnat opus malefici,
Diffamat artem magici;
Præstantus hic præsidii
Lassus insedit lapidi;

Loud raised the hideous cry of witch up
And down upon him brought the bishop:
Meanwhile the saint, such toil oppress'd him,
Sat down upon a stone to rest him.

Lapis cedit nec cæditur,
Petræ sedes insculpitur;
O femine nequitia
Petræ major duritia.

His sacred seat the stone indented
And left its holy mark imprinted,
Whereby that hussy 'twas evinced on
That woman's heart's more hard than whinstone.

Orat ne loci intret limina
Immunis ulla sæmina;

Wherefore he prayed to God to hear him
And plague all women that came near him,

Hæc est causa cœr fœminæ ;
Arcetur ejus limine :

Which is the reason that to enter
His blessed gates no she may venture.

Hic miseri refectum
Infirmis refrigerium
Peregrinis hospitium,
Spes lapsis, moestis gaudium.

But here the weakly and the weary
Of the other sex may safely tarry ;
Here's entertainment for the stranger
And rest for all in grief or danger.

Vitam arctat jejuni
Somno brevi, ciliis,
Se dum occultat latebris
Mundo fit magis celebris :

His days he shortened much by fasting,
By haircloth shirts, and vigils wasting ;
But all the more he strove to hide him
The more all just men glorified him.

Virtutum fulget titulus
Medetur cæcis oculis,
Polypo, fœco, calculis,
Febribus, morbis singulis :

The cures he wrought must live for ever,
He cured all ailments, eke the fever,
The wen, the wart, the gout, the gravel—
Made blind men see, and cripples travel.

Fidentem in Fiacrio
Nulla lædet corruptio
Pia ejus devotio
Purgat ab omni vitio. Amen.

So whoso trusts in good Fiacre
Need never fear the undertaker ;
For all his friends, by his devotion,
Are made secure of their promotion. Amen.

A book might be written on the subject of impressions on stones. The phenomena are too numerous to be all the effects of chance or trickery. If it be the fact, as some well-informed persons have supposed, that the stones on which footprints of men and other animals have been found, were, at the time of their receiving the impression, in an unconsolidated state, the theory of the solidification of such masses might acquire a species of chronological accuracy that seems to have been denied to almost every other branch of geology.* The traditions of superstition might thus be rendered subservient to the advancement of science. For example, we are told that St. Colman of Kilmacduagh, being in the desert of Burren† without food, King Aedus the 2nd, as he sat down to dinner in his palace of Durluss, took compassion on his destitute condition, and exclaimed, "Would that these dishes before me were rather before Colman, the man of God, in the wilderness, who by his manifold mortifications, and his prolonged fasts hath much better deserved his dinner this day." Whereupon all the plates and dishes took flight from the royal table, and went off through the air in the direction of Burren.

The king and his court, impelled by a natural curiosity, take horse and follow. Then might be seen such a chase as neither hunting nor hawking has furnished to the annals of field sports. The dishes clashing, the knives and spoons rattling, the stews and roast-meats steaming overhead—the king and his courtiers, with all their gillies and horseboys spurring and crossing themselves, and watering at the mouth as they come galloping over the borders of "the white-stoned slippery Burren" below—the son of Deach himself, surrounded by his half-famished disciples, on a hillock of bare limestone, in the distance, hailing the prodigy with outstretched hands—all forms a picture such as none but a Rabelais could have conceived, and none but a Hogarth have painted.

But the ardor of the chase receives a sudden check—the viands have now spread themselves before Colman and his hungry brethren, and lest their banquet should be interrupted by uninvited guests, King Aides and his courtiers are pulled up in mid-career by the interposition of a miraculous agency—"hærcut equites, hærent pedites, canes et equi sistuntur"—horse and foot, dogs and dog-boys take root

* Public attention has lately been drawn to some appearances of this kind on a rock on the S. W. coast of Scotland, on which the footprints are so numerous and of such various sizes as to render it almost impossible that they could have originated otherwise than by actual impression of the feet of a number of persons.

† For some description of this remarkable region in the county of Clare, see *Attractions of Ireland*, No. 1. in No. 43 of this Magazine for July, 1836.

in the rock so deeply and firmly, that to this day the foot-prints of men and hounds, and the hoof-tracks of steeds remain visible to all, inasmuch that the place has ever since been called *Bothar leanta na mias*—that is, the road of the hunters of dishes; which name it retains even to the present day.—(*Acta S. S. Hib. v. 1, p. 246.*)

Now, how trifling soever this story may appear, it must be admitted that it most probably took its rise from natural appearances; and whether the peculiar marks on the rocks of *Bothar leanta na mias* have arisen from a freak of nature, or from an artifice of man, or from the actual impression of foot-prints on the rock, when in an unconsolidated state, they are undoubtedly worthy the inquiry and attention of the next scientific traveller in that district.

Proceeding with these lives, it is almost impossible to procure any arrangement capable of being adapted to the multiform and multitudinous miracles with which the active imagination of their writers has stuffed them. A few other specimens may conclude the personal class. The fingers of Patrick served occasionally for candles (*Evin. c. 75*). His teeth were so bright, that when one of them fell into the Callan river, it was discovered by the luminous rays it emitted. The place from that event took its name of Clonfeacle—an appellation which it retains to the present day (*Jocelyn, c. 78.*) The feet of St. Bridget had a clarifying quality, which purified the kennels in which she trod. The head of St. Columba was commonly surmounted by a luminous halo or glory, and he had such a voice that his preaching could be heard eight miles off (*Adamn. c. 38, 10.*) &c.

Among the saints' personals may be reckoned their clothes, which have furnished materials for several legends. Thus, St. Bridget having got wet while tending her sheep, hangs up her dripping garments to dry on a ray of the sun, which she mistakes for a cord stretched across her apartment. The shaft of light supports its burthen like any other drying line, and remains so occupied till after midnight. (*Cogitosus, and Ultan, in Triad.*) This, however, was a feat by no means uncommon among both Irish and continental saints, and is appropriately accounted for by the writer of the life of St. Deicola, who observes, in annotating on a similar passage, that such an event was by no means improbable, inasmuch as a ray of light is nothing

more, "juxta definitionem philosophorum," than a *thickening*, as it were, of the atmosphere. St. Goar, St. Florentius, and St. Amabilis are recorded to have used luminous clothes-horses of the same description.—(*See 6th July, 7th Nov., and 19th Oct. in the general Acta.*)

The cowl of Columba deserves mention. It was possessed of expansive powers so great, that when necessary it could be made to cover an acre of ground; as on one occasion in the isle of Arran, it is said by a royal Irish writer to have done. The plot of ground so covered has been called ever since *Gort an chochail*, in commemoration.—(*O'Donnell. vit. Columb. c. 106.*) His cloak, however, as being the larger garment, possessed this property in a much higher degree, for with it we are told he once covered the whole of Tory island.—(*c. 73.*) This, however, with many other stories of the same kind, seem rather to belong to the class of fables of suggestion, for they are all evidently derived from the old Byrnie stratagem of the bull hide.

It would be tedious to dwell upon the virtues of holy staffs, sandals, gloves, and other articles of saintly attire. One anecdote, however, is worthy of insertion. Columba having deposited his garden gloves on a stone at the door of the monastery of Louvain, while at refectory, the raven which had escaped from Noah's ark pounces upon the right hand glove, and bears it off. This venerable bird, however, restores the spoil, on being threatened by the saint if he did not make restitution, with a failure of his next hatching.—(*Adamn. vit. Columb. c. 13.*)

To proceed from the immediate personals of the saints to the legends connected with their worldly affairs. The dairy naturally occupies the first place in the attention of a pastoral people; and here we find miraculous agencies at work from the milk-pail to the churn-dash. And yet there seems to have been little need for any utensils of the sort, when all the products of the dairy could be procured by the owners, *ex quovis ligno*. Thus Patrick makes milk out of stones, and butter and cheese out of snow balls (*Trias, pp. 27, 99, 199.*) Bridget boasts a milch cow in every fountain, and an unfailing supply of butter in the stalks of nettles. (*Trias, pp. 528, 541.*) And St. Mocheus possesses the rare secret of making one pound of butter last for four years in constant consumption,

and without diminution. (*Acta*, i. p. 780.) Elated with their power of procuring the produce of the dairy from so many sources, they seem to scorn the commonplace methods of the milk-maid. Bulls, wolves, stags, and *bucephalæ* are the favoured contributors to the holy pail; and when these run dry, rather than have recourse to secular methods, they milk the clouds of heaven.—(See *Life of Columba*, *Trias*, 354; *Life of Fechin*, *Acta* v. i. p. 186; and *Lives of Ægidius, Ailbæus, and Macharius, in the Bollandists*.)

After milk, the most important article is meal; but this does not appear to have been obtained with any thing like the same facility. The only interposition of miraculous agency is in the grinding. Thus the mill of St. Fechin of Fore, the mill-dam of which was formed by the saint boring the mountain with his staff, would grind no stolen grain. St. Fintan's mill at Kilmaige (?) possessed the same discriminating property, and in addition, would grind, if necessary without either wind or water. The mill of St. Luchern, in addition to a like quality, would grind no grain on Sundays. St. Senanus had an angel to turn his mill in Enniscattery. The mill of St. Berachus at Mullin-eland, ground two sorts of grain at once, yet kept the produce separate, &c. &c.—(See *Colgan*, v. i. pp. 132, 12, 532, 345; and *Girald Camb. topog.*)

The affairs of the cellar are but cursorily alluded to. The most remarkable legend on this subject is that told by Jonas of the keg of beer which the cellarer of Columbanus left unspiled, in his haste to obey some orders of the saint. The vessel not only miraculously retained the running liquor, but, keeping full, was found on the cellarer's return to be increased to double its former capacity—*præclarum obedientiæ miraculum*.—(*Jonas*, c. 15.)

A book of miraculous Georgics might be written on their agricultural pursuits. Columba sows after midsummer, and reaps in August. Columbanus's ridge remains unharmed, while all the other corn in the field is lodged by a thunder-shower; the sickle of Brigid obtains a similar favor. Columbanus has a wonderful pea, which needs not to be sown, but annually reproduces itself from the hard rock.

The same saint fills his barn with corn by the mere force of prayer, &c. &c. (See *Colgan* and *Messingham*).

The travelling equipage of these

powerful individuals was, at might be expected, equally extraordinary. St. Maidoc's chariot would run where the most active footman could not walk. St. Aed's ran equally well with whole or broken wheels (*Colgan* v. i. p. 209, 309.) St. Columba's, in like manner, with or without linchpins; as also the chariot of one Conlaid, blessed by St. Brigid; and Patrick had four chariots sent him out of heaven, which may be supposed to have possessed still more excellent qualities (*Triad*, pp. 692, 532, 101.) But the journeys of the saints by water were much more extraordinary. A leaf serves St. Hya to navigate on as far as the coast of Cornwall (*Messingham*, *Lives of the 782 Irish martyrs*.) St. Fechin crosses Loch Coutra in Galway on a stone (*Colgan*, v. i. p. 105.) The stone on which St. Maidoc was born serves afterwards for a ferry-boat (*do*, p. 225.) And Brigid sends a house to St. Senanus down the Shannon in an oier basket, and receives a present of cheese and salt by the same conveyance in return. (*Triad*, p. 536.)

Such were their lives; and death was but the beginning of a new exercise of supernatural power in their relics. The revenues of many monasteries arose in great part from offerings made at shrines in which these were kept. To get possession of the body of a saint after death, was on this account (independently of the natural wish for such memorials) an object of much greater importance to a fraternity, than to have the charge of his maintenance, and the experience of his discipline while alive. The legends illustrative of this observation are among the most interesting portions of the *Acta*. The following account of the death of Abban, which is taken nearly literally from his life in *Colgan*, would furnish the grounds of a striking romance.

The provost of Monastereven, to which St. Abban had retired in his old days, was a Meath man, who had a strong affection for his native town of Killabban, founded by this saint in the same county. Abban being forewarned of the day and hour of his own death, had confided the prediction to this friend alone, concealing news so disagreeable (as he thought) from the rest of the brethren. Now, when the provost began to consider what an advantage it would be to his native town to have the relics of so holy a man, he conceived in his own mind a project for making away with the body as soon

as the breath should be out of it. To this end he dispatched messengers to his people, desiring them to raise the men of North Leinster, and come to meet him on a certain day by the road which his messengers would point out. The Meath men joyfully perform his commands; and the provost, on the appointed night, sets about his preparations by yoking two oxen "which were very monks for docility and tameness," to a waggon which he had in readiness in the court-yard. Then ordering all the brethren to retire to rest, with the exception of some of his own immediate friends, to whom he divulged his purpose, they watched by the saint till the angels came according to prediction, and bore his spirit away from earth. Incontinently they place the body on the waggon, and the bullocks, conscious of their burthen, set forth, an army of exulting angels attending their footsteps, and light from heaven guiding them in their pious journey till morning. But before it was yet day the brethren were up in Monasterevan, and searching in vain through dormitory and hall for the precious invalid. But, dead or alive, the blessed body was gone, the provost's bed had not been slept in, and all the other Killabban men of the monastery were missing. The truth burst on them like a flash of lightning. They flew to their bell-ropes, and jangled forth such a peal of alarm as shortly raised the country, and brought the men of Kildare by hundreds to their gates. Here they found the good brotherhood weeping, lamenting, rending their garments, and deploring in piteous accents the loss of so much divine favour and secular good as they had confidently reckoned on from the possession of the stolen saint. The indignation of the hearers knew no bounds: they vowed to get back their holy man, or die in the pious quarrel; and ere the sun was well up, a goodly clump of spears, well flanked by croziers and crucifixes, was scouring the borders of Kildare, hot upon the track of the fugitives. The pious thieves are overtaken on the borders of Meath. Negotiation is useless. "He died among us," cries the one party:

"would you rob us of the clay that parted with its last breath under our very roof?" "He was born, and he lived among us," reply the others; "we will die sooner than ye shall touch a limb of our townsman." It is clearly no place for men of peace: the monks draw to one side, and reluctantly give the word to charge—when, lo! the waggon, with its precious burthen, is miraculously divided, so that no man can distinguish the one appearance from the other. One yoke of bullocks take their way towards Killabban, followed by the satisfied Meathmen; the other return towards Monasterevan, accompanied by the exulting army of Kildare. Thus each party leaves the field contented and *integris cutibus*: But alas for the fallacy of human hopes! no sooner did the phantom bullocks, which had lured away the rescuers from the pursuit of the true relicts, reach a ford in a certain river on their return, than they vanished from before their eyes, together with the semblance of a body which they seemed to carry, and left the brotherhood of Monasterevan to return to the dishonored banks of the Barrow empty and disappointed alike of profit and revenge. To determine on what principle the preference was given in this instance to the thieves, would be a good exercise for the ingenuity of a casuist. but to return to the bullocks. The ford in which they vanished retained the name of *Ath dain chielt*, or the ford of the hiding steers, down to the time of the writer, who lived, however, very shortly after (*Vit. Abbani*, c. 40, 41, 42, *apud Colgan*.) No doubt we are indebted to the ingenuity of the monks of Killabban (although the place itself is now unknown, except perhaps to Mr. O'Donovan, who is a greater Irish topographer than Colgan himself,) for many of the wondrous tales which afterwards must have rendered these relicts a cheap purchase even at the risk of bloodshed; and doubtless many an ounce of gold has been hung up at the shrine in Meath, which, but for the pious fraud of the provost of Monasterevan, would have adorned the altars of the latter town.*

Instances of similar contentions for

* In speaking of ounces of gold being hung up as offerings, we refer to the ring money which was at that time generally in use in Ireland. The late investigation of this subject by Sir William Betham has been attended by one of the most extraordinary *ex post facto* confirmations of inductive sagacity on record.

On the 23rd May and 27th June last, Sir William Betham read before the Royal

the bodies of departed saints, are of frequent occurrence in Irish ecclesiastical history. The people of Down and Armagh fought for possession of the relicts of Patrick, until the sea rose and separated them at Drumbo, near the present town of Belfast. The battle was nevertheless renewed, until at length the miracle of a duplicate waggon put an end to the fray, as in the case of Abban. The phantom bullocks, after leading the Armagh men as far as the borders of their own country, disappeared in the river Cab-canna, (probably the Newry water,) while the veritable body was borne by the true beasts to Downpatrick. (Jocelyn. vit. Pat. c. 195.) In like manner Clodovic, king of France, and a neighbouring potentate, were prevented from spilling one another's blood, for the possession of the body of Fursey; but, in this case the dispute was left to the arbitration of the

bullocks, which found in favour of Franka. (Vit. Furs. c. 11.) He who would see more on this subject, let him look to the life of St. Anthony of Padua, in the Bollandists.

Ireland's claim to her title of the Isle of Saints seems now effectually established. The ecclesiastical records of no other country of Christendom, can furnish such a farrago of the stuff that superstition is made of. The forty-eight folios of the general *Acta* of the saints of all nations, contain nothing to surpass, and few things to compare with, the Irish specimens. Still it must not be forgotten that, such as they were, these legends were for ages the chief vehicles of letters; their composition exercised the literary powers, as well as the invention of their authors, and the efforts to make the style worthy of the matter, must have kept up a classic emulation among men, who otherwise would have cared little for

Irish Academy, a paper in which he argued that all those annular and semi-annular articles in gold and brass which have been dug up in such vast quantities in Ireland, and have furnished such a fruitful topic of dispute to our antiquaries—some contending that they were double *patera* for libations, others that they were fibulae, and others that they were some peculiar ensigns of the mysteries of druidism—are nothing more than so many varieties of the primitive species of ring money, which was well-known to have been generally in use in Britain in the time of Cæsar.

In support of this hypothesis, there is given a series of wood cuts, representing first a perfect ring, next a ring slightly opened, next a ring somewhat more opened, with the ends slightly flattened, next an article of the shape of a horse shoe, with flattened cusps at either point; in the next specimen the cusps had been hollowed into cups, (to regulate the weight as was supposed), in the next the horseshoe had widened to a semicircle, and the cups were wider and deeper, and so on by gradual changes to the well-known double *patera* of Vallancey, which exhibits two bowls of gold connected by a short curved stem, and is indeed like anything in the world but money.

That the first three specimens were ring money was admitted on all hands, but with the horseshoe-shaped article there appeared to commence a different set of characteristics; so that, although it was in all probability of the same family with the double *patera*, it was by no means so clear that it bore any degree of relationship to the varieties of the ring. It thus becomes the middle term, as it were, of the argument, and on the proof of its having been used as money rested the whole value of Sir William's induction regarding the rest. But such a proof seemed impossible to be obtained, and so the essay rested for the present on conjecture.

In the beginning of the winter an outward bound vessel was wrecked on the coast of Cork. Among the goods washed on shore was a heavy box, which was found to contain an immense quantity of nondescript articles in an alloy of iron and copper, for which no imaginable use could be assigned. A specimen was brought to Sir William Betham. But that it was somewhat less worn than the horseshoe shaped article already in his possession, it would have been impossible to have said which was which. Immediate enquiries were made. The vessel was ascertained to have been chartered by Sir John Tobin from Liverpool for some port on the coast of Africa. Sir John Tobin was written to, and his reply contained a piece of intelligence corroborating Sir William's theory in the most conclusive manner. He states (so far as we can collect) that these articles had been manufactured to his order by a house in Birmingham, and were intended for the African market, to which he is in the habit of sending large quantities for barter with the natives of the country of Benin, who have used these articles for money from time immemorial. The conclusion of the king at arms now seems almost irresistible, and probably no theory ever was borne out by so extraordinary a confirmation.—(See *Trans. R. I. Academy*, vol. 18,

the preservation of the ancient models. To the legend writers of the middle ages we owe the preservation of almost all our classics; some of them have been handed down by men who loved their study, and stored them in their libraries. Some of them have been discovered on the vellum which had been employed by others for the vehicle of their own compositions. In Ireland, whatever history we possess, we have chiefly to thank them for; whatever remnants of the arts are found among us, in architecture, in sculpture in design, are more than half ecclesiastical. However anile the absurdities of their legends, they generally inculcate, at least, an innocent moral. The only remarkable instance to the contrary, is in the life of Brigid, by Cogitosus,* but the offensive paragraph

had been carefully expunged before the beginning of the seventeenth century. On the whole, much as these productions conduced to the obstruction of improvement in one respect, they have been of service in forwarding the revival of knowledge in another, and when we reflect, that among the body to whom, as authors, they are to be attributed, were such men as Johannes Erigena, the founder of philosophy in Britain, and Virgil, the anticipator of the system of Copernicus,† it becomes us rather to lament the temptations of the times, than to censure too severely the compliance of men, who, perhaps, were forced too often to go with the tide. But, it is much to be rejoiced at, that the tide now sets in a contrary direction.

* *Potentissima enim et ineffabilis fidei fortitudine, aliquam feminam post votum integritatis fragilitate humana in juvenili voluptatis desiderio lapsam, et habentem peregrinam et tumescentem vulvam, fideliter benedixit, et evanescente conceptu, sine partu, sine dolore, eam sanam ad penitentiam restituit.* (Cogit. in vit. Brigid. c. x.)

“But,” says Colgan, as quoted by Harris, “it doth not appear that the *fictus* was animated.” (See also Nicholson, p. 89.)

† He was the apostle and first bishop of Carinthia. His life, written by a scholar of Everhard, bishop of Salzburg, is published by Hen. Canisius. In Usher's *Synologe*, p. 49, will be found the evidences of his having being censured by Pope Zachary, for maintaining the doctrine of the sphericity of the earth.

SYLVÆ.—NO. IV.

Passages extracted from a Metrical Address to a Friend,‡ who kindly reproved the author for ceasing to write Poetry, and only re-casting the trifles of his childhood.

I.

Too true, too true! I cannot weave
Those strains that won the smile or sigh
Of brighter hours; alas, I feel
The Fountains of the Heart are dry.

No chilling fear of future pain,
No dread remorse for former crime,
Hath seared their springs of song; 'tis all
The slow, stern work of Truth and Time!

Not love of Power, not love of Gain,
Not the dull despotism of Sense;
But nameless, soulless, servitude
To Habit's blind omnipotence!

‡ One of those of whom De Lamartine's beautiful words have spoken—

“———dont l'âme est du sang de mon âme,
Qui lisent dans mon œil, et m'entendent penser!”

Lady! to me the Muses' lyre—
Æolian—spoke as Feeling sighed ;
 Such feelings long have breathed their last,
 The music dying as *they* died !

The fields and flowers have lost their hues,
 They shine not as they shone before,
 The woods, the waters—all are dumb—
 And sing not as they sang of yore !

The dirge of waves no longer wakes
 An answering echo in my breast ;
 No more inspires a joy in grief—
 Ah! scarcely lulls that grief to rest.

Imperial pomp of evening suns,
 Streams arrowing from a mountain's brow,
 Fade on the eye, nor reach the soul,
 —They are *but* skies and waters now !

Where is the change? The same round world
 Rolls on as in those elder hours,
 Still beam the starry wastes of heaven,
 Still earth unbosoms all her flowers :

Effect unchanged of changeless will,
 NATURE still lifts her awful head,
 Her mighty pulse beat quick with life,
 She lives—but Poesie is dead !

Aye, dead!—the lone, lorn spirit feels
 Death only *could* our spousals sever,
 The last quick hectic on the cheek
 Fades—flushes—fades—and fades for ever !

No—still the dream-born beauty clings,
 The deep, soul-utter'd loveliness—
 Past, past! no spirit thrills the frame,
 Cold—heavy—pale—mute—motionless !

Yet o'er the Corse my widowed heart
 Hangs idly fond in feeble prayer,
 The twilight state that comes between
 The last Hope and the first Despair !

When lost to Life's young Paradise,
 We still cling near the gate, and mourn,
 While Time—the ruthless Cherub—waves
 The flaming sword that bars return !

* * * *

Oh, how the Serpent Weariness
 Coils in the once prized hours of *play* ;
 Whole years of *holidays* how dull,
 Where the heart keeps no holiday !

No more the maze of aimless thought,
 The Poetry that speechless flowed,
 Each day one long mute hymn, each day
 Weaving its own unuttered ode !

No more the wilderness of dreams,
That atmosphere of balm and light
Through which the innocent Spirit walk'd
In vestal robes, serenely white!

Throw by the lyre! My hand is chilled,
My heart is palsied or profane,
The music I could proffer now,
But mocks an elder, holier strain!

Throw by the lyre! I've lost the gift,
While quaffing of the world's dark bowl,
Whose lotos beverage* bids forget
The native country of the soul!

And must I struggle now to make
The heart's horizon less and less?
—To learn (unskilful pupil yet)
The slavery of earth's happiness!

The millhorse round of vulgar bliss
Must I too run? Must I too seize
Joys that but mock my hopes of joy,
And pleasures that have ceased to please?

Exchange Ambition's thrilling pulse
For Vanity's imperfect tremors,—
Still, still intently dreaming on,
And still the least deceived of dreamers!

Fond feeble slave, who loves the chain
He drags, if gilt from Fancy's stores,
Idolater, whose fate is still
To *know* the mockery he adores!

Till Life is like some churchyard scene,
With here and there a tract or two,
Whose verdure vainly strives to hide
The whitening bones that glimmer through!

* * * *

II.

There is a malady whose power
In dark derision haunts the tomb,
And swells the shrivelled form of death
With semblance of recovered bloom!

One deep resource may linger yet,
One power to vivify decay,—
A wind too weak to sway the oak
Among its dead fallen leaves may play!

Yes! the proud storm of glorious song,
That fills the forests of the heart,
Hath passed and left but withered leaves
To mock the perished power of Art!

* The power ascribed to the Lotos of the Nile (of making men forget their home) is well-known to all students of Egyptian antiquity.

Yet is *all* past, while Feelings live,
 Whose rapture asks no words to be
 More than all words could e'er unfold,
 Life's own undying poesy!

Passion may nerve the broken wing
 Of Fancy, plumed once more, to mount,
 And new-born Nature live again,
 Baptized in Love's refreshing fount!

Think how that bliss of tender thought
 Itself in all things learns to find,
 How lifeless Nature quickening o'er
 Reflects the joy of living mind!

Streams of rich glory from no sun
 Material, over earth unfurled,—
 But inward blessings breath'd abroad,
 A heart that consecrates the world!

Those hours! An "Island of the Blest"
 In Time's bleak Ocean each such hour!
 —Evoke not *these* the ghost of song,
 The Spectre of Evanished Power?

Vain, vain! *That* charm is long unwound,
 Love wears a more convenient hue;
 For he that aches for wise men's praise,
 Must learn to love as wise men do.

To kneel, and kneeling scoff—to deem
 Each deeper feeling bastard-born,
 Belie the pleas of his own soul,
 And laugh his very heart to scorn.

Scant alimept such vows for Song!
 Yet wit's will say, and deftly prove,
 That keen-eyed Prudence loves to *live*,
 That only Folly lives to love!

Oh true! yet pardon, if 'tis hard
At first, those sages to obey,
 Who smile men into worthlessness,
 And sneer the life of life away!

But come! the Sacrifice prepare!
 The world's mute Victim shall not falter,
 I'll drain the heart's blood from the core,
 And lay the remnant on its altar!

* * * * *

III.

And is it past? the princely dower,
 The golden gift, thus sadly soon?
 Of the soul's daybreak not one tint
 To flush the wan clouds of its noon?

Once more,—ere from that sunless heaven
 Its last unhappy glimpses flee,
 I ask, in Nature's clasping arms,
 One parting hour, Reality!

Once more—in Youth' and Memory's name!—
Seek we the vision-haunted streams,
Where winding sleepily and slow
Their sad song symphonied my dreams!

The old charmed air may breathe again
Lost fragrance on the trampled flowers
That, scattered through the vacant heart,
Lie, withered wrecks of worthless hours!

You know the place, the purple bells,
Their meek eyes sparkling through the heath,
The glassy waters doubling all,
Woods, skies, above—woods, skies, beneath.

The rocks o'erpiled in giant crags,
That bare and black'ning rose behind,
The gentler scene beyond, that gave
Its transcript to the gentler mind.

No, not forget, while Memory lives!
No, not forgot, that one sole scene!
The faintest shadowings of its fields
Are things that *are*, not that have been!

Each tinge that deepen'd as it past
The distant purpling of its hills,
Each winding of each silvery fall
In the vein'd mountain's maze of rills.

Each green slope where the noontide Sun,
Kiss'd from the flowers their dewy tears,
Each touch—each charm—comes dimly back,
Comes glimmering thro' the haze of years.

Weak dream, perchance! and yet mine heart
Implores, methinks, that native air
So long unbreath'd, and Fancy's death,
If fade she must—is sweeter there!

Yes! the swarth Exile of the east
Turns to his Salem's shrine to die,—*
And Fancy asks a grave amid
The Holy Land of Memory!

Come, then, and let me, while the Past
Rolls o'er the soul, still fondly see
The Fate that crush'd such promise prov'd
Not all unkind—it gave me *THEE*!

* The Holy City and its neighbourhood are crowded by aged Jews, who, feeling the approach of death, come from all distances to close a life of expatriation in their native land, amidst the hallowed scenery of all their recollections and all their hopes.

THOUGHT.

"Thought is the ladder by which we attain to all things."—*Andrew Marvell.*

Thought! without thee "that bitter boon, our life,"
 Had been one dense reality of strife;
 Between weak nature, and o'ermastering fate,
 Our pleasure's lightness, and our sorrow's weight.
 Thou art the immortality of Things,
 Which else Ephemera had been, with wings
 Made of the air, and glittering to the sun,
 That would have quenched their course ere scarce begun.
 Creator-like from chaos thou dost raise
 Vast worlds of space, fill'd with mysterious ways;
 O'er the drear present it is thine to cast
 Meteors, wrought from out the golden past;
 With thee we roam through sun-lit forests green,
 In gentle parlance with "the Faerie Queene,"
 Or poach with Shakespear Lucy's fated deer,
 Or prank with Goodfellow, or weep with Lear.
 On, on again we bound! and view with thee
 The bygone splendors of the Adrian sea;
 Again we dwell on Tasso's prison'd lays,
 And mourn the cypress Love, wreath'd with his bays;
 For Jove must ever have his "Bridge of Sighs"
 Parting the two extremes of life. The wise,
 Turn as they may at their appointed hour,
 Must own his yoke, and quail beneath his power.
 Come he as lord, or slave—still, still, he flings
 The same deep poison from his subtle wings;
 And still his thirst shall yield but to a draught,
 Costly as that th' enamour'd Roman quaff't,
 If of Life's cup he deign to kiss the brim,
 Our *all* of treasure must be merged for him!
 What gives he in return? a sigh—a tear—
 At most a hope, perchance twin-born with fear.
 Change as he may, from Indus to the Pole,
 Thou still canst reach him, at his farthest goal;
 Gives he to others each soft look and tone,
 He robs not *thee*, *thou'st* garner'd up *thine own*.
 Like Eden's bird thou never stoop'st to earth,
 But upward soar'st true to thine angel birth;
 Thou art, ambitious wizard, from the skies,
 Plucking out fair and gorgeous destinies;
 Thou the Columbus of the future art,
 (Save that nor shoals nor quicksands blot thy chart,
 In unknown seas thine anchor's ever cast,
 And thy new worlds, are peopled from the past;
 Thou makest all things equal—all things bright—
 Thou art the firmament of Fate's dark night.
 Pompey's lone tomb by Hellespont's wild wave,
 Where none were near to mourn, and none to save,
 Haunted by *thee*, straight to our vision springs,
 As seems the proud sarcophagus of Kings!
 With thee again we hear Erinna's note,
 O'er the deep waters of the Ægean float:
 Mirror and echo, thou, of all bright things,
 Thou art Life's Treasury, to which Hope brings
 Her costly wealth, piled up in glittering heaps,
 O'er which Fates ruthless tempest vainly sweeps.
 Thou mak'st the statue breathe, with beauty rise
 That the fond Monarch worshipp'd into life!
 Thou art the victor of our every foe,
 Like Theseus' shade, thou smitest without a blow,
 Thou art Life's spell—"the Magic of a name"—
 Thou art the silver note within the Trump of Fame,
 Thou art the wings to fallen angels given
 By which they may regain their long-lost Heaven

PAST AND PRESENT STATE OF LITERATURE IN IRELAND.

OFTEN as we have desired to summon the attention of our readers to the interesting subject of the literary prospects and intellectual state of this country, we have been deterred by the consideration of the varied topics, with which a full and accurate view of this subject must be complicated. Of these, some are difficult to pronounce upon with accuracy or precision; some entangled in dispute, some involved in party feeling. It is easy to conceive, how any question that affects the nation's mind must comprehend views from which the literary essayist would gladly extricate the train of his reasoning, did a just regard to truth allow. But the literature of a nation, and of this nation in particular, is affected by its political state and influential upon it. And this double dependance becomes more important, either as effect or cause, in proportion as the stage of civilization is lower, and the operation of the conservative principles of society less developed.

Though we shall endeavor to keep on the surface of common interest, yet we must bespeak some intelligent attention, while we attempt a brief statement of the general causes by which the country is, in this respect, retarded or advanced.

Of these general causes, three claim especial notice. The state of the time, the state of Ireland as affected by it, and the state of literature at this period. From these heads a correct and comprehensive view of the difficulties before us will be obtained. From this, we can more clearly ascertain the advantages to be looked for in the promotion of our home literature. And lastly, estimate satisfactorily, our capabilities, advantages, and the progress we have actually gained. Such, we trust, will be felt to offer no uninteresting train of inquiry and reflection, to any one who feels an interest in the real honor and improvement of his country. The most standard perfection of legislative institutions would be an inadequate substitute for the *blessing of civilization*; without this, mild laws can afford no shelter, equal rights would be an injustice, and freedom but an abuse.

In taking a compass, which, to some, may at first appear more wide than is necessary for the purpose of consider-

ing the literary prospects of this country, we can only say that our view requires it, and request a patient hearing. To consider the objects of literature, otherwise than in its bearing on the more permanent interests, and more vital and essential elements of national progress, would be to narrow a most extensive subject into one of little moment. In this tempestuous crisis, when the elements of the social state appear to be involved in a preternatural rapidity of progression, either for good or evil, we should be ashamed to sit gravely engaged in speculating on the progress of the tenth-rate poetry, or third-rate scholarship of the day. We care little how the souvenirs and forget-me-nots might best multiply their insect existence, or the twopenny ballad-mongers find favor with Curry and Co. All this, though harmless in itself, and even desirable as a portion of more important changes, may well lie over for future consideration. When the hopes of the year are secured, and the bladed fields set our hearts at rest for the future harvest, we may find leisure to watch the humble-bee in his honied range, or to be amused by the butterfly as its painted wing glances from flower to flower amidst the gay profusion of the spring. Not that we are deficient in the cordial goodwill which rises in our breast, when we behold the teeming, but not superfluous, trifles of modern literary journey-work piled in all their elegance of external ornament on the publisher's table; or that we are insensible enough not to feel a more intense and lively satisfaction, when, by the inestimable kindness of the worthy authors, these valuable specimens of typography and binding, appear on our own table, and awaken our hearts to silent gladness—*luctum pertentant gaudia pectus*. But it is not with these, or even with the productions of a higher form, that we feel ourselves engaged in entering on a path, which, according to our social theory, embraces the most important principles of national welfare.

It is one of the most important distinctions between us and England, that its literature and civilization have begun in distant ages. We have the mürasses and forest of feudal society under the domination of a single royal race of lords, a hierarchy

aptly described by our *national* lyricist Moore, and our fine peasantry were the oppressed slaves of chieftains as unlettered as themselves: the fathers of English poetry, the Chaucers, and the Gowers, and the Surreys, and the Spensers had long bequeathed their deathless names and writings to the mind of time. The literature of England appeared as a star "in the forehead of the morning sky" from the very twilight of the cloistered superstitions of the middle ages, and shed its early light on the foundations of the British constitution. It has grown with its growth, into a splendor and stability, which changes and political convulsions have had no power to lessen. And what is more to our purpose, it has slowly and efficiently, in the course of ages, produced all its varied effects upon the nation's mind. It is desirable that the reader should conceive these effects—a sentence will point them out. It is well known that there is in every educated nation (though in different degrees) a process whereby opinion, as it becomes accumulated and matured, becomes expanded, simplified, and reduced to practice; passing in this progress from the student in his closet to the artisan in his warehouse, and the peasant in his hamlet. Thus it has often been noticed, that the abstruse learning of one time tends to become the popular opinion of the following. And what is at least equally important, though less observable, an imperceptible moral growth, which may be regarded as the effect of this, is also taking place with more constancy. This can only indeed be measured, by the means which we have of comparing man in distant intervals, or in distinct stages of civilization. Now, in Ireland, the case is widely different; our literature, or rather our literary cultivation, has been recently engrafted; and under circumstances which must have controlled its influences most unfavorably. There was here nothing of that expanding downward of mind—that slow communication of opinion—that incorporation of knowledge with the mind—that subduing and correcting or altering of old manners, prejudices, and associations, which is the actual progress of civilization. This can be but the result of time: its very first causes cannot be said to have existed here. The civilization of our higher orders was but a light across the waters from another shore—too feeble in its expansion

to shed influence on the crowd. It was isolated refinement, seated on the verge of primitive rudeness. The line between the educated and uneducated classes was too broad—a dark, impassable gulph, from the depths of which national animosities, barbaric prejudices and superstitions, and the resisting powers of a domineering hierarchy, exhaled their anti-civilizing influences. But we must pass to the present, before we see the accumulated effect of these. To appreciate our present state, we must take one short glance upon the present position of British literature.

In England, literature is at the present moment retrogressive. This, with regard to that country is an occasional recurrence of small importance; but as it nearly affects the question as to our own progress, it behoves us to give it some attention. Two causes, quite opposite in their nature and tendencies, have affected the literature of the day; one, the influence of political excitement which has absorbed the public attention, and diminished the power of all the milder sources of excitement. The other, more curious and less understood, will require a few more words.

A spirit, unfavorable to literature, has been aided by the corruption of literature. This requires a few remarks. The exigencies of multiplied political business have lowered the tone of political oratory and writing into a style more adapted to detail, and employing a far inferior class of faculties. In addition to this fact may be noticed another, perhaps more effective in the same way; the causes which have brought the popular mind more largely into the discussion of public questions, have necessarily called for a more superficial method and style. Profound and general views may preside in the cabinet of the statesman, but when he stands up in his place he must keep to the level of the hustings if he would be heard or read. The graceful and persuasive, or impressive appeal to the principles of an enlightened audience, or to the inborn feelings of humanity, or the venerable conventions of time, would be out of place, and listened to with just impatience by modern men of business and detail, wisely economical of time. As for wit, and the tasteful embellishment of style, their day has long gone by; they would hang upon the stilted newspaper prose of a modern *scribbler*.

as Gibbons's flowered carvings, on the rough but useful masonry of Kings-town pier. We are not here speaking the language of critical censure, which would be misplaced and ridiculous. We state the fact, as it is and ought to be. It is only with its bearing on our peculiar topic we are concerned.

The second of our proposed principles is more difficult to deal with, as it is itself an opposite principle, and in a great measure to be regarded as the existing progress of the intellect of the age. But we claim candid and discriminating attention. The modern advance of discovery and invention has been rapid beyond any known rate of human progress; and in this, there can be but one concurring sentiment of admiration and thankfulness.* But we have nothing to do with this. In this vast movement the public mind has received a proportionate impulse; and the effect on taste, style, and language, and on the cultivation of all arts not immediately connected with it, has been marked and great. The old conventions of the human mind soon began to dissolve before the ascendancy of change: the ancient forms of thought and the barriers of style were broken down to let in a deluge of opinion, and to enlarge the bounds of speech to the measure of these new and vast accessions to the stock of knowledge. Of this, two consequences arose, the effects on the *manner* and on the *matter* of English composition. In the first, the nice, subtle and refined rules, which result from the very constitution of the mind, and which are exemplified in all those standard writings which have ever survived the *fashion* of their hour, were abandoned and forgotten. A style, expanded beyond all due bounds, swoln with a new language, the result of new theories, and stripped of the old harmony and the terse idiom of a style that had gradually arisen from the study of the classic models, came into vogue, and obtained possession of the rising generation. By this poetry and prose were alike affected; and the whole body of English literature

passed into a *state of transition*, the less perceivable as the critic partook of the spirit of the time. It became an object to attain facility, abundance and simplicity; but the progress was forced beyond the natural rate of the mind. The facility became slipshod laxity—the abundance, indiscriminate and torrent verbosity—and the simplicity, in-composite vulgarity. Now, although this revolutionary stage of literature may be, and, in our opinion is, the needful preliminary to a happier stage, in which the dregs of change shall have cleared away and the crude materials become combined into a harmonious form: yet in the meantime, literature has lost its enchantment with its chaste and cultivated grace. A feeble luxuriance of new-coined words, phrases only striking as innovations, metaphors profuse and inappropriate, illustrations by obscure conceit, are the overflowing ornaments of the large class of writers who occupy the London press. This was for a time concealed and moderated by the happy concurrence of half a dozen illustrious writers,—amongst whom Scott and Byron may be named—equal to those of any period or nation. After these, with their distinguished peers, *all referable to the previous period*, had left the stage, a cloud of clever writers, whom their fame concealed, began to occupy their places in public notice, and to overflow the press with glittering inanity and florid poverty. New leaders, in the dearth of better, rose to eminence: and distinguished themselves as inferiors can alone be distinguished, by exaggeration and monstrosities of every sort. Bombast; fantastic niceties; gallicisms; paradoxes involving silly truism, and affected violations of English idiom—*At magnum fecit, quod verbis Græca Latinis miscuit*. For the truth of these remarks we refer the critical reader to the novels and poetry of the last ten years; to the great mass of public speeches, and to the London fashionable periodicals, monthly and annual; with, however, this qualifying remark, that by far the most sterling portion of the talent of

* It has redeemed, and perhaps mitigated, probably, too, governed and beneficially modified the evil workings of a revolutionary age. It would be a digression to prove, what we cannot pass without affirming, that this advance is in no way connected with the political spirit of the times, which has yet dexterously contrived to derive respectability from its alliance. Nothing, however, can be more widely separate in principle than the practical science of modern discovery and the speculative politics which have encumbered it with a *pretended* patronage.

the day has, of late years, found its way into our periodical literature. Such being the state of the time, there is nothing in literature apart from its distortions and unnatural stimuli, to occupy the attention of the better portion of the public intellect. They who have taste and leisure find it necessary to go back to the period of a more sterling nature. But the exigencies of business, or the love of artificial excitement, such as may be satisfied by the dregs of the circulating libraries, supply the whole of the demand for the multifarious, but corrupt and surface literature of the day. This vicious state of things is much aggravated by reaction, from the tone of intercourse it has caused. The conversation of eminent men has no attraction, no refined sparkle of wit, no profound remark, no play of comment and criticism, no attic repose; their speaking, nothing of standard eloquence. This, to be sure, is as it should be; we are not the fools to censure. In the stirring strife of the age, no leading mind can stay to puzzle about the humanities: we claim no proud exemption from the taint of the time, or the infirmities of human nature. We frankly plead guilty to these charges, if such they can be called: in our composition we are not always too fastidious in language, or over nice in harmony: we cannot always resist the temptation of glitter without appropriateness and the noble desire to emancipate poetry from those severe laws which were once supposed to constitute its peculiar character and charm: and we feel, like our brother bards, that the composition of verse is much facilitated by adopting the loose periods of a fustian prose. We would not be thought fastidious in these days of literary license, and trust for our excuse to the frankness of our confession. But the truth must be told; literature is for the present, like many better things, broken up and deprived of its higher influences. We are in one of those dull cycles which have often come round to damp the spirit of every age; we have revolved to the days of Hayley, and the della Cruscan school. We are not, like that emasculated school, devoid of matter, and prolix without sense. Our error is in the other extreme; instead of style without sense,

our fault is circumstantial dulness without attention to style. But the result is, there is no public feeling in favor of literature,* and there is nothing in literature to merit such a feeling. We do not, however, wish to derive strength from exaggeration; and on this point, there is one remark which we cannot pass in silence. It is very usual to refer the whole of the ill success of literary speculations to the apathy of the public.—This we believe to be an overstatement. Nothing worthy of success in any eminent degree, has now, or at any time, failed to attract the degree of attention to which it has been entitled by its merits. On the contrary, in the dullest of times, the public has its favourites—in the absence of higher names, the writers of the cockney school are read; and there is a stir and bustle among the publishers which, for a moment, appears opposed to our theory. But there is a solution for this difficulty. The vast increase of the middle order has brought with it a proportional influx of minds and interests into the field of intellectual and commercial action; a vast increase both of readers and writers is the consequence, and with it an increase of trade, which indicates nothing but the merely *numerical increment* which has caused it. Every one reads more or less—tracts, compilations, abstracts, abridgments, and elementary treatises, altogether unconnected with literature, (in its idiomatic sense,) form the better part of this reading. The ornamental publications, which owe their chief attractions to embellishment, and which swell their bulk with prose and verse that no one thinks of reading, occupy a large share of this trade, and hold to literature the place which the modern puppet-shows of the stage obtain with respect to the legitimate drama. A vast multiplicity of readers, has created a demand for books; but even this is magnified to observation, by another consequence, distinct from any we have mentioned: the vast production of works which have no circulation and no readers. These are published at the expense of their authors, and afford no measure of the public market. We have stated these facts with sparing moderation, and with the consciousness of treading on delicate

* Considered simply as a matter of taste; and distinct from the desire of knowledge.

ground. There is a partizanship in the time, that affects all subjects which are open to the discussions of opinion : and we write in fear of giving offence to the fanaticism of schools, the admirers and idolaters of the vices of great men.

All changes find their period. The time cannot be far remote for the restoration of literature to its legitimate form and influence. There are heads and hearts enough, which have not bowed the knee to Baal ; and a few leading writers, in the seasonable moment will suffice to bring back a more regulated and principled tone, to the public taste. It only requires that the attention of the more solid intellects as yet absorbed in more vital operations, should be turned to the cultivation of letters and the arts of peace ; to redeem them from the hands of the old women and children, who have the field to themselves. The undigested mass of new thoughts and words will become digested and assimilated by skill and labour—and other Popes and Addisons will arise to chasten, harmonize, and simplify, to clear and purify the well of “English undefiled.”

But we must return to our intent. It was, so far, our object to fix the general state of literature, from which alone all particular views can be justly comprehended ; and we were also desirous to make it appear that we do not lay too much stress on causes exclusively local. Our literature is *that of England*—we are substantially English in name, laws, and prospects. We have had the full benefit of the literature of England, and must partake of its changes. The effects we have been noticing can be traced here also. Not among our publishers or book-warts—for these we have not had—but in our social circles and public institutions. Like our intellectual nurse, our social and forensic tones are changed from what they were. An apathy of taste reigns, attributable to the same causes, which lay like a leaden spell upon the British world. A spirit of utilities governs the tongue and pen with its untrimmed and feeble, though full and useful style—its naked details, and diffuse but *unprincipled* reasonings. Wit and classic allusion have long ceased to throw their graceful and fascinating lustre over the intercourse and conduct of public men. The time has passed when a moral axiom was thought important enough to be gravely bandied between the bench and the bar ;

but when wit was carried to perfection ; when deep and leading truths were expressed with the strength and power of dignified simplicity, and when a chaste and pointed precision of style gave evidence to the reigning spirit from which they came. Though, properly speaking, we have had no literature ; yet such was the pervading influence of the day of Flood and Grattan, and their cotemporaries, which not only ruled the listening senate, or gave attraction to the popular pamphlet, but pervaded domestic life.

No literature had yet taken root in Ireland, except a trifling and occasional appearance of pamphlets, which, from their uniformly specific purpose, were confined to shed their glow-worm radiance on trivial points of local or ephemeral interest. The spirit of the time did not favour the colonization of literature into Ireland ; it was not in such a state of circumstances that it might be expected to *begin* ; for such is the consideration important to be kept in view.

But there was another very peculiar process going on in Ireland to corrupt the taste and partially to obscure our national reputation.—The public speaker, as will ever be the case, found it necessary to accommodate his style to its purposes :—and the peculiar state of the country called forth a style of rhetoric, adapted to please the most uncultivated ear and understanding. Clouds of sublimated nonsense,—“the melancholy madness of poetry”—drew thunders of applause from listening streets. The miserable cant of a barbaric patriotism was tricked out in the waste of poetical commonplaces, and adorned with the meretricious tinsel of extravagant conceits and metaphors, which seemed to have sense and propriety, because they were not understood :—real talent set off, and occasionally redeemed this sad degeneracy—Sheil and O’Connell could not be without meaning ; but their followers and admirers made sad work.—For a moment popular admiration was made an argument in behalf of the extravagances by which it was won. But this could not last ; the Edinburgh Review broke the spell, and Irish eloquence fell in the market. Such demonstrations could do little to excite the better portion of our mind.

Let us now briefly notice the operation of this state of things on the populace of Ireland. It is not more

important with reference to the subject, than it is itself strange and anomalous; presenting to the observer, a singular combination of barbarism and civilization, affecting the same class, and involving the self-same intellects, in the strong glare of contrasted light and darkness.

Over by far the larger districts of the country, if an intelligent stranger were to have full means to observe the manners, the moral principles and training, the opinions and knowledge of the peasantry, he might well feel as one transported some two centuries backward in the scale of progress. If, on the other hand, the same observer were to introduce among these seemingly simple and undisciplined barbarians, questions of national theology and politics, and really contrive to draw them into the sincere exertion of their understandings, he would be equally astonished to observe a niceness of logical tact—an intelligence in the politics of the day—and generally a progress in that casuistry, which depends exclusively on the native power or the habitual use of the mere intellect—such as might do no discredit to Maynooth. Such is the anomalous inequality, which, whether we have exaggerated it or not, exists to obscure the question as to our real state of advance. While we must be allowed to stand below the level of English and Scottish civilization, in all its more momentous elements, we stand at the lowest on a level with them in the mere development of intellectual power. To shew the little value, or indeed serious disadvantage of this condition, would be to digress widely from the purpose we have in view.* But we may advantageously notice its obvious cause.

While a dominant superstition, of which it is the vital principle to depress the advances of the mind in every direction, has with other familiar causes

of a historical and political kind, conspired to foster ignorance and retard civilization, a violent political fermentation, with the causes of which, our discussion is not involved, has operated as a powerful stimulant on the national mind, and awakened all the faculties of a people—by nature shrewd and observant—into their intensest action. These dispositions have found a school in the political arena, only inferior in power and mischievous efficiency to the mob-oratory which produced very similar effects in the “fierce democracy” of Ancient Greece. The ear for oratorical effects—the logical sense—the expansive tact that brings the mind into contact with events, have been fostered and matured at the public hustings and at the agitation meetings. But the sole food which has been thus imbibed, has been from the misstatements of faction—partial views of fact—fallacious principles and all the prejudices and ignorances which have ever formed the material ammunition of party warfare. Thus trained, developed and furnished with a system of specious fallacies, cunningly interwoven with the grievous realities of their condition, the bulk of the Irish peasantry exhibit a singular mixture of cultivation and barbarism—of shrewdness and ignorance—of sensitiveness and brutality—of meanness and moral elevation.

These considerations are capable of an application far more extensive than it is our desire to give them. For while a highly educated class is also to be found throughout the country, existing rather within itself, than in contact with the public mind, the body of the Irish gentry is also in no small measure affected by causes arising out of the same state of things. The close propinquity and personal nature of the causes of political excitement, seem to have given them an exclusive possession of the mind. Men are classed

* Even among the gifted writers of this teeming age, this distinction can be followed up to its consequences. It will uniformly appear, how much more the value of all reasoning depends on the just principles—the disciplined feeling and rightly directed moral sense which begins and governs its course, than the most brilliant subtlety of mere intellect. No degree of acuteness or ratiocinative ingenuity has been known to guard its possessors from every extreme of error and fatuity. The one true security is right knowledge and sincere intent. In this all will agree—that while truth is but on one side, exceeding ability is often found on both; but the great evil of ignorant cleverness is really the self-confidence in error; and the added power it places in the grasp of the sophist. Intellectual perception, it must be observed, does not extend further than the apprehension of the intellectual art itself. The false premises pass with ignorance, and the dexterous logic amuses and satisfies the subtle and ingenious.

by their party feelings, and rather to be characterised by the colour of their creed, than by any personal attribute. The gentry of Ireland are Whigs and Tories. And while the civilization of the 19th century sits in the twilight of the darker ages, a fierce conflict, fiercely carried on, suppresses, obstructs, and confines the diffusion of the mental element of civilization. There is thus on every side, broadly and plainly visible, a diffusion of moral and intellectual action, quite distinct from the humanizing principles of knowledge or education—a spurious vitality in the nature of disease, in which faction only derives growth:—by which thought and talent, sentiment and opinion, abundantly called forth, are shaped as they rise to the narrow views of the day, and moulded to the blind expedients of either party. Every thing is looked on by public feeling through this misty medium, and nothing is rightly appreciated that does not in some way connect itself with public events and party notions; while, to the convulsions of party are added the noise of theological contentions, and the struggles of ecclesiastical defence.

It should indeed be noticed before we leave this topic, that the obstacles to progress, which we have here been explaining, were the more likely to be protracted, that there has been no very decided principle of counteraction. In former times, as still, the mind of Ireland received its impulses from the maturer action of that of England; but England has itself been, for the same period, the stage of a complex revolution, of very varied and of opposite effects as regards this subject.—If we consider this with a view to her political influences on Ireland, one sentence must here express our opinion:—she has made this country, itself convulsed from end to end, the arena of a revolutionary contest. But the same contest, though it has been far from shaking in the same degree the mature structure of the social system in England, has there, as here, long since arrested and withered the germs from which literature derives its growth; the public ear is there almost as dull as here, to all that concerns not the feelings of party. This is, however, not an abiding condition: political excitement itself wears out, or with its causes, subsides. And there is in the vast accession of knowledge—of principles—of language and of educated minds,

a powerful reaction preparing in favor of an advance more exclusively moral and intellectual. There is in educated man, in proportion as he rises in the scale of mind, a tendency to strive after permanent principles and results; and though public virtue, or self-interest, or vanity, may draw men wholly into the collisions of ephemeral questions and parties—yet these having subsided, the calmer and more abiding interests, and the more profound and elevated realms of truth, excellence and beauty, obtain the preference of the intellectual part of our nature.

Having now taken as large a compass as we think necessary for a superficial and popular view of the prospects and advantages of Irish literature, other topics of more immediate connexion with the subject present themselves:—our actual capabilities; the obstacles that exist to retard us; the efforts which have failed; the progress we have made; the objects to be gained by success; the necessary conditions of that success; and the means we have to pursue.

Our actual capabilities are, we are inclined to believe, much undervalued. Every one who is practically conversant with the opinions of Ireland and the Irish, abroad, must be aware that the general estimate of our moral and intellectual condition is of the lowest. In Germany, France, Italy, in fact, through Europe, and still more in America, our island may be said to represent the ancient *ultima Thulé* of civilization.

The vast capabilities of this country for literary pursuit, are in fact concealed by the overpowering demand of the English marts. Whatever is produced here is consumed there. The better portion of our mind is absorbed into the sphere of the ascendant genius of England, and thus our *real progress* is concealed from the eyes of the world. Neither is it only America, which has but a fortuitous knowledge of our existence, or France, which all but excludes us from the scale of literary existence; but indeed England, our sister, with whom we have so long taken sweet counsel—in England, while there is an exaggerated notion of our wit and imagination, nothing can be more observable than the very low opinion which there exists as to our state of civilization, and of our literary pretensions.

The causes of this impression are not foreign from our purpose:

The bitterness and ferocious personality of our party conflicts—seen by our neighbours apart from its circumstantial causes—is attributed by them to our backward state of progress in civilization. Again, this impression is much confirmed by the fact that it is also widely felt by the better classes of Irish society. We think it right to observe, by the way, that we consider the notion to be a very monstrous exaggeration, unhappily too well supported by appearances. A confirmatory impression is, however, propagated by the very fact, that there is not, and has never been, any native mart for the productions of Irish talent; and while the business of the English press and book-market is as largely carried on as the paving of London, by Irish labourers—thus fully demonstrating the real productive power and industry of the country—Ireland not only has no publishing mart—no literary centre—but in fact the name of Dublin on the title-page has hitherto been a strong objection against a new book. We pass lightly over minor facts—the uniform resort of our Irish writers to the London press—the want of cooperation among the Dublin publishers, which affords the writer but too just a cause for this desertion—and many other facts of minute detail, which operate to increase the vast apparent disproportion when (in the loose way in which all such comparisons are made) we are compared with our neighbours.

When our lifeless streets and dull marts are contrasted with those of London:—the bustling and crowded commerce—the enormous real, and vaster nominal wealth—the teeming overflow of projects and speculations, and all the produce of every class and form of mind—the brilliant galleries of modern art—the daily, monthly, quarterly, annual press—the glare, glitter, and magnificent ostentation of the central city of the civilized world, the resort of every tongue, and the theatre of the talent and intrigue of every land—populous, refined, powerful, wealthy—sending its report far and wide on all the winds, and stretching its arm judicially and authoritatively over all the nations under heaven. Such is a faint reflection of the impression (no matter as to its truth) through which the Englishman and the foreigner are compelled to look on our condition, and to estimate our advance as a country. It is little to the purpose, that we can with truth affirm our splendid capa-

bilities—moral, intellectual, physical, and local; nor is it of any weight in our present statement to maintain accusation and impute injustice. Such is the state of fact and opinion which affects us in relation with other countries. Local evils are, we know, exaggerated by distance; but so it is, that while the sound of strife is heard from our shores, with uniform and increasing fierceness, there is no softening indication of taste, enlightened opinion, learning, genius, or of any feature of civilized and cultivated humanity—nothing that testifies our actual advance, to countries which are far behind us in all the essential elements of national progress. Such is a very summary and inadequate view of the common impression which drains wealth, knowledge, and commercial enterprise from our shore—which makes the emigration of our talent a necessary thing, and justifies the absentee.

But not to weary attention, we pass to a more enlivening aspect of this discussion. Notwithstanding all we have said, Ireland has advanced and is advancing. We do not despair of her fortunes—rich, abundant, and beautiful has been, and is the vegetation of her mind. No negligence can fail to see the overflow of natural material—we need not speak of the native humour, shrewdness, and vivacity of imagination—and it is as unnecessary to point out the splendid results where the soil has been tested by education. We might take the occasion to speak of Burke, the comprehensive in views—the profound and searching in reason—the consummate in elocution—the high-souled and chivalric in feeling. We might launch out freely and truly on the host of lesser, yet still first-rate names—Sheridan, Grattan, Curran, and others, not inferior in their department. We might dwell with no small satisfaction on our Goldsmith, with whom England has not, in his own walk, one other name to compare—who first and last brought to perfection the verse of Dryden and Pope—the natural, the simple, the graceful, the pathetic, the sublime without inflation, the flowing without redundancy—"qui omnes fere scribendi genus tetigit, et nullum tetigit quod non ornavit," as his great cotemporary and friend has written in the truth of that judgment which is uttered over the tomb, where flattery finds no echo. We shall not name the living, but as-

surely there are names among us not soon to be blotted out from the record of after days. We challenge no ridiculous comparison with our maternal soil—the land of Newton, Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, the unrivalled minds of Europe:—such master-spirits are no the common produce of their time. We simply affirm our claim to no small catalogue of illustrious men; and we may add, that there is a constant though concealed stream of Irish talent flowing to swell the mass of English and Scottish literature. We might, indeed, on this head, point to the public arena of party strife, and ask who are the foremost on either side, the most effective in appeal, the most allowed in power, either for good or evil, all Irish, nearly to a man. It is an easy transition to imagine this overflow reduced within its channel, and spreading the light of civilization at home. We have said to imagine, because, in truth, many obstacles must be overcome, and time must have brought forth many changes before this desirable consummation is to be reached. But it lies within the fair scope of exertion, and, therefore, it is no vain or useless object to fix upon. It is to be looked for from enlightened effort; and we are disposed further to point it out as a result in the course of a progress which has actually set in.

Already there is a change upon the spirit of the time. In the wildest burst of the storm there is a still small voice among the elements of wrath, and fury, and popular madness. A slow but growing sense of their delusion is stealing from rank to rank among the people so long abused—the false pledge, redeemed by accumulated lies, has grown almost too broad and black for infatuation's self to mistake for any thing divine or good. The language of truth and right have acquired an expansive and still expanding influence and authority; and there is among the higher and nobler class of spirits a trustful expectation of more congenial times, when the winter shall be past, the rain over and gone, and the flowers shall appear on the earth. Even amid the din of party there is a growing desire to revert to more permanent and standard thoughts and things; and in the waste of a depraved literature, a strong spirit of just and true criticism is beginning to indicate the approach of that spirit of refinement and severe good taste which is now wanting to correct, reduce, chasten, and harmonize the tumultuous

and turbid exuberance of our unprincipled and random literature.

There is a tendency in civilization, when it has reached a certain point, to advance onwards towards perfection. This may not be reached, because the distance is infinite, and the course interrupted. In observing this important principle, we must always make allowance for small indications, such as must seem trifling to unphilosophical understandings. This must be our apology for noticing the continued efforts and failures of the Dublin press for some years back, to produce periodical works. The vast and rapid increase of intellectual excitement, the spread of knowledge, and the coarse stimulus of political feeling and action among the middle classes, had the natural consequence of bringing more mind into action. The pressure of intellectual effort soon began to find or make channels for itself. As we have noticed already, England, and in a lesser degree Scotland afforded rapid outlets, and by absorbing, concealed the abundance of the production; but at the same time numerous literary productions of a more youthful, untrained, and therefore transient and obscure character, also began to spring up season after season, into an existence scarcely known beyond the writers themselves, who paid the cost, and with juvenile admiration exulted in their unfledged authorship; for they were for the most part boys, receiving their first bent from a spirit that was in the time. To these we have ground for adding, there was no small accession from the humblest walks of handicraft occupation. The books had no sale, and the writers no payment; it was a labour of love, and all seemed willing to contribute their share. The tinker's well-trained ear betrayed itself in the harmonious jingle of his rhyme; the tailor vindicated his goose by swan-like notes; printers' devils were evoked by most unheard-of incantations, and uttered strange responses. All Castle-street chimed together in "Kidderminster stuff," and Thomas-street answered "from its misty shroud." Thus one gay swarm followed another, and was swept into the stream of oblivion. Experience pronounced their epitaph as they disappeared—tinker and tailor became sadder and wiser ~~and~~ it became perceptible that ~~the~~ ~~poems~~ ~~were~~ not altogether ~~passed~~ by plain stitch and

solder; and that even Lilly and Voster, Euclid and Murray must undergo some important transmutations in the mind, before they were likely to effloresce in the form of readable literature. The county of Kerry itself, famous time out of mind for its Latinity, could not support a literary effort which wanted the essential principle by which all successful effort thrives, the sinews of war and commerce, money. Nothing, in truth, had the effect of repressing for a single season, the laudable efforts thus begun; and as the youthful writers grew more ripe, they now and then exhibited transient gleams of higher pretension and even occasionally brought out flashes of very considerable power; but it was absolutely impossible they could have in the bulk a material success, beyond that we have described. Patriotism itself could not find heroism to read, still less pay for such callow literature. The mere desire of public good never has, or ought to retain the efforts of any marketable mind; and as it sprung up to maturity the effective talent of the country found its level and its price. It obtained from the profitable wisdom of our neighbours that value which all should seek who have any thing which they have the power and right to dispose of. The talent of the successful writer, is the result of much labour, and that of the severest kind—it is the mature fruit of many trials, and often the result of a waste of the better years of life, and of many of the happier sensibilities of our nature—melted down into that crucible over which the student broods in the fever of ambition, and the sorrow of hope deferred, for the visionary prize of some surviving fame, so hardly won, and so invidiously allowed.

It was, therefore, an indispensable preliminary to the desirable object of calling home our scattered forces, and concentrating those lights which were so long losing themselves in the full-orbed day of England and Scotland, into a native and home existence, that this operation should commence, where alone all that is permanent or effective can commence, with the public-spirited and enterprising trade. But the obstacles to be encountered were seemingly insurmountable. The name of Dublin on a title-page was a sufficient reason for neglect, and, in the case of periodical literature, it was too truly the indication of youthful incompe-

tence, while many of the English periodicals had no unprofitable possession of the tables of the Irish gentry. A strong prepossession of this nature, combined with the usual caprice of fashion to exclude every thing of home growth. Capital, enterprize, patience and no small portion of experience, were necessary to obtain even a chance of fair trial. A combination of accepted writers, who had already secured the voice of criticism and public notice, was to be secured at considerable cost; the loss attendant on such undertakings, under such circumstances, was to be sustained; and the risk of the more serious loss consequent on failure, where all had failed, to be dared.

How we have entered upon and triumphed over these disadvantages needs not to be dwelt on. We trust that the bold experiment may be felt to be so far successful. Of this the public may rest secure; and this upon the strength of an obvious commercial principle, of which nothing but the most extreme infatuation can lose sight; that we have not one permanent contributor, who has not been received in the pages of our most successful contemporary periodicals, and who has not met the undoubted testimony of public applause, or the approval of authorized criticism. To vouch for the merit of every article, or even of every monthly number, would be absurd; to such praise no periodical is entitled. Having taken the best steps to ensure the cooperation of mature and able men, we must abide by their inequalities and trust to the common sense of our readers. Let it be felt that, if indulgence were to be claimed in any case, it is in ours. Yet we ask no indulgence, though we are grateful for the justice which we cordially acknowledge to have received from the public. It is in truth among the best indications of these distracted times, that our country should have produced her first successful attempt at native literature, and that a decided and uncompromising political tone has not had the effect of eliciting any respectable reproof among our radical contemporaries.

We must conclude our summary, and we fear too meagre notice, by a brief enumeration of the public advantages to be hoped for from this undertaking. To appreciate them by the mere success of a magazine, would be unjust. To retain at home, a large

portion of our native genius and learning is a first and obvious advantage; to give encouragement and hope to more; to awaken that literary tone which humanizes, polishes and adorns private life; to shed a civilized grace over the name of Ireland in foreign countries; to give a home direction to the sympathies of the better mind of our countrymen who spend fortune and talent abroad; to attract capital and enterprise to our shore; and, by shewing the way, awaken that life in the Irish publishing trade, which alone is wanting to raise us to the level of our neighbours. One successful adventure is but the step to another; and there is no reason, but those which arise from long-clinging prejudices, why Dublin should not be the centre of Irish cultivation, in all that improves and humanizes. An Irish press may, we trust, well supply the place which a native legislature once held—a focus of talent, and a nursery for the production of eminent men. It would be absurd to suppose, that the tone of society, that taste, knowledge and every sentiment which belongs to cultivated society, does not gain power and influence by the intermixture of minds professedly devoted to polite literature. In the Scottish metropolis society, through all its circles, takes its impulses from a few individual centres; and these impulses are, by an insensible but sure process, communicated from rank to rank through many a widening circle, until they embrace the land. Such, as far as we can express it in a few words, is the benefit we propose, and the principle on which we depend.

In throwing these reflections before our readers, we have studiously endeavoured to keep within the level of ordinary experience and observation, and to avoid tasking attention by any elaborate analysis of social causes or workings; nor have we aimed to lead the reader into detail, further than the distinct statement of our view absolutely required. The time is not yet arrived when we may securely launch into the depths of our moral and intellectual history; topics of more immediate interest engross the public ear, and the sense to which we would appeal, is yet but a “consummation devoutly to be wished for.” Yet, having begun and continued our labors, under a solemn sense of their importance to this country, we entertain a sanguine assurance of their success, and it is our settled conviction,

that when calmer and more prosperous days shall allow the public mind to look back on this troubled period, with a view undisturbed by party strife, that these efforts will be recollected as among the first favorable gleams of national amelioration, and that it will be deemed no trivial incident of an eventful time, that has brought so far towards maturity the first literary journal on the settled principles of commerce.

Our valuable, extensive, and still extending circulation, with the unanimous voice of the public press, which has every where laid aside party feeling to cheer us on, may sufficiently attest that we do not overrate our success. Difference of opinion has not withheld the impartial approbation of our opponents; and they who from their position are most likely to appreciate the influence of public causes cannot be supposed to have erred, in thus setting their friendly stamp on our pretensions.

Of our contributors we have already dropped some words. The well-known convention, which throws a transparent veil over the names of periodical writers, makes it impossible to allude to these gentlemen otherwise than collectively. But we cannot allow ourselves to speak doubtfully or equivocally of persons whose talents do honour to their country, and whose names are for the greater part to be recorded in her historic wreath. We would not exchange our contributors for those of any other periodical in the empire; though the public may feel assured, that, in proportion as our means increase with our circulation, no effort shall be wanting to secure whatever power of talent, or weight of name, the best mind of the day affords. This is but the natural operation of that commercial process which is the basis of every rational undertaking. One fact, connected with this topic, may be stated as serving to exhibit, in part, the natural underworking of a literary establishment of this description. The enormous mass of clever manuscripts of every kind—poetry, essays, reviews, tales, critical dissertations, without measure or respite—which flow monthly on our hands, so as to make the task of selection impossible to ordinary discretion—had we a notice in the year,—quite independent of this, we should appear to what

the national mind are set to work. Thus, on a moment's reflection, will it be seen how we humanize the land. However inflamed by local discontent or party feeling—however maddened by agitation, or exasperated by religious animosity—the moment we appear in the remotest village, where there is half-a-crown to purchase, or a tongue to read us, a new spirit falls over the minds of men. The village orator leaps from his tub, and tunes his genius to romance and song; the blacksmith stops swallowing the tailor's news, and commits his glowing inspiration to the post; the apothecary and the gauger make up their recent coolness, and an able treatise on things in general finds its way to our desk.—Every public road, that converges to our dwelling, from every quarter of the land, sends in its daily torrent of wit and inspiration, to testify our influence, and the extent of our fame, and to give solid assurance that Ireland is at her humanities, and that our circulation is a mission of light and power. Our numerous extern contributors have indeed reason to be grateful to us, both for what we have done for them, and for what we have left undone; the gentle excitement of their talent, and the discreet concealment of their dulness;—some we have encouraged—some we have laughed at—some advised to try some other amusement—but all with paternal tenderness, and in the confidential secrecy of office. Petulant remonstrances we have received with dignified forbearance; appeals to our patriotism, with a bland smile of compassion; offers of canvass for readers, on the score of some prosaic ineptitude, or dribbling commonplace of rhyme, we have heard in silent scorn. But this indeed is a subject in itself.

We have made no allusion to our political functions. These, amongst our own peculiar friends and supporters, need no praise, and can convey no recommendation to those who differ from us. Yet, even on this topic there are some general observations of much importance to be observed in the conduct of a periodical like this. One of the general advantages which we have at least in our power, and within the scope of our plan, is the more general and historic aspect with which political events may be invested in the more deliberate retrospect of the month. We do not desire to be misunderstood into the absurd notion,

that we would shut ourselves out from a fair and manly use of the weapons of party controversy, which are flashing and circling round our ears wherever we turn. Such dastardly discretion never gains its cowardly object; it cannot serve our friends, or gain the respect of our honourable adversaries; "to be weak is miserable, doing or suffering." We are conservative; and no feeble vacillation shall dishonor our steady and upright strength. We cannot assent to the suspicious friendship that would counsel an impotent moderation, where vigor and intrepid activity prompt to rough collision; we laugh to scorn the silly reproach of newspaper politics. We assert and shall not relinquish our right to fling aside our literary tiara—our jewelled wand, with which we sit pointing oracularly to the destinies of the nation, and leaping down into the thronged arena, to lay about us among our friends of the press, as long and as stoutly as our spirit impels. Our friends of the daily press are, we contend, excellent companions, and we do not shrink from the comparison. But, this point being saved, there is another consideration of much importance, which we shall keep in view, so far as our purposes and duties admit, "*exceptis excipiendis*," as the worthy prior of Jorvaulx Abbey is recorded to have said upon a very similar occasion. In our column the inflammatory topics of the month will mostly be found to appear through the softening medium of afterthought, and when they have already in some degree undergone the sifting of public opinion. They may thus be expected, so far as may be, to appear comparatively divested of the rancorous tone, and of the irritating, degrading and disgusting personality which is offensive to the mind of a gentleman, to whatever party he may be attached. So far as the topic before our notice shall admit of it, we shall endeavour to take our stand on the high ground of principle, and to enlarge the compass of political discussion by historical and philosophical views. Thus may we hope to supply a momentous desideratum in the state-craft of the day, which is not less remarkable for its ability in the labyrinth of small details and expedencies which fill our eyes and ears on every side, than for its want of business, as to directions and the natural effect of superfluous views.

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**AN INTRODUCTORY LECTURE
ON POLITICAL ECONOMY,**

DELIVERED BEFORE THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN, IN HILARY TERM, 1837.

BY ISAAC BUTT, L.L.B.

Archbishop Whately's Professor of Political Economy.

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PARLIAMENTARY DOINGS.

THE parliamentary campaign has commenced, and commenced exactly as we could have desired. The ministry provoked a discussion on the state of Ireland, and have been signally defeated. In one respect, it has made us think better of them than we did before. It is hard to believe that they could have been fully aware of "the fantastic tricks" of their Irish Chief Governor, or of the insults and injuries to which the Protestant population of this country have been exposed, since his arrival, when they boldly volunteered to share the responsibilities of his misgovernment, and even to demand praise for the wisdom and the impartiality of his administration. And it is also but justice to them to acknowledge, that no men could have seemed more overwhelmed by a sense of condemnation, than they appeared, when the astounding array of facts, which were deployed against them by the skill and the ability of Sergeant Jackson, routed, and threw into irretrievable confusion, their presumptuous anticipations.

And is it possible, we ask ourselves, that they could have been so grossly ignorant as they seemed, of the doings in Ireland? It is difficult to believe, that men, charged with the concerns of this mighty empire, could have been either so miserably incompetent, or so culpably negligent, as not to be aware of the tendency, at least, of almost every one of Lord Mulgrave's measures, to foster the insolence and the sedition of one portion of the people, and to chill the loyalty, outrage the feelings, and destroy the property of the other. And yet, either such ignorance or such negligence can alone account for the astonishing confidence with which Lord John Russell threw down the gauntlet

to the Irish Conservatives, and challenged them to point out a single instance by which the most captious impugnors of the measures of the Lord Lieutenant could prove the justice of their accusations.

He instanced, as deserving of particular commendation, the resolution of the Irish Attorney-General, not to avail himself of the privilege of the crown in the challenge of jurors; and more than insinuated, that former law-officers abused that prerogative of office, to the oppression of the subject, and the perversion of justice. With respect to the latter assertion, we must always believe, that a gentleman does not, knowingly, state a deliberate falsehood; and, therefore, we ascribe to gross ignorance the statement by which his Lordship had been deceived; but, with respect to the former, never did an unfortunate advocate experience confutation more confounding.

The debate is too recent to justify us in referring at any length to Sergeant Jackson's powerful exposure of this part of the ministerial case. Suffice it to say, that the English members were astounded. The case to which he alluded was simply this:—A Protestant family, named Carter, resident in the Queen's County, were tenants of Lord Maryborough, for a piece of land, for which they paid rent, and to which they were justly entitled. They proceeded to fence it; but this exercise of their legal rights gave the agrarian depredators offence, and one of the family was so severely beaten, that he lost his senses, and is, we believe, at this moment, the inmate of a lunatic asylum. The elder member of the family they murdered. Nor was this appalling outrage done in a corner.—

The supposed guilty parties were well known. They were indicted for the murder. One very generally suspected to have been assisting in the perpetration of the crime, appeared in court, and assisted the culprits in their challenges, while the crown-solicitor was compelled, by his instructions, to sit by, and see a jury sworn, from whom a righteous verdict could not be expected. The consequence was, as might be anticipated, that justice was defeated. The indictment was tried at another assizes; and, the same practice of not putting by being persevered in on the part of the crown, a convict, a man who had been tried and found guilty of a similar offence, found his way into the jury box, and again there was no verdict. A third time the case came on to be tried, and with a similar result, owing to the same cause. The law was made a laughing-stock, and the crown lawyers were found, in point of fact, the most efficient protectors of the most notorious offenders.

Such was the working of the beautiful system, for which the Irish Lord Lieutenant took so much credit, and for which the Home Secretary challenged the admiration of parliament. We may add, as we cannot afford space to dwell upon this part of the subject at length, that in every other instance, in which he vaunted of the doings of the Irish Government, he was not more successful. The gross partiality in the appointment of magistrates, and revising barristers; the gross abuse of the prerogative of mercy, in the pardon of offenders; the sweeping clearances made by his Excellency, in the various jails, during his peregrinations through the country; his marked patronage of the new seditious association, which has chiefly signalized itself by abetting the anti-tithe conspiracy; the discountenance which Government has shown towards the established clergy, who are not deemed entitled to ordinary protection, when they proceed to the recovery of their vested rights; all this was brought home to ministers with a degree of conviction which left nothing to be desired;—and the lame apologies by which their scandalous abuse of power was sought to be justified, did not, for a moment, impose upon even the most sanguine adherents of the administration. Insomuch, that many of them were well content to drop the further prosecution of the subject; and, although, like the month of March, it

had come in like a lion, to suffer it to go out like a lamb.

And here, we cannot but congratulate our fellow-conservatives, upon the signal effect produced by the late great meeting at the Mansion-house in this city. The resolutions there passed, were the provocatives by which Lord John Russell's vain-glorious statements were called forth, and without which, it is probable, an opportunity might not have been, as yet, afforded, of showing up the pernicious mispolicy of the government in Ireland. But he himself compelled the production of the evidence by which he stands condemned. When he discovered his error, it was too late to retrace his steps. He could not forbid the exposures which he defied; and the resolutions which he had hoped to exhibit as false or exaggerated, he was compelled to witness proved to demonstration.

Nor can we take leave of this part of the subject, without commending the industry and the caution of the able and honest men by whom the measures of that great meeting were prepared. Their statements were bold; but they were all based upon such evidence as could not be refuted, and, when brought to the test of proof, were found to be rather under than over-coloured, and to involve even a deeper condemnation than might at first be apprehended. This was true wisdom. There is nothing by which the Conservatives would have suffered more severely, than by making any allegations which could not be substantiated. This was the error into which their adversaries had hoped that they were entrapped, when Lord John Russell bade them a proud defiance, in introducing his bill for municipal corporations. Had they been taken thus at fault, their defeat and disgrace would have been signal; and ministers would have commenced their parliamentary campaign with an éclat that would have augured most prosperous things. But the ground which they chose for their field of battle, was the very one that we should have desired; and the onset which was to eventuate in our route, has only terminated in their confusion. All this is as it should be;—and again and again we would impress upon our friends, that a result so fortunate could only have been produced, by a caution which was as scrupulous in the verification of accusatory statements, as the eloquence was brilliant, and the abi-

lity transcendent, by which they were brought home to the conviction of parliament.

Amongst the Irish members who distinguished themselves on this important occasion, Sergeant Jackson held the first place. But he was ably seconded by our city member, Mr. West, who, in a maiden speech, gave promise of a degree of senatorial eminence, for which, from the modesty of his general demeanour, all but his intimate friends were unprepared. Mr. Shaw ably supported his high parliamentary reputation; and Emerson Tennent was brilliant and powerful. What particularly pleased us in this discussion was, that our friends produced no more of their case than was just necessary to meet the statements of their opponents. We, who know what that case is, know how much remains behind; and, when the proper time comes for bringing it forward in its full strength, we promise our readers disclosures which will equally move their astonishment and their indignation.

As a set-off against the defeat, (for although there was no division, the discussion was *felt* as a defeat,) which ministers sustained upon moving for leave to introduce the municipal bill, a great deal of very idle boasting has taken place, because of the majority of eighty, by which, in its subsequent stage, it was supported. This may do very well to deceive those who reside at a distance; but, with those who more truly understand the matter, it passes for very little indeed. In the first place, it fell short by six of the last division, upon what was, substantially, the same question, in the last session; and this, notwithstanding a defalcation of twenty-two Conservatives, who were absent without pairs. This latter event is, indeed, a ground of mortification, and shows, we are sorry to say, a degree of remissness in the defenders, which is not to be found in the assailants of our institutions. In the second place, no less than fourteen Conservatives voted in the majority; not being able to bring themselves to condemn, without a crime, the old corporations. For this feeling, we can make much allowance; as in truth we participate in it to a great degree ourselves. To be sure, it may be said, that no unwillingness has been expressed, on the part of our corporate bodies, to surrender, upon the terms proposed by the conservative leaders, their ancient privileges and prescrip-

tions; and, "*volenti non fit injuria.*" But, if this concession is extorted by the unprincipled violence of a tyrannous majority; if it be not a concession to reason, but to faction, we cannot but honour the virtuous men, who, on this occasion, however mistakenly, ran counter to the wishes of their friends, because in their judgments, expediency should never be preferred to justice.

The question, indeed, was one, upon which, of all others, the ministers felt themselves strongest. A large majority had been already pledged to them upon it, and this majority was kept up by the threat of a dissolution, in case of any considerable falling off, by which very many of them knew well that they would lose their seats. The vaunted trial of strength was, therefore, nothing more than a skilful putting of the best leg foremost. But, turn we from the division to the debate, and never was there a more signal triumph than the Conservatives had in argument. This, after all, is the great point to be considered. Let any dispassionate reader peruse the speeches of the ministers and their supporters, in comparison with those of the able and honest men by whom their views and principles were impugned, and, we venture to say, that wisdom and folly, fair intentions and chicanery, were never more strikingly contrasted. On the one side, we have intimidation and violence; on the other, eloquence and reason. On the one side, we have a popish democracy, masquerading it under the flimsy disguise of constitutional improvement; on the other, a sincere desire to ameliorate, accompanied by a cautious avoidance of every thing which would tend to convulse or to destroy. The patronizers of the normal schools of agitation, would fain communicate a sort of political St. Vitus's dance to the people of Ireland, and keep them in a state of quivering excitability from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. Faulkland's prayer, "peace, peace," is that which the Conservatives consider the desideratum in this unhappy country; and they are, accordingly, willing to take power from one party, without conferring it on the other. Indeed, it is perfectly impossible, that the masterly speeches, in which their views upon this subject have been made known to the public, shall not, in due time, produce their due effect, and give rise to a feeling out of doors which may very soon produce a sen-

sible effect within the walls of the House of Commons, and convince even the tyrannous majority that there is yet a power by which they may be controlled.

There was no one by whom the true character of the Irish municipal measure, was more convincingly presented to the house, than by Lord Stanley. Here, said the noble lord, is a measure, which we, the Conservatives, believe to involve the destruction of the Irish church; which the radical supporters of ministers exultingly declare, must involve its destruction; but which the residue of the house, the miserable, "monopolising minority," who constitute the immediate ministerial party, persist in declaring, must be beneficial to that church, and that its passing into a law will ensure its conservation! Could any thing more clearly prove, either their dishonesty, or their infatuation?

But he spoke to an assembly upon whom argument was, on that occasion at least, thrown away. The House of Lords will, we hope, appreciate, and act upon, the view which was so contumaciously rejected by the House of Commons. In truth, they should consider that there was in that house a large majority *against* the bill; for the majority was quite overwhelming by which it was maintained, that it must be destructive of Protestant institutions. The numbers, computing radicals and conservatives, by whom that proposition has been affirmed, are 422; those by whom it has been negatived amount only to 142. There is thus a clear majority of 280, who either oppose the bill or glory in it, upon the express ground, that it must lead, directly, to the ruin of the Irish church; so that the Lords should not hesitate for a moment in dismissing it, if *that* be not a ground upon which it may be recommended to their adoption.

Perhaps the most painful feature in the whole discussion was, the beastly barbarity with which Lord John Russell ridiculed the sufferings of the Irish clergy. He described them as sentimentalists, affecting a distress which they did not feel; that they found,

ease. He then said, that in consequence of reading a great many scientific treatises on gout, he found one morning that he had got all the symptoms of gout except the pain."

It is thus that a minister of the crown describes the present condition of the plundered and persecuted Irish clergy! Oh, with what delight must the wolves of popery have gloated over this unfeeling banter! Affected distress! Fancied misery! Is it a fable that Irvine Whitty was stoned to death? Is it a fable that Houston, and Fergusson, and Going have been barbarously murdered? Is it a fable that hundreds of blameless and educated gentlemen, whose only offence is that they are ministers of the Established Church, are, this moment, either exiles from their homes, or pining, with their helpless families, in penury and destitution? Is this, or is it not, the condition of the Irish clergy? And shall a minister of the crown have the brutal hardihood to hold them up, in their misery, to the grinning mockery of the papists and radicals in parliament; and, instead of devising a remedy for the heavy grievances under which they labour, turn out the sufferers, as it were, to make sport for their tormentors!

Oh, where has gone the old spirit of the British House of Commons? The spirit of courtesy and honour! the spirit of justice and humanity! Time was, when the insolence of the heartless declaimer would have met the merited rebuke; when robbery would not be deemed less flagrant, because the objects of it were helpless churchmen; nor murder less appalling, because Protestant clergymen were the victims! But our reformers "have changed all that." The blood-stained tithe conspirators are now become objects of sympathy and commiseration; and, lest they should halt or falter in their purpose, a British minister does not feel it unbecoming to make light of the sufferings which they cause, by holding up the unoffending sufferers, whose wretchedness could scarcely be exaggerated, to the scorn or the contumely of the British parliament! Truly, no such encouragement was needed, to stimulate *them* to deeds of violence and blood; and if they do not improve upon Lord John Russell's hint, it will only be because they feel assured that enough has been already done to ensure the accomplishment of their darling object.

Well was it observed by Mr West in allusion to the Home Secretary's in-

"Such a charm in melancholy,
They would not, if they could be gay;"

that they "reminded him of a gentleman in the Spectator, who had been reading a number of medical books, and, in consequence of perusing a work on asthma, had imagined himself, for three weeks, affected with that dis-

solent taunt, that the insurance office had a different tale. The following case he mentioned as within his own knowledge :—

“ Mr. Eyre, a Protestant clergyman, escaped assassination by an accident. He sought to ensure his life, being unable to quit his parish, and received the following letter :

“ *Alliance Assurance Office,
Parson's-town, Jan. 28, 1837.*

“ *DEAR SIR,—The Alliance Fire Assurance Office are unwilling to entertain assurances on property belonging to clergymen, in the present state of Ireland. I am directed, therefore, to request you to receive back the amount of your premium and duty.—Believe me, dear Sir, most sincerely yours,*

“ *RICHARD HARRIS,
Agent to the Company.*

“ *Rev. R. B. Eyre, &c. &c.*”

Yes ! Such is the condition of the Irish Clergy—and to this condition they have been reduced by the neglect or the connivance of an unprincipled administration. To our minds the remedy is as obvious as the disease, if there were only those by whom it would be sincerely applied. Let the tithe defaulters be fought with their own weapons, and the victory will soon be decided in favour of right and justice. They say, “ we will not obey the laws. It is true we have all taken our land under leases which render us liable to tithe. An express allowance was made for tithe in the original agreement. We are perfectly satisfied that if we had not agreed to pay the tithe, we should have been obliged to pay a higher rent ; and we know very well that the increase of rent would very considerably exceed the sum for which the claims of the clergymen may be easily compounded. Of all this we are very well assured ; but what of that. The time has now come when we have good friends in the House of Commons, and when, by a little violence and bloodshed, we can wrest from the clergyman his tithe ;—and we are not the men to forego, for a trifle, so great an advantage.” Now, we ask, is not this a plain, unvarnished exposition of the views of those who thus embody themselves in opposition to the existing law ? And if it be, could any thing be more just than to meet them by a counter project ? and to say to them, “ Gentlemen, if you, confessedly, violate the law in one instance, the law will not afford you protection in another. If you do not ob-

serve it, as far as the rights of others are concerned, it shall not assist you in the enforcement of your own ; and, in every instance in which an individual is convicted of combining to resist the just demands of the clergyman, he shall be disabled from recovering his own just debts by any process of law, in a court of justice.” This would appear to us to be a simple and an adequate remedy, and it surely would be no more than fair retaliation. It would supersede at once all necessity for a resort to violence. Writs of rebellion need no more be heard of ; and every one, even the culprits themselves, must recognise something like retributive justice in the manner in which projects of spoliation would thus be made to react upon their inventors ; and those who despised the law, when the rights of others were to be assailed, found to their cost that the law also could laugh at them, when, in their utmost need, they implored its assistance.

But the English Radicals seem to be of opinion that the Irish papists have hitherto had it all too much their own way ; and, well as they are inclined to favour the spoliation of the Irish Church, and to promote the establishment of schools of normal agitation, they cannot altogether so exclusively patronise projects like these, as to neglect the prosecution of what they are pleased to consider imperial objects. Accordingly, the question of the ballot has been again forced into discussion ; and the miserable ministry were rescued, by their Conservative opponents, from a defeat, by which they would have been extinguished. The Radicals mustered strong, and showed increasing numbers. They were bold and confident in their anticipation of final triumph, and must have been greatly elated by the timid and equivocating conduct of the dastards whom they have so long maintained in office, and who are now made to feel that a continuance of the same support can only be ensured by a departure from their avowed convictions. Yes ! As far as the Whigs are concerned, the ballot is virtually conceded. Lord Howick significantly declared, that, in his opinion, “ to that complexion things must come at last.” Such is the boasted fruit of the Reform Bill ! That bill, which was to banish bribery and corruption, and to bring back, in electioneering matters, the golden age of perfect purity and freedom ! No doubt, there are many patriotic constituents who have felt the period of a contested

election as the season when they could make a golden harvest. But we believe no one now doubts the truth of that statement, which was made by one of the Radical members, Mr. Buller; we think, that bribery, corruption, and intimidation have increased in a fearful degree, since that measure by which the constitution of Great Britain has been so fatally democratised. The Conservatives were at their post on this occasion, and nobly did their duty. They preserved the country from the adoption of a practice which would have superadded hypocrisy to the baseness of treachery and ingratitude. They rescued Ireland from the adoption of a measure which would have made returning officers of the Irish priests. They defeated *pro hac vice*, the attempt to substitute the confessional box for the hustings. There is some check at present upon the freeholder, who, if he would oppose his landlord, must, at least, oppose him openly. Let the ballot be conceded, and he may *promise* him openly his support, while he secretly votes against him. Thus, he can secure, at the same time, the rewards of honesty, and the fruits of treason. "I would see the electors," said O'Connell, "coming to the hustings with shouts for West and Hamilton, and voting for me." Such are the anticipations of the popish demagogue, from the measure which he has so much at heart. He would encourage in his adherents a hypocritical concealment of their real opinions, and teach them to delude his adversaries with peaceful words, while their right hands practised deceit against them! And this is the man who disclaims the equivocations taught and commended in Dens' Theology! Oh! when will the right-minded people of England be made fully aware of the abominations of a system, which can thus openly commend its votaries for conduct which no honest man could regard with any other feeling than that of indignation and abhorrence?

"They would come shouting for West and Hamilton, and they would vote for me!" The man who could use such language as this, must be dead to all sense of moral obligation. He not merely connives at, but exults in, the profligacy and the hypocrisy of his supporters. Nay, more; he seems insensible to the disgrace of thus glorying in his shame. It would almost seem as if he were utterly unconscious of the horror which must be felt by all right-

minded persons at so flagitious a declaration. But such is the man, and such is the system; and from that man and from that system the Conservatives have, for this once at least, preserved the country. Can they continue to do so much longer? That is the important question, which we do not pretend to solve. The solution of it will depend entirely upon the conduct of the people of England. If they continue supine or indifferent, while popery and radicalism are making such fearful inroads, the result cannot long be doubtful. The active and unprincipled minority will soon become dominant over the timid, the feeble, and the vacillating good, who will, at length, awaken to a sense of their condition, but too late to make any effectual resistance. If, on the contrary, they timely bestir themselves, all will yet be well. The country will be made aware of its danger. Associations will be formed, by which the registries will be taken care of; and publications will be multiplied by which good principles may be diffused. Upon these two courses, humanly speaking, depends our political salvation—to neglect them now would be to be passive conspirators against ourselves. There is every thing to encourage us in fighting the good fight of the constitution with a manly confidence, if we only be true to the principles which we have adopted. Our cause is a righteous cause, which, the more deeply it is considered, the more cordially it will be approved. Our weapons are all to be found in a state fit for immediate use, in the old armoury of the Constitution. We practise no deception—we need no concealment. Let the ruffians who wish to trade upon election influence, and who would find it convenient to keep the word of promise to the ear, while they break it to the hope, contend for the ballot. It would be to them, as old Homer expressed it, "better than night to the thief." We require it not—we deprecate, we condemn it. Like Ajax at the battle of the ships, we exclaim, "if we *are* to perish, let us perish in the light." Let us die in open, honourable conflict. We leave to our adversaries the use of the wrap-rascal, under the cover of which they may profess one thing, while they practise another. The ballot will give to Irish papists, and English radicals, all that the one can desire for plotting in secrecy against the Church, and all that the other can

desire for plotting in secrecy against the Constitution.

The Canada question was another stumbling-block to the Whig-radical administration ; and they met it like guilty cowards, who were afraid to do right, and ashamed to do wrong. Making a stand against the insurgent colonists, they must offend the party of Hume and Roebuck, by whom the cause of the Canada faction has been espoused ; by adopting what would be called a conciliating policy, they would have caused the dismemberment of the empire. The course which they have adopted just amounts to an acknowledgment of this kind, that the two Canadas were too high a price to pay for the aid of their radical supporters.

The ultimatum of Papineau, the Canadian O'Connell, was, that the legislative council should be elective. This would, at once, throw the whole power of legislating for the colony into the hands of the faction, who are impatient of British influence, and panting for the opportunity of asserting their national independence. Our readers may imagine what the result of such a measure would be, if they will consider the necessary consequences, in this country, of a repeal of the legislative union. A spring-tide of violence and sedition would set in, against which the veto of the governor would be as a reed before the winter torrent ; and before two years had passed over, the democratic party would have so embroiled the affairs of the colony, as to render a separation between Upper and Lower Canada a matter of choice, even as the separation between Canada and the mother country would be a matter of necessity.

And what have the government done ? or, rather, what have they said ? Why, truly, that to make the legislative council elective, would be, *under present circumstances, inexpedient*. But is not this to say, that, under different circumstances, to do so might be expedient ? And we ask any honest and soundly judging man, are there, in the ordinary contingencies of human affairs, any circumstances in which such a measure could be safe ? What would be thought of a similar resolution as an amendment to a proposition for making the House of Lords elective ? —for the legislative council are, in Canada, exactly what the House of Lords are at home. Would it be such an indication of vigour and of wisdom, as would satisfy the honest

and the reflecting ? Or, rather, would it not be such a betrayal of pusillanimity and weakness, as must encourage the violent and the seditious to persevere in that agitation by which they had made themselves formidable, and by the continuance of which they could not doubt that they must be, in no long time, successful ? Truly, no one could doubt that the faction had virtually succeeded, when they were only met by such a timid and compromising resistance, as rather deprecated precipitancy, than denounced dangerous innovation, and made it a question of time, rather than a question of principle, whether government should concede to, or put a determined negative upon—changes which no sane man could contemplate without looking forward to revolt and revolution.

By nothing will the downward progress of the Whig administration, from one stage of radicalism to another, be more readily detected, than by comparing the spirit which was manifested by Lord Grey's government, when O'Connell brought forward his repeal project, with that by which the Papineau sedition has been met in the late discussion, by the more cunning and reckless men by whom he has been supplanted. In the one case there was a bold resistance to the demands of the demagogue, who was only not openly denounced as a public enemy ; and such an extinguisher put upon his wicked proposal, as was the very next thing to rendering the repetition of it an overt act of high treason. In the other case, the government evince a hesitation and an embarrassment in dealing with Mr. Papineau's proposition, which assuredly will not cause any dismay or sinking of the heart in that able and audacious demagogue ; yea, which must rather operate as a provocative of his zeal, to produce that *change of circumstances*, by which, as he is clearly given to understand, the views of his Majesty's ministers may be altered. In the one case sedition was boldly grappled with, and effectually put down ; in the other case, it is feebly and almost coquettishly repelled, and that, as it would almost seem, that it might be more vigorously repeated—as if Government wished clearly to intimate that they only required a little more pressing, to concede, to the full extent, all that the grasping ambition of the democratic colonists could require, for the overthrow of British authority, in one of the most

valuable possessions of the British empire.

It is not to be denied that the seeds of disunion were sown in the very elements of the present Canadian constitution. By that constitution, popery became the established religion of the country—by that constitution the old French tenures of property were preserved—by that constitution the French language became the authorised medium of communication in the courts of law, and the houses of assembly. As long as the war of the revolution lasted, a royalist feeling prevailed in Canada, which caused it to be a safe, if not a valuable auxiliary in that eventful contest. But, as soon as the return of peace left the minds of men unoccupied, the demagogue availed himself of the opportunity to practise his seditious arts, and the constitutional privileges, which had been conceded by England, were made the stepping-stones of further concessions, by which, it was hoped, the French party in Canada would soon be enabled to obliterate every trace of colonial dependence.

Now, in point of fact, the occupation of the Canadas by the British, should rather have been considered in the light of promotion than of subjugation. They were taken from a despotic power, who could not protect them, and placed under a constitutional power who could. They were taken out of a state of vassalage, and brought into a state of freedom, in which they enjoyed all the advantages of the old regime under which they had lived, while they were enfranchised with privileges to which they could never have aspired, were it not for the British conquest. They enjoyed, moreover, advantages of trade from their close connection with the first mercantile nation in the world, which, had they remained a French possession, they could not have dreamed of. And, we are very well persuaded, that all the wise and honest men in the colony were well content to enjoy the blessings which they already possessed, and deprecated, exceedingly, the busy and mischievous interference of the demagogue by whom the minds of the colonists were distracted.

The English settlers, indeed, in Lower Canada, had reason to complain of the French tenures, by which the rights of property were rendered most vexatiously complicated; and the law of dower, which was maintained in all its strictness, rendered it almost im-

possible for any man to tell what was in reality his own. In Upper Canada, the settlers, who were chiefly of English origin, had reason to complain of the impediments which they experienced in the navigation of the St. Lawrence, the tolls being so heavy as to amount to a great discouragement to their trade; and being, moreover, under the exclusive control, and at the entire disposal of the French Canadians. But these were arrangements that required adjustment, rather than grievances that required redress; and a very little of the spirit of mutual accommodation on the part of all parties, would have been sufficient, under a firm government, to introduce concord and harmony into the colony, and to leave no other rivalry amongst the colonists, than that by which they might be incited to the prosecution of their vast territorial advantages.

The reserved lands, as they are called, or, the portion of territory set apart for the support of the Church, became another source of discord. Our sapient legislators deemed that they could improve upon the divine plan of a provision for the clergy by tithe; and they, accordingly, allocated to them tracts of land totally uncleared, which were interspersed, at intervals, through the country, and which it was expected would participate in the progress of general improvement. The expectation has not been realised. These lands have not only not improved in value, so as to fulfil the end of their original allocation, but they have been felt as a serious obstacle to the improvement of the colony at large, interposing large clumps of uncleared land between the cultivated portions of the country, by which all free communication is intercepted, and furnishing rather a bone of contention to adverse sects, than a solid basis of support to a Christian ministry. Such is the result of this great experiment to endow a Church without having recourse to tithes. Thus was the wisdom of the wise confounded; and thus have the devices of the cunning and the worldly eventuated in frustration and disappointment.

We are persuaded that, if, a calculation were made of the loss and the injury which the colony has suffered from the clergy reserves in their present state, it would be found more than an equivalent for a tithe of the lands which have been brought into a state of improvement. So that, virtually, the

people may be considered as paying a tithe, without deriving, in the existence of an established clergy, any of its compensating advantages. The funds by which Christian instructors are maintained, must flow from sources altogether different from those originally set apart for that purpose; while these are as eye-sores and blemishes in the colony, constituting a vast additional drawback upon the resources of its hardy and adventurous population. Oh, when will our statesmen learn that the foolishness of God is wiser than man, and the weakness of God is stronger than man!

These lands, however, did at length arrive at a certain amount of value, just as a nuisance will become of a certain value in the eyes of those by whom it is desirable that it should be removed. They were, accordingly, about being disposed of, for whatever they would bring, for the benefit of the clergy of the Church of England, for whose behoof they were always considered as set apart, when the clergy of the Church of Scotland, upon the ground that they, too, were an established church, put in their claim for a portion of the proceeds, and thus caused a difficulty in disposing of them, by which the negotiation, which was upon the point of being concluded, was suspended. Sir George Murray was, we believe, in the Colonial Office at that time, and he decided the question at issue in favour of the claims of his own countrymen, the Scotch. Into the merits of that case, we do not at present enter; nor should we have alluded to it, but for the purpose of showing how sadly these reserved lands have contributed to the increase of religious discord. The Methodists were, and are, by far the most numerous, and the most zealous of the religionists by whom the gospel has been preached in that colony; and as long as the clergy reserves were appropriated to the Church of England ministry, they were well content to regard that body as alone entitled to them. But, as soon as ever the Presbyterian Church had its claim allowed, they felt that equal justice required that their services should be considered, and they have, accordingly, ever since, been moved and actuated by a spirit of jealous hostility towards the clergy of the more favoured churches, which before had no existence. We cannot, therefore, but lament an award which we do not believe to have been founded in right; and the only effect of which

would seem to be, to render property which was but of little value, scarcely of any value at all, and to convert what was previously a very happy state of religious concord and tranquillity, into a very unhappy one of religious discord.

But the view which the present condition of Upper Canada presents in other particulars, is somewhat more cheering. There, too, matters were progressing from bad to worse, and the House of Assembly was urging its democratic demands upon the governor, to an extent which, if conceded, the tranquillity of the colony would be compromised, and the authority of the mother country overthrown. This was when the Whig ministry came in, and the appointment of Sir Francis Head seemed a pledge to the demagogues that their most extravagant demands would be granted. And, to do Sir Francis justice, he went along with them as far as he could; and that, it will be acknowledged, must have been a good way, by those who know what were the governor's radical predilections. Still, however, there were lengths to which he could not be induced to go; and when the democrats began to find him restive, they immediately had recourse to their now customary specific, the stopping the supplies. But they did not quite calculate upon the sort of person with whom they had to deal; and Sir Francis soon showed them that he knew a trick worth two of that. He immediately dissolved the Assembly, and appealed to the loyalty of the province to protect his Majesty's government against the folly or the wickedness of the mischievous disturbers. The appeal was not made in vain. The loyal Orangemen, who were fortunately numerous in the country, immediately rallied in defence of law and order. They were every where found supporting the candidates by whom the factious demagogues were opposed; and the result has been, that they have succeeded in returning a House of Assembly, in which the friends of the governor are three times more numerous than his opponents. It is therefore, considered that, in the Upper province, a Conservative victory has been won, which has placed the revolutionary party "*hors de combat*," and which it only requires prudence and vigour on the part of government, to improve, for the lasting tranquillity of the colony, and the enduring consolidation of the empire.

It is curious enough, that the last

act of Lord Gosford in England should have been his depositions before the Orange committee, by which he sought to disparage the Orangemen of Ireland; and that the first thing which he should have witnessed upon his arrival in America was, the good effect produced by the exertions of the Orangemen there, in suppressing a sedition by which British connexion would have been endangered. And it is no less extraordinary, that the able individual, who thus used their instrumentality for purposes of loyalty, was the very man who would have been marked out by Joseph Hume, and Mr. Roebuck, as the fittest from his spirit and his principles, to co-operate with the democratic faction, for the furtherance of their unconstitutional objects.

But from foreign, let us, before we conclude, glance for a moment at domestic objects. The radical, the dissenting, and the infidel party, have not been idle, but, true to their principles, have been indefatigable in pushing their hostility against the dignitaries of the church, and our ecclesiastical institutions. A motion has been made for relieving, as it was called, the bishops from the necessity of attendance in parliament. Had this been successful it would have been a great step towards the severance of the connection between church and state. But, founded as it was, in fraud and hypocrisy, even the ministers, who are almost wholly dependant upon that faction, for their possession of office, were ashamed to lend them any support, and Lord John Russell no doubt excited their astonishment not a little, by taking very strong ground against them. He boldly maintained the rights of the bishops, and contended for the propriety and the expediency of the political functions which they are called upon to discharge, and, in truth, appeared so valiant in their cause, that a reader, taking up his speech in the middle, might fancy that he was perusing one of Lord Stanley's orations. We do not really know what to make of this. Lord John has so often said and unsaid the same thing, that very little alarm might be excited in the minds of his friends by statements which would appear to others to pledge him to an unalterable hostility to their work of dangerous and unconstitutional innovation; while the confiding simplicity of some Conservatives might be deceived into the

belief that his sentiments were as sincerely professed as they were solidly founded. Whether he thus hoped to gain the one, while he knew he should not lose the other, we do not pretend to say. But, whatever the noble lord's motives were, it is certain that it was very much his interest, and that of his party, to make such a demonstration, as might lull, into a deceptive security, the friends of the church, preparatory to the boldest and the most treacherous attack that ever was made upon her property, or her independence.

We allude to the church-rates bill, the discussion upon which has only just terminated in a division which any other ministry would consider as a defeat, and which would be but the signal for their retirement. The principle of the measure is simply confiscation. It is proposed that church property shall be sold, for the purpose of raising a larger revenue than that which it at present yields, in the hope (a most chimerical one) that its proceeds, under the new arrangement, would be such, as not only to provide for present liabilities, but to leave a surplus, by the allocation of which, in lieu of church rates, parliament might be enabled to relieve the scruples of conscientious dissenters. Now, not to talk of the very suspiciously sudden growth of that morbid moral sensibility which causes the Dissenter not to decline, but to *incur*, and then to *disregard*, a civil obligation, which induces him to rest his tenement upon an understanding that he is to be rated for church cess, and then to make it a point of conscience to dispute that church cess, as though he ought not so to have been rated;—not, for the present, to enter upon a question like this, we ask, simply, in what consists the conscientious objection? Is it, or is it not, that those who dissent from the national religion, should be called upon to contribute to its maintenance? In that case, the concession of church rates can only be considered as a first instalment, to those more sweeping concessions which must ultimately be made, by which tithes must be swept away, and every vestige of national support for the establishment relinquished. This would lead to the direct admission of the voluntary system, against which no one ever protested more strongly than Mr. Spring Rice, in the very speech in which he introduced this project, which is but a preliminary

to more extensive spoliation. But if the principle, that dissenters are to be relieved from the necessity of contributing to the maintenance of that from which they dissent, is *not* to be conceded, in what consists the relief to tender consciences? They, to do them but common justice, have ever scorned to rest their case upon any grievance that could be alleged from the mere amount of their contribution. It was not the payment, but the principle upon which it was required, of which they ever complained. And, if the principle is still to be maintained, what mockery is it to pretend that any relief has been given, by which they could be finally satisfied. And, on the other hand, what becomes of all Spring Rice's declamation against the voluntary system, if the principle by which alone a system of established Christianity can be maintained, is to be abandoned?

Again we would ask, is church property national or corporate? Does it belong to the ecclesiastical incorporation, or to the nation at large? If to the first, what injustice to wrest it from its present proprietors, for the purpose of sweating out of it an increased value, in order to meet expenses which have always heretofore been defrayed out of the revenues of the nation at large? If to the second, do not Dissenters still contribute to the maintenance of the established church, no matter what modification the national revenues undergo, as, upon this supposition, they are no less the property of the nation, this moment in the hands of the bishops, than they would be, in the hands of the commissioner, after their conversion in the manner proposed? What the Dissenter objects to is, the most remote implication that he is a consenting party to the maintenance of an erroneous creed; and, unless he consider himself as divested of any participation in the interest of property, which, it is yet maintained, is strictly national property, his objection upon principle, must be as strong to the allocation of any part of that property to the purposes for which it is at present required, as it can be to submitting to any tax for the furtherance of similar objects.

In truth, no mystification can blind the thinking part of the public to the obvious design of the great majority of those by whom this precious scheme has been supported. They only value it because of its obvious tendency to

cashier the national religion. Church rates are, in themselves, no grievance. It is now obvious, from the multitude of petitions which are pouring in upon parliament, that, while they are scarcely felt by dissenters, they are cheerfully borne by the nation at large. If the mode in which they are assessed and levied could be called a grievance, an obvious remedy was suggested by Lord Althorp in 1834, when he introduced a bill by which, if it had passed, the consolidated fund would have been made chargeable with their amount. But, the secession of Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham from the government, threw the remaining members of the cabinet more into the hands of the radicals than they were before, and that faction were no longer content with a moderate and constitutional measure of relief, by which the claims of the church, as a national establishment, would still be respected; but felt, from their commanding position, that concessions might be extorted, by which, sooner or later, the church must be overthrown. Lord Althorp's bill, accordingly, was abandoned, and the present measure concocted, which has been hailed by the faction with a fell delight, while it was introduced by their miserable tools with hypocritical asseverations of their respect and veneration for the establishment. But the wolf, on this occasion, was not able so to disguise himself in sheep's clothing as not to be detected; and he found, moreover, that he had to deal with some one more experienced in the ways of the world than the Little Red Riding Hood. Certainly, if the most glozing plausibility could prevail, Mr. Spring Rice would have been successful. He made his approaches to the church with the stealthy wariness of Reynard creeping upon a hen-roost. But it was of no avail. The bishops had unceremoniously given the alarm; and the wily marauder has encountered a species of opposition, which will make him, if we mistake not, very glad to skulk back, with his tail between his legs, rather than encounter the hostility of his now prepared and determined assailants.

But if it were possible, by any improvement of church revenues, to increase their amount, it was well shown by Sir Robert Peel, (who left not a shred of support to the financial statements of the Chancellor of the Exchequer,) that there were claims

upon it, prior both in importance and magnitude, to any that could be alleged on the part of the Dissenters. The report of the ecclesiastical commissioners stated, that there were no less than 3528 benefices, under £150 per annum; that there were 130 of these that had a population of more than 10,000; that 51 had a population of from 5 to 10,000; that 251 had a population of between 2 and 5,000; and that there were 1125 having a population of between 500 and 2000. It further stated, that, even if there were to be no addition made to those having a population below 500, it would take no less a sum than £235,000 per annum to raise all the benefices having a population of between 500 and 2,000, to the annual value of £200. There were 2878 benefices on which there was no house of residence, and there were 1728 benefices, in which the houses were either unfit for residences, or in which houses did not exist at all. Surely, while wants of this kind remain to be supplied, it is worse than insulting mockery, it is wicked impiety to talk of directing any portion of the revenues to be derived from any imaginable improvement in the management of church property, to the relief of conscientious dissenters. But the report proceeds to observe, that even this is not the greatest of the exigencies, in the present condition of the country, the providing for which is imperiously demanded.

"The most prominent of those defects, which cripple the energies of the established church, and circumscribe its usefulness, is, the want of churches and ministers, in the large towns and populous districts of the kingdom. The growth of the population has been so rapid, as to outrun the means possessed by the establishment of meeting its spiritual wants; and the result has been, that a vast proportion of the people, are left destitute of the opportunities of public worship, and Christian instruction, even when every allowance is made for the exertions of those religious bodies, which are not in connection with the Established Church. It is not necessary in this report, to enter into all the details, by which the truth of this assertion might be proved. It will be sufficient to state the following facts as examples. Looking to those parishes only which contain each a population exceeding ten thousand, we find, that, in London and its suburbs, including the parishes on either bank of the Thames, there are four parishes or districts, each

having a population exceeding 20,000; and containing an aggregate of 166,000 persons, with church room for 8200, (not quite one twentieth of the whole,) and only 11 clergymen. There are 21 others, the aggregate population of which is 739,000, while the church room is for 66,105, (not one tenth of the whole,) and only 45 clergymen."

This demand, observed Sir Robert, is, as yet, unanswered; and most heartily do we concur in his energetic appeal to the gentlemen of England, not, for any pecuniary advantage, to sacrifice the spiritual interests of millions of immortal souls, by assenting to a project, by which the revenues of the church would be mortgaged or sacrificed, in the vain expectation of appeasing the unreasonable and hypochondriacal or hypocritical scruples of capricious dissent, instead of being husbanded for the purpose of multiplying the means and the opportunities for diffusing pure and undefiled religion.

The pretext, that, by divesting the bishops of their rights of property, they would be left more free for the due discharge of their spiritual duties, which was either ignorantly, or insolently put forward by Lord Howick, was well exposed by Mr. Goulburn. All duties connected with their secularities were, the right honourable gentleman observed, generally performed by their law agents; and it was strange, indeed, that it should be asserted, that this Bill would leave the bishops more free for the discharge of their spiritual duties, when this very board, which the bill created for the management of their land, was to be composed of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and other high church dignitaries. This bill, he added, deprived the clergy of their landed property, and made them annuitants; making them receive annuities from the future purchasers of their own lands. If once this bill was passed, the country would soon forget—perhaps it would forget in the course of one twelvemonth—the state of things which had existed prior to the bill being passed into a law, and, he maintained, that the prelates and the other church dignitaries, would appear to the community in a most invidious light. If the bill permitted a dissenter to purchase this land, what would be the situation of the prelate, *who would have to come down to him, and claim, not a trifling church rate, but a large propor-*

tion, perhaps, a fifth of the full value of the property. This is, practically, as important a point as was urged during the whole debate. In what, in the case supposed, would consist the relief to the conscientious dissenter? Would he find it in an aggravation, perhaps one hundred fold, of his preexisting burden? Or, would he stultify himself, by consenting to call that no grievance now, which was before so loudly complained of, because, truly, he was only dealing with the church, for value received, as he would with any other proprietor? This is, no doubt, the true view of the case; and if he only consent to adopt and to act upon it at present, he will, we can assure him, have found a more ready and a more satisfactory mode of dealing with his own scruples, than any suggested by the present bill, which, nevertheless, we do not blame him for setting a very high value upon, because of its very inconsistencies and contradictions. He knows very well that it *must* lead to that which it would *seem* to deprecate; and he is satisfied, for a season, to give to ecclesiastical establishments a semblance of support, in order, the more effectually, to ensure their destruction.

But the speech which attracted most attention was that of Lord Stanley, because of the vigour and ability with which he replied to the miserable jargon of his majesty's attorney general. Never was chastisement better inflicted or more richly deserved. Indeed the wretched tool of faction, who then writhed under his lordship's lash, was too much honoured by receiving his punishment from such hands. The praises of O'Connell or of Joseph Hume would have been more suitable to his deserts. But doubtless he will never forgive, and the house will never forget the laceration which he provoked, when Lord Stanley rose to exhibit to the indignation of the house, his meanness, his inconsistencies, and his tergiversation; his utter ignorance, or his gross falsification of what has been always recognized as established law; and his readiness, for his own purposes, to lend himself to the views of any administration.

And yet, in dealing with this subject, Lord Stanley had a difficult task to perform; and, it is our belief, the ministers would never have ventured upon the measure which they proposed, had they not conceived that he would have been embarrassed in opposing them, by his advocacy of the church

temporalities bill for Ireland. We have never concealed our opinion, that, in the concoction of that measure, Lord Stanley was carried too far; and that his desire to conciliate led him to such an extreme of concession as to endanger the principles of which he yet would be thought a zealous defender. In using his pruning knife, he cut too near the quick of the establishment, not to leave its vitality exposed; and the very use that has been made of the precedent which he then set, ought, at least, if it has not, to convince him, that modifications, such as he attempted, can rarely be made, without involving more of evil than of good; and that, what is thus done for purposes of peace, becomes, too frequently, a cause of discontent, and a source of discord. No admirers of Lord Stanley can be more convinced than we are, of the honesty and the high-mindedness by which he has always been distinguished; and which never, probably, was more conspicuous than when he lent his powerful aid to the reform ministry, in the accomplishment of changes which have given a great and an undue preponderance to the democratic element in our constitution. And if the mischiefs which these changes threaten are to be averted, we do believe, that, humanly speaking, the noble Lord is that individual by whom a consummation so desirable may yet be accomplished. The wound in our body politic can only be healed by the same weapon by which it has been inflicted. And we confess that our worst fears for the results of the reform bill are least sensibly felt, when we read the effusions of this gallant and high-souled nobleman, without whose aid it never could have been enacted.

But, in the case before us, he fully succeeded in showing, to the satisfaction of every honest man, that his conduct with respect to the Irish church furnished neither precedent nor apology for the conduct of ministers in introducing such a measure as that to which he now objected. The church in Ireland was discriminated from that in England, by features too obvious to require to be specified; and which were abundantly sufficient to render any reasoning from the one to the other, in the cases proposed, most unfair; and the measures were, themselves, discriminated, by the recognition of the *principle* of a church establishment, and the justice and

equity which were observable in the one, and the rejection of that principle, together with the injustice and the iniquity which may be charged upon the other. The noble lord was quite triumphant in pressing this view of the matter upon the attention of the house; and left his antagonists utterly foiled in their attempts to expose his inconsistency.

We know very well that speculatists, like ourselves, are very likely to undervalue the difficulties which beset the practical men, who have to deal with those important questions in the imperial parliament. But we cannot, nevertheless, help thinking, that too much is sometimes done for the sake of conciliating unreasonable opponents. Nay, we are of opinion, that if *less* was sometimes attempted in that way, *more* would be accomplished. In our judgments, every real grievance should be met by a real remedy. If the dissenter had any thing whereof he might fairly complain, we would not stand for one moment in the way of its removal. On the contrary, if we did not anticipate, we would be aiding him therein, by our fullest and most cordial cooperation. But, admitting this, we do *not* admit that every *quasi* grievance should be met by a *quasi* remedy. We never knew any good to come of that prac-

tice. Religious or political hypochondriacism has never yet, in any single instance, been cured by *bread pills*. And our course in such a case would be, simply, to assert the groundlessness of the complaint; and to treat, either as *makingers*, or worse, those by whom it was hypocritically paraded. [The man who calls church rates a grievance because he dissents from the church, is not more reasonable in his opposition to them, than would be the republican, who should refuse to pay taxes, because he prefers a republic to a monarchy; and no concession which might not be made to the latter, should, in our judgment be made to the former, by those who would preserve inviolable the connection between church and state, or oppose any effectual resistance to the introduction of a principle, by the prevalence of which our national Christianity must be abandoned.]

But we must conclude. We know not whether the result of this discussion may not relieve the country from the incubus administration. It might, perhaps, be desirable, that they continued in office a little longer; but, if *they* think otherwise, *we* must even be content. Sir Robert Peel is, we believe, in good heart, and the materials of a better cabinet are abundant.

CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER.

CHAP. VI.

"Land of potato, pike and priest,
Punch, Peeler, proclamation,
Bug, bull, and blarney, famine, feast,
And peaceful agitation!"

Ireland, a Poem in Ten Cantos.

AT the conclusion of our last chapter we left our quondam antagonist, Mr. Beamish, stretched at full length upon a bed practising homœopathy by administering hot punch to his fever, while we followed our chaperon, Doctor Finucane, into the presence of the Reverend Father Brennan.

The company into which we now, without any ceremony on our parts, introduce ourselves, consisted of from five and twenty to thirty persons seated around a large oak table, plentifully provided with materials for drinking, and cups, goblets, and glasses of every shape and form. The moment we entered the doctor stepped forward, and, touching Father Malachi on the shoulder,—for so I rightly guessed him to be,—presented himself to his relative by whom he was welcomed with every demonstration of joy. While their recognitions were exchanged, and while the doctor explained the reasons of our visit, I was enabled, undisturbed and unnoticed, to take a brief survey of the party.

Father Malachi Brennan, P. P. of Craignaholt, was what I had often pictured to myself as the beau ideal of his caste; his figure was short, fleshy, and enormously muscular, and displayed proportions which wanted but height to constitute a perfect Hercules; his legs so thick in the calf, so taper in the ankle, looked like nothing I know except, perhaps, the metal balustrades of Carlisle-bridge; his face was large and rosy, and the general expression, a mixture of unbounded good humour and inexhaustible drollery, to which the restless activity of his black and arched eye-brows greatly contributed; and his mouth, were it not for a character of sensuality and voluptuousness about the nether lip, had been actually handsome; his head was bald, except a narrow circle close above the ears, which was marked by a ring of curly dark hair, sadly insufficient, however, to conceal a development behind, that, if there be truth in phrenology, bodes

but little happiness to the disciples of Miss Martineau.

Add to these external signs a voice rich, fluent, and racy, with the mellow "doric" of his country, and you have some faint resemblance of one "every inch a priest." The very antipodes to the *bonhomme* of this figure, confronted him as croupier at the foot of the table. This, as I afterwards learned, was no less a person than Mister Donovan, the coadjutor or "curate;" he was a tall, spare, ungainly, looking man of about five and thirty, with a pale ascetic countenance, the only readable expression of which vibrated between low suspicion and intense vulgarity: over his short, projecting forehead, hung down a mass of straight red hair; indeed—for nature is not a politician—it almost approached an orange hue. This was cut close to the head all round, and displayed in their full proportions a pair of enormous ears, which stood out in "relief," like turrets from a watch-tower, and with pretty much the same object; his skin was of that peculiar color and texture, which not all "the water in great Neptune's ocean" could impart a look of cleanliness to, while his very voice, hard, harsh, and inflexible, was unprepossessing and unpleasant. And yet, strange as it may seem, he too, was a correct type of his order; the only difference being that Father Malachi was an older coinage with the impress of Douay or St. Omers, whereas Mister Donovan was the shining metal fresh stamped from the mint of Maynooth. While thus occupied in my surveillance of the scene before me, I was roused by the priest saying—

"Ah Fin, my darling, ye needn't deny it; you're at the old game as sure as my name is Malachi, and ye'll never be easy nor quiet till ye're sent beyond the sea, or maybe have a record of your virtues on half a ton of marble in the churchyard, yonder."

"Upon my honor, upon the sacred honor of a De Courcy —"

"Well, well, never mind it now; ye see ye're just keeping your friends cooling themselves there in the corner—introduce me at once."

"Mr. Lorrequer, I'm sure ——"

"My name is Curzon," said the adjutant, bowing.

"A mighty pretty name, though a little profane; well, Mr. Curse-on," for so he pronounced it, "ye're as welcome as the flowers in May; and it's mighty proud I am to see ye here."

"Mr. Lorrequer, allow me to shake your hand—I've heard of ye before."

There seemed nothing very strange in that; for go where I would through this county, I seemed as generally known as ever was Brummell in Bond-street.

"Fin tells me," continued Father Malachi, "that ye'd rather not be known down here, in regard to a reason," and here he winked. "Make yourselves quite easy; the king's writ was never but once in these parts; and the 'original and true copy' went back to Limerick in the stomach of the server; they made him eat it, Mr. Lorrequer; but it's as well to be cautious, for there are a good number here. A little dinner, a little quarterly dinner we have among us, Mr. Curse-on, to be social together, and raise a "thrifle" for the Irish college at Rome, where we have a probationer or two ourselves.

"As good as a station, and more drink," whispered Fin into my ear. "And now," continued the priest, "ye must just permit me to re-christen ye both, and the contribution will not be the less for what I'm going to do; and I'm certain you'll not be worse for the change. Mr. Curseon, though 'tis only for a few hours, ye'll have a dacent name."

As I could see no possible objection to this proposal, nor did Curzon either, our only desire being to maintain the secrecy necessary for our antagonist's safety, we at once assented; when Father Malachi took me by the hand, but with such a total change in his whole air and deportment, that I was completely puzzled by it; he led me forward to the company with a good deal of that ceremonious reverence I have often admired in Sir Charles Vernon, when conducting some full-blown dowager through the mazes of a castle minuet. The desire to laugh outright was almost irresistible, as the Reverend Father stood at arm's length from me, still holding my

hand, and bowing to the company pretty much in the style of a manager introducing a blushing debutante to an audience. A moment more, and I must have inevitably given way to a burst of laughter, when what was my horror to hear the priest present me to the company as their "excellent, worthy, generous, and patriotic young landlord, Lord Kilkee. Cheer every mother's son of ye; cheer I say;" and certainly precept was never more strenuously backed by example, for he huzzaed till I thought he would burst a blood-vessel; may I add, I almost wished it, such was the insufferable annoyance, the chagrin, this announcement gave me; and I waited with eager impatience for the din and clamour to subside, to disclaim every syllable of the priest's announcement, and take the consequences of my baptismal epithet, cost what it might. To this, I was impelled by many and important reasons. Situated as I was with respect to the Callonby family, my assumption of their name at such a moment might get abroad, and the consequences to me be inevitable ruin; and independent of my natural repugnance to such sailing under false colors, I saw Curzon laughing almost to suffocation at my wretched predicament, and (so strong within me was the dread of ridicule) I thought, "what a pretty narrative he is concocting for the mess this minute." I rose to reply; and whether Father Malachi, with his intuitive quickness, guessed my purpose or not, I cannot say; but he certainly resolved to out-manoeuvre me, and he succeeded: while with one hand he motioned to the party to keep silence, with the other he took hold of Curzon, but with no peculiar or very measured respect, introduced him as Mr. Mac Neesh, the new Scotch steward and improver—a character at that time whose popularity might compete with a tithe proctor or an exciseman. So completely did this tactic turn the tables upon the poor adjutant, who the moment before, was exulting over me, that I utterly forgot my own woes, and sat down convulsed with mirth at his situation—an emotion certainly not lessened as I saw Curzon passed from one to the other at table, "like a pauper to his parish," till he found as asylum at the very foot, in juxta with the engaging Mister Donovan, a propinquity, if I might judge from their countenances, uncoveted by either party.

While this was performing, Doctor Finucane was making his recognitions

with several of the company, to whom he was long known during his visits to the neighbourhood. I now resumed my place on the right of the Father, abandoning for the present all intention of a disclaimer to my rank, and the campaign was opened. The priest now exerted himself to the utmost to recall conversation into the original channels, and if possible to draw off attention from me, which he still feared, perhaps, might elicit some unlucky announcement on my part. Failing in his endeavours to bring matters to their former footing, he turned the whole brant of his attentions to the worthy doctor, who sat on his left.

"How goes on the law," said he, "Fin? any new proofs, as they call them, forthcoming?"

What Fin replied I could not hear, but the allusion to the "suit" was explained by Father Malachi informing us that the only impediment between his cousin and the title of Kinsale lay in the unfortunate fact, that his grandmother, "rest her sowl," was not a man.

Doctor Finucane winced a little under the manner in which this was spoken; but returned the fire by asking if the Bishop was down lately in that quarter? The evasive way in which "the Father" replied having stimulated my curiosity as to the reason, little entreaty was necessary to persuade the doctor to relate the following anecdote, which was not relished the less by his superior, that it told somewhat heavily on Mr. Donovan.

"It is about four years ago," said the doctor, "since the Bishop, Dr. Plunkett, took it into his head that he'd make a general inspection, "a reconnaissance," as we'd call it Mr. Lor—that is, my lord! through the whole diocese, and leave no part far nor near without poking his nose in it and seeing how matters were doing. He heard very queer stories about his reverence here, and so down he came one morning in the month of July, riding upon an old grey hack, looking just for all the world like any other elderly gentleman in very rusty black. When he got near the village he picked up a little boy to show him the short cut across the fields to the house here; and as his lordship was a "sharp man and a shrewd," he kept his eye on every thing as he went along, remarking this, and noting down that.

"Are ye regular in ye'r duties, my son?" said he to the gossoon.

"I never miss a Sunday," said the

gossoon; 'for it's always walking his reverence's horse I am the whole time av prayers.'

"His lordship said no more for a little while, when he muttered between his teeth, 'Ah it's just slander—nothing but slander and lying tongues.' This soliloquy was caused by his remarking that on every gate he passed or from every cabin, two or three urchins would come out half naked, but all with the finest heads of red hair ever he saw in his life.

"How is it, my son," said he, at length; 'they tell very strange stories about Father Malachi, and I see so many of these children with red hair. Eh—now Father Malachi's a dark man.'

"True for ye," said the boy; 'true for ye, Father Malachi's dark; but the coadjutor!—the coadjutor's as red as a fox.'

When the laugh this story caused had a little subsided, Father Malachi called out, "Mickey Oulahan! Mickey, I say, hand his lordship over 'the groceries'—thus he designated a square decanter, containing about two quarts of whiskey, and a bowl heaped high with sugar—"a dacent boy is Mickey, my lord, and I'm happy to be the means of making him known to you." I bowed with condescension, while Mr. Oulahan's eyes sparkled like diamonds at the recognition.

"He has only two years of the lease to run, and a 'long charge,'" (anglicé, a large family,) continued the priest.

"I'll not forget him, you may depend upon it," said I.

"Do you hear that," said Father Malachi, casting a glance of triumph round the table, while a general buzz of commendation on priest and patron went round, with many such phrases as, "Och thin it's his rivrance *can* do it," "na bocklish," "and why not," &c. &c. As for me, I have already "confessed" to my crying sin, a fatal, irresistible inclination to follow the humor of the moment wherever it led me; and now I found myself as active a partizan in quizzing Mickey Oulahan, as though I was not myself a party included in the jest. I was thus fairly launched into my inveterate habit, and nothing could arrest my progress.

One by one the different individuals round the table were presented to me, and made known their various wants, with an implicit confidence in my power of relieving them, which I with equal readiness ministered to. I lowered the rent of every man at table. Lord Mulgrave himself never showed

a greater affection for felons and convicts. I made a general jail delivery, an act of grace, (I blush to say which seemed to be peculiarly interesting to the present company.) I abolished all arrears—made a new line of road through an impassable bog, and over an inaccessible mountain—and conducted water to a mill, which (I learned in the morning) was always worked by wind. The decanter had scarcely completed its third circuit of the board, when I bid fair to be the most popular specimen of the peerage that ever visited the “far west.” In the midst of my career of universal benevolence, I was interrupted by Father Malachi, whom I found on his legs, pronouncing a glowing eulogium on his cousin’s late regiment, the famous North Cork.

“That was the corps,” said he. “Bid them do a thing, and they’d never leave off; and so, when they got orders to retire from Wexford, it’s little they cared for the comforts of baggage, like many another regiment, for they threw away every thing but their canteens, and never stopped till they ran to Ross, fifteen miles farther than the enemy followed them. And when they were all in bed the same night, fatigued and tired with their exertions, as ye may suppose, a drummer’s boy called out in his sleep—‘here they are—they’re coming’—they all jumped up and set off in their shirts, and got two miles out of town before they discovered it was a false alarm.”

Peal after peal of laughter followed the priest’s encomium on the doctor’s regiment; and, indeed, he himself joined most heartily in the mirth, as he might well afford to do, seeing that a braver nor better corps than the North Cork, Ireland did not possess.

“Well,” said Fin, “it’s easy to see ye never can forget what they did at Maynooth.”

Father Malachi disclaimed all personal feeling on the subject; and I was at last gratified by the following narrative, which I regret deeply I am not enabled to give in the doctor’s own verbiage; but writing as I do from memory, (in most instances,) I can only convey the substance:

It was towards the latter end of the year ’98—the year of the troubles—that the North Cork was ordered, ‘for their sins,’ I believe, to march from their snug quarters in Fermoy, and take up a position in the town of Maynooth—a very considerable reverse of fortune to a set of gentlemen ex-

tremely addicted to dining out, and living at large upon a very pleasant neighbourhood. Fermoy abounded in gentry; Maynooth at that time had few, if any, excepting his Grace of Leinster, and he lived very privately, and saw no company. ‘Maynooth was stupid and dull—there were neither belles nor balls; Fermoy (to use the Doctor’s well remembered words) had ‘great feeding,’ and ‘very genteel young ladies, that carried their handkerchiefs in bags, and danced with the officers.’

They had not been many weeks in their new quarters, when they began to pine over their altered fortunes, and it was with a sense of delight, that a few months before would have been incomprehensible to them, they discovered that one of their officers had a brother, a young priest in the college: he introduced him to some of his confreres, and the natural result followed. A visiting acquaintance began between the regiment and such of the members of the college as had liberty to leave the precincts: who, as time ripened the acquaintance into intimacy, very naturally preferred the cuisine of the North Cork to the meagre fare of “the refectory.” At last seldom a day went by, without one or two of their reverences finding themselves guests at the mess. The North Corkians were of a most hospitable turn, and the fathers were determined the virtue should not rust for want of being exercised; they would just drop in to say a word to “Captain O’Flaherty about leave to shoot in the demesne,” as Carton was styled; or, they had a “frank from the Duke for the Colonel,” or some other equally pressing reason; and they would contrive to be caught in the middle of a very droll story, just as the “roast beef” was playing. Very little entreaty then sufficed—a short apology for the “dereglements” of dress, and a few minutes more found them seated at table without further ceremony on either side. Among the favourite guests from the college, two were peculiarly in estimation—the Professor of the Humanities, Father Luke Mooney; and the Abbé D’Array, “the Lecturer on Moral Philosophy, and Belles Lettres;” and certain it is, pleasanter fellows, nor more gifted with the “convivial bump,” there never existed. He of the Humanities was a droll dog—a member of Curran club, the “monks of the screw,” told an excellent story, and sang the “Crusades

Lawn" better than did any man before or since him ;—the moral philosopher, though of a different genre, was also a most agreeable companion, an Irishman transplanted in his youth to St. Omers, and who had grafted upon his native humour a considerable share of French smartness and repartee—such were the two, who ruled supreme in all the festive arrangements of this jovial regiment, and were at last as regular at table, as the adjutant and the paymaster, and so might they have continued, had not prosperity, that, in its blighting influence upon the heart, spares neither priests nor laymen, and is equally severe upon mice (see *Æsop's fable*) and moral philosophers, actually deprived them, for the "nonce" of reason, and tempted them to their ruin. You naturally ask, what did they do ? Did they venture upon allusions to the retreat upon Ross ? Nothing of the kind. Did they, in that vanity which wine inspires, refer by word, act, or innuendo, to the well-known order of their Colonel when reviewing his regiment in "the Phoenix," to "advance two steps backwards, and dress by the gutter." Far be it from them : though indeed either of these had been esteemed light in the balance compared with their real crime. Then, "what was their failing ? Come, tell it, and burn ye." They actually, "*horresco referens*," quizzed the major coram the whole mess !—Now, Major John Jones had only lately exchanged into the North Cork from the "Darry Regiment," as he called it. He was a red-hot orangeman, a deputy-grand something, and vice-chairman of the "Prentice Boys" beside. He broke his leg when a school-boy, by a fall incurred in tying an orange handkerchief around King William's august neck in College-green, on one 12th of July, and three several times had closed the gates of Derry with his own loyal hands, on the famed anniversary ; in a word, he was one, that if his church had enjoined penance as an expiation for sin, would have looked upon a trip to Jerusalem on his bare knees, as a very easy sacrifice for the crime on his conscience, that he sat at table with two buck priests from Maynooth, and carved for them, like the rest of the company !

Poor Major Jones, however, had no such solace, and the canker-worm eat daily deeper and deeper into his pining heart. During the three or four weeks of their intimacy with his regiment, his

martyrdom was awful. His figure wasted, and his colour became a deeper tinge of orange, and all around averred that there would soon be a "move up" in the corps, for the major had evidently "got his notice to quit" this world and its pomps and vanities. He felt "that he was dying" to use Haines Bayley's beautiful and apposite words, and meditated an exchange, but that, from circumstances, was out of the question.—At last, subdued by grief, and probably his spirit having chafed itself smooth by such constant attrition, he became to all seeming calmer ; but it was only the calm of a broken and weary heart. Such was Major Jones at the time, when, "*suadente diabolo*," it seemed meet to Fathers Mooney and D'Array, to make him the butt of their railery. At first, he could not believe it ; but the thing was incredible—impossible ; but when he looked around the table, when he heard the roars of laughter, long, loud, and vociferous ; when he heard his name bandied from one to the other across the table, with some vile jest tacked to it "like a tin kettle to a dog's tail," he awoke to the full measure of his misery—the cup was full. Fate had done her worst, and he might have exclaimed with Lear, "spit fire, spout rain," there was nothing in store for him of further misfortune.

A drum-head court-martial—a hint "to sell out"—ay, a sentence of "dismissed the service," had been mortal calamities, and, like a man, he would have borne them—but that he, Major John Jones, D.G.S. C.P.B., &c. &c., who had drank the "pious, glorious and immortal," sitting astride of "the great gun of Athlone," should come to this ! Alas, and alas ! He retired that night to his chamber a "sadder if not a wiser man ;" he dreamed that the "statue" had given place to the unshapely figure of Leo X. and that "Lundy now stood where Walker stood before." He jumped from his bed in a moment of enthusiasm, he vowed his revenge, and he kept his vow.

That day the Major was "acting field officer." The various patrols, sentries, picquets, and outposts, were all under his especial control ; and it was remarked that he took peculiar pains in selecting the men for night duty, which, in the prevailing quietness and peace of that time, seemed scarcely warrantable.

Evening drew near, and Major Jones, summoned by the "oft-heard beat," wended his way to the mess.

The officers were dropping in, and true as "the needle to the pole," came Father Mooney and the Abbé. They were welcomed with the usual warmth, and strange to say, by none more than the Major himself, whose hilarity knew no bounds.

How the evening passed, I shall not stop to relate : suffice it to say, that a more brilliant feast of wit and jollification, not even the North Cork ever enjoyed. Father Luke's drollest stories, his very quaintest humour shone forth, and the Abbé sang a new "*Chanson à Boire*" that Beranger might have envied.

"What are you about, my dear Father D'Array?" said the Colonel; "you are surely not rising yet; here's a fresh cooper of port just come in; sit down, I entreat."

"I say, it with grief, my dear Colonel, we must away; the half-hour has just chimed, and we must be within 'the gates' before twelve. The truth is, the superior has been making himself very troublesome about our 'carnal amusements,' as he calls our innocent mirth, and we must therefore be upon our guard."

"Well, if it must be so, we shall not risk losing your society altogether, for an hour or so now; so, one bumper to our next meeting—tomorrow, mind, and now, M. D'Abbé au revoir."

The worthy fathers finished their glasses, and taking a most affectionate leave of their kind entertainers, sallied forth, under the guidance of Major Jones, who insisted upon accompanying them part of the way, as, "from information he received, the sentries had been doubled in some places, and the usual precautions against surprise all taken." Much as this polite attention surprised the objects of it, his brother officers wondered still more, and no sooner did they perceive the Major and his companions issue forth, than they set out in a body to watch where this most novel and unexpected complaisance would terminate.

When the priests reached the door of the barrack-yard, they again turned to utter their thanks to the Major, and entreat him once more, "not to come a step farther. There now, Major, we know the path well, so just give us the pass, and don't stay out in the night air."

"Ah oui Monsieur Jones," said the Abbé, "retournez je vous prie. We are, I may say, chez nous. Ces jolies

gens, les North Cork know us by this time."

The Major smiled, "while he still pressed his services" to see them past the picquets, but they were resolved, and would not be denied.

"With the word for the night, we want nothing more," said Father Luke.

"Well then," said the Major, in the gravest tone, and he was naturally grave; "you shall have your way, but remember to call out loud, for the first sentry is a little deaf, and a very passionate, ill-tempered fellow to boot."

"Never fear," said Father Mooney, laughing; "I'll go bail he'll hear me."

"Well—the word for the night is—'Bloody end to the Pope;'—don't forget, now, 'Bloody end to the Pope,'" and with these words he banged the door between him and the unfortunate priests; and, as bolt was fastened after bolt, they heard him laughing to himself like a fiend over his vengeance.

"And big bad luck to ye, Major Jones, for the same, every day ye set a paving stone," was the faint audible ejaculation of Father Luke, when he was recovered enough to speak.

"Sacreste! que nous sommes at-trappés," said the Abbé, scarcely able to avoid laughing at the situation in which they were placed.

"Well, there's the quarter chiming now; we've no time to lose—Major Jones! Major, darling! don't now, ah, don't! sure ye know we'll be ruined entirely—there now, just change it like a dacent fellow—the devil's luck to him, he's gone. Well, we can't stay here in the rain all night, and be expelled in the morning afterwards—so come along."

They jogged on for a few minutes in silence, till they came to that part of the "Duke's" demesne wall, where the first sentry was stationed. By this time the officers, headed by the Major, had quietly slipped out of the gate, and were following their steps at a convenient distance.

The fathers had stopped to consult together, what they should do in this trying emergency—when their whispering being overheard, the sentinel called out gruffly, in the genuine dialect of his country, "who goes *that*?"

"Father Luke Mooney, and the Abbé D'Array," said the former, in his most bland and insinuating tone of voice, a quality he most eminently possessed.

"Stand and give the countersign."

"We are coming from the mess, and

going home to the college," said Father Mooney, evading the question, and gradually advancing as he spoke.

"Stand, or I'll *shot* ye," said the North Corkian.

Father Luke halted, while a muttered "Blessed Virgin" announced his state of fear and trepidation.

"D'Array, I say, what are we to do?"

"The countersign," said the sentry, whose figure they could perceive in the dim distance of about thirty yards.

"Sure ye'll let us pass, my good lad, and ye'll have a friend in Father Luke the longest day ye live, and ye might have a worse in time of need; ye understand."

Whether he did understand or not, he certainly did not heed, for his only reply was, that short click of his gunlock, that bespeaks a preparation to fire.

"There's no help now," said Father Luke; "I see he's a haythen; and bad luck to the Major, I say again;" and this in the fulness of his heart he uttered aloud.

"That's not the countersign," said the inexorable sentry, striking the butt end of the musket on the ground with a crash that smote terror into the hearts of the priests.

Mumble—mumble—"to the Pope," said Father Luke, pronouncing the last words distinctly, after the approved practice of a Dublin watchman, on being awoke from his dreams of row and riot by the last toll of the Post-office, and not knowing whether it has struck "twelve" or "three," sings out the word "o'clock," in a long sonorous drawl, that wakes every sleeping citizen, and yet tells nothing how "time speeds on his flight."

"Louder," said the sentry, in a voice of impatience.

—"to the Pope."

"I don't hear the first part."

"Oh then," said the priest, with a sigh that might have melted the heart of anything but a sentry, "Bloody end to the Pope; and may the saints in heaven forgive me for saying it."

"Again," called out the soldier; "and no muttering."

"Bloody end to the Pope," cried Father Luke in bitter desperation.

"Bloody end to the Pope," echoed the Abbé.

"Pass Bloody end to the Pope, and good night," said the sentry, resuming his rounds, while a loud and uproarious peal of laughter behind, told the unlucky priests they were overheard by

others, and that the story would be over the whole town in the morning.

Whether it was that the penance for their heresy took long in accomplishing, or that they never could summon courage sufficient to face their persecutor, certain it is, the North Cork saw them no more, nor were they ever observed to pass the precincts of the college, while that regiment occupied Maynooth.

Major Jones himself, and his confederates, could not have more heartily relished this story, than did the party to whom the doctor related it. Much, if not all of the amusement it afforded, however, resulted from his inimitable mode of telling, and the power of mimicry, with which he conveyed the dialogue with the sentry; and this, alas, must be lost to my readers, at least to that portion of them not fortunate enough to possess Doctor Finucane's acquaintance.

"Fin! Fin! your long story has nearly famished me," said the Padre, as the laugh subsided; "and there you sit down with the jug at your elbow this half-hour; I never thought you would forget our old friend Martin Hanegan's aunt."

"Here's to her health," said Fin; "and your Reverence will give us the chant."

"Agreed," said Father Malachi, as, finishing a bumper, and after giving a few preparatory hems, he sang the following "singularly wild and beautiful poem," as some one calls Christabel:—

"Here's a health to Martin Hanegan's aunt,

And I'll tell ye the reason why!

She eats bekase she is hungry,

And drinks bekase she is dry.

And if ever a man

Stopped the course of the can,

Martin Hanegan's aunt would cry:

'Arrah, fill up your glass,

And let the jug pass;

How d'ye know but your neighbour's d'ry?"

"Come, my lord and gentlemen, *da capo*, if ye please—Fill up your glass," &c.; and the *chanson* was chorussed with a strength and vigour that would have astonished the Philharmonic.

The mirth and fun now grew "fast and furious;" and Father Malachi, rising with the occasion, flung his reckless mirth and fun on every side, sparing none, from his cousin to the coadjutor. It was now that peculiar period in the evening's enjoyment,

when an expert and practical chairman gives up all interference or management, and leaves every thing to take its course; this then was the happy moment selected by Father Malachi to propose the little "contribution." He brought a plate from a side table, and placing it before him, addressed the company in a very brief but sensible speech, detailing the object of the institution he was advocating, and concluding with the following words:—"And now we'll just give whatever ye like, according to your means in life, and what ye can spare."

The admonition, like the "morale," of an income tax, having the immediate effect of pitting each man against his neighbour, and suggesting to their already excited spirits all the ardour of gambling, without, however, a prospect of gain. The plate was first handed to me in honour of my "rank," and having deposited upon it a handful of small silver, the priest ran his finger through the coin, and called out:

"Five pounds! at least, not a farthing less as I'm a sinner. Look, then,—see, now; they tell ye, the gentlemen don't care for the like of ye! but see for yourselves. May I trouble yer Lordship to pass the plate to Mr. Mahony—he's impatient, I see."

"Mr. Mahony, about whom I perceived very little of the impatience alluded to, was a grim-looking old Christian, in a rabbit-skin waistcoat, with long flaps, fumbled in the recesses of his breeches pocket for five minutes, and then drew forth three shillings, which he laid upon the plate, with what I fancied very much resembled a sigh.

"Six and sixpence, is it? or five shillings?—all the same, Mr. Mahony, and I'll not forget the thrifle you were speaking about this morning any way;" and here he leaned over as if interceding with me for him, but in reality to whisper into my ear, "the greatest miser from this to Castlebar."

"Who's that put down the half guinea in goold? (and this time he spoke truth.) Who's that, I say?"

"Tim Kennedy, your reverence," said Tim, stroking his hair down with one hand, and looking proud and modest at the same moment.

"Tim, ye're a credit to us any day, and I always said so. It's a gauger he'd like to be, my Lord," said he, turning to me, in a kind of stage whisper. I nodded and muttered something, when he thanked me most profoundly as his suit had prospered.

"Mickey Oulahan—the Lord's looking at ye, Mickey." This was said pianissimé across the table, and had the effect of increasing Mr. Oulahan's donation from five shillings to seven—the last two being pitched in very much in the style of a gambler making his final coup, and crying "va banque." "The Oulahans were always decent people—decent people, my Lord."

"Be gorra, the Oulahans was niver dacenter nor the Molowneys, any how," said a tall athletic young fellow, as he threw down three crown pieces, with an energy that made every coin leap from the plate.

"They'll do now," said Father Brennan; "I'll leave them to themselves;" and truly the eagerness to get the plate and put down the subscription, fully equalled the rapacious anxiety I have witnessed in an old maid at loo, to get possession of a thirty shilling pool, be the same more or less, which lingered on its way to her, in the hands of many a fair competitor.

"Mr. M'Neesh!"—Curzon had hitherto escaped all notice—"Mr. M'Neesh, to your good health," cried Father Brennan. "It's many a secret they'll be getting out o' ye down there about Scotch husbandry."

Whatever poor Curzon knew of "drills," certainly did not extend to them when occupied by turnips. This allusion of the priest's being caught up by the party at the foot of the table, they commenced a series of inquiries into different Scotch plans of tillage—his brief and unsatisfactory answers to which, only convinced them were given to evade imparting information. By degrees, as they continued to press him with questions, his replies grew more short, and a general feeling of dislike on both sides was not very long in following.

The Father saw this, and determining with his usual tact to repress it, called on the adjutant for a song. Now, whether he had but one in the world, or whether he took this mode of retaliating for the annoyances he had suffered, I know not; but true it is, he finished his tumbler at a draught, and with a voice of no very peculiar sweetness, though abundantly loud, began "The Boyne Water."

He had just reached the word "battle," in the second line, upon which he was bestowing what he meant to be a shake, when, as if the word suggested it, it seemed the signal for a general engagement. Decanters, glasses,

jugs, candlesticks—ay, and the money dish, flew right and left—all originally intended, it is true, for the head of the luckless adjutant, but as they now and then missed their aim, and came in contact with the “wrong man,” invariably provoked retaliation, and in a very few minutes the battle became general.

What may have been the Doctor's political sentiments on this occasion, I cannot even guess; but he seemed bent upon performing the part of a “convivial Lord Stanley,” and maintaining a dignified neutrality. With this apparent object, he had mounted upon the table, to raise himself, I suppose, above the din and commotion of party clamour, and brandishing a jug of scalding water, bestowed it with perfect impartiality on the combatants on either side. This Whig plan of conciliation, however well intended, seemed not to prosper with either party; and many were the missiles directed at the ill-starred Doctor. Meanwhile Father Malachi, whether following the pacific instinct of his order, in seeking an asylum in troublesome times, or equally moved by old habit to gather coin in low places, (much of the money having fallen,) was industriously endeavouring to insert himself beneath the table; in this, with one vigorous push, he at last succeeded, but in so doing lifted it from its legs, and thus destroying poor “Fin's” gravity, precipitated him, jug and all, into the thickest of the fray, where he met with that kind reception such a benefactor ever receives at the hands of a grateful public. I meanwhile hurried to the rescue of poor Curzon, who, having fallen to the ground, was getting a cast of his features taken in pewter, for such seemed the operation a stout farmer was performing on the adjutant's face with a quart. With considerable difficulty, notwithstanding my supposed “lordship,” I succeeded in freeing him from his present position; and he concluding, probably, that enough had been done for one “sitting,” most willingly permitted me to lead him from the room. I was soon joined by the Doctor, who assisted me in getting my poor friend to bed; which being done, he most eagerly entreated me to join the company. This, however, I firmly but mildly declined, very much to his surprise; for as he remarked—“They'll all be like lambs now, for they don't believe there's a whole bone in his body.” Expressing my deep

sense of the Christian-like forbearance of the party, I pleaded fatigue, and bidding him good night, adjourned to my bed-room; and here, although the arrangements fell somewhat short of the luxurious ones appertaining to my late apartment at Callonby, they were most grateful at the moment; and having “addressed myself to slumber,” fell fast asleep, and only woke late on the following morning to wonder where I was; from any doubts as to which I was speedily relieved by the entrance of the priest's bare-footed “colleen,” to deposit on my table a bottle of soda water, and announce breakfast, with his reverence's compliments.

Having made a hasty toilet, I proceeded to the parlour, which, however late events might have impressed upon my memory, I could scarcely recognise. Instead of the long oak table and the wassail bowl, there stood near the fire a small round table, covered with a snow-white cloth, upon which shone in unrivalled brightness a very handsome tea equipage—the hissing kettle on one hob was vis'd by a gridiron with three newly taken trout, frying under the reverential care of Father Malachi himself—a heap of eggs ranged like shot in an ordnance yard, stood in the middle of the table, while a formidable pile of buttered toast browned before the grate—the morning papers were airing upon the hearth—every thing bespoke that attention to comfort and enjoyment one likes to discover in the house where chance may have domesticated him for a day or two.

“Good morning, Mr. Lorrequer. I trust you have rested well,” said Father Malachi as I entered.

“Never better; but where are our friends?”

“I have been visiting and comforting them in their affliction, and I may with truth assert it is not often my fortune to have three as sickly-looking guests. That was a most unlucky affair last night, and I must apologise.”

“Don't say a word, I entreat; I saw how it all occurred, and am quite sure if it was not for poor Curzon's ill-timed melody —”

“You are quite right,” said the Father, interrupting me. “Your friend's taste for music—bad luck to it!—was the ‘*teterrima causa belli*.’”

“And the subscription,” said I; “how did it succeed?”

“Oh, the money went in the commotion; and although I have got some

seven pounds odd shillings of it, the war was a most expensive one to me. I caught old Mahony very busy under the table during the fray; but let us say no more about it now—draw over your chair. Tea or coffee? there's the rum if you like "chassé."

I immediately obeyed the injunction, and commenced a vigorous assault upon the frount, caught as he informed me, "within twenty perches of the house."

"Your poor friend's nose is scarcely regimental," said he, "this morning; and as for Fin, he was never remarkable for beauty, so though they might cut and hack, they could scarcely disfigure him, as Juvenal says—isn't it Juvenal?"

'Vacuus viator cantabit ante Latronem,'
or in the vernacular:

'The empty traveller may whistle
Before the robber and his pistol.' (pistol).

There's the Chili vinegar—another morsel of the trout?"

"I thank you; what excellent coffee, Father Malachi!"

"A secret I learned at St. Omer's some thirty years since. Any letters, Bridget?"—to the damsel that entered with a packet in her hand.

"A gossoon from Kilrush, yer reverence, with a bit of a note for the gentleman there."

"For me!—ah, true enough."

"Harry Lorrequer, Esq. Kilrush—try Craigmoran." So ran the superscription—the first part being in a lady's hand-writing; the latter very like the "rustic palling" of the worthy Mrs. Healy's style. The seal was a large one, bearing a coronet at top, and the motto in old Norman-French, told me it came from Callonby.

With what a trembling hand and beating heart I broke it open, and yet feared to read it—so much of my destiny might be in that simple page. For once in my life my sanguine spirit failed me; my mind could take in but one casualty, that Lady Jane had divulged to her family the nature of my attentions, and that in the letter before me lay a cold mandate of dismissal from her presence for ever.

At last I summoned courage to read it; but having scrupled to present to my readers the Reverend Father Brennan at the tail of a chapter, let me not be less punctilious in the introduction of her ladyship's billet.

CHAPTER VII.

"This note was written upon gilt-edged paper, with a neat little crow-quill, slight and new," &c.

Her ladyship's letter ran thus—

"Callonby, Tuesday Morning.

MY DEAR MR. LORREQUER,—My Lord has deputed me to convey to you our adieus, and at the same time to express our very great regret that we should not have seen you before our departure from Ireland. A sudden call of the House, and some unexpected ministerial changes, require Lord Callonby's immediate presence in town; and probably before this reaches you we shall be on the road. Lord Kilkee, who left us yesterday, was much distressed at not having seen you—he desired me to say you will hear from him from Leamington. Although writing amid all the haste and bustle of departure, I must not forget the principal part of my commission, nor lady-like defer it to a postscript: my Lord entreats that you will, if possible, pass a month or two with us in London this season; and if any difficulty

should occur in obtaining leave of absence, to make any use of his name you think fit at the Horse-Guards, where he has some influence. Knowing as I do, with what kindness you ever accede to the wishes of your friends, I need not say how much gratification this will afford us all; but, *sans reponse*, we expect you. Believe me to remain, yours very sincerely,

"CHARLOTTE CALLONBY.

"P.S.—We are all quite well, except Lady Jane, who has a slight cold, and has been feverish for the last day or two."

Words cannot convey any idea of the torrent of contending emotions under which I perused this letter. The suddenness of the departure, without an opportunity of even a moment's leave-taking, completely unmanned me. What would I not have given to be able to see her once more, even for an instant—to say "a good by"—to

watch the feeling with which she parted from me, and augur from it either favourably to my heart's dearest hope, or darkest despair. As I continued to read on, the kindly tone of the remainder reassured me, and when I came to the invitation to London, which plainly argued a wish on their part to perpetuate the intimacy, I was obliged to read it again and again, before I could convince myself of its reality. There it was, however, most distinctly and legibly impressed in her ladyship's fairest calligraphy; and certainly great as was its consequence to me at the time, it by no means formed the principal part of the communication. The two lines of postscript contained more, far more food for hopes and fears than did all the rest of the epistle.

Lady Jane was ill then, slightly, however—a mere cold; true, but she was feverish. I could not help asking myself what share had I in causing that flushed cheek and anxious eye, and pictured to myself, perhaps with more vividness than reality, a thousand little traits of manner, all proof strong as holy writ to my sanguine mind, that my affection was returned, and that I loved not in vain. Again and again I read over the entire letter; never truly did a *nisi prius* lawyer con over a new act of parliament with more searching ingenuity, to detect its hidden meaning, than did I to unravel through its plain phraseology the secret intention of the writer towards me. There is an old and not less true adage, that what we wish we readily believe; and so with me—I found myself an easy convert to my own hopes and desires, and actually ended by persuading myself—no very hard task—that my Lord Callonby had not only witnessed, but approved of my attachment to his beautiful daughter, and for reasons probably known to him, but concealed from me, opined that I was a suitable "*parti*," and gave all due encouragement to my suit. The hint about using his Lordship's influence at the Horse Guards I resolved to benefit by; not, however, in obtaining a leave of absence, which I hoped to accomplish more easily, but with his good sanction in pushing my promotion, when I claimed him as my right honourable father-in-law—a point I had now fully satisfied myself on the propriety of. What visions of rising greatness burst upon my mind, as I thought on the prospect that opened

before me; but here let me do myself the justice to record, that amid all my pleasure and exultation, my proudest thought was in the anticipation of possessing one in every way so much my superior—the very consciousness of which imparted a thrill of fear to my heart, that such good fortune was too much even to hope for.

How long I might have luxuriated in such Chateaux en Espagne, heaven knows; thick and thronging fancies came abundantly to my mind, and it was with something of the feeling of the porter in the Arabian Nights, as he surveyed the fragments of his broken ware, hurled down in a moment of glorious dreaminess, that I turned to look at the squat and unaristocratic figure of Father Malachi, as he sat reading his newspaper before the fire. How came I in such company; methinks the Dean of Windsor, or the Bishop of Durham had been a much more seemly associate for one destined as I was for the flood-tide of the world's favor.

My eye at this instant rested upon the date of the letter, which was that of the preceding morning, and immediately a thought struck me that, as the day was a louring and gloomy one, perhaps they might have deferred their journey, and I at once determined to hasten to Callonby, and, if possible, see them before their departure.

"Father Brennan," said I, at length, "I have just received a letter which compels me to reach Kilrush as soon as possible. Is there any public conveyance in the village?"

"You don't talk of leaving us, surely," said the priest, "and a haunch of mutton for dinner, and Fin says he'll be down, and your friend, too, and we'll have poor Beamish in on a sofa."

"I am sorry to say my business will not admit of delay, but, if possible, I shall return to thank you for all your kindness, in a day or two—perhaps tomorrow."

"Oh, then," said Father Brennan, "if it must be so, why you can have 'Pether,' my own pad, and a better you never laid leg over; only give him his own time, and let him keep the 'canter,' and he'll never draw up from morning 'till night; and now I'll just go and have him in readiness for you."

After professing my warm acknowledgments to the good father for his kindness, I hastened to take a hurried farewell of Curzon before going. I

found him sitting up in bed taking his breakfast; a large strip of black plaster, extending from the corner of one eye across the nose, and terminating near the mouth denoted the locale of a goodly wound, while the blue, purple and yellow patches into which his face was partitioned out, looked as if he had been painted for the knave of clubs; one hand was wrapped up in a bandage, and altogether a more rueful and woe-begone looking figure I have rarely looked upon; and most certainly I am of opinion that the "pious, glorious and immortal memory" would have brought pleasanter recollections to Daniel O'Connell himself, than it would on that morning to the adjutant of his majesty's 4-th.

"Ah, Harry," said he, as I entered, "what Pandemonium is this we've got into? did you ever witness such a business as last night's?"

"Why truly," said I, "I know of no one to blame but yourself; surely you must have known what a fracas your infernal song would bring on."

"I don't know now whether I knew it or not; but certainly at the moment I should have preferred anything to the confounded cross-examination I was under, and was glad to end it by any coup d'etat. One wretch was persecuting me about green crops, and another about the feeding of bullocks; about either of which I knew as much as a bear does of a ballet."

"Well, truly, you caused a diversion at some expense to your countenance, for I never beheld anything——"

"Stop there," said he; "you surely have not seen the doctor—he beats me hollow—they have scarcely left more hair on his head than might do for an Indian's scalp lock; and, of a verity, his aspect is awful this morning; he has just been here, and by the by has told me all about your affair with Beamish. It appears that somewhere you met him at dinner, and gave a very flourishing account of a relative of his whom you informed him was not only selected for some very dashing service, but actually the personal friend of Picton; and, after the family having blaz'd the matter all over Cork, and given a great entertainment in honor of their kinsman, it turns out that, on the 18th he ran away to Brussels faster than even the colonel of the Belgian Legion; for which act, however, there was no aspersion ever cast upon his courage, that quality being defended at the expense of his honesty; in a word,

he was the paymaster of his company, and had what Theodore Hook calls an "affection of his chest," that required change of air; looking only to the running away part of the matter, though I expressed some regret that he did not belong to the North Cork, and I remarked the doctor did not seem to relish the allusion, and I only now remember, it was his regiment, so I suppose I'm in for more mischief."

I had no time to enjoy Curzon's dilemma, and had barely informed him of my intended departure, when a voice from without the room proclaimed that "Pether" was ready, and, having commissioned the adjutant to say the "proper" to Mr. Beamish and the doctor, hurried away, and after a hearty shake of the hand from Father Brennan, and a faithful promise to return soon, I mounted and set off.

Peter's pace was of all others the one least likely to disturb the lucubrations of a castle-builder like myself; without any admonition from whip or spur he maintained a steady and constant canter, which, I am free to confess, was more agreeable to sit, than it was graceful to behold; for his head being much lower than his tail, he every moment appeared in the attitude of a diver about to plunge into the water, and more than once I had misgivings that I would consult my safety better if I sat with my face *au derrière*; however, what will not habit accomplish? before I had gone a mile or two, I was so lost in my own reveries and reflections, that I knew nothing of my mode of progression, and had only thoughts and feelings for the destiny that awaited me; sometimes I would fancy myself seated in the House of Commons (on the ministerial benches, of course) while some leading oppositionist was pronouncing a glowing panegyric upon the eloquent and statesmanlike speech of the gallant colonel—myself; then I thought I was making arrangements for setting out for my new appointment, and Sancho Panza never coveted the government of an island more than I did, though only a West Indian one; and, lastly, I saw myself the chosen diplomat on a difficult mission, and was actually engaged in the easy and agreeable occupation of out-manceuvring Talleyrand and Pozzo di Borgo, when Peter suddenly drew up at the door of a small cabin, and convinced me that I was still a mortal man, and an ensign in his Majesty's 4-th. Before I had time

afforded me even to guess at the reason of this sudden halt, an old man emerged from the cabin which I saw now was a road-side ale-house, and presented Peter with a bucket of meal and water, a species of "viaticum" that he was evidently accustomed to at this place, whether bestrode by a priest or an ambassador. Before me lay a long straggling street of cabins, irregularly thrown, as if riddled over the ground; this I was informed was Kilkee; while my good steed, therefore, was enjoying his potation, I dismounted, to stretch my legs and look about me, and scarcely had I done so when I found half the population of the village assembled round Peter, whose claims to notoriety I now learned, depended neither upon his owner's fame, nor even my temporary possession of him. Peter in fact had been a racer once—when, the wandering Jew might perhaps have told, had he ever visited Clare—for not the oldest inhabitant knew the date of his triumphs on the turf; though they were undisputed traditions, and never did any man appear bold enough to call them in question: whether it was from his patriarchal character, or that he was the only race-horse ever known in his county I cannot say, but, of a truth, the Grand Lama could scarcely be a greater object of reverence in Thibet, than was Peter in Kilkee.

"Musha, Peter, but it's well yer looking," cried one.

"Ah, thin, maybe ye an't fat on the ribs," cried another.

"An' cockin' his tail like a coult," said a third.

I am very certain, if I might venture to judge from the faces about, that, had the winner of the St. Leger passed through Kilkee at that moment, comparisons very little to his favor had been drawn from the assemblage around me. With some difficulty I was permitted to reach my much admired steed, and with a cheer, which was sustained and caught up by every denizen of the village as I passed through, I rode on my way, not a little amused at my equivocal popularity.

Being desirous to lose no time, I diverged from the straight road which leads to Kilrush, and took a cross bridle-path to Callonby; this, I afterwards discovered was a detour of a mile or two, and it was already sun-set when I reached the entrance to the park. I entered the avenue, and now my impatience became extreme, for

although Peter continued to move at the same uniform pace, I could not persuade myself that he was not foundering at every step, and was quite sure we were scarcely advancing; at last I reached the wooden bridge, and ascended the steep slope, the spot where I had first met her on whom my every thought now rested. I turned the angle of the clump of beech trees from whence the first view of the house is caught—I perceived to my inexpressible delight that gleams of light shone from many of the windows, and could trace their passing from one to the other. I now drew rein, and with a heart relieved from a load of anxiety, patted up my good steed, and began to think of the position, in which a few brief seconds would place me. I reached the small flower-garden, sacred by a thousand endearing recollections. Oh! of how very little account are the many words of passing kindness, and moments of light-hearted pleasure, when spoken or felt, compared to the memory of them when hallowed by time or distance.

"The place, the hour, the sunshine and the shade," all reminded me of the happy past, and all brought vividly before me every portion of that dream of happiness in which I was so utterly—so completely steeped—every thought of the hopelessness of my passion was lost in the intensity of it, and I did not, in the ardour of my loving, stop to think of its possible success.

It was strange enough that the extreme impatience, the hurried anxiety, I had felt and suffered from, while riding up the avenue, had now fled entirely, and in its place I felt nothing but a diffident distrust of myself, and a vague sense of awkwardness about intruding thus unexpectedly upon the family, while engaged in all the cares and preparations for a speedy departure. The hall-door lay as usual wide open, the hall itself was strewn and littered with trunks, imperials and packing-cases, and the hundred et ceteras of travelling baggage. I hesitated a moment whether I should not ring, but at last resolved to enter unannounced, and, presuming upon my intimacy, see what effect my sudden appearance would have on Lady Jane, whose feelings towards me would be thus most unequivocally tested. I passed along the wide corridor, entered the music-room—it was still—I walked then to the door of the drawing-room

—I paused—I drew a full breath—my hand trembled slightly as I turned the lock—I entered—the room was empty, but the blazing fire upon the hearth, the large arm-chairs drawn around, the scattered books upon the small tables, all told that it had been inhabited a very short time before. Ah! thought I, looking at my watch, they are at dinner, and I began at once to devise a hundred different plans to account for my late absence and present visit. I knew that a few minutes would probably bring them into the drawing-room, and I felt flurried and heated as the time drew near. At last I heard voices without—I started from the examination of a pencil drawing but partly finished, but the artist of which I could not be deceived in—I listened—the sounds drew near—I could not distinguish who were the speakers—the door-lock turned, and I rose to make my well-conned, but half-forgotten speech; and oh, confounded disappointment, Mrs. Herbert, the housekeeper, entered. She started, not expecting to see me, and immediately said,

“Oh! Mr. Lorrequer! then you’ve missed them.”

“Missed them!” said I; “how—when—where?”

“Did you not get a note from my lord?”

“No; when was it written?”

“Oh, dear me, that is so very unfortunate. Why, sir, my lord sent off a servant this morning to Kilrush, in Lord Kilkee’s tilbury, to request you would meet them all in Ennis this evening, where they had intended to stop for to-night; and they waited here till near four o’clock today, but when the servant came back with the intelligence that you were from home, and not expected to return soon, they were obliged to set out, and are not going to make any delay now, till they reach London. The last direction, however, my lord gave, was to forward her ladyship’s letter to you as soon as possible.”

What I thought, said or felt, might be a good subject for confession to Father Malachi, for I fear it may be recorded among my sins, as I doubt not that the agony I suffered vented itself in no measured form of speech or conduct; but I have nothing to confess here on the subject, being so totally overwhelmed as not to know what I did or said. My first gleam of reason elicited itself by asking,

“Is there, then, no chance of their

stopping in Ennis to-night?” As I put the question my mind reverted to Peter and his eternal canter.

“Oh, dear, no, sir; the horses are ordered to take them, since Tuesday; and they only thought of staying in Ennis, if you came time enough to meet them—and they will be so sorry.”

“Do you think so, Mrs. Herbert? do you, indeed, think so?” said I, in a most insinuating tone.

“I am perfectly sure of it, sir.”

“Oh, Mrs. Herbert, you are too kind to think so; but perhaps—that is—maybe, Mrs. Herbert, she said something——”

“Who, sir?”

“Lady Callonby, I mean; did her ladyship leave any message for me about her plants? or did she remember——”

Mrs. Herbert kept looking at me all the time, with her great wide grey eyes, while I kept stammering and blushing like a school-boy.

“No, sir; her ladyship said nothing, sir; but Lady Jane——”

“Yes; well, what of Lady Jane, my dear Mrs. Herbert?”

“Oh, sir! but you look pale; would not you like to have a little wine and water—or perhaps——”

“No, thank you, nothing whatever; I am just a little fatigued—but you were mentioning——”

“Yes, sir; I was saying that Lady Jane was mighty particular about a small plant; she ordered it to be left in her dressing-room, though Collins told her to have some of the handsome ones of the green-house, she would have nothing but this; and if you were only to hear half the directions she gave about keeping it watered, and taking off dead leaves, you’d think her heart was set on it.”

Mrs. Herbert would have had no cause to prescribe for my paleness had she only looked at me this time; fortunately, however, she was engaged, housekeeper-like, in bustling among books, papers, &c. which she had come in for the purpose of arranging and packing up. She being left behind to bring up the rear, and the heavy baggage.

Very few moments’ consideration were sufficient to show me that pursuit was hopeless; whatever might have been Peter’s performance in the reign of “Queen Anne,” he had now become like the goose so pathetically described by my friend Lover, rather “stiff in his limbs,” and the odds were fearfully

against his overtaking four horses, starting fresh every ten miles, not to mention their being some hours in advance already. Having declined all Mrs. Herbert's many kind offers, anent food and rest, I took a last lingering look at the beautiful picture, which still held its place in the room lately mine, and hurried from a place so full of recollections; and, notwithstanding the many reasons I had for self-gratulation, every object around and about me filled me with sorrow and regret for hours that had passed—never, never to return.

It was very late when I reached my old quarters at Kilrush; Mrs. Healy fortunately was in bed asleep—fortunately I say, for had she selected that occasion to vent her indignation for my long absence, I greatly fear that, in my then temper I should have exhibited but little of that Job-like endurance for which I was once esteemed; I entered my little mean-looking parlour, with its three chairs and lame table, and, as I flung myself upon the wretched substitute for a sofa, and thought upon the varied events which a few weeks had brought about; it required the aid of her ladyship's letter, which I opened, before me, to assure me I was not dreaming.

The entire of that night I could not sleep; my destiny seemed upon its balance; and, whether the scale inclined this side or that, good or evil fortune seemed to betide me. How many were my plans and resolutions, and how often abandoned; again to be pondered over, and once more given up. The grey dawn of the morning was

already breaking, and found me still doubting and uncertain. At last the die was thrown; I determined at once to apply for leave to my commanding officer, which he could, if he pleased, give me, without any application to the Horse Guards, set out for Elton, tell Sir Guy my whole adventure, and endeavour, by a more moving love-story than ever graced even the *Minerva* press, to induce him to make some settlement on me, and use his influence with Lord Callonby on my behalf; this done, set out for London, and then—and then—what then?—then for the *Morning Post*—"Cadeau des noces"—"happy couple"—"Lord Callonby's seat in Hampshire," &c. &c. "You wished to be called at five, sir," said Stubber.

"Yes; is it five o'clock?"

"No, sir; but I heard you call out something about 'four horses,' and I thought you might be hurried, so I came in a little earlier."

"Quite right, Stubber; let me have my breakfast as soon as possible, and see that chestnut horse I brought here, last night, fed."

"And now for it," said I, after writing a hurried note to Curzon, requesting him to take command of my party at Kilrush, till he heard from me, and sending my kindest remembrance to my three friends, I despatched the epistle by my servant on Peter, while I hastened to secure a place in the mail for Ennis, on the box seat of which let my kind reader suppose me seated; while, gracefully waving my hat, I make my bow for a brief season, and here say—"Au revoir, mes amis."

GREEK ELEGY AND EPITAPH.

ASSUREDLY the predictions of the writers of antiquity of their own immortality, have been no vain boasts. Here are we, the descendants of a race of barbarians, of whose existence the Greek was scarce aware, and whom had he known, he would have known but to scorn,—editing, collecting, translating, the invaluable relics spared to us. Libraries are searched, manuscripts read and re-read, excavations made, toil, labour, and expense undergone, to amend a sentence, or discover a couplet. Great as is the demand on the attention of the literary public in the present age, numerous, ay,

numberless, as are the works daily issuing from the press, still with unabated pleasure and unwearied zeal do we turn to the great works of antiquity: still is renewed the endless cycle of contest and discussion, emendation and conjecture. They alone have triumphed over all the changes of fashion, the force of circumstances, the variety of national character: on the banks of the Thames, and the Danube, in the schools of republics and monarchies, by men of all classes, all pursuits, all ages, been admired and loved.

Who can tell with what exultation

we flee from the jarring, and striving, and jostling of busy life, from the turbulence of faction and party clamour, to the calm and tranquillizing studies of our boyhood, to the holy ground which, consecrated by the earliest and the purest associations, recalls the freshness and the glory of that blessed period, when hope tinged all things with its own bright hues, and neither care nor anxiety flung their dark shadows on our path.

Long, in spite of that philosophy of the counting-house, which would estimate every thing by the standard of utility,—meaning thereby the quantity of money it will bring—that base and degrading spirit, whose chilling and withering influence is alas but too rapidly creeping over all that was great and glorious in the national character—long may these delightful works continue to inspire the youth of England with lofty precepts and noble examples.

“The knowledge of external nature,” says Dr. Johnson, in a passage which cannot be too often quoted in this age of pseudo-philosophy, “and the sciences which that knowledge includes or requires, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we wish to provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the moral and religious knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Our intercourse with intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure. Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians.”

Human life undoubtedly must ever be the most worthy and fitting subject

of speculation for man, and to give just views of our relations to each other should be the first object of education. When compared with these we cannot but believe the knowledge of the motions of the stars or the properties of herbs, as of very secondary importance.* But enough of this for the present.

The subject now under our consideration is mournful in its own nature: it is doubly so, from the losses sustained of some of the most beautiful works in this department of literature. The carelessness of transcribers, the bigotry of cloistered ignorance, and the neglect of a barbarous age, have left us but a few fragments—*sed ex pede Herculem*—from these, mutilated and deformed as they are, we may form some faint judgment of the majesty, grace, and symmetry of the perfect originals. On the elegiac poets, termed gnomic, it is not our intention to offer more than a few observations. We confess ourselves no great admirers of didactic verses in any language, least of all, of mere epigrammatic couplets, to teach us by rule how to eat, sleep, fall in love, or get comfortably drunk. In spite, however, of the subjects, the grace, neatness, and terseness of phrase of the originals render them not unpleasant; but as we despair of being able to preserve these in any version we could give, we must only recommend, in order to the full enjoyment of the Theognidean Philosophy—

“Those to learn Greek, who never learned before,
And those who always learnt, to learn yet more.”

It will give them a curious picture of the Grecian nation—it will show its consummate duplicity and profligacy, all guided by the most calculating selfishness. Alcibiades, the hypocrite and the voluptuary, not Aristides, was the representative of the national character. Polybius, himself a Greek, has confessed this, and reluctantly acknowledged how much superior in his

* Many admirable improvements have been introduced into our University lately. We believe that for most of them we are indebted to our present excellent Provost. We hope, however, that he does not think that all the reforms which are needed have been made: at present there is no encouragement to the study of classical literature, unless six or seven pounds a year, and a dinner for five years, be considered so. Why, too, is there not a professorship of moral philosophy? Were we not writing in the pages of the University Magazine, we could name more than one who would fill that chair with high honour to themselves and their country. These studies must soon, in this age of mechanism, be neglected, if not upheld by the patronage of universities. Mathematical talent might much more safely be left to the support of the public.

time was the Roman. His errors were on a great scale, the *splendida vitia* of our nature, bearing in them the elements of greatness and noble daring—no petty meanness, no low servile chicanery—none of that “wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust,” of which we do think every page of Grecian history gives evidence. He was often unjust, but his injustice was for his country; in aggrandizing himself, he raised her; for her he plundered provinces and oppressed nations, yet few are the instances of his breaking his word and faith, when pledged in her name. In speaking thus we are to be understood as alluding to the republic before the time of Sylla—after that period, the intermixture of all nations enervated and destroyed the native vigour and independence of spirit.

Of the Elegiac poets, of whose works any portion has reached us, we do not hesitate in giving the first rank to Tyrteus, Minnermus, and Simonides—each a master in his own style. Tyrteus in the warlike elegy, Minner-

mus in the love elegy, afterwards naturalised among the Romans, and Simonides in those poems of sorrow and tenderness, to which we have restricted in modern times the name. From this last species arose the Epitaph and Inscription, which are in truth nothing but short and pointed elegies.

Of the writers above mentioned Tyrteus is, we believe, first in chronological order. Every one knows the story of his being sent to command the Spartans by the Athenians, and of the success of his poetry in awakening their courage. Several of his elegies have been preserved, one of which has been admirably translated by Campbell. They are all characterised by nerve, strength, and vigour, befitting a warlike poet,—befitting, too, a nation of freemen, before whose indignation the Persian myriads were scattered as chaff at Marathon and Platea. “Give me,” says Fletcher of Saltoun, “the ballads of a nation, and let others make the laws.” Compare the history of Greece with these her early strains, and judge how true!

“Curse on the traitor, who, when foes invade,
Lurks in some corner, from the battle-field:
Curse on th’ unmanly hand, that grasps no blade,
The timid tongue that bids us basely yield.
Fate yet shall catch the coward, though alone,
And hurl him to his grave, unwept, unknown.

“Better to dare Death’s momentary pain,
Scarce felt amid the rapture of the strife,
Than tamely to endure the conqueror’s chain,
And drag the burden of a shameful life;
Loathed by yourself, yet shrinking from the grave,
And ever brauded as a recreant slave.

“No rust shall gather on the hero’s tomb,
No time obscure the lustre of his fame—
A nation’s tears lament his early doom,
A nation’s grateful heart embalms his name;
And through all time, that glorious name shall be
A watchword to inspire the brave and free.

“Thus man becomes immortal—soars sublime
Beyond the power of darkness and decay;
Far o’er the petty bounds of age or clime,
Beams the bright radiance on the warrior’s way,
Unquenched—unquenchable—a beacon-flame,
To point the path to victory and to fame.

“Up then, and man to man, and lance to lance,
Repel the invader from your native land;
See how the cowards shrink from freedom’s glance,
See how they quail beneath the freeman’s brand.
Think on your homes, your wives, your children—all
With you must conquer, or with you must fall.

Of Minnervus we have but one fragment ; and it is so consistent with the character given of his writings by the ancient critics, that we are disposed to believe it genuine. It is impressed with the same despair and passion ; it emits flashes of nobler feeling than animate the mere lover of sensual gratification, and reveals a mind, which felt its own superiority to the miserable pursuits in which it was engaged. The future is in his creed covered with impenetrable gloom—all is withering and perishing in his grasp ; and these reflections united with the bitter conviction of the "vanity and vexation of spirit," embittering every earthly enjoyment, continually press on his mind, and intrude their melancholy presence on his most festive hours. In somewhat of the spirit which animated the Egyptian in placing at his banquet the ghastly and mouldering skeleton,

does he urge them as motives to the pursuit of pleasure. How different is the light-hearted gaiety of Anacreon—he is as sedulous in removing all such unwelcome visitors from his guests, as the other is in introducing them to their notice, or if for a moment he does turn from his mirth and festivity to bestow a transient thought on the brevity and emptiness of life, no lasting impression is made ; the momentary shadows unheeded pass over his mind, and the more congenial images of joy and revelry are again mirrored there. In Minnervus there are traces of deep and powerful emotion, blighted, indeed, and misdirected ; but Anacreon seems to have imbibed the very spirit of that philosophy, to which Epicurus afterwards gave his name, to feel nothing, to live only for self, nor allow the heart to take more than a momentary interest in any object.

μεγαλιον και αμαρτον
γηρας υπερ κιβητης αυτιχ' υπερεκρεμαται
ιχθρεν ομως και ατιμον. π. τ. λ.

" Age, cheerless age, creeps on from day to day,
Till life no longer has the power to charm :
Each hour that passes steals some joy away,
And steals so gently we feel no alarm,
Till, stripped of all, we waken from our sleep,
And waken but to shudder and to weep.

" Then from the earth and sky departs their light—
No beauty now the darkened eye can see :
O'er all things creeps the shadow of that night,
Which soon our portion in the grave must be ;
And neither friend, nor home, nor woman's smile
The listless weariness of soul beguile.

" A leaf—a frail and perishing leaf—vain man
Puts forth his beauty to the sunny skies :
And having fluttered out his little span
At the first autumn breezes fades and dies,
Forgot, amid the millions who still bear
The yoke, life lays on all, of toil and care.

" Decay must eat the brain, that willed and thought,
The tongue, once eloquent with words of fire,
The eye, of yore with lightning-glances fraught,
The form, which thousands crowded to admire.
All, all of earth is vanity—even fame
But the brief echo of a short-lived name.

" And I—a being of this perishing mould,
From whose relaxing grasp each joy is flying :
Whose sorrowing eyes are fated to behold
All that I cherish withering and dying.
I, whom no tears, no prayers, at last can save
From the damp cheerless prison of the grave.

" Shall I allow the rose unplucked to fade,
 The grape uncultured to blush above my head?
 Shall I delay, till health and strength decayed,
 And all youth's fresh and vivid feelings dead,
 Leave me, a withered stem, exposed and bare,
 To brave the fury of the wintry air?"

Such, however, were not the only lessons taught by the poets of Greece. There were those, who pointed to a moral providence and a future state as a solution for all the doubts and difficulties of this life: who spoke of Duty, Jove's rigorous, yet kind, daughter, at-

tended in her path by peace and honor, and the neglect of whom was avenged by Ate; the unrelenting messenger of wrath—of the "land beyond the sable shore," the home and the reward of the virtuous and the good.

" Of all that is most beautiful, imaged there
 In happier beauty; more pellucid streams
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,
 And fields invested with purple gleams.
 Climes, which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey."*

The third form of elegy, was the funeral. Few, very few, are the fragments remaining of this class. The following is by Simonides, and may serve to give some idea of his general style and manner:—

" Oh tedious is the dreary night
 That waits us in the tomb:
 And not a ray of cheering light
 The darkness to illumine.

" Short, short the life allotted mortals
 And fall of bitter woes:
 But when once death hath opened his portals
 Unbroken their repose."

* * *

Of all the losses we have to mourn in ancient poetry, there is none greater than that of the works of Simonides. The fragments still preserved, especially the "Danae" and the dirge on those who fell at Thermopylae, of which we gave in a late number a version, exhibit the most affecting simplicity and pathos. They remind us of some of Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads—

they have the same undefinable power of coming home to the heart with some exquisite touch of feeling, the same gentle beauty and grace of expression. We still possess some of the admirable epitaphs for which he was so celebrated through all Greece. Every classical scholar is acquainted with his noble inscription for a column in Thermopylae.

ο ξειν', αγγελων λακεδαιμονιοις, οτι τη δε
 κειμενη, τοις κινων ερησει πιθεμενοι.

We feel how utterly untranslatable of this. The two following are, we think, equally worthy of admiration:—

" Dost thou inquire the fate of those below?
 The morn beheld them ranged in firm array,
 Noon brought the strife, the war-cry, and the foe,
 The night dews fell around their lifeless clay.
 Yet mourn not for their doom—each glorious name
 Shall live for ever in the rolls of fame."

* Wordsworth's *Laodamia*. A poem which breathes all the tranquillity, majesty, and purity of thought, which characterise the loftiest strains of the Grecian muse.

ON THE 300 SPARTANS WHO FELL IN THE CONTEST FOR THYREA.

"Sparta, each valiant son of thine lies low
 Where first in fight he met the Argive foe ;
 The self-same ground the living trod that day
 Is now the guardian of their mouldering clay.
 Othryades just lived to mark his shield
 With these proud words, in blood, 'we've won the field.'
 Yes, tho' one Argive 'scaped, 'twas yours—he fled ;
 The flying are the vanquished, not the dead."

Much of beauty and appropriateness the ancient epitaphs must have derived from the localities of their tombs ; in the garden, the field, by the wayside, or along the margin of the murmuring river, slept the dead, reminding man of his frail and perishing nature, amid every scene, and in every mood. Often must nature thus have spoken to the heart with a thousand gentle tones of consolation. Often must the great lesson she is so incessantly presenting to our eyes of birth and death, decay and reproduction, have sensibly and visibly impressed itself on the feelings, and awakened the conviction which,

however stifled, we cannot but believe lives in all, of our glorious destiny and immortality. Beautiful and not wholly unprofitable types and shadows would be suggested, tender thoughts and reflections cherished, and death itself associated with these pure and soothing influences, lose half its terrors.

We feel that the epitaphs which survive, have lost half their charm deprived of these accompaniments ; yet, with all these disadvantages, and even through our feeble version, we hope our readers will perceive the beauty of the following.

INSCRIBED BY A MOTHER ON HER SON'S TOMB.

BY LEONIDAS.

Ah, hapless son—more hapless I who mourn
 With grief that knows no pause above thine urn.
 Doomed still to drag existence day-by-day
 A weary load, along a wearier way,
 To feel no joy, yet mingle as I go
 In the cold world, that cannot share my woe.
 Spirit, dear spirit, gazing on yon sky
 I feel such love as ours can never die—
 I feel thy presence thrilling through the air
 Hush to repose the anguish of despair.
 It bids me hope from this dull earth to soar
 To some blest clime, where parting is no more.
 Come, then, and guide my footsteps on the road
 That leads me onward to that bright abode.

BY LEONIDAS.

This is the tomb of Crethon—wealth and power,
 All that men covet or desire, were his :
 But mortal pleasure is a shortlived flower
 And vainly hopes man for enduring bliss.
 The narrow compass of this little stone
 Is all the rich man now can call his own.

BY LEONIDAS.

Kind shepherd, should this cool retreat
 Receive thee from the noontide heat.
 Know, that a brother swain reposes
 Beneath this bower of clustering roses :
 Pluck then a few, and gently shed
 Their sweet leaves on his grassy bed.
 One tender tear, let pity claim
 Above the stone that tells his name.

INCERTI AUCTORIS.

Take old Amynticus unto thy breast
 Kind earth—for he with many an herb and flower
 And fragrance-breathing shrub thy surface drest.
 Light be the turf upon his ashes prest,
 And round it wreathed an ever-verdant bower.

BY ANTIPATER.

Vainly—ye tyrants—vainly would ye doom
 The chain of slavery for a Grecian maid :
 The gods have given a refuge in the tomb,
 A kind deliverer in the friendly blade.
 'Twas by a mother's hand I fell—no way
 Remained save this to 'scape the victor's sway.

BY ERINNA.

Ye figures weeping o'er the senseless urn !
 Ye sculptured signs of monumental woe !
 Should some kind spirit pause awhile to mourn,
 And ask the fate of her who sleeps below.

Oh bid him shed a few sad tears, above
 The hapless maiden on her bridal day,
 From home, and happiness, and constant love
 To death's cold realms for ever snatchèd away.

The self-same choir that hymned the nuptial strain
 Mourned with sad wailings for her early doom :
 The self-same torch, that lit the bridal train
 Poured its pale light at eve, above her tomb.

INCERTI AUCTORIS.

Oh weep not that heaven hath decreed
 Our friend from us to sever :
 Weep not for the soul that is freed
 From the toil of life for ever.

The stars, that each morning wane,
 Burn again in the evening skies :
 And the flowers that lie dead through the plain
 At the first breath of summer arise.

BY ANYTE.

Antibia slumbers here—a fairer prey,
 Heaven never summoned from the world away.
 Genius was her's and beauty—numbers strove
 From every clime to win the maiden's love.
 But Death became her bridegroom—his rude arms
 Have seized for ever on her virgin charms.

INCERTI AUCTORIS.

Not to be born were best
 Of all the boons of heaven :
 Earth yields no place of rest,
 Some care to each is given.
 Scarce shines a happy hour,
 Unclouded by dark woes,
 Snakes lurk in every bower,
 And thorns in every rose.

I ate, I drank, I died,
 And is not this the story,
 Of all man's power and pride,
 Of all his fame and glory ?
 Live for a thousand years,
 Live while the world doth last,
 The self-same joys and fears,
 Thou'lt find as in the past.

INCEPIT AUCTORIS.

Though round thee beam the brightest eyes,
 Though o'er thee spread the sunniest skies,
 Though every pulse and every vein,
 Throb with a flood of joy,
 No thought of care, no sense of pain,
 One moment to annoy.
 Pass but a few short years—thou must
 Become like me dull lifeless dust.

ON A NAMELESS TOMB.

No word declares who rests beneath this tomb,
 No record guards his history and his fame :
 Oblivion shrouds them in impervious gloom,
 And night's thick shadow gathers o'er his name.
 Vainly we ask, did none lament his fate ?
 Did no kind eye bestow a pitying tear ?
 He sleeps as sound, as though in pompous state
 Myriads of weeping followers laid him here.
 He sleeps as sound, as though his name and story
 Had been engraven by the hand of glory.

I stood beside thy grave, dear friend, and thought
 On all our happy intercourse of yore :
 When we together strayed by ocean's shore,
 Or climbed at morn the hill-top—hours now fraught
 With innocent gladness, such as springs from youth
 Ere the cold world and the world's ways had taught
 Its selfish wisdom, in the place of truth
 Of warm devotedness, and love unbought.
 And standing there I felt how sweet 'twould be
 Were we to meet, and in some happier clime
 From mutability and sorrow free,
 Renew the friendship, which despite of time
 Of cares and distance, still preserved its faith
 Unchanging and unchangeable till death.

THE DESTROYER AND THE DELIVERER.

A TALE OF THE EARLY AGES.

In one of those fruitful valleys which are still to be met by the traveller in the remote districts of Upper Syria, dwelt a tribe of the descendants of the patriarchs who exercised the primitive occupation of shepherds. Rarely wandering beyond the confines of the valley which supplied their flocks and herds with abundant pastures, these simple people were content with the blessings they enjoyed in the undisturbed solitude of their peaceful retreat. The fruits of the earth yielded their repasts, a delicious variety without care or culture, and their flocks supplied them with nutriment and clothing, which, if not of the most luxurious description, was sufficient for Nature's

wants. Wars, contentions and jealousies were unknown in the valley of Ephron, for every person there possessed a competency of the necessities of life, and the acquisition of more would have been troublesome and useless. Poverty there had never chilled with her cold hand, the kindly sympathies of the heart, nor had riches catered to corrupt the pure stream of benevolence.

Amongst the dwellers in Ephron none was more revered than the aged Naram, for his superior wisdom. Full of years and honors—the honors conferred on exalted virtue by the respect of the virtuous, Naram lived to see his sons and daughters grow up around

him, numerous and beautiful as the tall cedars that waved their lofty heads on the hills which sheltered the valley—one son only remained—the staff of his declining age—the youngest child of his bosom, Salam. Graceful as the wild roe upon the mountains, fair as the full moon, was the youth Salam. Already had he numbered eighteen years; the boyish gaiety of his manners had begun to yield to the more chastened dignity of manhood; and, as he each day drove forth his father's flocks to the fresh pastures in the cool morning, or led them to the clear rivulets and shady thickets during the noon-tide heat, the maidens of Ephron would steal sidelong glances at the beautiful youth, and sigh when he departed without bestowing on them more than a passing word, or a look of common greeting. But Salam's heart, though unmoved by the beauty of many of the fairest daughters of his tribe, was not insensible to the influence of the sex: in his childish days the gentle Zilpah had been the partner of his sports; with her he had sought the dripping honeycomb in the rock, plucked the brightest flowers by the stream's green margin, and gathered the freshest berries on the sunny bank; and, when maturer years brought with them deeper thoughts, and more serious duties, time found the love of the playmates altered but not lessened; its character had changed, but its spirit was still the same, and they continued to love each other with the purity of their first innocent affection.

Naram beheld the attachment of the youthful pair with secret satisfaction; for the playful vivacity and endearing manners of Zilpah had so gained upon the old man's heart that he looked forward with joy to the time, when, in accordance with the custom of the tribe, Salam having accomplished his twentieth year, would be permitted to enter the marriage state. A still stronger motive, however, than even the beauty and virtue of Zilpah, made Naram desire that she should be united to his son. The girl, while yet an infant, had been left an orphan by a beloved sister, who, with her parting breath, confided the child to his care. Faithful to his charge he had tended her tender years with the affectionate solicitude of a parent, until the cherished blossom expanded beneath his eye into blushing womanhood, and the time had nearly arrived when she should forsake the aged trunk to seek

support from a fresher stem. It was, therefore, that Naram encouraged the mutual love of Salam and Zilpah, for he felt that, in promoting their union, he would fulfil the sacred trust reposed in him, and contribute to the happiness of the two beings dearest to him on earth.

Every evening, at the hour when Salam was wont to return with his flock to the dwelling of his father, Zilpah used to climb to the summit of an eminence which overlooked the vale, and watch with eager eye until she caught a glimpse of the white fleeces of his sheep winding through the valley, or heard the deep lowing of the kine as they drew near home; then, bounding down the steep path with the swiftness of a young antelope, she would fly to meet her lover, and receive from him, in requital of her artless affection, the kiss of peace and welcome. Then, with arms enwreathed lovingly together, like twin honeysuckles, the happy pair would slowly take their way up the hill, communing as they went on their approaching happiness, or relating to each other those simple occurrences of the day, that formed the brief records of their peaceful lives.

In Naram's cottage a plain but wholesome repast awaited them, to afford its solace after the light toils of the day. Fruits glowing with gold and crimson, like an autumnal evening sky, that had been plucked by the fair hand of Zilpah herself, before the sun had topped the eastern hills; water, fresh and sparkling from the coolest fountain; cream and curds of enticing whiteness; and, to decorate the guiltless feast, wreaths of fragrant flowers, still redolent of the morning's breath. The repast concluded, this happy family poured forth their united praises to the Author and Giver of all good, in the untaught eloquence of hearts outgushing with love and gratitude to that beneficent Being; and when, in the stillness of twilight, the last faint cadence of their eventide song floated away over the dim woods, and the clear voice of Naram pronounced, in the name of the Most High, a solemn benediction on his household, they felt in spirit the outstretched wings of the Eternal One shadow and encompass them, and they laid down their heads to rest in the peaceful confidence of His protection. Happy times—thrice happy people! whose privilege it was to worship God in truth and purity

undisturbed by the discords and heart-burnings which, in these latter days, afflict and perplex the anxious servants of the Everlasting Father.

Salam, as we have said, had passed the first eighteen years of his life in this quiet seclusion, but, though his manners had been moulded to the monotony and uninquiring habits of a patriarchal life, he possessed a mind endued with a strong thirst for extended knowledge, which, as he advanced in years, became an ever-burning desire to penetrate into the mysteries of Nature, and to behold her awful face unveiled. Even his love for Zilpah began to give way to this absorbing passion. Hour after hour would he, stretched beneath the shade of a spreading palm-tree, while his neglected flock ranged at large over the plain, watch the ceaseless flow of the stream from its parent rock, and marvel in what vast chamber lay its hidden fountains, or whence the source that supplied its never-failing waters. Often, too, would he linger at eve, to gaze upon the countless host of stars that studded the blue vault of heaven, and the pale moon as she walked in queenly beauty in her lonely path. "And whence," he would exclaim, "are fixed the dwellings of these glorious habitants of the sky? Why may I not soar away like the eagle of the rock, and mingling with these bright intelligences, learn from the wisdom of the stars the secrets which are denied to the clay-born children of this dull earth?"

Anxious and disturbed, Salam applied to his father and the sages of his tribe for a solution of these queries. The old men, whose thoughts had never wandered beyond the limits of their native plains, regarded the young philosopher with looks of strange surprise; they nevertheless answered him mildly in the simplicity of their hearts.

"My son," said they, "the knowledge thou seekest is beyond human comprehension. The stream runneth its free course to the sea, giving fertility to the land, and health to the dwellers thereon; but no eye hath seen its mighty reservoirs, or beheld its hidden chambers, which are in the bosom of the earth. The sun taketh his daily course in the heavens, and the moon and stars also have their everlasting places appointed in the firmament; but the earth is allotted for a brief space to be a dwelling-place for man. Behold! is it not fair to look

upon, and doth it not yield unto our hands all that our hearts can desire? Be humble then, O-son of Naram, and seek not the knowledge that bringeth only vain yearnings and presumptuous repinings."

The sages departed, leaving Salam abashed, but not satisfied. His curiosity might indeed have been repressed by the modest reply of the sages, had not his inquisitive disposition led him into disquisitions of a more dangerous tendency than the elucidation of the sublime truths of natural philosophy. He had permitted his mind to wander into the inextricable mazes of metaphysical inquiry. The enigma of *life* and *death* incessantly occupied his thoughts, nor could he by the strongest efforts of his reason, form any distinct idea of the mysterious connexion between the soul and the body. "What is Death? and why was man born to die?" were the questions he repeatedly put to himself without being able to advance a single step nearer to the knowledge he aspired after. An incident which happened about this time helped to increase the fever of his restless imagination. A lamb of his flock unguardedly approaching too near the verge of a precipice, had missed its footing, and falling over the face of the rock, was dashed to pieces on the plain. Formerly this circumstance would have only produced in him a transient feeling of pity for the fate of the poor creature, but now, tossed as his mind was by vague desires, it aroused within it, in their full force, all his wildest speculations. For several minutes he regarded the mangled body of the lifeless animal, in profound silence; he laid his hand upon its side; it had already begun to grow cold, and its limbs to stiffen; "and this," he exclaimed, "is DEATH! This lump of inanimate matter a few hours since was breathing and living as *I am*, and in another hour *I may be as that thing now is*. What! to become a clod of the valley, to lie without sense, motion or being! The thought makes me shudder; yet my father, Naram, fears not death, but looks forward to it as a weary wayfarer does to the shelter of his cottage roof, and the pleasant seat beneath his own fig-tree at eve. Is death then of evil or of good?"

"Wouldst thou know?" inquired a solemn voice behind him.

Salam turned, for he thought he had been alone, and beheld a man of commanding aspect, attired in a dark flow-

ing robe ; a livid paleness overspread a countenance which, terrific and repulsive at first sight, seemed, as Salam continued to look steadily upon it, to soften down into an expression of melancholy sweetness.

"Mysterious being, tell me who and what thou art," said Salam, addressing the figure.

"I AM DEATH !" replied the spirit.

"How sayest thou—art thou that power to whom all created things must yield?"

"Even so. By some named '*The Destroyer*,' by others '*The Deliverer*.'"

"By which of these titles shouldst thou be truly designated?" demanded Salam.

"That thou shalt have an opportunity of judging," replied the phantom ; "the time is come when the doubts and fears that perplex thy mind shall be dissipated, and the light of true knowledge shall be bestowed upon thee."

"Is it by Death alone that I may behold that divine ray?" asked Salam mournfully.

"All mankind must drink of my cup, before the full effulgence of that wisdom which shineth around and emanateth from the throne of Eternal Glory, shall burst upon them,—nevertheless, such knowledge as is fit for thy earthly nature shall be imparted to thee, ere the day cometh when thou shalt pass the portals of my gloomy mansion."

Thus saying, the spirit waved a branch of amaranth which he held over Salam's head, who, overpowered as by a sudden slumber, sank prostrate on the earth.

On recovering from his trance, he found himself lying on a flowery bank, near a public road, along which vast numbers of people, in strange costumes, were hurrying towards a noble city—whose burnished domes and pinnacles glittered in the bright beams of the morning sun. Salam—whose ideas of the world beyond the confines of his native hills had been sufficiently limited—could scarcely trust the evidence of his senses—that all he beheld was not an illusion of the brain. "Am I in a dream?" said he, rubbing his eyes ; "or is this the Paradise which our first parents lost, into which I have been transported?" With his eyes fixed on the city, he still continued to utter exclamations of wonder and delight, until a richly dressed man, who was also walking towards the city, attended by a number of servants, attracted by Salam's animated gestures, stopped to

observe him. Of him Salam ventured to inquire the name of the city and the cause of the immense multitudes who were thronging to it.

"I perceive," replied the person addressed, with a smile, "not only by your question, but by your speech and attire, that you are a stranger. Know then that this city before us is called Imnoch, and that those people are journeying thither to celebrate the great feast of the Golden Ram."

Salam, who had heard from his father of those dwellers in the cities of the plain—the descendants of Cain—who worshipped idols of wood—of brass and of stone, the work of men's hands, did not betray himself by any expression of astonishment—but merely asked if the worship of the Golden Ram was general in that country.

"No," answered the man ; "certain people towards the rising of the sun—the children of Abraham—bow the knee before an Invisible God, and we sent unto them saying, 'worship our God also—even the Golden Ram of Imnoch,' but they would not—and they mocked our Gods ; whereat the Imnochians became wroth, and our men of war arose and went forth in battle array and smote the worshippers of the Invisible God—and desolated their city ; and laid waste their vineyards—that the name and the power of the Golden Ram might be great upon the earth."

Salam replied not—but silently contrasted the doctrines of peace and love, inculcated by his father Naram, with the sanguinary spirit of the religion of the Golden Ram.

His informant proceeded :—"This day we celebrate the great festival of the God of Imnoch, and to render our service more acceptable to him, it is commanded that four score prisoners, worshippers of the Invisible God, who have fallen alive into our hands, shall be sacrificed on the altar of the Golden Ram."

Salam shuddered with horror at the inhuman idea, but he durst not exhibit his feelings to his companion, whose furious bigotry he doubted not would consign him to a similar doom with his unfortunate fellow believers, who had fallen into the power of the men of Imnoch. Meanwhile Zared, for that was the Imnochian's name, perceiving Salam's disturbance, and imagining it arose from his anxiety, lest he should not find accommodation in the overcrowded city, courteously of-

ferred him a dwelling during his sojourn there. Salam, after some hesitation, accepted his offer with suitable thanks, and directing their steps towards the principal city gate, they soon entered it together.

As they passed along the crowded streets, Salam's attention was wholly engrossed by the magnificent preparations which the citizens were making for the festival. Here, troops of lovely children, arrayed in robes of snowy whiteness, scattered flowers of delicious fragrance along their path;—there, bands of fair youths and virgins chanted hymns in honour of the Golden Ram, to the music of silver coronets and tymbals;—in another place, trains of milk-white oxen, decorated with garlands, paced, unconscious of their impending doom, to the sacrificial altar. Warriors glittering in martial pomp, and peaceful citizens clad in garments of purple;—the blushing maiden, conscious of her resistless charms, and the haughty matron, proud of her costly attire;—age and youth—riches and poverty—the noble and the lowly, mingled, and were lost in the human tide, that rolled its multitudinous billows towards the temple of the great idol.

Zared, for whom the scene possessed not the charm of novelty that it did to Salam, hurried his loitering companion through the dense crowds until he stopped before a splendid mansion. At a signal from Zared, the gates flew open, and they entered a hall in which wealth and art had exhausted their resources. Lofty pillars of polished marble supported a spacious dome, within whose azure concave, the artist had fixed innumerable carbuncles, whose brilliant rays rivalled rather than imitated the stars of heaven. Salam, who had never, in his wildest dreams, imagined anything comparable in magnificence to the place in which he then stood, was struck dumb with awe and amazement. Zared, perceiving his admiration, said—

"Thou art lost in wonder, oh stranger, at these things, yet thou hast seen but a small portion of the delights which the worshippers of the Golden Ram and the favoured servants of the king enjoy. *That thou shalt behold hereafter—but it is meet that we should now hasten to the sacrifices—behold there is raiment prepared for thy use; hasten, therefore, to array thyself, that we may go up to the temple together.*"

Consigned to the care of a slave,

Salam was conducted to a noble and spacious apartment, into which a luxurious light was admitted through windows curtained with crimson drapery; grateful odours, emitted from numerous silver lamps, diffused themselves through the air, and crystal waters of an inviting freshness sparkled in a white marble fountain in the centre of the room. In an adjoining alcove, a perfumed bath awaited the wondering youth, in which having bathed, he submitted himself to the attendant slaves, who attired him in superb robes, and then conducted him back to the Hall of Stars, where, in a few minutes his host made his appearance, splendidly arrayed for the festival.

On entering the lofty gallery in the temple reserved for the king and his principal officers, the crowd of courtiers instantly made way for Zared, the favourite, who, after having paid the usual homage to the monarch, and received from his royal master a gracious smile, retired to his place with a glance of conscious triumph that galled the hearts of his less fortunate peers. From the seat which Salam and his new patron occupied they could easily behold the entire spectacle. The immense area beneath was filled with the common multitude; the suppressed hum of whose whispers, and the eager intensity of their looks towards the altar, around which a number of inferior priests, clad in plain robes, stood with folded arms and downcast eyes, announced that a part of the ceremony of more than ordinary interest was about to take place. Zared whispered to Salam—

"It is with one of the holy men of the Invisible God that the priests will begin the sacrifice."

"Surely they will not slay a man of God?" exclaimed Salam.

"He is an unbeliever; he bows not his head to the Golden Ram," answered Zared in a significant tone.

Salam was silent. Suddenly a burst of wild music, accompanied by the clashing of cymbals and beating of drums, shook the temple; a hollow murmur arose from the undulating mass of life below; but every sound was quelled, and a death-like silence reigned through the temple, as the massive folds of a dark curtain behind the altar were slowly withdrawn, and emerging from the dim recess of the sanctuary, a train of beautiful youths and maidens, arrayed in snow-white garments and crowned with garlands

of pomegranate blossoms, arranged themselves semicircularly on either side of the altar. These were followed by a number of priests in rich purple robes glittering with gold and precious stones; and last of all came the victims intended for the sacrifice, bound and guarded; they were headed by a venerable man, upon whose mild countenance sate placid resignation and joyful hope. He was also bound; but on coming in front of the altar, the officiating priest advanced, and, drawing a knife from his girdle, severed the cords that confined his arms. The old man threw his liberated hands upwards in an attitude of prayer—his lips moved, but they uttered no sound.

"It is the victim," whispered Zared.

The eager multitude gazed upon him with savage curiosity, and began to grow impatient at the delay of the sacrifice; but the old man heard them not—all his faculties were absorbed in silent devotion.

"To what God does he pray?" cried the King of Imnoch aloud, stretching forth his sceptre towards the altar.

The question was repeated to the victim by the priest. A breathless silence pervaded the assembly, for they knew that his life was saved if he professed the worship of the Golden Ram. Salam's heart beat violently; and he leaned over the balustrade of the gallery to catch the words of pardon or condemnation from the lips of the doomed man. The aged martyr fixed for a moment his eyes upon his interrogator, and then casting them to heaven, with a look of proud devotion, replied, in a solemn voice, that penetrated to the remotest corner of the temple,

"I pray to the God of my fathers, the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, whose servant I am."

Tears of pity and admiration filled Salam's eyes.

"Smite the blasphemer to the earth," shouted the ferocious mob.

"Wilt thou not bow the knee before the Golden Ram of Imnoch?" repeated the king, pointing to the massive idol above the altar.

"Never! I despise, I trample upon thy false God. There is but one true God, O King—even the Lord of Hosts, Jehovah!"

"Let him die!" said the king.

"Let him die!" echoed the furious multitude.

The old man bowed his head submissively, and knelt before the altar;

the priest approached; the sacrificial knife was gleaming at the victim's throat. Salam, shuddering with horror, hastily hid his face in his robe to avoid beholding the deed of death; the next moment, the deafening shouts of the spectators, the discordant clangor of the drums and trumpets, and the shrill voices of the priests proclaiming, "Power and Glory to the Golden Ram of Imnoch," announced that the bloody rite was complete. For several minutes Salam sat without power to move; at length, impelled by a strange curiosity, he cast a hasty glance towards the altar, on the steps of which the heroic martyr lay struggling in the death-throe, his silver hair and white garments dabbled in the crimson life-stream that flowed to propitiate the foul demon of intolerance and idolatry. The young shepherd could behold no more; his heart sickened, and he intreated Zared to quit the temple, who, now that the great sacrifice of the day was past, felt no extraordinary inclination to witness the slaughter of the common victims who remained. They accordingly departed, Zared lively and talkative, Salam sad and silent; the former dwelling with revolting minuteness on every convulsion of the expiring man; the latter vainly endeavouring to efface from his mind the recollection of the sanguinary spectacle, and already lamenting the infatuation that had led him in pursuit of wisdom into the knowledge of so much vice.

That evening Zared gave a sumptuous entertainment to his numerous friends to honor the festival of the Golden Ram. Tables loaded with rare viands—gold and silver vessels, pregnant with costly wines—vases of fragrant flowers—and damsels of surpassing beauty, combined to enthrall the senses and dissolve the soul in luxurious languor. Encircled by flatterers, Zared sate the monarch of the feast, exulting in the extent of his power and riches, and drinking with greedy ears the hollow praises of his parasites.

"Who," cried they, "so great as Zared, the beloved of kings? who so wise or so powerful as he? His voice is as the blast of a trumpet to his enemies; they hear it, and are confounded. Great is Zared of Imnoch."

But the worm lurks in the rose cup, and the adder nestles beneath the vine; the wealth and power of Zared, whilst they drew forth the admiration, stirred

up the envy of the courtiers. Amongst them, there was one man who looked with a malignant eye upon his prosperity. Abderah, the captain of the royal guard, a man of ambitious spirit and vindictive disposition, but which he disguised under the semblance of rough honesty, had at one period been the king's chief favorite; latterly, however, his influence over the monarch had begun sensibly to decline; and being aware that it was Zared's ascendant star that had eclipsed the lustre of his own at court, he nourished a deep hatred for his rival, and only awaited a fitting opportunity to put in execution a dark scheme of revenge he had formed.

During the banquet, Zared, elated with some recent honor conferred upon him by the king, urged the circulation of the wine cup with more than usual earnestness. Crowned with vine leaves, his eyes sparkling, and his cheeks flushed from the frequency of his draughts, he revelled in fancied security, while Abderah watched with fiendish delight the effects of the maddening poison in the lessening decorum of the guests and the frantic mirth of the master of the feast. At this moment, propitious for his treacherous designs, when riot and mirth were at their height, Abderah, drawing from his finger a costly gem, flung it into his goblet, and raising it aloft, proclaimed that it should be the prize of him who should extemporaneously pronounce the best eulogium on the king. The young courtiers, eager to display their loyalty and genius, poured forth several florid orations, whose chief merit consisted in the liberality with which they heaped indiscriminate adulation upon the royal head. At last it came to Zared's turn to speak; his panegyric was happy and elegant; but had it been heavy as the waters of the Dead Sea, his parasites would have lauded it to the skies. As it was, the prize was conceded to him by acclamation; and Abderah, filling with wine the cup which held the gem, placed it in the hands of his flattered host, who, to do honor as well to the donor as to his prince, quaffed off the contents at a single draught. A gleam of fearful pleasure sparkled in Abderah's dark eyes, as Zared withdrew the emptied cup from his lips, and taking the brilliant jewel it contained, placed it upon his finger, and declared that he would wear it as a pledge of his friend Abderah's love to the latest moment

of his existence. An applauding shout burst from the revellers. Zared rose to speak, but instantly sank back into his seat—a sudden convulsion distorted his features, and changed their joyous look into a frightful expression of terror and agony; his eyes became fixed; large drops of perspiration hung upon his pale brow; and the uplifted goblet fell from his relaxing fingers.

"Death!" he shrieked aloud; "death was in the cup."

"Death!" repeated the horror-stricken guests; and the lofty dome returned for the first time in solemn echoes—the name of Death.

It was too true, the perfidious Abderah had infused in the wine which his unsuspecting rival had drank, a subtle and deadly poison, and instantly escaped, so that when the dreadful truth became evident, the murderer was no where to be found. When the tumult of surprise and consternation had a little subsided, the dying Zared was placed upon a couch by his slaves—for of all the guests who had feasted with him that evening—who had cat of his bread, and drank of his cup—not one remained to offer him one word of consolation, or afford him the slightest succour, except the shepherd Salam. It would, however, be unjust to accuse Zared's friends of quitting their benefactor's house for the last time, without bearing with them some memorials of his munificence; they saw that his race was run—that the sun of the vain man had set for ever—and as they hurried from the mournful scene, each guest appropriated to himself some costly vessel of gold or silver from the glittering store that covered the board. Salam gently approached the couch upon which Zared lay; but what an awful change had a few brief minutes wrought on that proud being. The ready smile upon his lip had vanished, and in its stead pain and terror had set their grim seal; the chaplet had fallen from his discoloured brow, and his purple garments had been rent to shreds in the delirium of his agony. Grasping convulsively the hand of one of his female slaves, who knelt beside him, wiping the clammy dew from his face, he muttered in a hoarse broken voice—

"Azarah, the fire—the fire consumeth me—it is here, here;" and he laid his hand upon his bared breast: "it courseth through my veins like a fierce torrent—it devoureth up my strength like a ravening lion. Give

me to drink, Azarah—give me to cool this burning thirst."

One of the attendants presented to him a goblet of wine. He pushed it from him with a violent gesture.

"Away with the accursed draught," cried he, "bring me one cup of the cool waters of the fountain of Belaz to quench this fire. Azarah, where art thou? where are my friends? Ha! the lights are flitting before my sight. Azarah, as thy soul liveth, tell me is this indeed Death!"

"My Lord," replied the slave, submissively, "Death is the lot of all."

"Name it not to me. Where be the cunning leeches of the court? Half my possessions to the man who shall restore me! Zared must not die!" shouted he, starting from his recumbent posture, and tossing his arms wildly above his head: "I am well—I am strong again. To the feast! to the feast! Why loiter ye here? More wine—more red wine. Summon my dancing girls, and those that play upon the timbrel, the harp, and the psaltery. Let there be music and gladness in the halls of Zared! Honor to the King, and power and glory to the Golden Ram of the Imnochians!"

The frantic man staggered back to the table, and throwing himself into the seat he had occupied during the evening, seized a cup, and with unsteady hand was conveying it to his lips, when he perceived that all his guests had fled, and that he sat in melancholy mockery of mirth, the solitary master of the deserted feast. A shrill burst of bitter laughter rang through the hall—

"Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked he; "Now am I lord of the banquet. What! all gone?—the wild asses have forsaken the dried up spring. Alas! I am even as a fallen star—my glory hath departed from me."

He uttered these last words in a mournful voice; and observing Salam, who was standing near him, he motioned him to approach:

"Tell me, O stranger," said he, "why tarriest thou, when those who owe all to my bounty have abandoned me?"

"Because, my Lord, I have learned that it is good to succour the afflicted, and to speak the words of peace to the broken in spirit."

"Who art thou that utterest these new sayings? Art thou a worshipper of the Golden Ram?"

"I serve the one Invisible and

Everlasting God," replied Salam, bending his head reverentially."

"Ha! then thou art also of those unbelievers, who condemn *our* Gods." He paused as if revolving something in his mind, and then added eagerly, "It is said, nevertheless, that *your* God can work strange wonders. Let him now restore me to health, and I will swear to bend the knee to him alone, and to renounce the worship of the Golden Ram for ever. I will build temples unto his name—"

"The God of Abraham," interrupted the youth, "is not to be bought with gifts. The scales of life and death are in his hand, and whom he willeth he strengtheneth, and whom he willeth he smiteth."

"Begone, vain babbler," cried the desperate man; "vex not my soul, since thou canst not help me in my sore distress. Yet I will *not* perish. Bring unto me the priests of the temple—the power of the Golden Ram shall save, if gold, and gifts of myrrh, wine, oil, and corn, can. Ah! help—he-lp!"

A violent spasm suddenly stopped his utterance, and a low gurgling noise arose in his throat—his teeth became firmly set—his glazed eyes protruded frightfully from their sockets, and every vein and muscle of his neck and face seemed swollen to an unnatural size; but the struggle was brief, and when the convulsion which writhed his frame had passed, his head sank upon his chest, and a blackened corse was all that remained of Zared the proud Imnochian.

The moment that Salam perceived that Zared was dead, he rushed from the house, and, trusting to chance to direct his steps, ran without once looking behind until he found himself outside the walls of the city, in an ancient cemetery, upon whose white tombs the broken moonbeams fell through the thick cypress trees which overshadowed them. Salam, agitated and exhausted, seated himself at the entrance of one of those silent habitations of the dead, in order to compose his scattered senses, when he perceived a dark robed figure walking, or rather gliding towards him through the tombs. As it approached, he recognized the spirit whom he had seen in the valley of Ephron—it was *Death*.

"Mortal," said the spirit, addressing him, "what hast thou beheld since we parted?"

"I have seen much," answered the

young man humbly. "I have seen knowledge that brought not happiness, and wealth that dwelt not with contentment. I have seen pleasure allied to vice, and religion linked to cruelty. I have seen the wicked man perish miserably in his iniquity; and I have seen the righteous man go down to the grave in peace."

"In these things thou hast learned the true wisdom of life," replied the phantom. "Profit by the lesson thou hast received. Return to thy flocks, and murmur not that because of thy earthly nature there are somethings hidden from thy sight of which it befiteth thee to remain ignorant. Be patient, just, and diligent, and when we meet again thy soul will greet me as *The Deliverer*, not *The Destroyer*."

The spirit ceased speaking, and Salam, convinced and humbled, prostrated himself at the feet of his instructor. When he arose, he was alone,

standing beside the dead lamb in the very spot where the spirit had first appeared to him. Slowly, but with a breast overflowing with joy and gratitude to the Fountain of all knowledge, Salam turned his steps to his father's cottage an altered man. No longer distracted by the false lights of human wisdom in seeking for the knowledge which is from above, the tempest of his soul subsided into a peaceful calm, and he pressed the innocent Zilpah to his bosom with a lighter and a happier heart than he had enjoyed for many months, for he had now learned and acknowledged the sublime truth, that *virtue alone is true happiness*.

The venerable Naram lived to see the last fond wish of his heart accomplished, in the union of Salam and Zilpah; and then, in the language of the sacred text, "he slept with his fathers."

ATHENS AND ATTICA.*

Mr. Wordsworth made a tour through several parts of Greece in 1832 and 1833; and the present work is the result of his researches in Athens and Attica. Mr. Wordsworth is a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and head master of Harrow school, and his subject is appropriate to such situations, classical illustrations for the benefit of his pupils both in college and at school; his enquiries are therefore limited to a particular point, and from their very nature cannot afford much amusement to the general, however they may interest the classical reader. It is but right, however, to say, that the execution of the work accords with the place it describes. The book is got up with a kind of Attic elegance, the Greek inscriptions neatly executed, and the lithographic plates, some of the best illustrations we have seen in that kind of engraving. He commences his chapters also in an appropriate manner. The usage of quotations, from various authors as tables of contents, has been a practice with us at home since the days of the Spectator; but we believe Mr. Wordsworth

is the first who has adapted it to a book of foreign travels, and we think there is some taste in heading a chapter of a work on Athens with a passage from some Greek author, giving an account of the matter contained in it. And though there is not much to interest the general reader, there are many curious details to command the attention of the classical student. The whole work exhibits evident traces of a mind intimately acquainted with the literary remains of antiquity, and the enthusiastic perseverance with which the author traces every locality that may throw any light upon his favorite studies, hardly exceeds the accurate taste with which he applies the result of his inquiries to these illustrations. We quote the following description of the effects of the surrounding scene upon an Athenian audience. Speaking of the Pnyx he says:—

"In this spot it is impossible to resist the impulse of reflections arising from the place itself, upon some of the distinguishing characteristics supplied to Athenian oratory, by the very locality in which it was exerted. The Pnyx, from

* Athens and Attica—Journal of a residence there. By the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, M. A. &c. 8vo. London, 1836.

its position and its openness, supplied the orator who spoke there, with sources of eloquence influencing himself, and objects of appeal acting on his audience, which no other place of a similar object, not even the Roman forum itself, has ever paralleled in number or in interest. First of all, the Athenian orator, standing on the Bema of the Pnyx, had the natural elements at his service. There was the sky of Attica above his head, the soil of Attica beneath his feet, and above all, the sea of Attica visible behind him. Appeals to the ruling powers of these elements in other places vague and unmeaning, here were generally just and sometimes necessary. Here without any unnatural constraint he could fetch the deities from those elements and place them as it were on this platform before him. There must, therefore, have been something inexpressibly solemn in the ejaculation, *ὦ γῆ καὶ θεοὶ!* Oh Earth and Gods! uttered in his most sublime periods by Demosthenes in this place."

After a few reflections he proceeds :

"Visible behind him, at no great distance, was the scene of Athenian glory, the Island of Salamis. Nearer was the Piræus with its arsenals lining the shore, and its fleets floating upon its bosom. Before him was the crowded city itself. In the city immediately below him was the circle of the Agora planted with plane trees, adorned with statues of marble, bronze, and gilded with painted porticoes, and stately edifices, monuments of Athenian gratitude and glory. A little beyond it was the Areopagus; and above all, towering to his right, rose the Acropolis itself, faced with its Propylæa as a frontlet, and surmounted with the Parthenon as a crown. Therefore the Athenian orator was enabled to speak with a power and almost an exultation, which the presence of such objects alone could give either to himself or his hearers."

He then quotes an apposite passage from *Æschines* in illustration of his remark, and goes on :—

"It is evident, from the productions of eloquence of which this passage is a specimen, and from the considerations above suggested, that much of the peculiar spirit which distinguishes Athenian oratory is to be ascribed not merely to the character of the speaker, and the physical quickness of his audience; but also, if we may so say, to the natural scenery of that theatre in which that eloquence was displayed."

The two following extracts we select as containing curious and ingenious

criticisms on the passages alluded to in them, speaking of that in *Eurip.* *Med.* :—

"ἦδη δ' ἂν ἴλκων κῶλον ἰκπλίσθην δρόμου
ταχὺς βασιλῆς τιμῶν ἂν ἦσσιτο."

and another in the *Electra* of the same poet,

Θῶσαν δὲ βύρσαν ἰξίδισεν ἡ δρομαὺς
δισσοὺς διαυλοὺς ἴσσιος δίνουσι,

he remarks,

"This practice (of referring to the stadium for a measure of time) is, I think, to be explained by the consideration of the fact, that the stadium of Athens, from which these illustrations are derived, was nearly in the front of the spectators as they sat and listened to those narratives in the theatre. Being thus visible to the audience, the stadium was properly appealed to by the dramatist as a sort of theatrical chronometer; the number of courses which could be traversed by a swift runner in that stadium during the occurrence of any given event, would thus give a clear idea of its duration. They would be like degrees on a visible dial traversed by a shadow cast upon its face."

Colonus naturally suggests to our traveller the *Œdipus* of *Sophocles*; and the conflicting traditions, as to the locality of his tomb; some placing it at Athens, some at Colonus; on the contrivance of the poet, to obviate the difficulty, he remarks—

"Thus he was embarrassed by the claims of a double obligation; the expedient by which he has contrived to satisfy these conflicting demands, and to convert the difficulty itself into a source of poetical beauty, is well worthy of notice. A few scenes before the close of the play, he leaves *Œdipus* alone; *Œdipus*, without a guide, goes forth about to die; but whither he is going the audience are not told; still a slight local intimation directs their minds to the site of the Areopagus at Athens. His daughters fetch him some clear water from a spring; the site of this spring is specified; it is at the Temple of *Demeter Euclea*, and that temple stood on the ascent at the south-west angle of the Acropolis at Athens. Thus are the minds of the hearers induced by a gentle suggestion, to suppose *Œdipus* in the immediate neighbourhood of that spot; the mention of the compact of *Pirithous* and *Theseus* more remotely, of the broken chasm of steep rock more nearly, for such was the character of the *Furies'* Temple at Athens, would confirm them in this supposition.

Thus did Sophocles endeavour to satisfy the popular belief of those who clung to the opinion, that the body of Œdipus lay interred in that sacred site. Yet was not the poet faithless to his own native village; Colonus, and the Temple of the Furies there, might still be regarded as the depositories of the same venerable trust. In vain does Antigone conjure Theseus to inform her where the body of her father lies. That is a secret which cannot be divulged. But when her father was seen for the last time by the spectators, he was still lingering at Colonus; the impression, therefore, might still remain on their minds, that he is yet there. Thus," our author remarks, "has he improved the difficulty itself into a source of mysterious beauty—a beauty singularly appropriate to the dark and awful character of the story which he was handling."

The description of Athens, and the Panathenæan procession, and the examination of the present state of Attica, to fix the position of the ancient Demi, and the various localities alluded to by the poets and orators of Ancient Greece, display great learning and acuteness.

But we cannot always subscribe to the accuracy of his etymologies, particularly in the names of places. On the ancient and modern names of the strait that divides Eubœa from Attica and Bœotia, he indulges the following conjecture:—

"*Εὐρίπος* is, in the mouth of a modern Greek, pronounced Evripós. From Evripós comes Egripós, from Egripós N'Egripón (in the accusative case, as from *Αἰγάριος* Navarino, the *ερί* or *ίς* *εὐ* being suppressed) and from Negripón, by the aid of its bridge, we arrive at the modern name for Eubœa, Negro-ponte."

All this is very learned and ingenious, but it reminds us of the etymology of Jeremiah King from Cucumber, or Stranger from E,

"That Stranger comes from E
I heard your wise ones say,
But then all must agree
'Tis strangely altered by the way."

Our learned author should remember the maxim of Horace, *nec deus interit*, and we think there is no *dignus vindice nodus* to require his aid here. Many of the present names of places in Greece were imposed by the Venetians, and are pure Italian. The ancient bridge across the Euripus, now dark and discoloured, at once suggests a

name to the spectator; and so the Venetians called it in their own language Negro ponte, the black bridge, for the same reason as they called a district of Dalmatia Monte-negro, the black mountain; and there is no more foundation for the conjecture that it is a corruption of ancient Greek than that Cape Colonne, so named from the white and conspicuous pillars still standing on it, is any derivation from *coluvius*, its ancient name.

It is thus that, though there is really much information both valuable and curious, to be acquired by the classical reader in the perusal of this volume, he must be content to meet with many pages dull, and not a little pedantic. The author has not only sometimes wasted his industry in exploring and completing insignificant inscriptions, altogether devoid of either interest or advantage; but in digressing into description, he sometimes exhibits a quaintness of style, and pomposity of diction which is positively ludicrous; for example, in this distich:—

"For ever delicately marching
Through pellucid air,"

and in the following description of an Albanian cottage:—

"The master of the house terminates this domestic series, which consists of ten persons—sleep soon comes and strings the whole family together like a row of beads in one common slumber. Farther beyond them, and separated from the family by a low partition, is the place allotted to the irrational members of the household. The fowls come there from the open air, to roost on the transverse rafters of the roof; the ox stands there at his manger, and eats his evening meal; and the white faces of three asses are seen peering out of the darkness, and bending nearly over the sleeping master and his children."

With the exception of the three asses with white faces, which are not so often met in Irish cottages, (would they had been pigs,) we should suppose the rest of the description copied from our own "Academic Sportsman" of former notoriety, who, among the striking objects that were new to him, introduces

"The cackling hen, the interloping goose,
The pretty little lamb, that skips about the house."

'Tis true our author's description is an illustration of a passage from Xenophon's *Anabasis*, delineating an Armenian cottage, and taken as one of those headings of chapters, which we

mentioned before, as giving the contents of that to which it is prefixed; but our learned author seems to dwell on it *con amore*, as if the inside of a peasant's cottage was a novelty never seen or described by a traveller before.

In effect, when men "in populous cities pent" go abroad into the country, every common sight and sound is new to them, and a source of such enjoyment, that Milton's beautiful description is no exaggeration; but when men are shut up in a college, and not only their persons are secluded, but their minds abstracted from all intercourse with things with which every one else is quite familiar, there is no extravagance into which their simplicity does not fall, and the ignorance of common objects is incredible. it is in our own memory that Dr. Orkburne had a real and living representative in our University, who for the first time in his life, at the age of 40, saw a sheep and the sea at Clontarf, and described them afterwards at Commons as extraordinary objects.

That such secluded men should see danger and causes of alarm in strange places, is very natural; so our author was not without his apprehensions. He intimates the difficulty and peril of researches of the kind in which he was engaged, by the following fact:

"The delineation of a chart of Athens and its suburbs, was lately commenced by two architects resident here. They were desirous of completing it as expeditiously as possible. Instead, however, of being accomplished, their task has just been abandoned, on account of the insecurity with which they found that even within sight of the walls of Athens, their researches were attended."

This was written in the year 1832; but we are well pleased to find that the state of things is now altogether changed. There is no town that has had such a rapid mutation as Athens within a few years. It is thus described by a traveller who visited it in 1829:

"The city contains 1500 houses, of which 1000 are inhabited by Greeks. We traversed these; and perhaps you would wish to have an idea of their appearance, though it is not easy to describe a town where you see neither streets nor houses. Conceive, then, a mud wall, or one not much better or stronger than that of a parish pound, enclosing an area of about

two miles in circumference, and extending in a semicircle at each side to the base of the Acropolis—conceive this area to be filled and intersected with long, crooked, narrow, dirty lanes, not half so wide or so clean as those of the worst fishing town in England—conceive those dark and winding passages, enclosed by high, mouldering walls, in which there are gates like prison-doors, hammered with nail-heads, opening in the middle, and always fastened by an iron chain, passed across through two large rings on the outside, as if the master, like a jailer, had taken care to lock up all the prisoners when he went abroad—conceive every thing silent and lifeless in these lanes, except at long intervals a savage dog uttering a dismal howl, a solitary Turk loosening or fastening a chain to let himself in or out; or a woman cautiously peeping through a crevice beside the gate—and this will give you a general impression of the present city of Minerva."*

Even this miserable semblance of a town was destroyed in the following year; the Greeks first tearing down or setting fire to the houses of the Turks; and the Turks, on their return, retaliating on those of the Greeks, till the whole was an uniform heap of rubbish, exhibiting a perfect picture of the desolation that follows oriental warfare, even in modern times. When actual hostilities had ceased, the Klepts and Paliarcas, dismissed from regular service, were allowed to roam through the country, in marauding bands, supporting themselves by plunder, and connived at by the feeble government, who no longer paid them, and for ten or twelve years, Athens consisted of little more than huts among rubbish, infested by a most brutal and ferocious population. With respect to the monuments of art, it was supposed that they shared the fate of the town. In the Parthenon stood a Turkish mosque, and in the temple of Theseus a Greek church; and it was justly apprehended that the contending parties would destroy those edifices, if it was for no other reason but because they contained the hated places of their respective worship; but it was not so, and we are proud to say the world is indebted to an Irishman for their preservation. Lord Strangford, then Ambassador at the Porte, used all his influence for this purpose, and procured a firman from the Sultan, enjoining the Turks to spare these edifices, and

* Dr. Walsh's Residence at Constantinople. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1836.
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representations were made to the Greeks on the same subject, who were naturally inclined to spare their own monuments of ancient art ; so that it was found that amid the ruin and desolation of every thing else, those beautiful edifices sustained no more injury than the barbarous warfare of Turks and Venetians in former times had inflicted upon them.

Yet this very destruction and desolation of every modern edifice, were favourable to the aspect of what remained of antiquity. Ruined and dilapidated as the relics were, they were less so than everything about them.—There was scarce a building in Modern Athens left in so perfect a state as the Temple of Theseus, “and the least ruined objects,” as our author rather quaintly remarks, “were some of the ruins themselves.”

We are happy to state that Athens is at this moment rising literally like a phoenix from its ashes. There is a letter now lying before us, from a resident there, dated in November 1836, not more than four months since, giving a most favourable account of its present tranquillity and growing prosperity since the seat of the Greek government was transferred to it.

“The rubbish has been pierced by two good streets, crossing each other in the centre, and extending from side to side of the town. In these, Sir P. Malcolm, the Rev. Mr. Leeves, and other Englishmen, have built houses, and such is the increase of the British population, that nearly £1000 have been subscribed, and deposited in the hands of our resident here, Sir E. Lyons, for erecting an English church, which is to form one of the public edifices of the city. When Dr. Walsh visited Athens, the only congregation of Western Christians was about 20 Catholics, assembled in the lantern of Demosthenes, and the only Christianity known there was deformed by the errors and ignorance of the Greek and

Latin Church, the people bowing to saints, and attributing miracles to pictures, and so liable at the present day to the former reproach of St. Paul, ‘Ye men of Athens, I perceive that you are in all things too superstitious.’”

We trust that this new church of the reformed faith erected in the capital will be the nucleus of a purer Christianity, and as the Bavarians are a people disposed, like other German states, to the Reformation, that it will at length become the established religion of regenerated Greece.

Meantime the press, its great precursor and companion, is in constant activity ; no less than 18 newspapers and periodicals are published every week, and read with avidity ; and such is the freedom of discussion, that some of them are in opposition to the present government, though all are favourable to the person and character of good King Otho, who is very popular. Stimulated by the suggestions of the press, every effort is being made to reedify the monuments of ancient art ; and the marble ruins of the Acropolis are fast rising, and assuming their originally beautiful forms. Already the Temple of Victory is rebuilt ; the Cariatides restored, and the splendid Parthenon opened. Our very letter exhibits the revival of the arts : the paper on which it is written, is an epistolary sheet, surmounted by a neat engraving, representing the present state of the city, with the Acropolis and Temple of Theseus. On one side of the foreground is a group of camels with their attendants in oriental costume, exhibiting what the people of the city lately were ; on the other, the king and his attendants in European habits, displaying, what we trust the city will henceforth be, separated from eastern barbarism, and received as a member of the civilized society of the western world.

FARDOROUGH, THE MISER : OR, THE CONVICTS OF LISNAMONA.—PART III.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of “*Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*”

THE tryste between Connor and Una was held at the same place and hour as before, and so rapid a progress had love made in each of their hearts, that we question if the warmth of their interview, though tender and innocent, would be apt to

escape the censure of our stricter readers. Both were depressed by the prospect that lay before them, for Connor frankly assured her that he feared no earthly circumstance could ever soften his father's heart, so far as to be prevailed upon to establish him in life.

"What then can I do, my darling Una? If your father and mother wont consent—as I fear they wont—am I to bring you into the miserable cabin of a day labourer? for to this the son of a man so wealthy as my father is, must sink. No, Una dear, I have sworn never to bring you to poverty, an' I will not."

"Connor," she replied, somewhat gravely, "I thought you had formed a different opinion of me. You know but little of your own Una's heart, if you think she wouldn't live with you in a cabin a thousand an' a thousand times sooner than she would live with any other in a palace. I love you for your own sake, Connor; but it appears you don't think so."

Woman can never bear to have her love undervalued, nor the moral dignity of a passion which can sacrifice all worldly and selfish considerations to its own purity of attachment unappreciated. When she uttered the last words, therefore, tears of bitter sorrow, mingled with offended pride, came to her aid. She sobbed for some moments, and again went on to reproach him with forming so unfair an estimate of her affection.

"I repeat that I loved you for yourself only, Connor, and think of what I would feel, if you refused to spend your life in a cottage with me. If I thought you wished to marry me, not because I am Una O'Brien, but the daughter of a wealthy man, my heart would break, and if I thought you were not true-minded, and pure-hearted, and honourable, I would rather be dead than united to you at all."

"I love you so well, and so much, Una, that I doubt I'm not worthy of you—an' it's fear of seein' you brought down to daily labour that's crushing an' breaking my heart."

"But, dear Connor—what is there done by any cottager's wife that I dont do every day of my life? Do you think that my mother lets me pass my time in idleness, or that I myself could bear to be unemployed even if she did; I can milk, make butter, spin, sew, wash, knit, and clean a kitchen;—why, you have no notion," she added, with a smile, "what a clever cottager's wife I'd make."

"Oh Una," said Connor, now melted into tenderness greater than he had ever before felt; "Una dear, it's useless—it's useless—I can't, no I could n't—an' I will not live without you,

even if we were to beg together—but what is to be done?"

"Now, while my brother John is at home is the time to propose it to my father and mother, who look upon him with eyes of such affection and delight that I am half-inclined to think their consent may be gained."

"Maybe, darling, his consent will be as hard to gain as their own."

"Now," she replied, fondly, "only you're a hard-hearted thing that's afraid to live in a cottage with me, I could tell you some good news—or rather you doubt me—an' fear that I wouldn't live in one with you."

A kiss was the reply, after which he said—

"With you, my dear Una, now that you're satisfied, I would live and die in a prison—with *you*, with *you*—in whatever state of life we may be placed, *with* you, but *without* you—never, I could not—I could not—"

"Well, we are young, you know, and neither of us proud—and I am not a lazy girl—indeed I am not; but you forget the good news."

"I forget that, and every thing else but yourself, darling, while I'm in your company; O heavens! if you were once my own, and that we were never to be separated!"

"Well, but the good news!"

"What is it, dear?"

"I have mentioned our affection to my brother, and he has promised to assist us: He has heard of your character, and of your mother's, and says that it's unjust to visit upon you—"

She paused—"you know my dear Connor, that you must not be offended with anything I say."

"I know, my sweet treasure, what you're going to say," replied Connor with a smile; "nobody need be delicate in sayin' that my father loves the money, and knows how to put guinea to guinea: that's no secret. I wish he loved it less, to be sure, but it cannot be helped; in the manetime, *ma colleen dhas dhun*—oh, how I love them words! God bless your brother, he must have a kind heart, Una dear, and he must love you very much, when he promises to assist us."

"He has, and will; but Connor, why did you send such a disagreeable, forward, and prying person, as your father's servant to bring me your message? I do not like him—he almost stared me out of countenance."

"Poor fellow," said Connor, "I feel a good dale for him, and I think he's

an honest, good-hearted boy, an' besides, he's in love himself."

"I know he was always a starrer, and I say again *I don't* like him."

"But as the case stands, dear Una, I have no one else to trust to—at all events, he's in our secret, and the best way, if he's not honest, is to keep him in it; at last if we put him out of it now, he might be talkin' to our disadvantage."

"There's truth in that, and we must only trust him with as little of our real secrets as possible; I cannot account for the strong prejudice I feel against him, and have felt for the last two years. He always dressed above his means, and once or twice attempted to speak to me."

"Well, but I know he's in love with some one, for he told me so; poor fellow, I'm bound, my dear Una, to show him any kindness in my power."

After some further conversation, it was once more decided that Fardorougha should, on the next day, see the Bodagh and his wife, in order to ascertain whether their consent could be obtained to the union of our young and anxious lovers. This step, as the reader knows, was every way in accordance with Fardorougha's inclination. Connor himself would have preferred his mother's advocacy to that of a person possessing such a slender hold on their good will as his other parent. But upon consulting with her, she told him that the fact of the proposal coming from Fardorougha might imply a disposition on his part to provide for his son. At all events, she hoped that contradiction, the boast of superior wealth, or some fortunate collision of mind and principle might strike a spark of generous feeling out of her husband's heart, which nothing, she knew, under strong excitement, such as might arise from the bitter pride of the O'Briens, could possibly do. Besides, as she had no favourable expectations from the interview, she thought it an unnecessary and painful task to subject herself to the insults which she apprehended from the Bodagh's wife, whose pride and importance towered far and high over those even of her consequential husband.

This just and sensible view of the matter, on the part of the mother, satisfied Connor, and reconciled him to the father's disinclination to be accompanied by her to the scene of conflict; for in truth, Fardorougha protested against her assistance with a bitterness

which could not easily be accounted for.

"If your mother goes, let her go by herself," said he; "for I'll not interfere in't if she does. I'll take the dirty Bodagh and his fat wife my own way, which I can't do if Honor comes to be snibbin' an' makin' little o' me afore them. Maybe I'll pull down their pride for them better than you think, an' in a way they're not prepared for; them an' their jantin' car!"

Neither Connor nor his mother could help being highly amused at the singularity of the miserable pomp and parsimonious display resorted to by Fardorougha, in preparing for this extraordinary mission. Out of an old strongly locked chest he brought forth a gala coat, which had been duly aired, but not thrice worn within the last twenty years. The progress of time and fashion had left it so odd, *outré*, and ridiculous, that Connor, though he laughed, could not help feeling depressed on considering the appearance his father must make when dressed, or rather disfigured, in it. Next came a pair of knee breeches by the same hand, and which, in compliance with the taste of the age that produced them, were made to button so far down as the calf of the leg. Then appeared a waistcoat, whose long pointed flaps reached nearly to the knees. Last of all was produced a hat not more than three inches deep in the crown, and brimmed so narrowly, that a spectator would almost imagine the leaf had been cut off. Having pranked himself out in those habiliments, contrary to the strongest expostulations of both wife and son, he took his staff and set forth. But lest the reader should expect a more accurate description of his person when dressed, we shall endeavour at all events to present him with a loose outline. In the first place, his head was surmounted with a hat that resembled a flat skillet, wanting the handle; his coat, from which avarice and penury had caused him to shrink away, would have fitted a man twice his size, and as he had become much stooped, its tail, which, at the best, had been preposterously long, now nearly swept the ground.—To look at him behind, in fact, he appeared all body. The flaps of his waistcoat he had pinned up with his own hands, by which piece of exquisite taste, he displayed a pair of thighs so thin and disproportioned to his small-clothes, that he resembled a boy who happens to wear the breeches of a

fullgrown man, so that to look at him in front he appeared all legs. A pair of shoes, polished with burned straw and buttermilk, and surmounted by two buckles, scoured away to skeletons, completed his costume. In this garb he set out with a crook-headed staff, into which long use, and the habit of griping fast whatever he got in his hand, had actually worn the marks of his forefinger and thumb.

Bodagh Buie, his wife, and their two children, were very luckily assembled in the parlour, when the non-descript figure of the deputy wooer made his appearance on that part of the neat road which terminated at the gate of the little lawn that fronted the hall-door. Here there was another gate to the right, that opened into the farm or kitchen yard, and as Fardorougha hesitated which to enter, the family within had an opportunity of getting a clearer view of his features and person.

"Who is that quare figure standin' there," enquired the Bodagh; "did you ever see sich a — ah thin, who can he be?"

"Somebody comin' to some o' the sarvings, I suppose," replied his wife; "why, thin, it's not unlike little Dick Croaitha, the fairyman."

In sober truth, Fardorougha was so completely disguised by his dress, especially by his hat, whose shallowness and want of brim gave his face and head so wild and eccentric an appearance, that we question if his own family, had they not seen him dress, could have recognized him. At length he turned into the kitchen-yard, and addressing a labourer whom he met, asked—

"I say, nabour, which is the right way into Bodagh Buie's house?"

"There's two right ways into it, an' you may take either o' them—but if you want any favour from him, you had better call him Mr. O'Brien. The Bodagh's a name was first given to his father, an' he bein' a dacent man, doesn't like it, although it sticks to him; so there's a lift for you, my hipstriddled little codger."

"But which is the right door o' the house?"

"There it is, the kitchin—peg in—that's *your* inthrance, barrin' you're a gentleman in disguise—an' if you be, why turn out again to that other gate, strip off your shoes, and pass up gintely on your tippy-toes, and give a thundherin' whack to the green ring that's hangin' from the door. But see,

friend," added the man, "maybe you'd do one a service?"

"How," said Fardorougha, looking earnestly at him; "what is it?"

"Why, to lave us a look o' your hair before you go," replied the wag, with a grin.

The miser took no notice whatsoever of this, but was turning quietly out of the yard, to enter by the lawn, when the man called out in a commanding voice—

"Back here, you codger—tundheran' thump—back I say—you wont be let in that way—thramp back, you leprechaun, into the kitchen—eh? you wont—well, well, take what you'll get—an' that'll be the way back agin."

'Twas at this moment that the keen eye of Una recognised the features of her lover's father, and a smile which she felt it impossible to subdue, settled upon her face, which became immediately mantled with blushes. On hurrying out of the room she plucked her brother's sleeve, who followed her to the hall.

"I can scarcely tell you, dear John," she said, speaking rapidly, "it's Fardorougha O'Donovan, Connor's father; as you know his business, John, stay in the parlour;" she squeezed his hand, and added with a smile on her face, and a tear in her eye; "I fear it's all over with me—I don't know whether to laugh or cry—but stay, John dear, an' fight my battle—poor Una's battle."

She ran up stairs, and immediately one of the most beggarly, sordid, and pusillanimous knocks that ever spoke of starvation and misery was heard at the door.

"I will answer it myself," thought the amiable brother; "for if my father or mother does, he surely will not be allowed in."

John could scarcely preserve a grave face, when Fardorougha presented himself.

"Is *Muther* O'Brien widin," enquired the usurer, shrewdly availing himself of the hint he received from the servant.

"My father is," replied John; "have the goodness to step in."

Fardorougha entered immediately, followed by young O'Brien, who said,

"Father, this is Mr. O'Donovan, who, it appears, has some important business with the family."

"Don't be mitherin' me," replied Fardorougha, helping himself to a seat; "I'm too poor to be mithered."

"With this family!" exclaimed the

father in amazement; "what business can Fardorougha Donovan have with this family, John?"

"About our childhre," replied the miser; "about my son and your daughter."

"An' what about them," enquired Mrs. O'Brien; "do you dar to minton them in the same day together?"

"Why not," said the miser; "ay, an' on the same night, too."

"Upon my reputaytion, Mr. O'Donovan, you're extramely kind—now be a little more so, and let us undherstand you," said the Bodagh.

"Poor Una," thought John; "all's lost; he will get himself kicked out to a certainty."

"I think it's time we got them married," replied Fardorougha; "the sooner it's done the betther and the safer for both o' them—espeshally for the colleen."

"*Dar a Lorha*, he's cracked," said Mrs. O'Brien; "sarra one o' the poor sowl but's cracked about his money."

"Poor sowl, woman alive! wor you never poor yourself?"

"Yis I wor; an' I'm not ashamed to own it; but, *Chierna*, Frank," she added, addressing her husband, "there's no use in spakin' to him."

"Fardorougha," said O'Brien, seriously, "what brought you here?"

"Why, to tell you an' your wife the state that my son, Connor, and your daughter's in about one another; an' to advise you both, if you have sinse, to get them married afore worse happens. It's *your* business more nor *mine*."

"You're right," said the Bodagh, aside to his wife; "he's sartinly deranged. Fardorougha," he added, "have you lost any money lately?"

"I'm losin' every day," said the other; "I'm broke assistin' them that wont thank me, let alone paying me as they ought."

"Then you have lost nothing more than usual?"

"If I didn't, I tell you there's a good chance of losin' it before me;—can a man call any money of his safe that's in another man's pocket?"

"An' so you've come to propose a marriage between your son and my daughter, yet you lost no money, an' you're not mad!"

"Divil a morsel o' me's mad—but you'll be so if you refuse to let this match go an'."

"Out wid him—a *shun roghava*,"

shouted Mrs. O'Brien, in a state of most dignified offence; "*Damko orth*, you ould knave, is it the son of a misert that has fleeced an' robbed the whole country," side that we 'ud let our daughter, that reaved the finish to her edication in a Dubling boardin' school marry wid?—*Vich na hoish* this day!"

"You had no sich scruple yourself, ma'am," replied the bitter usurer; "when you bounced at the son of the ould Bodagh Buie, an' every one knows what *he* was."

"He!" said the good woman; "an' is it runnin' up comparishments be-tuxt yourself an' him you are afther? Why, Saint Pether wouldn't thrive on your money, you nager."

"Maybe Saint Pether thruv as worse—but have'nt you thruv as well on the Bodagh's, as if it had been *honestly* come by; I defy you an' the world both—to say that ever I tuck a penny from any one, more than my right. Lay that to the mimory of the ould Bodagh, an' see if it'll fit. It's so *light guinea*, any how."

Had Fardorougha been a man of ordinary standing and character in the country, from whom an insult *could* be taken, he would no doubt have been by a very summary process expelled the parlour. The history of his querulous and irascible temper, however, was so well known, and his offensive eccentricity of manner, a matter of such established fact, that the father and son, on glancing at each other, were seized with the same spirit, and both gave way to an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Is it a laughin' stock you're makin' of it," said Mrs. O'Brien, highly indignant.

"Faith, achora, it may be *no* laughin' stock afther all," replied the Bodagh.

"I think, mother," observed John, "that you and my father had better treat the matter with more seriousness. Connor O'Donovan is a young man not to be despised by any person at all near his own class of life who regards the peace and welfare of a daughter.—His character stands very high; indeed, in every way unimpeachable."

The bitter scowl which had sat upon the small dark features of Fardorougha, when replying to the last attack of Mrs. O'Brien, passed away as John spoke.—

The old man turned hastily round, and surveying the eulogist of his son, said,

"God bless you, asthore, for thim words; and they're thrue—thrue as the

gospel; arrah what are you both so proud of? I defy you to get the aquil of my son in the barony of Lisnamona, either for face, figure or timper? I say he's fit to be a husband for as good a girl as ever stood in your daughter's shoes; an' from what I hear of her, she's as good a girl as ever the Almighty put breath in; God bless you, young man! you're a credit yourself to any paarsents."

"An' we have nothin' to say against your son, nor against your wife either," replied the Bodagh; "an' if your own name was as clear—if you wor looked upon as they are—tut, I'm spakin nonsense! How do I know whether ever your son and my daughter spoke a word to one another or not."

"I'll go bail Oona never opened her lips to him," said her mother; "I'll go bail she had more spirit."

"An' I'll go bail she can't live widout him, an' will have him whether you like it or not," said Fardorougha.

"Mother," observed John, "will you and my father come into the next room for a minute—I wish to say a word or two to each of you; and will you, Fardorougha, have the goodness to sit here till we return?"

"Devil a notion," replied O'Donovan, "I have of stirrin' my foot till the thing's settled one way or other."

"Now," said young O'Brien, when they had got into the back parlour, "it's right that you both should know to what length the courtship between Una and Connor O'Donovan has gone."

"Coortship! *Vich na hoiah!* sure she wouldn't go to coort wid the son o' that ould echamer."

"I'm beginning to fear that it's too thrue," observed the Bodagh; "and if she has—but let us hear John."

"It's perfectly true, indeed, mother, that she *has*," said the son. "Yes, and they are both this moment pledged, betrothed, promised, *solemnly* promised, to each other; and in my opinion the old man within is acting a more honourable part than either of you give him credit for."

"Well, well, well," exclaimed the mother; "who afther that would ever thrust a daughter? The girl that we rared up as tindher as a chicking, to go to throw 'herself away upon the son of ould Fardorougha Donovan, the misert. Confusion to the ring ever he'll put an her! I'd see her *stretched** first."

"I agree with you in that, Bridget," said the husband; "if it was only to

punish her thrachery and desate, I'll take good care a ring will never go on them—but how do you know all this, John?"

"From Una's own lips, father."

The Bodagh paced to and fro in much agitation; one hand in his small-clothes pocket, the other twirling his watch key as rapidly as he could. The mother, in the mean time, had thrown herself into a chair, and gave way to a violent fit of grief.

"And you have this from Una's own lips?"

"Indeed, father, I have; and it is much to her credit that she was candid enough to place such confidence in her brother."

"Pledged and promised to one another! Bridget, who could believe this?"

"Believe it! I don't believe it—it's only a scheme of the hussey to get him. Oh, thin, Queen of heaven, this day, but it's black news to us!"

"John," said the father, "tell Una to come down to us."

"Father, I doubt that's rather a trying task for her. I wish you wouldn't insist."

"Go off, sir; she must come down immediately. I'll have it from her own lips, too."

Without another word of remonstrance the son went to bring her down. When the brother and sister entered the room, O'Brien still paced the floor. He stood, and turning his eyes upon his daughter with severe displeasure, was about to speak, but he appeared to have lost the power of utterance; and after one or two ineffectual attempts, the big tears fairly rolled down his cheeks.

"See, see," said the mother, "see what you have brought us to. Is it thrue that you're promised to Fardorougha's son?"

Una tottered over to a chair, and the blood left her cheeks; her lips became dry, and she gasped for breath.

"Why don't you think it worth your while to answer me?" continued the mother.

The daughter gave a look of deep distress and supplication at her brother; but when she perceived her father in tears, her head sank down upon her bosom.

"What! what! Una," exclaimed the Bodagh, "Una ——" But ere he could complete the question, the timid creature fell senseless upon the floor.

For a long time she lay in that friendly trance; for such, in truth it was to a delicate being, subjected to an ordeal so painful as that she was called upon to pass through. We have, indeed, remarked that there is in the young, especially in those of the softer sex, a feeling of terror, and shame, and confusion, when called upon by their parents to disclose a forbidden passion, that renders its avowal perhaps the most formidable task which the young heart can undergo. It is a fearful trial for the youthful, and one which parents ought to conduct with surpassing delicacy and tenderness, unless they wish to drive the ingenuous spirit into the first steps of falsehood and deceit.

"Father," said John, "I think you may rest satisfied with what you witness; and I am sure it cannot make you or my mother happy to see poor Una miserable."

Una, who had been during the greater part of her swoon supported in her weeping and alarmed mother's arms, now opened her eyes, and after casting an affrighted look about the room, she hid her face in her mother's bosom, and exclaimed, as distinctly as the violence of sobbing grief would permit her:

"Oh, mother dear, have pity on me; bring me up stairs and I will tell you."

"I do, I do pity you," said the mother, kissing her; "I know you'll be a good girl, yet Oona."

"Una," said her father, placing his hand gently on her shoulder, "was I ever harsh to you, or did I —"

"Father dear," she returned, interrupting him, "I would have told you and my mother, but that I was afraid."

There was something so utterly innocent and artless in this reply, that each of the three persons present felt sensibly affected by its extreme and childlike simplicity.

"Don't be afraid of me, Una," continued the Bodagh, "but answer me truly, like a good girl; and I swear upon my reputation, that I won't be angry. Do you love the son of this Fardorougha?"

"Not, father, because he's Fardorougha's son," said Una, whose face was still hid in her mother's bosom; "I would rather he wasn't."

"But you *do* love him?"

"For three years he has scarcely been out of my mind."

Something that might be termed a smile crossed the countenance of the Bodagh at this intimation.

"God help you for a foolish child," said he; "you're a poor counsellor when left to defend your own cause."

"She won't defend it by a falsehood, at all events," observed her trustworthy and affectionate brother.

"No, she wouldn't," said the mother; "and I did her wrong awhile ago, to say that she'd shame any thing about it."

"And are you and Connor O'Donovan promised to aich other?" enquired the father again.

"But it wasn't *I* that proposed the promise," returned Una.

"Oh, the desperate villain," exclaimed her father, "to be guilty of such a thing; but you took the promise Una—you did—you did—I needn't ask."

"No," replied Una.

"No!" re-echoed the father; "then you did not give the promise."

"I mean," she rejoined, "that you needn't ask."

"Oh, faith, that alters the case extremely. Now Una, this—all this promising that has past betune you and Connor O'Donovan, is mere folly. If you prove to be the good obedient girl that I hope you are, you'll put him out of your head, and thin you can give back to one another whatever promises you made."

This was succeeded by a silence of more than a minute. Una at length arose, and with a composed energy of manner, that was evident by her sparkling eye and bloodless cheek, she approached her father, and calmly kneeling down, said slowly but firmly:

"Father, if *nothing else* can satisfy you, *I will* give back my promise; and then, father, it will break my heart, for I know—I feel—how I love him, and how I'm loved by him."

"I'll get you a better husband," replied her father—"far more wealthy and more respectable than he is."

"I'll give back the promise," said she; "but the man is not living, except Connor O'Donovan, that will ever call me wife. More wealthy! more respectable!—oh, it was only *himself* I loved. Father, I'm on my knees before you, and before my mother. I have only one request to make—oh, don't break your daughter's heart!"

"God direct us," exclaimed her mother; "it's hard to know how to act. If it would go so hard upon her, sare—"

"Amen," said her husband; "may God direct us to the best. I'm sure God knows," he continued, now much affected, "that I would rather break

my own heart than your's, Una. Get up, dear—rise. John, how would you advise us?"

"I don't see what serious objection after all," replied the son, "either you or my mother can have to Connor O'Donovan. He is every way worthy of her, if he is equal to his character; and as for wealth, I have often heard it said that his father was a richer man than yourself."

"After all," said the mother, "she might be very well wid him."

"I'll tell you what I'll do then," said the Bodagh—"let us see the ould man himself, and if he settles his son dacently in life, as he can do if he wishes, why I won't see that poor, foolish, innocent girl breaking her heart."

Una, who had sat with her face still averted, now ran to her father, and throwing her arms about his neck, wept aloud, but said nothing.

"Ay, ay," said the latter, "it's very fine now that you have every thing your own way, you girsha; but, sure, you're all the daughter we have, achora, and it would be too bad not to let you have a *little* of your own opinion in the choice of a husband. Now go up stairs, or where you plase, till we see what can be done with Fardorougha himself."

With smiling face and glistening eyes Una passed out of the room, scarcely sensible whether she walked, ran, or flew, while the others went to renew the discussion with Fardorougha.

"Well," said the miser, "you found out, I suppose, that she can't do widout him?"

"Provided we consint to the marriage," asked the Bodagh, "how will you settle your son in life?"

"Who would I settle in life if I wouldn't settle my only son?" replied the other; "who else is there to get all I have?"

"That's very true," observed the Bodagh; "but state plainly what you'll do for him on his marriage."

"Do you consint to the marriage all of ye?"

"That's not the question," said the other.

"Divil a word I'll answer till I know whether yees do or not," said Fardorougha. "Say at once that you consint, and 'thin I'll spake—I'll say what I'll do."

The Bodagh looked enquiringly at his wife and son. The latter nodded affirmatively. "We do consent," he added.

"That shows your own sinse," said the old man. "Now what fortune will you portion your *colleen* wid?"

"That depends upon what you'll do for your son," returned the Bodagh.

"And that depends upon what you'll do for your daughter," replied the sagacious old miser.

"At this rate we're not likely to agree."

"Nothin's asier; you have only to spake out; besides it's your business, bein' the colleen's father."

"Try him, and name something fair," whispered John.

"If I give her a farm of thirty acres of good land, stocked and all, what will you do for Connor?"

"More than that, five times over; I'll give him all I have. An' now, when will we marry them? Throth it was best to make things clear," added the knave, "and undherstand one another at wanst. When will we marry them?"

"Not till you say out openly and fairly the exact sum of money you'll lay down on the nail—an' that before ever a ring goes upon them."

"Give it up, acushla," said the wife, "you see there's no schrewin' a promise-out of him, let alone a penny."

"What 'ud yees have me do?" said the old man, raising his voice. "Won't he have all I'm worth? who else is to have it? Am I to make a beggar of myself to plase you? Can't they live on your farm till I die, an' 'thin it'll all come to them?"

"And no thanks to you for that, Fardorougha," said the Bodagh. "No, no; I'll never buy a pig in a poke. If you won't act ginerously by your son, go home, in the name of goodness, and let us hear no more about it."

"Why, why?" said the miser, "are yees mad to miss what I can lave him? If you knew how much it is, you'd snap—; but, God help me, what am I sayin'? I'm poorer than any body thinks. I am—I am; an' will starve among you all, if God hasn't sed it. Do you think I don't love my son as well, an' a thousnd times better than you do your daughter? God alone sees how my heart's in him—in my own Connor, that never gave me a sore heart—my brave, my beautiful boy!"

He paused, and the scalding tears here ran down his shrunk and furrowed cheeks, whilst he wrung his hands, started to his feet, and looked about him like a man encompassed by dangers that threatened instant destruction.

"If you love your son so well," said John, mildly, "why do you grudge to share your wealth with him? It is but natural and it is your duty."

"Natural! what's natural?—to give away—is it to love him you mane? It is, it's unnatural to give it away. He's the best son—the best—what do you mane, I say?—let me alone—let me alone—I could give him my blood, my blood—to sich a boy; but, you want to kill me—you want to kill me, an' thin you'll get all; but he'll cross you, never fear—my boy will save me—he's not tired o' me—he'd give up fifty girls sooner than see a hair of his father's head injured—so do your best, while I have Connor I'm not afraid of yees. Thanks be to God that sent him," he exclaimed, dropping suddenly on his knees—"oh, thanks be to God that sent him to comfort an' protect his father from the schames and villany of them that 'ud bring him to starvation for their own ends."

"Father," said John, in a low tone, "this struggle between avarice and natural affection is awful. See how his small grey eyes glare, and the froth rises white to his thin shrivelled lips. What is to be done?"

"Fardorougha," said the Bodagh, "it's over; don't distress yourself—keep your money—there will be no match between our childre."

"Why? why won't there?" he screamed—"why won't there, I say? Haven't you enough for them until I die? Would you see your child breakin' her heart? Bodagh, you have no nather in you—no bowels for your *colleen dhas*. But I'll spake for her—I'll argue wid you till this time to-morrow, or I'll make you show feelin' to her—an' if you don't—if you don't—"

"Wid the help o' God, the man's as mad as a March hare," observed Mrs. O'Brien, "and there's no use in losin' breath wid him."

"If it's not insanity," said John, "I know not what it is."

"Young man," proceeded Fardorougha, who evidently paid no attention to what the mother and son said, being merely struck by the voice of the latter—"young man, you're kind, you have sinse and feelin'—spake to your father—don't let him destroy his child—don't ax him to starve me, that never did him harm. He loves you—he loves you, for he can't but love you—sure, I know how I love my own darlin' boy; oh, spake to him—here I go down on my

two knees to you, to beg, as you hope to see God in heaven, that you'll make him not brake his daughter's heart! She's your own sister—there's but the two of yees, an' oh, don't desert her in this throuble—this heavy, heavy, throuble!"

"I won't interfere farther in it," replied the young man, who, however, felt disturbed and anxious in the extreme.

"Mrs. O'Brien," said he, turning imploringly, and with a wild haggard look to the Bodagh's wife, "I'm turnin' to you—you're her mother—oh think, think——"

"I'll think no more about it," she replied. "You're mad, an' thank God, we know it. Of coorse it'll run in the family, for which reasing my daughter 'ill never be joined to the son of a mad-man."

He then turned as a last resource to O'Brien himself. "Bodagh, Bodagh, I say," here his voice rose to a frightful pitch, "I enthrate, I order, I command you to listen to me! Marry them—don't kill your daughter, an' don't, don't, don't dare to kill my son. If you do I'll curse you till the marks of your feet will scorch the ground you tread on. Oh," he exclaimed, his voice now sinking, and his reason awaking, apparently from exhaustion, "what is come over me? what am I sayin'?—but it's all for my son, my son." He then rose, sat down, and for more than twenty minutes wept like an infant, and sobbed, and sighed, as if his heart would break.

A feeling very difficult to be described, hushed his amazed auditory into silence; they felt something like pity towards the unfortunate old man, as well as respect for that affection which struggled with such moral heroism against the frightful vice that attempted to subdue this last surviving virtue in the breast of the miser.

On his getting calm, they spoke to him kindly, but in firm and friendly terms communicated their ultimate determination, that in consequence of his declining to make an adequate provision for his son, the marriage could by no means take place. He then got his hat, and attempted to reach the road which led to the little lawn, but so complete was his abstraction, and so exhausted his faculties, that it was not without John's assistance he could reach the gate which lay before his eyes. He first turned out of the walk to the right, then crossed over to the

left, and felt surprised that a wall opposed him in each direction.

"You are too much disturbed," said John, "to perceive the way, but I will show you."

"I suppose I thought it was at home I was," he replied, "bekase at my own house one must turn either to the right or to the left, as, indeed, I'm in the custom of doin'."

Whilst Fardorougha was engaged upon this ill-managed mission, his wife, who felt that all human efforts at turning the heart of her husband from his wealth must fail, resolved to have recourse to a higher power. With this purpose in view, she put on her Sunday dress, and informed Connor that she was about to go for a short time from home.

"I'll be back if I can," she added, "before your father; and, indeed it's as good not to let him know anything about it."

"About what, mother? for I know as little about it as he does."

"Why, dear, I'm goin' to get a couple o' Masses sed, for God to turn his heart from that cursed *airaghid* it's fixed upon. Sure it houlds sich a hard grip of his poor sowl, that it'll be the destruction of him here an' hereafter. It'll kill him afore his time, an' then I thrimble to think of his chance above."

"The object is a good one, sure enough, an' it bein' for a spiritual purpose, I suppose the priest won't object to it."

"Why would he, dear, an' it for the good of his sowl. Sure, when Pat Lanigan was jealous, his wife got three masses sed for him; and wid the help o' God, he was cured sound an' clane."

Connor could not help smiling at this extraordinary cure for jealousy, nor at the simple piety of a heart, the strength of whose affection he knew so well. After her return she informed the son, that in addition to the masses to be said against his father's avarice, she had some notion of getting another said towards his marriage with Una.

"I was goin'," she proceeded, "to slip it in along wid your father's business, but I thought it wouldn't be fair or honest to trick his reverence that way upon the bare price of the two he is to say; for alldhough it 'ud be killin' two birds wid one stone, still it mightn't bring about the match in regard o' the roguery on my part."

"God help you, mother," said Connor, laughing; "for I think you're one of the innocentest women that ever lived;

but whisht!" he added, "here's my father—God grant that he may bring good news!"

When Fardorougha entered he was paler or rather sallow than usual; and, on his thin, puckered face, the lines that marked it were exhibited with a distinctness greater than ordinary. His eyes appeared to have sunk back more deeply into his head; his cheeks had fallen farther into his jaws; his eye was gleamy and disturbed; and his whole appearance bespoke trouble and care, and the traces of a strong and recent struggle within him.

"Father," said Connor, with a beating heart, "for heaven sake, what news—what tidings? I trust—I trust in God it's good."

"They have no bowels, Connor—they have no bowels, thim O'Briens."

"Then you didn't succeed."

"The father's as great a *bodagh* as him he was called after—they're a bad pack—an' you mustn't think of any one belongin' to them."

"But tell us, man dear," said the wife, "what passed—let us know it all."

"Why they would do nothin'—they wouldn't hear of it. I went on my knees to them—ay to every one of them, barrin' the colleen herself; but 'twas all no use—it's to be no match."

"And why, father, did you go on your knees to any of them," said Connor; "I'm sorry you did *that*."

"I did it on your account, Connor, an' I'd do it agin' on your account, poor boy."

"Well, well, it can't be helped."

"But tell me, Fardorougha," inquired Honour, "was any of the fault your own—what did *you* offer to do for Connor?"

"Let me alone," said he, peevishly; "I won't be crass questioned about it. My heart's broke among you all—what did I offer to do for Connor? The match is knocked up I tell you—and it must be knocked up. Connor's young, an' it'll be time enough for him to marry this seven years to come."

As he said this, the fire of avarice blazed in his eyes, and he looked angrily at Honour, then at the son; but while contemplating the latter, his countenance changed from anger to sorrow, and from sorrow to a mild and serene expression of affection.

"Connor, avick," said he, "Connor, sure you'll not blame *me* in this business? sure you won't blame your poor,

heart-broken father let thim say what they will, sure you wont, avilish ?”

“Don’t fret on my account, father,” said the son ; “why should I blame you ? God knows you’re *strivin’* to do what you would wish for me.”

“No, Honor, I knew *he* wouldn’t ; no,” he shouted, leaping up, “he would’n’t make a saicrefize o’ me ! Connor, save me, save me,” he shrieked, throwing his arms about his neck ; “save me ; my heart’s breakin’—somethin’ tearin’ me different ways inside ; I can cry, you see ; I can cry, but I’m still as hard as a stone ; it’s terrible this I’m sufferin’—terrible all out for a weak ould man like me. Oh, Connor, avick, what ’ill I do ? Honor, achora, what ’ill become o’ me—am’n’t I strugglin’, strugglin’ against it, whatever it is ; don’t yees pity me ? Don’t ye, avick machree, don’t ye, Honor ? oh don’t yees pity me ?”

“God pity you !” said the wife, bursting into tears ; “what will become of you ? pray to God, Fardorougha, pray to him. No one alive can change your heart but God. I wint to the priest to-day, to get two masses said to turn your heart from that cursed money. I din’t intind to tell you, but I do, bekase it’s your duty to pray now, above all times, an’ to back the priest as well as you can.”

“It’s the best advice, father, you could get,” said the son, as he helped the trembling old man to his seat.

“An’ who bid you thin to go to lavish money that way ?” said he, turning snappishly to Honour, and relapsing again into the peevish spirit of avarice ; “Saver o’ Heaven, but you’ll kill me, woman, afore you have done wid me. How can I stand it, to have my hard-earned—— an’ for what ? to turn *my* heart from money ! I don’t want to be turned from it—I don’t wish it ! Money !—I have no money—nothin’—nothin’—an’ if there’s not betterer decreed for me, I’ll be starved yet— an’ is it any wondher ? to be robbin’ me the way you’re doin’ !”

His wife clasped her hands, and looked up towards heaven in silence, and Connor, shaking his head despairingly, passed out to join Flanagan at his labour, with whom he had not spoken that day. Briefly, and with a heavy heart, he communicated to him the unsuccessful issue of his father’s interference, and asked his opinion as to how he should conduct himself under circumstances so disastrous to his hap-

piness and prospects. Bartle advised him to seek another interview with Una, and for that purpose, offered, as before, to ascertain, in the course of that evening, at what time and place she would see him. This suggestion, in itself so natural, was adopted, and as Connor felt, with peculiar acuteness, the pain of the situation in which he was placed, he manifested little tendency to conversation, and the evening consequently passed heavily and in silence.

Dusk, however, arrived, and Bartle prepared himself to execute the somewhat difficult commission he had so obligingly undertaken. He appeared, however, to have caught a portion of Connor’s despondency, for, when about to set out, he said “that he felt his spirits sunk and melancholy ; just,” he added, “as if some misfortune, Connor, was afore either or both of us ; for my part, I’d stake my life that things will go *ashaughran* one way or other, an’ that you’ll never call Una O’Brien your wife.”

“Bartle,” replied the other, “I only want you to do my message, an’ not to be prophesyin’ ill—bad news comes too soon, without your tellin’ us of it aforehand. God knows, Bartle dear, I’m distressed enough as it is, and want my spirits to be kept up rather than put down.”

“No, Connor, but you want somethin’ to divart your mind off of this business altogether, for a while ; an’ upon my saunies it ’ud be a charity for some friend to give you a fresh piece of fun to think of—so keep up your heart, how do you know but I may do that much for you myself ? But I want you to lend me the loan of a pair of shoes ; divil a tatter of these will be together soon, barrin’ I get them mended in time ; you can’t begrudge that, any how, an’ me wearin’ them on your own business.”

“Nonsense, man—to be sure I will : stop an’ I’ll bring them out to you in half a shake.”

He accordingly produced a pair of shoes, nearly new, and told Bartle that if he had no objection to accept of them as a present, he might consider them as his own.

This conversation took place in Fardorougha’s barn, where Flanagan always slept, and kept his small deal trunk.

He paused a moment when this good-natured offer was made to him, but as it was dark no particular ex-

pression could be discovered on his countenance.

"No!" said he vehemently; "may I go to perdition if I ought.—Connor—Connor O'Donovan—you'd turn the div—"

"Hut, Bartle, don't be angry—whin I offered them, I didn't mean to give you the slightest offence; it's enough for you to tell me you won't have them without gettin' into a passion."

"Have what? what are you spakin' about?"

"Why—about the shoes; what else?"

"Yes, faith, sure enough—well, ay, the shoes!—don't think of it, Connor—I'm hasty; too much so, indeed, an' that's my fault. I'm like all good natured people in that respect; however I'll borrow them for a day or two, till I get my own patched up some way. But, death alive, why did you get at this sason o' the year three rows of sparables in the soles o' them?"

"Bekase they last longer, of coorse; and now, Bartle, be off, and don't let the grass grow under your feet till I see you agin."

Connor's patience, or rather his impatience that night was severely taxed. Hour after hour elapsed, and yet Bartle did not return. At length he went to his father's sleeping room, and informed him of the message he had sent through Flanagan to Una.

"I will sleep in the barn to-night, father," he added; "an' never fear, let us talk as we may, but we'll be up early enough in the morning, please God. I couldn't sleep, or go to sleep, till I hear what news he brings back to us; so do you rise and secure the door, an' I'll make my shake down wid Bartle for this night."

The father, who never refused him any thing un-pecuniary, (if we may be allowed the word,) did as the son requested him, and again went to bed, unconscious of the thundercloud which was so soon to burst upon them both.

Bartle, however, at length returned, and Connor had the satisfaction of hearing that his faithful Una would meet him the next night, if possible, at the hour of twelve o'clock, in her father's haggard. Her parents, it appeared, had laid an injunction upon her never to see him again; she was watched too, and unless when the household were asleep, she found it altogether impracticable to effect any appointment whatsoever with her lover. She could not even promise with cer-

tainty to meet him on that night, but she desired him to come, and if she failed to be punctual, not to leave the place of appointment for an hour. After that, if she appeared not, then he was to wait no longer. Such was the purport of the message which Flanagan delivered him.

Flanagan was the first up the next morning, for the purpose of keeping an appointment which he had with Biddy Neil, whom we have already introduced to the reader. On being taxed with meanness by this weak but honest creature, for having sought service with the man who had ruined his family, he promised to acquaint her with the true motive which had induced him to enter into Fardorougha's employment. Their conversation on this point, however, was merely a love scene, in which Bartle satisfied the credulous girl, that to an attachment for herself of some months' standing, might be ascribed his humiliation in becoming a servant to the oppressor and destroyer of his house. He then passed from themselves and their prospects to Connor and Una O'Brien, with whose attachment for each other, as the reader knows, he was first made acquainted by his fellow servant.

"It's terrible, Biddy," said he, "to think of the black and revengeful heart that Connor bears to Bodagh Buie and his family, merely bekase they refuse to let him marry Una. I'm afear'd, Biddy darlin', that there'll be dark work about it on Connor's side; an' if you hear of any thing bad happenin' to the Bodagh, you'll know where it comes from."

"I don't b'lieve it, Bartle, nor I won't b'lieve it—not, any way, till I hear that it happens. But what is it he intends to do to them?"

"That's more than I know myself," replied Bartle; "I axed as much, an' he said till it was done nobody would be the wiser."

"That's quare," said the girl, "for a bettther heart than Connor has, the Saver o' the world never made."

"You think so, agra, but wait; do you watch, and you'll find that he won't come in to-night. I know nothin' myself of what he's about, for he's as close as his father's purse, an' as deep as a draw-well, ay, au' as fair-faced as the devil when he wants to tempt a priest; but this I know, that he has black business on his hands, whatever it is. Be the crass, I thrimble to think of it!"

Flanagan then got tender, and after pressing his suit with all the eloquence he was master of, they separated, he to his labour in the fields, and she to her domestic employment, and the unusual task of watching the motions of her master's son.

Flanagan, in the course of the day, suggested to Connor the convenience of sleeping that night *also* in the barn. The time of meeting, he said, was too late, and his father's family, who were early in their hours both night and morning, would be asleep even before they set out. He also added, that least any of the O'Briens or their retainers should surprise him and Una, he had made up his mind to accompany him, and act as a *vidette* during their interview.

Connor felt this devotion of Bartle to his dearest interests, as every grateful and generous heart would.

"Bartle," said he, "when we are married, if it's ever in my power to make you aisy in life, may I never prosper if I don't do it; at all evints, in some way I'll reward you."

"If you're ever able, Connor, I'll have no objection to be behouldin' to you; that is, if you're *ever able*, as you say."

"And if there's a just God in heaven, Bartle, who sees my heart, however things may go against me for a time, I say I *will* be able to sarve you, or any other friend that deserves it. But about sleepin' in to-night—of coorse I would'nt be knockin' up my father, and disturbin' my poor mother for no rason; so of coorse, as I said, I'll sleep in the barn; it makes no difference one way or other."

"Connor," said Flanagan, with much solemnity, "if Bodagh Buie's wise, he'll marry you an' his daughter as fast as he can."

"An' why, Bartle?"

"Why, for reasons you know nothin' about. Of lute he's got very much out o' favour, in regard of not comin' in to what *people* wish."

"Spake plainer, Bartle; I'm in the dark now."

"There's work goin' on in the counthry, that you and every one like you ought to be *up* to; but you know nothin', as I said, about it. Now Bodagh Buie, as far as I hear—for I'm in the dark myself nearly as much as you—Bodagh Buie holds out against them; an' not only that, I'm tould, but gives them hard words, an' sets them at defiance."

"But what has all this to do with me marryin' his daughter?"

"Why, he wants some one badly to stand his friend wid them, an' if you were married to her, you should on his account become one o' them; begad as it is you ought, for to tell you the truth there's talk—strong talk too, about payin' him a nightly visit that mayn't sarve him."

"Then, Bartle you're consarned in this business."

"No, faith, not yet; but I suppose I must, if I wish to be *safe* in the counthry; an' so must you too, for the same rason."

"And, if not *up*, how do you know so much about it?"

"From one o' themselves, that wishes the Bodagh well; ay, an' let me tell you, he's a marked man, an' the night was appointed to visit him; still it was put back to thry if he could be managed, but he could n't; an' all I know about it is that the time to remember him is settled, an' he's to *get* it, an', along wid other things, he'll be ped for turnin' off—however I can't say any more about *that*."

"How long is it since you knew this?"

"Not long—only since last night, or you'd 'a got it before this. The best way, I think, to put him on his guard 'ud be to send him a scrape of a line wid no name to it."

"Bartle," replied Connor, "I'm as much behoulden to you for this, as if it had been myself or my father that was *marked*. God knows you have a good heart, an' if you don't sleep sound, I'm at a loss to know who ought."

"*Ma choirp an' dioul* but it's hard to tell *who* has a good heart, Connor: I'd never say any one has till I'd see them well thried."

At length the hour for setting out arrived, and both, armed with good oaken cudgels, proceeded to Bodagh Buie's haggard, whither they arrived a little before the appointed hour. An utter stillness prevailed around the place—not a dog barked—not a breeze blew, nor did a leaf move on its stem, so calm and warm was the night. Neither moon nor stars shone in the firmament, and the darkness seemed kindly to throw its dusky mantle over this sweet and stolen interview of our young lovers. As yet, however, Una had not come, nor could Connor, on surveying the large massy farmhouse of the Bodagh, perceive any

appearance of light, or hear a single sound, however faint, to break the stillness in which it slept. Bartle, immediately after their arrival in the haggard, separated from his companion, in order, he said, to give notice of interruption, should Una be either watched or followed.

"Besides, you know," he added, "sweethearts like nobody to be present but themselves, when they do be spakin' soft to one another. So I'll jist keep dodgin' about, from place to place, wid my eye an' ear both open, an' if any intherloper comes I'll give yees the hard word."

Heavily and lazily creep those moments during which an impatient lover awaits the approach of his mistress; and woe betide the wooer of impetuous temperament who is doomed, like our hero, to watch a whole hour and a half in vain. Many a theory did his fancy body forth, and many a conjecture did he form as to the probable causes of her absence. Was it possible that they watched her even in the dead hour of night? Perhaps the grief she felt at her father's refusal to sanction the match, had brought on indisposition; and,—oh, harrowing thought! perhaps they had succeeded in prevailing upon her to renounce him and his hopes for ever. But no; their affection was too pure and steadfast to admit of a supposition so utterly unreasonable. What then could have prevented her from keeping an appointment so essential to their future prospects, and to the operations necessary for them to pursue? Some plan of intercourse—some settled mode of communication must be concerted between them, a fact as well known to herself as to him.

"Well, well," thought he, "whatever's the reason of her not coming, I'm sure the fault is not her's; as it is, there's no use in waitin' this night any longer."

Flanagan, it appeared, was of the same opinion, for in a minute or two he made his appearance, and urged their return home. It was clear, he said, that no interview *could* take place that night, and the sooner they reached the barn and got to bed the better."

"Folly me," he added; "we can pass through the yard, cross the road before the hall-door, and get over the stile, by the near way through the fields that's behind the orchard."

Connor, who was by no means so well acquainted with the path as his companion, followed him in the way

pointed out, and in a few minutes they found themselves walking at a brisk pace in a direction that led homewards by a shorter cut. Connor's mind was too much depressed for conversation, and both were proceeding in silence, when Flanagan started in alarm, and pointed out the figure of some one walking directly towards them. In less than a minute the person, whoever he might be, had come within speaking distance, and, as he shouted out "who comes there?" Flanagan bolted across the ditch along which they had been going, and disappeared.

"A friend," returned Connor, in reply to the question.

The other man advanced, and with a look of deep scrutiny peered into his face. "A friend," he exclaimed; "faith, it's a quare hour for a friend to be out. Who are you, eh? Is this Connor O'Donovan?"

"It is; but you have the advantage of me."

"If your father was here he would know Phil Curtis, any way."

"I ought to 'a known the voice myself," said Connor; "Phil, how are you? an' what's bringin' *yourself* out at this hour?"

"Why, I want to buy a couple o' milk cows in the fair o' Kilturbit, an' I'm goin' to catch my horse, an' make ready. It's a stiff ride from this, an' by the time I'm there it'll be late enough for business, I'm thinkin'. There was some one wid you; who was it?"

"Come, come," said Connor good-humouredly, "he was out coortin', and doesn't wish to be known; and Phil, as you *had* the luck to meet me, I beg you, for heaven's sake, not to breathe that you seen me near Bodagh Buie's tonight; I have various reasons for it.

"It's no sacret to me as it is," replied Curtis; "half the parish knows it; so make your mind asy on that head. Good night, Connor! I wish you success, any how; you'll be a happy man if you get her; although from what I hear has happened, you have a bad chance, except herself stands to you."

The truth was, that Fardoroughua's visit to the Bodagh, thanks to the high tones of his own shrill voice, had drawn female curiosity, already suspicious of the circumstances, to the key-hole of the parlour-door, where the issue and object of the conference soon became known. In a short time it had gone among the servants, and from them was transmitted in the course of

that and the following day, to the tenants and day-labourers ; who contrived to multiply it with such effect, that, as Curtis said, it was indeed no secret to the greater part of the parish.

Flanagan soon rejoined Connor, who, on taxing him with his flight, was informed, with an appearance of much regret, that a debt of old standing due to Curtis had occasioned it.

"And upon my saunies, Connor, I'd rather any time go up to my neck in wather than meet a man that I owe money to, whin I can't pay him. I knew Phil very well, even before he spoke, and that was what made me cut an' run."

"What!" said Connor, looking towards the east, "can it be day-light so soon?"

"Begad it surely cannot," replied his companion. "Holy mother above, what is this?"

Both involuntarily stood to contemplate the strange phenomenon which presented itself to their observation ; and, as it was certainly both novel and startling in its appearance, we shall pause a little to describe it more minutely.

The night, as we have already said, was remarkably dark, and warm to an unusual degree. To the astonishment, however, of our two travellers, a gleam of light, extremely faint, and somewhat resembling that which precedes the rising of a summer sun, broke upon their path, and passed on in undulating sweeps for a considerable space before them. Connor had scarcely time to utter the exclamation just alluded to, and Flanagan to reply to him, when the light around them shot farther into the distance, and deepened from its first pale hue into a rich and gorgeous purple. Its effect, however, was limited within a circle of about a mile, for they could observe that it got faint gradually from the centre to the extreme verge, where it melted into utter darkness.

"This must mean something extraordinary," said Connor ; "whatever it is, it appears to be behind the hill that divides us from Bodagh Buie's house. Blessed earth ! it looks as if the sky was on fire !"

The sky indeed presented a fearful but sublime spectacle. One spot appeared to glow with the red-white heat of a furnace, and to form the centre of a fiery cupola, from which the flame was flung in redder and grosser masses, that darkened away into wild

and dusky indistinctness, in a manner that corresponded with the same light, as it danced in red and frightful mirth upon the earth. As they looked, the cause of this awful phenomenon soon became visible. From behind the hill was seen a thick shower of burning particles rushing up into the mid air, and presently the broad point of a huge pyramid of fire, wavering in terrible and capricious power, seemed to disport itself far up in the very depths of the glowing sky. On looking again upon the earth they perceived that this terrible circle was extending itself over a wider circumference of country, marking every prominent object around them with a dark blood-red tinge, and throwing those that were more remote into a visionary but appalling relief.

"*Dhar Chriestha,*" exclaimed Flanagan, "I have it ; *this* I spoke about has paid Bodagh Buie the visit they promised him."

"Come round the hip o' the hill," said Connor, "till we see where it really is ; but I'll tell you what, Bartle, if you be right, woe betide you ; all the water in Europe would n't wash you free in my mind, of being connected in this same Ribbon business that's spread through the country. As sure as that sky—that fearful sky's—above us, you must prove to me an' others, how you came to know that this hellish business was to take place. God of heaven ! let us run—surely it could n't be the dwelling-house !"

His speed was so great that Bartle could find neither breath nor leisure to make any reply.

"Thank God," he exclaimed ; oh, thank God it's not the house, and their lives are safe ; but, blessed Father, there's the man's whole haggard in flames."

"Oh, the *netarnal* villains !" was the simple exclamation of Flanagan.

"Bartle," said his companion, "you heard what I said this minute ?"

Their eyes met as he spoke, and for the first time O'Donovan was struck by the pallid malignity of his features. The servant gazed steadily upon him, his lips slightly but firmly drawn back, and his eye, in which was neither sympathy nor alarm, charged with the spirit of a cool and devilish triumph.

Connor's blazed at the bare idea of his villany, and, in a fit of manly and indignant rage, he seized Flanagan and hurled him headlong to the earth at his feet. "You have hell in your face.

you villain," he exclaimed; "and if I thought that—if I did—I'd drag you down like a dog, an' pitch you headforemost into the flames!"

Bartle rose, and in a voice wonderfully calm, simply observed, "God knows, Connor, if I know either your heart or mine, you'll be sorry for this tratement you've given me for no reason. You know yourself that, as soon as I heard anything of the ill-will against the Bodagh, I tould it to you, in order—mark that—in order that you might let *him* know it the best way you thought proper, an' for *that* you've knocked me down!"

"Why, I believe you may be right, Bartle—there's truth in that—but I can't forgive you the *look* you gave me."

"That red light was in my face, maybe; I'm sure if that was n't it, I can't tell—I was myself wondherin' at your own looks, the same way; but then it was that quare light that was in your face."

"Well, well, maybe I'm wrong—I hope I am. Do you think we could be of any use there?"

"Of use! an' how would we account for bein' there at all, Connor? how would *you* do it, at any rate, widout maybe bringin' the girl into blame."

"You're right agin, Bartle; I'm not half so cool as you are; our best plan is to go home—"

"And go to bed; it is; an' the sooner we're there the better; sowl, Connor, you gev me a murderin' crash."

"Think no more of it—think no more of it—I'm not often hasty, so you must overlook it."

It was, however, with an anxious and distressed heart that Connor O'Donovan reached his father's barn, where, in the same bed with Flanagan, he enjoyed towards morning a brief and broken slumber that brought back to his fancy images of blood and fire, all so confusedly mingled with Una, himself, and their parents, that the voice of his father, calling upon them to rise, came to him as a welcome and manifest relief.

At the time laid in this story, neither burnings nor murders were so familiar nor *patriotic*, as the fancied necessity for working out political purposes has recently made them. Such atrocities, in those bad and unrefined days, were certainly looked upon as criminal, rather than meritorious, however *unpatriotic* it may have

been to form so erroneous an estimate of human villainy. The consequence of all this was, that the destruction of Bodagh Buie's property created a sensation in the county, of which, familiarized as *we* are to such crimes, we can entertain but a very faint notion. In three days a reward of five hundred pounds, exclusive of two hundred from government, was offered for such information as might bring the incendiary, or incendiaries, to justice. The Bodagh and his family were stunned as much with amazement at the occurrence of a calamity so incomprehensible to them, as with the loss they had sustained, for that indeed was heavy. The man was extremely popular, and by many acts of kindness had won the attachment and good-will of all who knew him, either personally or by character. How then account for an act so wanton and vindictive? They could not understand it; it was not only a crime, but a crime connected with some mysterious motive, beyond their power to detect.

But of all who became acquainted with the outrage, not one sympathized more sincerely and deeply with O'Brien's family than did Connor O'Donovan; although of course that sympathy was unknown to those for whom it was felt. The fact was, that his own happiness became in some degree involved in their calamity; and, as he came in to breakfast on the fourth morning after its occurrence, he could not help observing as much to his mother. His suspicions of Flanagan, as to possessing some clue to the melancholy business, were by no means removed. On the contrary, he felt that he ought to have him brought before the bench of magistrates who were conducting the investigation from day to day, and, with this determination, he himself resolved to state fully and candidly to the bench, all the hints which had transpired from Flanagan respecting the denunciations said to be held out against O'Brien, and the causes assigned for them. Breakfast was now ready, and Fardorougha himself entered, uttering petulant charges of neglect and idleness against his servant.

"He deserves *no* breakfast," said he; "not a morsel; it's robbing me by his idleness and schauing he is. What is he doin', Connor? or what has become of him? He's not in the field nor about the place."

Connor paused.

"Why, now that I think of it, I did n't see him today," he replied; "I thought he was mendin' the slap at the Three-Acres. I'll thry if he's in the barn."

And he went accordingly to find him. "I'm afraid, father," said he, on his return, "that Bartle's a bad boy, an' a dangerous one; he's not in the barn, an' it appears, from the bed, that he did n't sleep there last night. The thruth is, he's gone; at last he has brought all his clothes, his box, an' everything with him; an' what's more, I suspect the rason of it; he thinks he has let out too much to me; an' *dhar ma chorp*, it 'ill go hard but I'll make him let out more."

The servant-maid, Biddy, now entered and informed them that four men, evidently strangers, were approaching the house from the rear, and ere she could add anything further on the subject, two of them walked in, and seizing Connor informed him that he was their prisoner.

"Your prisoner!" exclaimed his mother, getting pale; "why what could our poor boy do to make him your prisoner? He never did hurt or harm to the child unborn."

Fardorougha's keen grey eye rested sharply upon them for a moment; it then turned to Honour, afterwards to Connor, and again gleamed bitterly at the intruders—"What is this," said he, starting up; "what is this? you don't mane to rob us?"

"I think," said the son, "you must be undher a mistake; you surely can have no business with me. It's very likely you want some one else."

"What is your name?" enquired he who appeared to be the principal of them.

"My name is Connor O'Donovan; an' I know no rason why I should deny it."

"Then you are the very man we came for," said the querist, "so you had better prepare to accompany us; in the mean time you must excuse us if we search your room. This is unpleasant, I grant, but we have no discretion, and must perform our duty."

"What do you want in this room?" said Fardorougha; "it's robbery you're on for—it's robbery you're on for—in open day-light, too; but you're late; I lodged the last penny yestherday; that's one comfort; you're late—you're late."

"What did my boy do," exclaimed the affrighted mother; "what did he do that you come to drag him away from us?"

This question she put to the other constable, the first having entered her son's bed-room.

"I am afraid, ma'am, you'll know it too soon," replied the man; "it's a heavy charge, if it proves to be true."

As he spoke, his companion re-entered the apartment, with Connor's Sunday coat in his hand, from the pocket of which he drew a steel and tinder-box.

"I'm sorry for this," he observed; "it corroborates what has been sworn against you by your accomplice, and here I fear comes additional proof."

At the same moment the other two made their appearance, one of them holding in his hand the shoes which Connor had lent to Flanagan, and which he wore on the night of the conflagration.

On seeing this, and comparing the two circumstances together, a fearful light broke on the unfortunate young man, who had already felt conscious of the snare into which he had fallen. With an air of sorrow and manly resignation he thus addressed his parents:—

"Don't be alarmed; I see that there is an attempt made to swear away my life; but, whatever happens, you both know that I am innocent of doin' an injury to any one. If I die, I would rather die innocent than live as guilty as he will that must have my blood to answer for."

His mother, on hearing this, ran to him, and with her arms about his neck, exclaimed,

"Die! die! Connor darlin'—my brave boy—my only son—why do you talk about death? what is it for? what is it about? Oh, for the love of God, tell us what did our boy do?"

"He is charged by Bartle Flanagan," replied one of the constables, "with burning Bodagh Buie O'Brien's haggard, because he refused him his daughter. He must now come with us to gaol."

"I see the whole plot," said Connor, "and a deep one it is; the villain will do his worst; still I can't but have dependance upon justice and my own innocence. I can't but have dependance upon God, who knows my heart."

LAING'S RESIDENCE IN NORWAY.*

THE kingdom of Norway and its inhabitants have long been objects of considerable interest to us; and, to judge by the number of works that have been published concerning them within the last few years, we are far from being singular in our feelings in this respect. Nor is it at all strange, that such should be the case, as the subject is one which claims attention on many accounts. Independently of the attractions the country itself presents, as well to the student of natural history in its various departments, as to the admirer of sublime and romantic scenery, the political philosopher may there behold the spectacle of a free and happy people, living "under ancient laws and social arrangements totally different in principle from those which regulate society and property in the feudally constituted countries;" while we must all feel desirous to be acquainted with as many particulars as possible respecting a nation whose inhabitants formerly played such a conspicuous part in the history of the British Isles. For, it must be kept in mind that, though the name of *Danes* is more familiar to the ears of both English and Irish, as connected with the early invasions alluded to, the inhabitants of Norway constituted a considerable portion of the people so designated, forming with them and the Swedes the body more properly styled Northmen; and that the Normans, the subsequent invaders, were themselves derived directly from the same stock. Again, the philologist finds a most useful and attractive subject of investigation in the ancient language of Norway, which has had more influence on our own, than is generally

supposed; while the records which still exist in it surpass in interest, authenticity, and extent, those of any other European nation of the same period. The value of these records, as illustrative of our own history, and corroborative or corrective of our own annals, is now beginning to be more generally felt; and we are happy to find that the Royal Northern Antiquarian Society (of Copenhagen) is about to publish under the title of *Antiquitates Britannicæ et Hibernicæ*, a work which is to contain all the Sagas or parts of Sagas relating to Great Britain and Ireland, and which, being accompanied by a Latin translation, and illustrated with notes and maps, will be generally accessible to the learned.

A remarkable instance of this illustration of our annals by the Northern may here be adduced. Every one is familiar with that spirited ode of Gray's, entitled "The Fatal Sisters," paraphrased from a poem quoted by Torfæus and Bartholinus from the Niala Saga; and there is no one who has not heard of the Battle of Clontarf; and yet how few are aware that the battle predicted in that poem is no other than this very battle! We do not of course mean to say that the legend of the vision of the inhabitant of Caithness† is not fabulous; but it does not therefore follow that the event to which it refers is fabulous also; on the contrary, the very introduction of this supernatural machinery proves the strong impression which an actual occurrence made on the minds of those living at the time. The real historical fact we learn from the Saga is, that the invaders with whom the Irish then

* Journal of a Residence in Norway, during the years 1834, 1835, and 1836; made with a view to inquire into the moral and political economy of that country, and the condition of its inhabitants. By Samuel Laing, Esq. London, 1836. 1 vol. 8vo.

† Gray's Introduction or Preface to the ode is as follows:—"In the eleventh century, Sigurd, Earl of the Orkney islands, went with a fleet of ships and a considerable body of troops into Ireland, to the assistance of *Sietryg* with the *silken beard*, who was then making war on his father-in-law *Brian*, king of Dublin; the earl and all his forces were cut to pieces, and *Sietryg* was in danger of a total defeat; but the enemy had a greater loss by the death of *Brian* their king, who fell in the action. On Christmas day, (the day of the battle,) a native of Caithness in Scotland, of the name of Darrud, saw at a distance a number of persons on horseback riding at full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter it. Curiosity led him to follow them, till looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures resembling women. They were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung the following dreadful song; which when they had finished, they tore the web into twelve pieces, and, each taking her portion, galloped six to the north, and as many

fought were not from Denmark, as is generally supposed, but from the Orkneys; and when we consider that the inhabitants of the latter, in language, manners, and appearance, differed not from the Danes, and that they came apparently by the same route, we need not be surprised that they were called by the same name, to which, indeed, as being immediately of Scandinavian origin, they were fairly entitled. The Orkneyinga Saga, or history of the inhabitants of the Orkneys, confirms this statement.

In the last named Saga there is an account of a remarkable pirate who lived formerly in one of the Orkney Islands, which deserves mention here, as well from the subject of it being in some degree connected with our own history, as from the singular picture it presents of the state of society at the period to which it relates; while the recollection of the well-known tale of Scott's, in which the scene of action and the avocation of the hero are the same, will serve still more to enhance its interest. We shall avail ourselves of an abstract of parts of it given by Mr. Laing:—

“Swein, the proprietor of the little island Gareksay, now called Gairsay, situated opposite to, and about four miles north of the Bay of Kirkwall, appears to have been in his day (he lived about 1120) one of the most daring and renowned of the northern sea kings. His various exploits, related in the [Orkneyinga] Saga at some length, are very interesting. When he had finished the sowing of his bear-seed, an operation which, it may be inferred from the Saga, he performed with his own hands, he went out upon his regular summer cruise, sometimes at the head of six or eight ships; and came back in autumn to reap his crop in Gairsay, and to divide the booty he had collected on his expedition.

The coasts of England and Ireland, and the Isle of Man, were frequently plundered by him; and the ancient Maax Chronicle confirms the facts and dates of his devastations in that island, as recorded in the Saga. During the winter, after a successful summer cruise, he entertained a band of eighty men in his little island of Gairsay. If each island chief kept on foot a proportionable body of these rovers, the numbers, when united under a daring leader like Swein, would be very formidable. The island of Gairsay could never have maintained one-fourth of the number of Swein's companions and guests, if they had not maintained themselves by other means than husbandry.—On one occasion, Swein, who had many vicissitudes of fortune, was reduced to a single rowing boat and two or three followers, and was skulking among the islets from the pursuit of the Jarl of Orkney, with whom he was at variance. The Jarl happened one morning to be returning from a visit to Sigurd, in the island of Rousay, and discovering Swein's boat, gave chase. Swein rowed to an uninhabited little island called Elgarholm; and finding his enemy gaining on him, as soon as his little boat was screened by the islet from the view of his pursuers, he ran her into one of those caves which the action of the waves scoops out often to a great extent under ground. By the time the Jarl had reached the isle, and satisfied himself that Swein had not gone past it, the rising of the tide had concealed the entrance of the cave; and at the further end of it Swein in his boat lay hid on a shelving beach, and heard the Jarl and his attendants express their astonishment at his mysterious disappearance. For several years after, nothing was heard of Swein in the Orkney Islands. One fine summer day, a vessel was seen coming from the westward. This was Swein. He himself, with his armed followers, lay concealed in the hold of the vessel; and he left upon deck only the few men who might appear necessary to navigate such

to the south.”—Now, besides there being no mention made of Clontarf, there are various reasons why so many have read this preface without suspecting it referred to the famous battle fought there. In the first place, the Irish king is simply called Brian, and not Brian Boiroidmhe, by which latter appellation he is almost exclusively known in this country; and, in the next place, the invaders that fought at the battle of Clontarf are generally supposed to have come from Denmark. Another reason is, the very singular blunder of Gray's in stating Christmas-day to have been the day of the battle, instead of Good Friday. Torfæus, from whom he quotes, distinctly says, in conformity with his authority, the Niala Saga, that the battle was fought on Good Friday; and, shortly before that, mentions the arrival of the fleet on Palm Sunday.—His words are:—“Die Veneris, qui, in diem memoriæ passionis Servatoris, *Longus* dictum, institutum, incidebat, utrique copias eduxerunt.”—*Oracles*, p. 35. And again:—“Prodigium interea dum in Hibernia configerent, in Cataneis, *Sæmus* Provincia, eodem die Passionis Dominicæ, tale accidisse memoratur.”—p. 36. How the accurate Gray could have misunderstood this, it is not easy to conjecture.

a merchant ship. He ordered them to sail close to a headland in the island of Rousay, upon which he had observed people walking about; and to hail them and ask the news, and what they were doing. The people replied, that they were attendants of the Jarl, who had gone to the other side of the headland to hunt seals; and ordered the crew to bring their vessel to the shore, and give an account of their cargo to the Jarl. As soon as the vessel was so close under the rock that it was out of sight of the people standing upon the slope of the promontory, Swein altered his course, went round to where the Jarl was seal-hunting, slew all his followers, took him on board a prisoner, and made sail for Scotland.—Sigurd of Westness, whose guest the Jarl was on this hunting expedition, found the dead bodies of the hunting party, and missing that of the Jarl, declared that Swein must be alive, and have done the deed. The place, near to Westness in the island of Rousay, is still called Sweindroog. The Jarl was never heard of again. He was carried to Athol, and thrust into a monastery. Swein was reconciled to the Jarl's successor, returned to his little isle of Gairsay, and for a long series of years was one of the most successful and renowned sea kings, or pirates,* of his age. He was killed in the trenches of the city of Dublin, in the year 1159. He had sailed from Orkney upon the last expedition which, on account of his age, he intended to make. He attacked and carried the city of Dublin; and the ransom, or Dane-Geld, was to be paid next day. Next day the inhabitants, seeing the small number of their invaders contained in six vessels, rose and overcame them. Ware, in his history of Ireland, states, from Irish records, the fact of an attack of the Danes on the city of Dublin, and of their defeat on the second day, with the loss of their prince, in the trenches of the city, on the same day, and in the same year, 1159, as that which the more home-spun Saga gives as the date of the defeat and death of this laird of the isle of Gairsay.†

Of the Orkneyinga Saga there is at

present but one edition, and that faulty in many respects. We are, therefore, glad to find that an improved edition of it, according to the best MSS. is to be given in the work already mentioned as projected by the Royal Northern Antiquarian Society of Copenhagen. We cannot dismiss the subject of the latter, without adding, which we do with no small degree of pride, that the first attempt at a publication of the kind was made by a countryman of our own, the Rev. James Johnstone, who resided for some years at Copenhagen, as chaplain to the British Embassy, and whose *Antiquitates Cello-Scandicæ*, and other works, exhibit considerable learning and research, and are still in good estimation. A very high authority, Professor Rafn, has spoken in most favourable terms of his edition of Lodbrog's Death-song, which is, indeed, inferior only to the Professor's own.

But it is now time to turn our attention to the book which has given occasion to these remarks. The object of Mr. Laing's residence in Norway has been already mentioned;‡ and we have no hesitation in saying that he appears to have fully succeeded in it, and that in his communication of the results to the public, he has done good service. Accordingly, while the volumes of his immediate predecessors, Inglis and Barrow, may perhaps be sometimes more entertaining as light reading, that before us may claim a far higher rank, as a standard work, containing a fund of information on the statistics, polity, and domestic and agricultural economy of the country to which it relates. Mr. Laing gives also some brief notices on the literature and ancient history of Norway, as well as occasional sketches of society there, which are very pleasing. As it is not our intention at present to follow him in his details and speculations on the graver subjects above mentioned—any of which, indeed, to do it justice, would

* Mr. Laing here confounds *sea-kings* with *vikings*. The terms are perfectly distinct; the latter meaning *pirates*, and the former, as the name itself intimates, chieftains, or leaders of vikings.

† This abstract, though answering well enough for the purpose for which it is here quoted, is very carelessly written. For instance, the jarl or earl who was captured while seal-hunting was quite a different individual from the one whom Swein eluded by retreating into the cave; and the last-mentioned adventure moreover, was posterior to the other by twenty-one years. We could point out some other inaccuracies were it worth while. Generally speaking, indeed, Mr. Laing has been less happy in his observations on the literature of Norway, than in any other part of the work.

‡ See title in page 443.

almost require an article to itself—we shall confine ourselves to such as will be likely to prove instructive and entertaining to our readers in general, referring those who wish for information on the others, to the work itself.

Most of our readers are, we suppose, by this time well acquainted with the nature of the Norwegian Fiords, or narrow gulphs, running up, sometimes to an immense extent, into the main land. Mr. Laing, however, has given us an account of a new and pleasing feature to be observed in some of them, or at least in one, that of Drontheim.

"The hills of primary rock in some places run out into promontories, which dip into the fiord. To scramble up and down these is not work for an alderman; when one does, however, get over the keel of such a ridge, he sees a quiet, beautiful scene below. The little landlocked bay is so shut in with rocks and woods, that it resembles a small mountain lake. The entrance is hid by trees; and the mark of high water on the white beach at the head of the cove is the only indication that it belongs to the ocean. There is generally room at his head for one fishing farmer, with his house at the foot of the rocks, a green spot for his cows and goats, and his little skiff at anchor before his door; where the lucky fellow, without ever knowing what a sea-storm is, or going out of sight of his own chimney smoke, catches in his sheltered creek the finest sea-fish beneath the shadow of the rocky forest that surrounds him. When the traveller drops suddenly upon one of these nooks, his toil is repaid."

The following description of winter and its attendant pleasures, is lively and agreeable. The author appears in some of the passages to have felt a portion of the zest with which Washington Irving describes Christmas revels in England.

"November 14.—Winter is come: the snow falls incredibly fast. The whole cloud seems to come down at once upon the land; and in a few hours every thing but trees and houses and precipices seems brought to one common level. Sledges are jingling in all directions; the horses have bells on the harness, such as are used on waggon harness in the west of England. All the world seems gay, and enjoying the sledge-driving, as if it were a novelty to them. There is some peculiar pleasure in the uniform smooth motion of sledging, skating, sailing, swinging, or moving in any way over a smooth surface. We see sailor boys, by

themselves, enjoy the pleasure of this motion in a sailing boat on smooth water: the novelty can make no part of the pleasure to them; and parrots and monkeys appear to have pleasure in swinging. Sledging is horse-power applied to skates. Of our English or Dutch skates I see very little use made, even by the children; and the nature of the country, with the quantity of snow, must make our kind of skating an amusement not generally enjoyed. But snow skating is going on briskly, at every farm-house, with young and old. The snow skates are slips of light thin wood, about the breadth of one's foot, and about six feet long, gently curving upwards at each end. There is a loop in the middle into which the foot is slipped. On flat ground the skater shuffles along pretty well, much better than he could walk, as his feet do not sink in the snow. Up hill he has slow and fatiguing work, and on hard snow and steep ground would slip backward, but for the resistance of the hair of a piece of hide which is bound under the skate in climbing steep ascents. Down the mountain he flies like an arrow. He has only to guide his flight with a pole, so as not to run over a precipice. It seems to require great dexterity and practice to run well on these snow skates. On a road with the ordinary variety of surface, a good skater will beat a horse in a sledge."

January, 1835.—The fair was quickly followed by Christmas, or Yule, as it is called here, as well as by the Scottish peasantry, which was kept in great style for fourteen days. Every family is busy preparation for three weeks before, baking, brewing, and distilling, and the fourteen days of Yule are passed in feasting merriment, giving and receiving entertainments. In this neighbourhood there are about thirty families, who from station, office, or education, form the upper class of society. In this hospitable and amiable circle, I have received during the winter such attentions as a stranger, without letters of introduction, would only receive in Norway. I was fairly knocked up in Yule by a succession of parties, which seldom ended before five or six next morning.

"There is something indelicate, and perhaps not very honourable, in describing minutely private societies and modes of living of families in a foreign country, where the stranger is invited in the kindest spirit of hospitality, and not that he should make his remarks, however flattering they may be to his entertainers. This difficulty, however, need not be felt here, because the mode of living is so

simple and uniform in every family or party, that our description can have nothing peculiarly referable to any one.

"You are invited by a list carried round by a man on horseback, and, opposite to your name, you put down that you accept, or decline. You are expected about four o'clock, long after dinner, for which twelve or one is the usual hour. The stranger who will take the trouble to come early will be much gratified, for there is nothing on the Continent so pretty as the arrival of a sledge party. The distant jingling of the bells is heard, before any thing can be seen through the dusk and snow; and sound rapidly approaching, is one of the most pleasing impressions on our senses. Then one sledge seems to break as it were through the cloud; and is followed by a train of twenty or thirty, sweeping over the snow. The spirited action of the little horses, with their long manes and tails, the light and elegant form of the sledges appearing on the white ground, the ladies wrapt in their furs and shawls, the gentlemen standing behind driving in their wolf-skin pelisses, the master of the house and the servants at the door with candles, form a scene particularly novel and pleasing. Coffee and tea are handed round to each person on arrival; and the company walk about the room and converse. It appears to me that there are never any of those dismal awkward pauses in company here, nor of that reliance on one or two good talkers, or hacknied subjects, such as wind, weather, and news, which characterise our ordinary society in England and Scotland. Every body seems to have something to say, and to say it; and conversation does not flag. This arises probably from the temperament of the people; and the total absence of pretence in their character, that is, of wishing to appear more or less important, more or less rich, more or less learned, or more or less anything, than they really are. After the party is all assembled, the *Mellem-maaltid*, or middle repast, is brought in. This is a tray with slices of bread and butter, anchovies, slices of tongue, of smoked meat, of cheese; and every one helps himself as he walks about. The gentlemen generally take a glass of spirits at this repast, which is a regular meal in every family. The gentlemen then sit down to cards. I have not seen a lady at a card-table. The games usually played are boston, ombre, shervenzel, which seems a complicated sort of piquet, and three-card loo. The stakes are always very small. Those of the elderly gentlemen, who do not play, light their pipes and converse. The younger generally make out a dance, or have singing

and music, usually the guitar, with an occasional waltz or gallopade, or polsk, a national dance much more animated than the waltz. Nor are handsome young officers wanting, in moustaches and gay uniforms, who would not touch tobacco or spirits for the world, and seem to know how to act the agreeable. Punch is handed about very frequently, as it is not customary to drink any thing at or after supper. The supper is almost invariably the same. A dish of fish, cut into slices, is passed from one guest to another, and each helps himself. The lady of the house generally walks down behind the company, and sees that each is supplied. After the fish is discussed, the plate is taken away, and one finds a clean plate under it; the knife and fork are wiped by a servant, and the next dishes begin their rounds. They consist always, in this district, of reindeer venison, capercaillie, (the male of which is as large as a turkey, the female so remarkably smaller that it passes by a different name, *Tiur* or *Tiddur* signifying the male, and *Røer* the female); also black cock and ptarmigan. These are cut into pieces, laid on a dish, and passed round; and the dish is followed by a succession of sauces or preserved berries, such as the *Moltebeer*, which is the *Rubus chamaemorus* of botanists, the *Ackerbeer* (*Rubus arcticus*), the *Tyttebeer* (*Vaccinium vitis idæa*.) These are such very good things that there is no difficulty in acquiring a taste for them. A cake concludes the supper. The lady of the house scarcely sits down to table, but carves, walks about behind the chairs, and attends to the supply of the guests. This is the custom of the country; she would be ill-bred to do otherwise. It is not from want of servants, for every house is full of neat, handy maidens. They approach much more nearly to the nice, quiet, purpose-like English girls, than the Scotch. When one is satisfied that it is simply a relic of ancient manners, not the result either of vulgarity, or ignorance, or inferior station in society, one is easily reconciled to a custom which adds certainly to the real comfort of the guests. Three or four sturdy, corpulent footmen sweating under their liveries, behind the chairs of a dinner party, do not strike the imagination so agreeably, that one can accuse a people of want of refinement, because, by their customs, the attendance of servants is almost entirely dispensed with. Two old maiden ladies in a market town in England taking tea and toast together on a Saturday evening, would have ten times more attendance and bustle than a party of forty or fifty here. This simplicity also brings all ranks nearer to each other in the

manner of living, which is a better and safer condition of society, than where rich and poor are like two distinct bodies, inhabiting the same land, but different in habits, customs, and modes of life. There are not such important and essential divisions in the structure of society here. The rich are the exception, not the rule. In their houses, servants, entertainments, way of living, and all that distinguishes wealth with us, they appear to follow, not to lead, the general usages; and these are all moulded upon what is suitable to the ordinary scale of incomes in the country. There are individuals in this circle who would be deemed rich in any country; one gentleman's income is supposed to exceed 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* sterling a year. The public functionaries and the clergy have also comparatively considerable incomes; but in no respect do their houses, either inside or outside, or their entertainments, depart from the ordinary style of the country, as now described. This is the natural result of the partition of property. The present possessors have been bred in the simple habits of the ordinary class of proprietors; and their children, or at farthest their grandchildren, must return to that class. There is however a perfect distinction in society, although it is not founded upon income. There is no admixture of the rude and uncultivated with the good society, as appears to be the case in America. Each person seems naturally and quietly to fall into the circle most congenial to him, and into his proper place. All the people seem to be feasting and making merry during these fourteen days of Yule. The country at night seems illuminated by the numerous lights twinkling from the houses of the peasant proprietors. The Christmas cheer with them is exactly the same as with others; ale, brandy, cakes, venison, game, veal, and pork. The servants have their full share in these festivities. In this farm-house I observe their table set out as nicely, and with exactly the same provisions, as that of the family, during the whole fourteen days; and in the evenings they sing national songs, and dance. The herdboys is, *ex officio*, the musician on every farm. When he is attending the cattle in summer at the seater or distant hill pastures, he must make a noise occasionally to keep off the wolf; and that of the clarionet is as good as any. It seems the favourite instrument, and is generally played well enough for the servant girls to dance waltzes and gallopades to it. I was surprised to see them dance so well; but in their roomy houses they have, from infancy, constant practice during the winter evenings."

Here, again, is another animated sketch :

"*December.*—There is something pleasing and picturesque in the primitive old-fashioned household ways of the Norwegian gentry. The family room is what we may fancy the hall to have been in an English manor house in Queen Elizabeth's days. The floor is sprinkled with fresh bright green leaves, which have a lively effect; every thing is clean and shining; an eight-day clock stands in one corner, a cup-board in another; benches and straight-backed wooden chairs ranged around the room; and all the family occupations are going on, and exhibit curious and interesting contrasts of ancient manners, with modern refinements, and even elegance. The carding of wool or flax is going on in one corner; two or three spinning wheels are at work near the stove; and a young lady will get up from these old-fashioned occupations, take her guitar in the window-seat, and play and sing, or gallopade the length of the room with a sister, in a way that shows that these modern accomplishments have been as well taught as the more homely employments. The breakfast is laid out on a tray at one end of this room, which is usually spacious, occupying the breadth of the house, and lighted from both sides. People do not sit down to this meal, which consists of slices of bread and butter, smoked meat, sausages, dried fish, with the family tankard, generally of massive silver, full of ale, and with decanters of French and Norwegian brandy, of which the gentlemen take a glass at this repast. This is the breakfast of old times in England. The coffee is taken by itself an hour or two before, and generally in the bed-room. While the gentlemen are walking about, conversing and taking breakfast, the mistress is going in and out on her family affairs, servants enter for orders, neighbours drop in to hear or tell the news, the children are learning their catechism, or waltzing in the sun-beams in their own corner; and the whole is such a lively animated scene, without bustle or confusion. all is so nice and bright, and the manners of people towards each other in family intercourse are so amiable, and with such a strain of good breeding, that the traveller who wishes to be acquainted with the domestic life of the Norwegians will find an hour very agreeable in the family room."

When mentioning the fondness of the Norwegians for theatrical representations, Mr. Laing makes some reflections on the causes that promote

and diminish that feeling in societies in general, which display a shrewd and thinking mind, and are worthy of consideration. We are well aware that, in these kingdoms at least, causes of another and higher nature have had some share in lessening the number of playgoers; but we are sure that those mentioned by Mr. Laing contribute powerfully to the same effect.

"*Levanger, October, 1834.*—The Norwegians are fond of theatrical representations. They are in that stage of mental culture in which the drama flourishes. In the modern state of society in Europe it has lost its importance; and the present generation, when reading the works of writers of the last age, can scarcely comprehend, how men of sense should then have treated it as an important national object, exercising an extensive influence on the morals and character of a people. This influence was probably always over-rated. In the days of Louis XIV. the court, and the city in which it resided, were considered, both in France and in other countries, to be the only intellectual part of the nation, where the soul of the people was centred; and the interest excited there was supposed to extend through the most remote ramifications of society. Yet it must, even at that period, have appeared a ridiculous assumption, that dramatic representations, witnessed, perhaps, by some ten or twelve hundred individuals frequenting the theatres in the capital, could have such vast influence on the morals or character of the nation. The truth seems to be, that such representations afford a kind of intellectual enjoyment to the uneducated, who without it would perhaps remain in a state of mental torpor; and therefore it was, in a certain stage of society, a valuable means of civilization, or cultivating the public intellect, so far as it extended; not from the influence of any morality or wisdom inculcated by the drama, but because it furnished intellectual enjoyment at a period when there was no other. It withdrew at least a small portion of the people of a few towns, for a small portion of their time, from ordinary occupations, and mere physical enjoyment. In proportion to the diffusion of education, and of the means and pleasure of reading, the demand for the pleasure of scenic representation necessarily declined, and became confined to a smaller portion of the public; to that portion which can only follow written ideas with some difficulty, and without any amusement. Rare talent in an actor collects crowded audiences, even at the present day; but it is to witness the art of the representation, not the matter represented. The quantity and quality of the amusement furnished by

our periodical publications and our novels at a vastly cheaper rate account sufficiently for the decline in the demand for theatrical amusement. Excitement more intellectual, of longer endurance, and more easily accessible, may be had for a shilling by a person of ordinary reading habits, in the shape of a periodical work, than he could obtain for five shillings in the best appointed theatre that ever existed. It is thus a proof of only a moderate advance in mental culture among a people, when their theatres are very flourishing. It is in Italy, in Austria, in Denmark, in Norway, and in the great commercial towns, Hamburg, Liverpool, or Bourdeaux, that theatres are well attended; and not generally in England, Scotland, or France. The Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and Blackwood's Magazine, have emptied the benches of Covent Garden, and Drury Lane, and ruined all country theatres in England and Scotland. In Norway, although the national literature is rich in Danish works of the highest merit, books are rare, owing to the expense and difficulty of transmission."

We mentioned, at the commencement of this article, that there are certain peculiarities of polity in which Norway differs from feudally constituted countries. One of the most remarkable of these is, that, from a very early period, property has been transmitted upon the principle of partition among all the children. To observe the working of this system was one great object of Mr. Laing's visit; and he did not lose sight of it.

"Farms appeared to be of various sizes; I observed many so large that a bull was used, as in Scotland, to call the labourers to or from their work, which shows a certain regularity in their operations. Some are so small as to have only a few sheaves of corn, or a rig or two of potatoes, scattered among the trunks of the trees. These appear occupied by the farm-servants, or cotters, of the main farm, paying probably in work for their houses and lands, as in Scotland. Very good houses these are; loghouses of four rooms, and all with glass windows. The light does not come down the chimney, or through a hole in the wall, shut up at night with an old hat, or a pair of old breeches, as in some cottages in the county of Edinburgh. The division of the land among children appears not, during the thousand years it has been in operation, to have had the effect of reducing the landed properties to the minimum size that will barely support human existence. I have counted from five and twenty to forty cows upon farms, and

that in a country in which the farmer must, for at least seven months in the year, have winter provender and houses provided for all the cattle. It is evident that some cause or other, operating on aggregation of landed property, counteracts the dividing effects of partition among children. That cause can be no other than what I have long conjectured would be effective in such a social arrangement; viz. that in a country where land is held, not in tenancy merely, as in Ireland, but in full ownership, its aggregation by the deaths of coheirs, and by the marriages of female heirs among the body of landowners, will balance its subdivision by the equal succession of children. The whole mass of property will, I conceive, be found in such a state of society to consist of as many estates of the class of £1000, as many of £100, as many of £10 a year, at one period, as at another. The state of Ireland is generally adduced as a proof of the evil which would result from the abolition of primogeniture. There, it is stated, the sons of the peasant marry and settle upon a portion of the father's farm, itself originally too small for one family, and by this system of subdivision, the whole class of peasantry is reduced to a lower state in respect of decencies, comforts, and enjoyments, than any population which is ranked within the pale of civilized life. It has always appeared to me, however, that the state of Ireland, instead of being a case in point, proves the very reverse. There the land and other property is not disseminated in ownership, or in small portions among the mass of the inhabitants. It is notoriously held in very large masses, by a very small proportion of the population. The peasantry having no property nor any reasonable prospect of ever possessing any, have not those tastes, habits, modes of thinking, prudence, and foresight, which accompany the possession of property, and which altogether form the true and natural check upon the tendency of population to exceed the means of subsistence."

The following observations, which occur farther on, form a good supplement to the preceding :

" This population, also, is much better lodged than our labouring and middling classes, even in the south of Scotland. The dwelling-houses of the meanest labourers are divided into several apartments, have wooden floors, and a sufficient number of good windows; also some kind of outhouse for cattle and lumber. Every man, indeed, seems, like

Robinson Crusoe, to have put up a separate house for every thing he possesses. Whoever has observed the condition of our labouring population will admit the influence of good habitations upon the moral habits of a people. The natives of New Zealand have dwellings more suited to the feelings and decencies of civilised life than the peasantry of a great proportion of Great Britain and Ireland, who live in dark, one-room hovels, in which not only household comfort and cleanliness are out of the question, but the proper separation of the sexes can scarcely be maintained. Can any reflecting person doubt that it is an important advantage to the labouring class of a country that their standard of living is pitched high as to lodging, food, and clothing? It is the most effective check upon pauperism and over-population. Why does the Irish peasant marry so recklessly? Because his idea of a suitable dwelling for a man in his station is a hovel of raw earth and sticks, such as a man may put up in a forenoon on a hill side; a bucket full of potatoes is his standard of food; a tattered great coat, of raiment. With these he is in no worse condition than the population around him, and therefore he marries. If the ideas and habits of the country required a more expensive and comfortable sort of habitation for the very meanest person of his own station, he would not marry until he had acquired the means of lodging like his neighbours; nor would he find a wife who would leave a decent habitation to burrow in a hole like a pigsty. Every man looks to what is considered proper and reputable in his own rank; and the poor man having little else to give him importance, is generally more tenacious of the proprieties belonging to his station than the rich man of what is suitable to his sphere."

We regret our limits will not permit us to give an account of the constitution of the Norwegian *Storting*,* or parliament, which is such as to ensure the people great political liberty—a blessing, indeed, they shew themselves well worthy of enjoying. As we are sure our readers will not think the state of the press in such a country an uninteresting topic, we shall proceed to give Mr. Laing's remarks on the subject; and this the more readily, as they contain a lesson which, we regret to have to say, is but too much wanted in this unhappy country.

" The liberty of the press is one of the articles of the ground law. It is free for

* The literal meaning of *Storting* is Great Assembly; from *stor* great, and *ting* or *thing*, a public assembly—an assize.

every man to print and publish what he pleases. There cannot consequently be any censorship, or any suppression of publications. But every man is responsible for what he chooses to publish. For treason or blasphemy he is amenable to public justice; but the ground law defines that to constitute the offence, it must be open and intentional. Defamation or libel also on private character must be *open, intentional, and false*, to constitute the offence.

"The state of the periodical press in a country gives a true measure of the social condition of the people, of their intelligence, their ripeness for constitutional privileges, and even of their domestic comforts. The newspapers, since I came here, have been my principal and most instructive reading. In Norway there are upwards of twenty; but some only give the advertisements and official notices of the province or town in which they appear: even these are not without interest to a stranger. It is curious to see what is to be sold or bought, and all the various transactions announced in an advertising newspaper. Of those which give also the foreign and domestic news, the most extensive circulation appears enjoyed by a daily paper called the *Morgen Blad*, published in Christiania. The cost of a daily paper sent by post is seven dollars, or about 28s. sterling yearly. There is no duty on newspapers; and as there are six or seven published in Christiania alone, this price is probably as low as competition can make it. In paper and type, this journal is superior to any French or German one that I have seen; and its articles of foreign news, and its editorial paragraphs, are often written with great ability. From the importance attached in all these newspapers to little local affairs, it is evident that the mass of the people, not merely an educated few, are the consumers. There being no tax on advertisements, the most trifling matter is announced, and a publisher appears to have a kind of brokerage trade at his counting-house, and to be empowered to sell or by for parties, or at least to bring buyers and sellers together. I have seen it advertised, with reference to the editor's counting-house, that there was a turkey cock to be sold, a cow in calf wanted, and such trifles as show, that the class to whom they are no trifles, read and have the benefit of newspapers.

"The most entire freedom of discussion exists. Public men and measures are handled freely, but I cannot say injuriously or indecorously. The Norwegian newspapers, and especially their numerous correspondents, are much occupied with objects of local interest, and keep a watchful eye over the conduct of

men in office, from the *lenaman* of a parish to a minister of state. No neglect or abuse passes unseen and unnoticed; and if the accusation even of an anonymous correspondent, appears well founded, the highest functionary feels himself morally obliged to bend to public opinion, and explain the transaction. If he is unjustly or unreasonably blamed, he finds pens drawn in his defence without trouble to himself. The public functionaries have been made to feel that they are the servants, not the masters, of the public. Under the absolute government of Denmark, although authority was mildly and judiciously exercised, the functionary naturally felt himself the delegate of the master. The interest or accommodation of the public was a secondary consideration. The old officers bred in this school cannot understand the influence of public opinion, and feel rather awkward when summoned before this tribunal, perhaps by an anonymous writer, to answer for real and obvious errors in their official conduct. The temperate but firm spirit with which these controversies are carried on, the absence of any outrage on the private feelings of public men, even when their public conduct is attacked or exposed, do honour to the good taste and good sense of the nation, and prove that a press as free as that of the United States may exist without scurrility or brutal violation of the sanctity of private life. Such newspapers as the American people read would not find editors or readers in this country. The people are advanced beyond that state, in which nothing is intelligible to them that is not mixed up with party and personal feelings. This sound state of the public mind, and of the press, may be ascribed in a great measure to the influence of the leading newspapers."

The mention of the singular nature of some of the advertisements reminds us of the papers we used to read in Berlin a few years ago, in which we often observed announcements, which to us had a remarkable appearance of simplicity and quaintness. A few examples may perhaps amuse.

"On the occasion of the New-year, I wish all my relations, kind friends, and acquaintances, right sound and lasting health.—Berlin, December 29th, 1828.

"Privy-purse Keeper, TIMM."

"I live now in Little Hunter Street, No. 8.

D. HOERE, Practising Physician."

"This morning, at 2 o'clock, my dear wife, after struggling with the pains of labour for almost 24 hours, was safely delivered of a little son. Mother and child are as well as could be wished. I am rendered quite happy, and thank Providence most heartily. With best regards,

I announce this intelligence to all my relations, friends, and well-wishers.—Berlin, 18th Nov. 1828.

"A. HIRSCHWALD."

"We hereby announce, with great regard, to our sympathizing friends and relations, the celebration of our marriage, which took place on the 29th ult.—Stettin, 1st October, 1828.

"HENRY BAUDOUIN.

"THERESA BAUDOUIN, born Senstius."

"On the 27th instant, at seven in the morning, died, after a long and painful illness, my good and beloved wife, born L—, in the 51st year of her active life. Eleven children, to whom she was a loving careful mother, in the full sense of the word, bewail with me this irreparable loss, which I hereby with great regard announce to my sympathizing friends and relations, wishing it to be understood at the same time, that I shall dispense with all assurances of condolence.

"AULIC COUNSELLOR, B***."

"Rebecca W. and Herrman S. have the honor of informing their friends and relations, that they are betrothed.

Berlin, 29th Sept. 1828."

It is also usual in parts of Germany to have cards printed and sent about, on occasions such as the above. Some of these which are now lying before us, are precisely in the same style as the advertisements just cited; one announces the birth of a stout boy, and another, a betrothal. The last mentioned announcement, so contrary to the feelings in these kingdoms, where an engagement is generally kept as secret as possible till the marriage is just about to take place, will be better understood after reading a passage from Mr. Laing's Journal relative to the nature of betrothal, in countries that are of the Lutheran Church. We have only to add, that in the same open and matter-of-course manner in which the said betrothal is announced, does the *bridegroom* pay his court to the *bride*. We say *bridegroom* and *bride*, for such are the terms by which the betrothed pair are designated; and they cease to be so styled, just when they commence here, on their wedding day. We shall never forget the complaints of a bashful young Englishman, whom we had the pleasure of knowing in Germany, that he often did not know which way to look when the gentleman who was betrothed to one of the young ladies of the family with whom he was on a visit, used to embrace her fondly on entering the room in which she was, though he and other friends were standing by.

"November, 1834.—The family I lodge with went to a wedding some days ago. The feasting will continue the whole week. The same custom of expensive weddings and funerals, among country people, prevailed formerly very much in Scotland; and was discountenanced, perhaps not very wisely, by the clergy. It is in fact beneficial for society when, either to be married or buried with respectability, some considerable expense must be incurred, and, consequently, a certain previous saving and industry must be exerted. It is true that a young couple, who spend on their marriage day what might have kept their house for twelve months, do what people in a higher station consider very imprudent; but in acquiring what they then spend, they have acquired what they cannot spend—the habit of saving for a distant object, and not living from day to day. By this one festivity, too, they form a bond of connection with the married people of respectability in their own station, and which those of good disposition and intentions retain through life. They are transferred out of the class of the young and thoughtless, into the higher class of the steady and careful. The penny or subscription wedding, common in the south of Scotland, deserved much greater reprobation. Among the secondary checks upon improvident marriages in this nation, the most powerful is that in the Lutheran Church, marriage includes two distinct ceremonies: the betrothal, and the final ceremony. The one precedes the other generally for one, two, and often for several years. The betrothed parties have, in the eye of law, a distinct and acknowledged status, as well as in society. It is to be regretted that a custom, so beneficial to society, should have fallen into disuse in the English Church. It interposes a reasonable pause, before young parties enter into the expenses of a family and house. It gives an opportunity of discovering any cause, such as drunken or idle habits or poverty, which might make the marriage unsuitable; and perhaps, as a sort of probationary period, it is not without its good effect on the character and temper of both sexes."

We now take our leave of Mr. Laing, with feelings of respect for the sensible and manly mind displayed in his journal, and of gratitude for the amusement and instruction it has afforded us. The reader, however, to be fully sensible of our obligation in this respect, must peruse the work itself; and we may venture to assure him, that the time so occupied will not be thrown away.

ANSTER'S XENIOLA.*

We chanced to recollect, as we sat down the other day with this little volume before us, that Mr. Locke's idea of writing an essay on the understanding was suggested by his suspecting that most human mistakes arose from the want of having a fixed and definite meaning attached to words. Now, as we are disposed fully to concur with the learned Mr. Locke on this point, we resolved to institute a strict scrutiny into our own vocabulary; and, accordingly set to work upon our first sentence, intending to go through all to the end; but the very *first word* led us into such a labyrinth of thought, and suggested such a multitude of doubts, reflections and speculations, that we soon found that the inquiry would stretch beyond the limits of our capacity—perhaps of our life. We; how do we define *we*?—what do we mean when we use this pregnant monosyllable every moment? Alas, we do not understand *ourselves*!—*we*, who assume so much over others—who convince so many that we understand them better than they do themselves, when we come to look within, are puzzled—confounded. We do not even comprehend the elements of our own constitution, much less our authority, duties, immunities, privileges, and sphere of action. Are *we* the aggregate of many intellects, or the many-sided wholeness of one? Do we come before the public as a criticizing multitude, rendered formidable by our numbers? or, do we derive our title from a delegation of literary authority, and claim for Dignity the respect and the appellation due to numerical force?

Us is an accusative used only by divinity, royalty, and the press. We pass by the first case; but halt at the second. Why is his majesty of England *we*? Why should he be more of a *pluralist* than any one of his subjects? Does "*we*" mean himself and his privy councillors, himself and his ministers, or does it simply imply that the king himself, in his own proper person, represents a variety of offices, authorities and dignities, sufficient to multiply him out of the reach of the singular number? We incline to the

latter interpretation. In fact, the first might occasionally be productive of awkward consequences. How would the Howards, Hamiltons, Percys and Cavendishes, for instance, relish the royal address of "*our* trusty and well-beloved *cousin*," if *Messrs. Wolfe and Co.* were to step forward and claim relationship on the highest authority? Would it not be at least embarrassing if, in his majesty's endearments towards his royal consort, his ministers were supposed to be sharers? and would not the awkwardness amount to something alarming, if the epithet "*our* rightful heir" were held to imply a *participation of paternity*? No: we cannot take this singular plural as extending itself an inch beyond the royal person, which we look upon as a *corporation-sole*, the collected majesty of Great Britain, the first estate of the realm, the generalissimo of our armies, the fountain of honour, the defender of the faith, ~~that~~ comprehensive *one*, in short, too great to be squeezed into the singular number, too vast to be circumscribed by that laconic particle, *I*.

In like manner *we*, the editor, are *one*. We repudiate contributors—we thrust them all from under our wing—we respect their talents, it is true, and accept their favours with gratitude—we gladly receive them to our pages—to our confidence—but peremptorily exclude them from *ourselves*. We cannot take them within the veil of the unapproachable *we*. They are near, but not of, *us*. We stand alone in the majesty of intellect, receiving the homage of public approbation, without allowing deduction, and ready to stand by the words we have spoken, for good or for evil, without shrinking for a moment behind the vagueness of our *i*—or rather, *we*—identity.

Let it not be supposed that these observations savour of vanity. While we repel partnership on the one hand, we speak not of ourselves, merely as ourselves, on the other; and herein an editor differs from a king. The metaphysical plural *we*, consists of an editor and a thing edited—a workman and his work—body and spirit—steam-engine and boiler. Apart from our

* *Xeniola*. Poems, including Translations from Schiller and De La Motte Fouqué, by John Anster, L.L.D. Barrister at Law, author of "*Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery*," from Goethe. Dublin: Milliken and Son. 1837.

magazine we are simply I—nothing, in short. With it, we are everything. We are twin-born, co-equal and co-eval with it. We are the *Chang* to our literary *Eng*; or, more classically, our importance and authority stand in the same relation to our publication that the Hamadryad does to its oak. The blow that fells the one, dismisses the attendant spirit to the winds.

Having thus examined the first word we had written, and satisfied the shade of Mr. Locke, we think our readers will dispense with the continuance of a scrutiny, which, at the rate hitherto pursued, would carry us but slowly to Dr. Anster. Indeed, some of them may perhaps be inclined to ask what we mean by talking so much about ourselves at all; forgetting that it is always better to leave these matters to the judgment of the writer, who will seldom, as we hope, be found to want just motives for whatever he says. In the first place, to begin with a digression has all the charm of novelty; and this alone ought to recommend it to a large portion of the public. But besides, it gives importance to what is to follow, thus to execute an *ad libitum* passage by way of prelude, and usher the reader into the presence of the subject with as many flourishes, &c. as in a marriage settlement he has to struggle through to get at the mysterious blackletter of "*This Indenture*."

But, after all, there may be a few cautious persons who are still dissatisfied with us, and unreasonable enough to long for *Xeniola*. Now, what if we were to shew that we have all this time had a design in our egotism? Yet even so it is. We set, in the first instance, about throwing our arms clear of that coil of contributors and others, who cling to our name as close as the snake to Laocoon, in order that, among the rest, we might cast off the author of *Xeniola* himself, and leave ourselves at liberty to praise him as he deserves, without his being considered directly or indirectly to praise himself. Dr. Anster, as our readers very well know, is connected with our pages by frequent communications; and for the commendations which admiration and justice unite in obliging us to lavish on him, we hastened to say, in the very begin-

ning, that he is by no means responsible; and, indeed, even as it is, we feel the necessity of putting our pen under restraint, lest we should be suspected, by him, of flattering when we only criticise, and of bestowing that meed of praise as a gift, which is only due in the strictest justice to his literary merits.

We confess we looked with nervousness at the little volume before us, ere we opened it. We feared to have those illusions dispelled which had been thrown around the name of Anster by that most successful effort of industry and imagination, *Faustus*: we dreaded it as we should dread breaking the seal of a will in which we expected a legacy. However, a few hasty glances were sufficient to reassure us; and we formed almost at once that favourable judgment which a more attentive perusal has only authorised us to confirm. We shall produce passages which rise to sublimity, and sink into the truest pathos; and, although there is some unevenness in the compositions, we have met with nothing certainly below mediocrity; and this is more than can be said for most volumes of miscellaneous poetry published in this or any other country.

As we strung this additional gem on the carcanet of our memory, we could not help reflecting what a choice collection could be made, culled from among the *minor poems* of our countrymen. Casting all the flowers of their care and culture aside, how sweet—how fragrant a garland might be wove out of the mere wild and spontaneous growth of their untasked genius!—Goldsmith, Sheridan, Moore, Wolf, Maturin, Anster, immediately occur to us, who could each contribute many a wild flower.

But we think it high time to present to our readers the gratification our title promised them, and accordingly we open the volume before us, which takes its name, we suppose, from its comprising productions which have been from time to time offered at the shrine of hospitality or friendship.* The dates subjoined to these would tell—even if the preface did not—that they have been most of them lying by the author for many years; and two of them have already ap-

* Since this passage was written, we have found a note to Anster's *Faustus* (p. 300), in which the meaning and application of the words *Xenia* and *Xeniola* are given. By it we learn that they were used pretty much in the sense our book-makers now affix to the terms "Gifts," and "Presents."

peared in the pages of this Magazine; but the principal pieces, both as regards length and power of composition, the "Elegy," the "Ode to Fancy," "Reverie," and the translation from De La Motte Fouqué's "Pilgrimage," are new to us, and to these particularly we would direct the attention of our readers.

The first of them is too continuous a stream of melody and sadness to be broken by mutilation—surely the heart that *so young*, (it was written in 1817,) could even then (like Kirke White, at a yet earlier age,) have *looked back* to happiness as the shadow of a substance

gone; and turned forwards sorrowfully to a world from whence had for ever fled the

"lingering hope,
That flitted fearfully, like parent bird,
Fast fluttering o'er its desolated nest—"

surely that heart must have had the soul of Poetry breathed into it with its first organization, and only have been speaking its natural language, when in boyhood it thus poured forth from its lonely height such a torrent of song upon the valley of the shadow of death!—But we leave this touching poem to speak for itself:—

ELEGY.

Oh breathe not—breathe not—sure 'twas something holy—
Earth hath no sounds like these—again it passes
With a wild, low voice, that slowly rolls away,
Leaving a silence not unmusical!—
And now again the wind-harp's frame hath felt
The spirit—like the organ's richest peal—
Rolls the long murmur—and again it comes,
That wild, low, wailing voice.—

These sounds to me
Bear record of strange feelings. It was evening.—
In my bowered window lay this talisman,
That the sighing breezes there might visit it;—
And I was wont to leave my lonely heart,
Like this soft harp, the play-thing of each impulse,
The sport of every breath. I sat alone
Listening for many minutes—the sounds ceased,
Or, tho' unnoted by the idle ear,
Were mingling with my thoughts—I thought of one,
And she was of the dead—She stood before me,
With sweet sad smile, like the wan moon at midnight,
Smiling in silence on a world at rest.

I rushed away—I mingled with the mirth
Of the noisy many—it is strange, that night,
With a light heart, with light and lively words,
I sported hours away, and yet there came
At times wild feelings—words will not express them—
But it seemed, that a chill eye gazed upon my heart,
That a wan cheek, with sad smile, upbraided me,
I felt that mirth was but a mockery,
Yet I was mirthful.

I lay down to sleep—
I did not sleep—I could not choose but listen,
For o'er the wind-harp's strings the spirit came
With that same sweet low voice. Yes! thou mayest smile,
But I must think, my friend, as then I thought,
That the voice was her's, whose early death I mourned,
That she it was, who breathed those solemn notes,
Which like a spell possessed the soul.—

I lay
Wakeful, the prey of many feverish feelings,
My thoughts were of the dead!—at length I slept,
If it indeed were sleep.—She stood before me
In beauty—the wan smile had passed away—
Her eye was bright—I could not bear its brightness.

" Till now I knew not Death was terrible,
 For seldom did I dwell upon the thought,
 And if, in some wild moment, fancy shaped
 A world of the departed, 'twas a scene
 Most calm and cloudless, or, if clouds at times
Stained the blue quiet of the still soft sky,
 They did not dim its charm, but suited well
 The stillness of the scene, like thoughts that move
 Silently o'er the soul, or linger there
 Shedding a tender twilight pensiveness !

" This is an idle song !—I cannot tell
 What charms were her's who died—I cannot tell
 What grief is their's whose spirits weep for her !—
 Oh, many were the agonies of prayer,
 And many were the mockeries of hope ;
 And many a heart, that loved the weak delusion,
 Looked forward for the rosy smiles of health,
 And many a rosy smile passed o'er that cheek,
 Which will not smile again ;—and the soft tinge,
 That often flushed across that fading face,
 And made the stranger sigh, with friends would wake
 A momentary hope ;—even the calm tone,
 With which she spoke of death, gave birth to thought
 Weak, trembling thoughts, that the lip uttered not.
 And when she spoke with those, whom most she mourn'd
 To leave, and when thro' clear calm tears the eye
 Shone with unwonted light, oh, was there not
 In its rich sparkle something, that forbade
 The fear of death ?—and when, in life's last days,
 The same gay spirit, that in happier hours
 Had character'd her countenance, still gleamed
 On the sunk features—when such playful words,
 As once could scatter gladness on all hearts,
 Still trembled from the lip, and o'er the souls
 Of those who listened shed a deeper gloom—
 In hours of such most mournful gaiety,
 Oh, was there not even then a lingering hope,
 That flitted fearfully, like parent birds,
 Fast fluttering o'er their desolated nest ?

" Mourn not for her who died !—she lived as saints
 Might pray to live—she died as Christians die ;—
 There was no earthward struggle of the heart,
 No shuddering terror—no reluctant sigh.
 They, who beheld her dying, fear not Death !
 Silently—silently the spoiler came,
 As sleep steals o'er the senses, unperceived,
 And the last thoughts, that soothed the waking soul,
 Mingle with our sweet dreams.—Mourn not for her !

" Oh, who art thou, that, with weak words of comfort,
 Would'st bid the mourner not to weep ?—would'st win
 The cheek of sorrow to a languid smile ?
 Thou dost not know with what a pious love
 Grief dwells upon the dead !—thou dost not know
 With what a holy zeal Grief treasures up
 All that recalls the past !—when the dim eye
 Rolls objectless around, thou dost not know
 What forms are floating o'er the mourner's soul !—
 Thou dost not know with what a soothing art
 Grief, that rejects man's idle consolations,
 Makes to itself companionable friends
 Of all, that charmed the dead ! her robin still
 Seeks at the wonted pane his morning crumbs,
 And, surely, not less dear for the low sigh,

His visit wakes!—and the tame bird who loved
 To follow with gay wing her every step,
 Who oft, in playful fits of mimicry,
 Echoed her song, is dearer for her sake!—
 The wind, that from the hawthorn's dewy blossoms
 Brings fragrance, breathes of her!—the moral lay,
 That last she loved to hear, with deeper charm
 Speaks to the spirit now!—even these low notes,
 Breathed o'er her grave, will sink into the soul,
 A pensive song that Memory will love
 In pensive moments.

“Mourners, is there not
 An angel, that illumines the house of mourning?
 The Spirit of the Dead—a holy image,
 Shrined in the soul—for ever beautiful,
 Undimmed with earth—its tears—its weaknesses—
 And changeless, as within the exile's heart
 The picture of his country;—*there* no clouds
 Darken the hills—no tempest sweeps the vale,—
 And the loved forms, he never more must meet,
 Are with him in the vision, fair, as when,
 Long years ago, they clasped his hands at parting!

This poem is a fair specimen of Dr. Anster's powers, and of the character of the volume; and yet we confess we think he is even more happy in his descriptive poetry; and two or three passages we have met with, will probably remind the reader of some of Milton's exquisite descriptions of nature in his minor poems. Take the following specimens:—

“—At Spring's return the earth is glad.
 And yet to me, at this lone hour,
 The wood-dove's note from yonder natural bower,
 Though winning sweet is sad;—
 Calmly the cool wind heaves
 The elm's broad boughs, whose shadows seem
Like some deep vault below the stream:
 —The melancholy beech still grieves,
 As in the scattering gale are shed
 Her red and wrinkled leaves:—
 And, from the yew, by yon forgotten grave,
 Hark! the lone robin mourning o'er the dead.”—pp. 69, 70.

“—See where, most mild, most sad,
 The Goddess, on her mountain throne
 Of rocks, with many-coloured lichens clad,
 Is soothed by gurgling waters near,
 Or song of sky-lark wild and clear,
 Or music's mellow tone:
 The scarce-heard hum of distant strife
 Breaks not the consecrated rest,
 The sabbath quiet of that breast,
 Unruffled by the woes, above the mirth of life:
*Awful thoughts for ever roll,
 Shadowing the silent soul,
 Like the twilight tall rocks throw
 Far into the vale below:—*
 Here Genius, in fantastic trance,
 Enjoys his wildest reverie,
 Or pores with serious eye
 Upon some old romance,
 Till all the pomp of chivalry,
 The vizor quaint of armed knight,
 And stately dame, and tourney bright,
 Are present to his glance.”—pp. 70, 71.

And the following

SONNET.

"If I might choose, where my tired limbs shall lie
When my task here is done, the Oak's green crest
Shall rise above my grave—a little mound
Raised in some cheerful village cemetery—
And I could wish, that, with unceasing sound
A lonely mountain rill was murmuring by—
In music—through the long soft twilight hours;—
And let the band of her whom I love best,
Plant round the bright green grave those fragrant flowers,
In whose deep bells the wild-bee loves to rest—
And should the robin, from some neighbouring tree,
Pour his enchanted song—oh, softly tread,
For sure, if aught of earth can soothe the dead,
He still must love that pensive melody!"

But the resemblance to Milton is still more striking in a passage which we extract from the "Ode to Fancy:" a poem, which, with a little more of vi-

gour, would bid fair to rival the best lyrics in our language. It is remarkable for its originality of thought, and musical flow:—

"But chiefly on the Poet's mind
Thine influence is shed,
His eye expatiates unconfin'd
Upon thy vast expanse,
He views with kindling glance
Thy peopled scenes before him
spread!

Then, Fancy, bid my page to gleam
With some faint colouring from thy beam;
To thee the Poet's hopes belong,
Bid then thy light illumine my song!
I call thee by thy Collins' rage,
By thy Warton's Gothic page,
By thy Spenser's faerie slumbers,
By thy Shakspeare's witching numbers;—
Or, Spirit, if with partial ear,
A later name thou lovest to hear,
Then be the spell thy Southey's lay;—
Shed, Fancy, shed thy solemn ray!
Oh, move me far from Mirth's vain
folly,
To the haunts of Melancholy,

Where echoes, at the close of day,
Of talk of empires passed away;—
Come, like the maid that loves to weep
On lone Parnassus' misty steep,

When, in the silent time of night,
She hovers o'er the Poet's sleep,
And mingles with his slumbers deep

*Dreams of indefinite delight,
That float with morning's gale along,
Or live but in the breath of song!*

—Then shall I view the air around,
Haunted by many a spectral form,
Shall hear the boding Spirit sound,

Amid the howlings of the storm:
Shall tremble at the night-bird's cry,
Dear prophetic of destiny;
And, as the meteor's beams appal,
Behold the coming funeral,
Or view the ancient chieftain's lance
With momentary lustre glance,
As sitting in his cloudy car
He thinks upon his days of war!"

—pp. 66, 67.

The Allegory, "Mirth and Grief," we give entire:—

MIRTH AND GRIEF.

AN ALLEGORY.

"In vain—ah me!—in vain, with murmured charm
Of love-inwoven sounds, would I recall
The long-forgotten art—in vain implore
At noon the colouring of the morning heavens!—
Glad Words, that once as with a robe of light
Would meet the coming FANCIES, where are they?
And where, oh where are they, the angel guests?
Why have they gone, or wherefore did they come?
And yet, methinks, they are not far remote,
But that mine eye is dim and sees them not,—
But that mine heart is dead and does not feel;—
Where is the music of the spirit gone?
Where now the heart that never knew a care—

That saw, in all things round, Love, only Love?
 —Gone with the hues of morning—with the hopes
 Of boyhood—with the glories of the spring;—
 Gone with the dead—the unreturning dead!

“In vain—in vain—the Spirit will not come!
 Yet I have watched each stirring of the heart,
 Till Sorrow, self-amused, smiles playfully,
 Till Fancies vague seem gifted with strange life,
 Surprise the ear with voices of their own,
 And shine distinct, and fair, and shadowless,
 Self-radiant, on a self-illuminated stage,
 Pure Forms, whose Being is the magic light
 In which they move—all beauty! How it hangs
 Enamoured round them! In what tender folds
 The thin veil, flowing with the sportive breeze
 Of dallying thought, returns, and fondly stirs
 The amber ringlets o’er each little brow,
 Fans softly the blue veins—and lingering lies
 Trembling and happy on the kindred cheek!

“In vain—in vain! They are not what they were!
 The lights are dim,—the pageant fades away,
 Lost on the disenchanted heart and eye;
 Cold, icy cold, they glimmer—idle play
 With languid feelings—feeble are the hues,
 And faint the failing hand, that fears to trace
 Forms seldom seen—seen only in still hours,
 When dreams are passing into dream-like thought,
 And, for a little moment, sleep the cares
 That vex with pain, and each day grieve and wound
 The God within, disquieting man’s heart!

“Lady, forgive these broken images,—
 Forgive the wiles of Grief, that fain would smile,
 And so she plays with her dead brother’s toys,
 The cheerful boy who died in infancy;
 Or wilt thou smile with me, and gaze with me
 —As in the peaceful twilight of a dream
 That mingles death and life,—on Mirth and Grief?

“One happy human bosom was their home,
 And Mirth, with rosy lips and bold bright eyes,
 That rolled, and laughed, and knew not where to rest,
 Kissed off the tears from his pale sister’s face;
 ’Twas sweet to see her smiling playfully,
 While he, a masquer blythe, in tragic weeds
 Robed his light limbs, and hid his laughing face,
 And moved with pensive mien and solemn pomp
 Of measured gesture;—’twas a part played well,
 Yet half betrayed by the capricious voice,
 That could not long uphold the lofty tone;
 And by the glances of the conscious eye,
 Where tell-tale smiles would slyly still peep out;
 While, half deluded by his own quaint humour,
 And vain withal, no doubt, the lively elf
 Looked round for praise;—but then he felt the tear
 Come sudden to disturb the quivering eye,
 And fall in fire upon the burning cheek!

* * * * *

Lady, forgive these broken images—
 That, like the dew-drops from a shaken flower,
 Fall cold, and shine, and are for ever lost,
 Seen only in the breeze that scatters them.”

We now approach the principal piece entitled “*Reverie*.” The name will in the collection, a poem in four parts, sufficiently shew the reader that he can-

not expect to meet with such a plan or argument, as would enable us to give an outline, however faint, of its contents. There is, however, sufficient connexion to cause a great loss of effect in extracting passages for the purposes of our review.

The year 1815 stirred the soul of every one who was blessed—or cursed—with an ardent and enthusiastic temperament. It teemed with great events. The age of chivalry seemed to rise again from the mists of the middle ages, realizing deeds of heroism before considered fabulous, and begetting that romantic sympathy, which such deeds alone can call forth in the human breast. It was at such a time that we might have expected POETRY to have sprung spontaneously from the most barren soil, and to have shot up to gigantic growth in that of genius. But how little can we calculate on such things! The deeds of that year, if they were to derive their immortality from verse alone, might share the fate of the heroes who lived before Agamemnon. Not a strain rose from the hundred harps set in vibration, which we would wish the most distant echo

to restore from oblivion for a moment, if we except, perhaps, the few stanzas in Childe Harold, relating to Waterloo, which make, however, but a short episode in that great poem, and are quite eclipsed behind the glory of the next cantos.

Here, however, more than twenty years after, we have, turned up to our view by the ploughshare of circumstances, the strong and vigorous imaginings of a young man of genius, worked upon by those stirring events as they struck their rays, keen and direct, into his soul at the time. There is the freshness of the moment evident upon them. No after-thought could have kindled the strong and clear descriptions we meet with. "It is difficult," says Paley, "to resuscitate surprise, when familiarity has once laid the feeling asleep." We think it is impossible, as far, at least, as poetry is concerned. The Iris in the skies is only bright after one reflection.

The *spirit of the Poet's dream*—an "angelic voice and vision"—after beckoning him along through a few pages of sweet poetry, at last conducts him

"To that fatal field,
Where moonlight gleams on many a broken helm,
On many a shieldless warrior, o'er whose limbs
The trembling hand of love had linked the mail,
Alas in vain?—the supple limbs of youth,
And manhood's sinewy strength, and rigid age,
Together lie:—the boy, whose hands with blood
Where never stained before, upon whose lip
The mother's kiss was ominously pressed;—
The man, alive to every tenderest thought,
Who cherished every fire-side charity;—
And he, who, bending with the weight of years,
Felt the sword heavy in his training hand,
Who had outlived the social sympathies
That link us to our kind—here, side by side,
Sleep silent; he, who shrunk at every sound,
Who throbbed in terror for a worthless life,
Lies like a brother with the hopeless man,
Who desperately dared in scorn of death:—
He, who has wont to calculate each chance,
To measure out each probability,
Behold him now extended on the earth,
Near that robust frame, whose tenant soul
Flashed rapid in the energetic eye,
Whose thoughts were scarce imagined, ere they sprang
Forth-shaped in instant action:—here lies one,
Whose soul was vexed by Passion's every gust,
And like the light leaf trembled:—gaze again,
Look on the mutilated hand, that still
Clings to the sword unconscious;—milder man
Than he, whose mutilated hand lies there,
Breathes not;—each passion that rebelled was hushed;
So placid was his brow, so mild his eye,
It seemed no power could break the quiet there," &c. —p. 62

Here is a power of contrast displayed, such as we rarely meet with in these days of blending and mellowing. The picture is as like our usual modern attempts, as one of Rembrandt's *trowelled effects* is to the wishy-washy weaknesses of the water-colour exhibition. It is in such passages as these that Dr. Anster gives promise of great things. We venture to recommend his giving up the phantom of that "*ideal*" which has led Lytton Bulwer so many a weary chase, as clowns pursue a jack-o'-lanthorn, or children a butterfly, and sticking to such real, tangible, vivid nature as here thrills us into wholesome and healthy admiration. Themes such as these, and the beautiful modifications of character brought before us in the dialogue, "*Matilda*," form fitting subjects for the labours of the poet. The Germans go beyond this, and, we think, in so doing exceed their province and powers. We know not how far Dr. Anster may have been infected with this German influenza, which, now that "*the Rovers*" has become obsolete, has become again so prevalent in these islands; but we would willingly warn him, if we could do so without offending him, of the danger of allowing the success of his *Faustus*, translated as it is from professedly the most German production of a German author, to tinge his *home style*, or influence his *home feelings*. We, the English, deal more in the tangible,

the intelligible, the *real*. The German, on the contrary, delights in prancing his Pegasus up and down the line of light and darkness, sometimes wholly lost in metaphysics, and then again emerging for a moment at this side of common sense and reason. We have not yet learned that in poetic painting any of the shadows should be perfectly opaque. We still continue to follow Titian in his maxim, that we ought to be able to see through even the darkest parts of the picture; and the "*nucola che passa*" should always transmit some portion at least of the sun's rays.

We do not wish these observations to be considered as any thing more than a friendly caution to Dr. Anster, called forth by our admiration of the *startling reality* of the scene described in our extract.

From the "*Reverie*" we must give another remarkable passage, in which the idea is carried throughout in a masterly manner, and of which the *versification* is also peculiarly strong and harmonious; and this is a branch of composition for attention to which the poet seldom gets credit in these days, although many of the classical authors, Pope and Roscommon among the number, prided themselves almost as much upon their success in the structure of their verse as in the happiness of their thoughts and expressions.

"Time was—in dateless years—when spectral eve
Sent shadowy accusers from dark realms;
And at calm dead of night, tyrants, appalled,
Started and shrieked, lashed by avenging dreams;
And when the sunlight came, the joyous sun
Was, to the sickly and distracted sense,
The haunt of demons, and his living light
Seemed the hot blazes of the penal fire;
'Twas said that Furies o'er the bed of sleep
Watched with red eye, and, from the throbbing brow
Drank with delight the dew that agony
Forced forth;—but this, it seems, is fable all!—
Hath not Philosophy disproved a God?
Ere yet the chymist called the bolt from heaven,
We spoke of Spirits governing its beam,—
Ere yet he learned to part and analyse,
The rock, we deemed some more than human power
Had planted it in ocean,—till he stirred
The muscles of the dead with mimic breath,
And called the cold convulsion life, we deemed
That Heaven alone could bid the dry bones shake!
—But joy to Man! progressive centuries
Have erred, and Wisdom now at length appears—
And, lo! the Goddess! not with brow austere,
Features that tell of silent toil, and locks
Laurelled, as erst in the Athenian Schools;—
Nor yet with garment symbolled o'er with stars,

And signs, and talismans, as in the halls
Of parent Egypt; not with pensive eye,
And dim, as though 't were wearied from its watch
Through the long night, what time, to shepherd-tribes
Of fair Chaldaea, she had imaged forth
The host of Heaven, and mapped their mazy march," &c.—pp. 96, 97.

These are good lines. The versification, too, is easily perceived, even by the unpractised ear, to be vigorous and correct; and its harmony is brought out in still more striking relief from its

contrast with the false *masonry*, as Shensstone would call it, of the six following lines, each of which begins with *three short syllables*.

"While the bright dew on her tiara'd brow,
And the cold moonlight on her pallid face,
And the loose wandering of her heavy hair,
As the breeze lifted the restraining hands,
And the slow motion of the graceful stole,
When with her jewelled wand she traced the line," &c.—p. 97.

As we advance in the fourth part of the "Reverie," we approach the climax of what is excellent in *Xeniola*. The poet rises above himself; and at last bursts into an apostrophe to the soul of his inspiration so noble, so dignified, so sublime, that we know of no modern effort which breathes so wholly the divine *afflatus*, if we except, perhaps,

that glorious address to Ocean in *Childe Harold*—"the mirror,"

"—Where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempesta."

We beg the attention of our readers to the lines we have marked in *italics*, and challenge the living poets of our country to match them if they are able.

"Spirit of Heaven, undying Poetry,
Effluence divine! for by too high a name
I cannot call thee,—ere the ocean rolled
Round earth, *ere yet the dewy light serene*
Streamed from the silent fountains of the East,
To fill the urns of morning, thou didst breathe;
And, musing near the secret seat of God,
Wert throned o'er Angels! thou alone could'st look
On the Eternal Glory; till thy voice
Was heard amid the halls of heaven, no breath
Disturbed the awful silence! Cherubim
Gazed on thy winning looks, and hung in trance
Of wonder, when thy lonely warblings came,
Sweet as all instruments, that after-art
Of angel or of man hath fashioned forth.
—Spirit of Heaven, didst thou not company
The great Creator?—thou didst see the sun
Rise like a giant from the chambering wave,
And, when he sank behind the new-formed hills,
Shrined in a purple cloud, wert thou not there,
Smiling in gladness from some shadowy knoll
Of larch, or graceful cedar, and at times
Viewing the stream that wound below in light,
And shewed upon its breast the imaged heaven,
And all those shades, which men in after-days
Likened to trees, and barks, and battlements,
And all seemed good to thee?—wert thou not near,
When first the starting sod awoke to life,
And Man arose in grandeur?—Thou didst weep
His fall from Eden, and in saddest hour
Thou wert not absent."

* * * *

"Spirit of Heaven, thy first best song on earth
Was Gratitude! Thy first best gift to man
The Charities—Love, in whose full eye gleams
The April-tear;—all dear Domestic Joys,
That sweetly smile in the secluded bowers

Of Innocence! Thy presence hath illumed
 The Temple! With the Prophets Thou hast walked,
 Inspiring!—oh! how seldom hast thou found
A worthy residence!—the world receives
Thy holiest emanations with cold heart;
The bosom, where, as in a sanctuary,
Thy altar shines, with its own grossness dims
The blaze, or, faint with the 'excess of light,'
Thy votary sinks, and in a long repose
Would rest the wearied soul," &c.

"I may not venture on such theme: I feel
 My many weaknesses! a little while
 Repose, my Harp, in silence! We have waked
 Numbers too lofty. Rest we here awhile!"—pp. 103-105.

We would gladly conclude our notice of this interesting volume here, where our approbation has warmed into praise, in proportion as our author's style has towered into sublimity; but we feel it our duty as reviewers to point the reader's attention to some translations which appear in the volume. They are from German authors; and in some we are given no clue to the original, so that criticism must be silent. The stanzas of S. E. Wilhelmina Von Sassen, are *too different* from those by Matthiisson with the same refrain, to please us.

Die Nachtigallen
 Accorde Schallen,
 Wenn denkst du mein?" &c.

The translation from De la Motte Fouqué is, as a piece of English poetry, even and good. We have had no opportunity of examining its merits as a translation; however, we will take Faust as a pledge for the author's general faithfulness to his original. Few poems have ever been so literal as his Faustus.

Desultory poetic taste is so happily adumbrated in the following lines, extracted from a scene in Fouqué's drama, that we step out of our province as reviewers of the translation to quote the passage for the moral it conveys:—

"Ich denke dein,
 Wenn durch den Hain

"I know the land of the evening sun—
 Of the giant oak—of the cloud and storm—
 Whose lakes are roofed with ice.
 Where the morning rises chill,
 And the night, from dreary wing,
 Showers hoar-frost on the shrinking flowers;
 And warriors, clad in arms, are there
 Loud-sounding, splendid, heavy arms of steel;
 Swords in their hands, unlike the scimitar;
 The blade unbent, and double-edged, cuts straight
 Into the faces of the enemy;
 From the heavy-visored helm
 A cloud of many-coloured plumes
 Streams in the playful breeze.
 And my friends wished that I should be a soldier,
 Already had I learned to bend
 The war-horse to my will;
 Already with an active arm,
 Could sway the warrior's sword;
 But, as I rested after my first battle,
 There came, with friendly words, a gray old man.
 He sat beside me. From his lips streamed forth
 A wondrous tale. Unceasingly it streamed;
 Holding enchanted my surrendered soul,
 'Till the sweet stars came gemming the blue sky.
 And then he rose, but still the tale continued;
 And on we wandered, and the narrative
 Was still unfinished, and we reached the shore;
 I following him, unable to resist

The magic of his voice !
 Rapidly, rapidly he went,
 Rapidly, rapidly I followed him ;
 I threw away the shield that burthened me,
 I threw away from me the encumbering sword,
 And we embarked, and still the tale continued,
 All day ! all night ! The moon did wax and wane,
 I cannot tell how many times, while he
 Was busy with his story ; while my soul
 Lived on its magic ; and I felt no want
 Of food, or drink, or sleep. At last we came
 Here to Hormisdas, the magician's garden :
 And when we reached this silver rivulet,
 The tale was ended—the old man was vanished.
 And now, for iron arms I wear
 The soft silk, light and delicate,
 And feel no wounds but those of Love !" —pp. 161-163.

We almost regret that Dr. Anster allowed the poem "On the death of the Princess Charlotte," to form a part of the present collection. It is a prize poem in blank verse. Prize-poems are seldom highly prized beyond the walls where they have been read ; besides, the subject is one which, in our opinion, would be best treated in a more compressed and condensed form ; nevertheless there are, as the reader will observe, passages of considerable power scattered throughout the composition. We cannot help regretting that *the loss of the child* is not brought forward more prominently. What admirable use has Milton made of the infant, where in a nearly similar case, he elegizes the Marchioness of Winchester !

"So have I seen some tender slip,
 Sav'd with care from winter's nip,
 The pride of her carnation train,
 Pluck'd up by some unheedy swain,
 Who only thought to crop the flower,
 New shot up from vernal shower."

"The Five Oaks of Dallwitz" is translated with freedom and grace, and partakes, even in its transfusion, of the characteristic bold romance of Körner's muse. We are not quite satisfied, however, with the expression—

"Bright records of a better day,"

as applied to the oaks ; nor is there any authority for the epithet in the original line—

"Alte Zeiten alte treue Zeugen."

Bright is an adjective properly applicable neither to *oaks* nor *records*, as its substantive. We fancy that in using this word the author intended to convey the *clearness* of the testimony ; but it is done awkwardly, at least, if not incorrectly.

As we are in a carping mood, we

would here give expression to our wish that the book before us had been shorter by *two pages*. We could gladly have continued to recline under the peaceful shade of the "Five Oaks," without having our reverie interrupted by the howling and hooting of the animals let loose upon us in the "Nursery Rhymes," which immediately follow. We much fear that whatever custom may have sanctioned in the land of Goethe and Retsch, as applicable to the education or amusement of the *wunder-kinder* of the fatherland, our "*march of intellect*" nurseries would repel with phrenologic horror such primitive monstrosities as these. They teem with horrors such as would be refused admittance into any of those duodecimos, in which, under the name of "libraries," are comprised all *legitimate* knowledge for youth ; and as they would be thus legally excluded from the region of governesses and go-carts above, so they would scarcely gain a welcome in the more adult and less castigated collection below. Seriously, the lines are unfit for children, and thus lose their principal claim upon our notice.

With such objections, which, slight as they are, are all we can make, we take our leave of Dr. Anster's volume. We thought it our duty both to him and to the public, to speak sincerely, both in praise and blame. Our commendations are heart-felt, and our criticism, even where it appears condemnatory, is kindly meant, the author may be assured. We hail with gratitude the gift of a little work like this to our studies and boudoirs, filled as they generally are with the outpourings of the London press. In the language we have already used, (see our last

number,) we are beginning "to collect our scattered forces," and to concentrate here a literature and a communicating medium of our own. Could we but ensure such contributions as these, we might look to vying with the "modern Athens" at no very distant period. It should be the object of the thinking portion of the public, the gentry, the aristocracy, the talent of the land, to confirm and strengthen what has begun under such happy auspices. Let them be assured, that the *domestication of intellect* will tend more than they are aware to unite us to our fellow-countrymen at the other side of the channel, and to render those fellow-countrymen

desirous of more intimate union with us. It will tend in no small degree, we are confident, to smooth the turbulence of faction, thus to cast taste and refinement like oil upon the waters. We have a natural jealousy of receiving our intellectual aliment from hands not native. We seize with avidity and pride what we know to be indigenous. Let us hope that the patriotic example of Dr. Anster will be followed by all Irish aspirants to literary fame; and that Xeniola will but be one of the earliest of a series of popular productions, emanating from the head and heart of our countrymen, and given publicity through the Irish press.

A GLANCE AT POLITICAL AFFAIRS.

BY TERENCE O'RUARK, A.M.

If there were any touch of virtue, or trace of magnanimity in the conduct of the Melbourne administration, one could hardly help being moved to some degree of pity at its present abject condition—our indignation at its crimes might give way, in some measure at least, to our commiseration of its wretchedness. But there is nothing in this administration with which any feeling of respect or sympathy can possibly be associated. Our abhorrence of its mischief, is inevitably combined with disgust at its meanness. Administrations, like individuals, may be great even in their crimes—with a satanic spirit, there may be satanic strength, but this administration is as paltry, as it is pernicious. The enormous evil which it produces, is not by the exertion of power, but through the abandonment of duty. Even while we behold the coming destruction, which, through the agency of these ministers, has been allowed to begin its frightful progress, we feel that there is nothing for great men to grapple with. We cannot fight with truckling and with treachery. The present administration is a foe, in the neglect of which there is ruin, but in the conflict with which there is no glory. Thus the whole character of public affairs is degraded, and the honest politician is obliged to descend from the dignity of a soldier of the state to the condition of a constitutional constable—a watcher of faithless servants, who open the doors to robbers, for the sake of sharing the spoil.

To describe the ministers of the present day adequately, we must borrow the language of a more eloquent period—we must take the liberty of applying to the body of which this administration is composed, the language used by an "illustrious Irishman," respecting an individual.

"In their mind, all is shuffling, ambiguous, dark, insidious, and little; nothing simple, nothing unmixed, all affected plainness, and actual dissimulation. A heterogeneous mass of contradictory qualities, with nothing great but their crimes, and even those contrasted by the littleness of their motives, which at once denote both their baseness and their meanness, and mark them for traitors and tricksters. Nay, in the style of their speeches, there is the same mixture of vicious contrarieties. The most grovelling ideas, they convey in the most inflated language, giving mock consequence to low cavils, and uttering quibbles in heroics, so that their compositions disgust the mind's taste, as much as their actions excite the soul's abhorrence."

These words fairly describe the Melbourne administration—the administration which Mr. O'Connell sneeringly compliments, upon its disposition to do justice to Ireland. Certainly no one knows its disposition better. He made the discovery at Lichfield House. Its talents he had known long before, and gave the world the benefit of his knowledge, in his celebrated epistles of October, 1834, to Lord Duncannon. Mr. O'Connell very accurately estimates

the qualities of the administration, and uses it accordingly.

But be ministers what they may, they have their reward. If they pocket the public money, they crouch under public contempt. If they enjoy the wages of perfidy, they also endure the suffering of sin. If any man supposes that, though despicable, they do not *feel* that they are so, let him walk into the Houses of Lords and Commons, and behold them *there*. He cannot be deceived; he will see degradation too palpable to be overlooked even by the pomposity and preposterous self-esteem of Whig-Radical ministers. He will see ministers of State cowering beneath the lash of Mr. Roebuck's petulant and flippant volubility, and Under Secretaries humbly addressing themselves to the level of Mr. Hume's honesty, capacity, and forbearance. Is it in mortal man to do this without feeling it? The malignity of the human disposition is generally in proportion to its meanness, and can we suppose that such men as these ministers, do not writhe with inward rage, while endeavouring to avert the dull growl of the arithmetical member for Middlesex, or bearing, in silence, the sharp invectives of the republican member for Bath? Most assuredly they would express their resentment if they dared; but these members, if their antagonists one day, will be their supporters the next. Ministers must not offend those by whose aid they live. The republican phalanx must not be affronted, because the King's ministers, though carrying on monarchy to-day, and, therefore, supported by the Conservatives, will be engaged in work tomorrow, which Conservatives will oppose, and which Republicans can support without violating their principles. Conservatives, as the ministers know, will not desert their principles upon party or personal grounds, and therefore, these magnanimous ministers feel it safe to insult them.—They are still sure of their support against the enemies of the Church and the Throne. But the republicans they are not so sure of, and them, therefore, they do not dare to offend, even when their attitude is the most adverse.

Nor is it, I think, conceivable, that any convenient cloud of self-conceit should so entirely shut out a view of the public sentiment from these ministers, as to free them from the sting of that contempt of their measures and them-

selves, with which public sentiment is imbued. Does any one deny that this is true? Let him consider for a moment what source there is of public sentiment in which this contempt may not be traced. It is true that in some public journals, and at some public meetings, certain measures of ministers are applauded. But examine a little farther—look into the ground of that applause, and you will see how certainly contempt is associated with it, and how likely the applause is to be merely *politic*, while the contempt is genuine and personal. The republican Dissenters, and the political Romanists, for example, applaud ministerial measures, when they are favorable to republicanism, and hostile to the Established Church. They applaud ministers, when ministers act as their tools. This they may do without having any respect for ministers, and whenever ministers cease to be their tools, the real nature of the applause and the support which they have received from Republicans is soon made manifest. Consider the gracious opening of Mr. Roebuck's speech on Canadian affairs—a speech to which no minister attempted a reply. "A few nights since," said he—

"A few nights since, in the very place I now stand, I found myself advocating, in conjunction with his Majesty's ministers, justice to Ireland. I did so, and I would fain have hoped that they did so—not in obedience to any *pressing emergency*—not for the sake of *present expediency*—but in accordance with great, lasting, and universal principles of legislation—with those principles which teach us that if we desire the people to be well governed, we must allow them to govern themselves. This hope, however, has been raised only to be disappointed—a week has not passed before my illusion has been destroyed, and I am compelled to see that we in vain desire such conduct from men in office amongst us, for they have neither the capacity nor the courage to be consistent."

Here is the opinion of the radicals. How much, then, is their applause worth to the ministers, in the estimation of those who intelligently judge? That for which they are applauded is, it seems, the practical promotion of the principle of self-government, or, in other words, the principle that the people shall govern the people. With profound deference to that most impetuous radical philosopher, Mr. Roebuck, I take leave to declare my opi-

nion, that his "principle" is neither more nor less than a modification of the thing called "nonsense." Most certainly, however, as he himself will admit, it is not the principle of the constitution of Great Britain and Ireland, even as altered by that act of the legislature, which, in a spirit of formality or of derision, is similarly described as an act for the "Reform" of the Commons House of Parliament. Reform indeed! But let that pass—I know what many good men and true intended it should be, and for that cause I hold my hand. The end to which I mean to come is this, and it defies contradiction by any one who will use his eyes and ears, and tell the truth—there is scarcely any public support of this administration, except on the part of men who openly avow political objects, which they as openly declare that these ministers are *afraid* to avow. How does this differ from contempt?

But ministers are upheld by the favorable verdict of the House of Commons. This may be true to the letter, but no further. I wish to see this matter put upon its right footing. In the first place, whatever may be said of the present power of the lower house, I cannot look upon the spirit which prevails in it as any thing like a permanent spirit. It does not sympathise with the heart of the nation. The mighty change produced by the "Reform" act is yet in its infancy. That new system is still acting, and will for some years yet to come, be acting upon circumstances which grew up and attained their force and their direction under a different system. The representation of many of the large towns is enjoyed as the reward of the agitation which was found useful in the demolition of the old system. Old enmities are still at work, or the habits which grew out of them are still operating, when the grievances, real or supposed, which gave rise to these enmities, are gone for ever. A few years, ten or a dozen, perhaps, must alter all this. We know what an alteration the two years between the first and second general elections under the Reform Act produced. In Ireland the trade of agitation is always kept up, let what will happen, and the continuing cause will produce a continued effect; but in Great Britain, in spite of the Dissenters, the case is different. As agitation, and the old promoters of it, die away, we may expect a very

different sort of representatives from those which the House of Commons now exhibits.

It is upon the representatives of the new-made boroughs that the present ministers depend for their parliamentary strength. These representatives are generally men of coarse and confident minds, who have begun to study their political books of practice, somewhat late in life. They appear in the political world possessing power without generosity, and age without experience. They take up specious theories, founded upon a low conception of utility, and measured perhaps by the commonest rules of vulgar arithmetic. Their views are neither elevated by the enthusiasm of youth, nor corrected by a mature contemplation of public affairs. They are stubborn without any sense of the dignity of perseverance. They are not shocked at low contrivance. They are easily flattered. They are fond of the appearance of power. They are jealous of those above them—harsh and unfeeling towards those below them. They are not gentlemen in soul, nor anything like it.

Of such men is the ministerial body in the House of Commons composed. There are a very few of the old race of English country gentlemen who still vote with them; and that small number is continually growing smaller. The men I have endeavoured to describe are the ministerialists: the rest of the House of Commons is made up of the Republicans and the Conservatives; of one class, who would uproot and destroy the church, in order that "the people might govern themselves," in matters of religion, upon "the voluntary principle," and would also uproot and destroy the monarchy, and the aristocracy, in order that "the people might govern themselves," through the sole instrumentality of the House of Commons—of another class, who would uphold the church and the monarchy, upon principles of religious and political duty—principles for the sake of which they maintain, that all sacrifices ought to be made, and which it cannot be expedient to forego.

Of these two parties the views and objects are at least intelligible, and their conduct is consistent with these objects. Whether they support or oppose the administration, these two parties remain true to their principles. When the minister proposes any measure the tendency of which is to un-

dermine established institutions in church and state, he is sure to find the Republicans with him, and the Conservatives against him; when he ventures to uphold these institutions the circumstances are reversed—he has the support of the Conservatives, while he is obliged to endure the loud reproaches and the hostile votes of the republicans. It is, however, to be observed, that as the *general* character of ministerial policy is destructive, there is a general and pervading sympathy between ministers and the republicans, and the latter are uniformly depended upon for succour when the question in controversy concerns the existence of the administration. It is only now and then, during some accidental extravagance of virtue, that the Whig ministers of the king are found to oppose the decided enemies of the established monarchical government.

The principles upon which the conservative and the democratic parties proceed, are, as I have said, broad, plain, and intelligible. They are also directly contrary the one to the other; and, consequently, whether supporting or opposing the minister, these two parties are always found on opposite sides. But, in the ministerial policy, there is no intelligible principle, except it be that of yielding to clamor and intimidation, what they refuse upon any other plea that may be submitted to them. That which men of principle hold to be true or false, in all times, and under all circumstances, they regard as affairs to be determined by time, and the convenience of the day. The principle of the appropriation clause, which they scouted in June, 1834, they adopted in January, 1835; the principles which, in February, 1837, they affirm to be just, with respect to Ireland, they deny in March, 1837, to be just with respect to Canada. The principle of vote by ballot, which they now oppose, they hint, that, by and by, they may, perhaps, think it proper to support. With them, right or wrong depends upon the facility with which right may be maintained, or the difficulty with which wrong may be resisted. Every thing is right which must be done in order to keep them in their places. That alone is admitted to be wrong which they have power to resist. Make resistance difficult, swell the popular clamor, increase the popular agitation, be very violent, and do every thing which should disentitle a claimant to regard in the sight of a well-prin-

cipled government, and wrong becomes right. The old opinion is given up—any thing, every thing is given up, except place!

To do these ministers justice, however, let it be admitted that within a few days, they have removed one of the grounds on which previously they were justly charged with inconsistency. Up to the present session of parliament, a great difference was observable in their treatment of the Protestant Church in England and in Ireland. In Ireland, the church was comparatively weak, and surrounded by turbulent, implacable foes. The government, whose legitimate business is protection, threw the weight of its influence upon the side of persecution, and therein acted upon its usual system of siding with the party which seems, for the time, the strongest, wholly regardless not only of the abstract justice of the case, but of the law of the land, which, in the persecution of the church, was habitually violated. In England, the church was strong, and in spite of dissent, the still paramount religious interest; every where commanding respect, and interwoven in many ways, with the most permanent interests of property and legal right. The minister did not venture to attack this establishment, and every step taken with regard to it, was taken in concert with the heads and rulers of the church. Within these few days, this favorable consideration of the church in England appears to have been abandoned. So lately as last June, the leading minister of the crown in the House of Commons declared in emphatic terms, that it would be wrong to abolish church rates in England without an equivalent, and that it would be wrong to take that equivalent from the property of the church. The pressure from without which has since occurred, however—the clamor and the menaces of the radical dissenters, have altered the wrong of last June into right. The government says now, that it is right to take an equivalent for church rates from the property of the church, and without the consent of the church: nay, in direct opposition to what the church commission has decided as to financial possibilities, the government has proposed a plan to parliament of as direct spoliation, as could have been expected had it been the church in Ireland which was the object of their care. Both branches of the church now receive equal measure at the hands of

his Majesty's government. The government is now on terms of open hostility with both, and the consequence, I opine, will be, that the government, though leagued with all that is irreligious and rapacious, democratical and devilish in the whole country, will find itself the weaker in the contest. All depended upon the spirit in which the heads of the church should meet this attempt at its immediate spoliation, and ultimate destruction. They have met the attempt promptly, seriously, and vigorously, and England will rise in their behalf against the government. Lord Melbourne perceived this as soon as he heard the remarks of the Archbishop of Canterbury upon the plan.

The rage which the noble lord exhibited was very sincere; for he felt that by that speech his days, as a minister, were numbered. As to his manner, whoever has seen a detected cheat, striving by outrageous conduct to turn attention from the investigation of his crime to the repression of his insolence, may imagine it. Description could not do it justice.

At this hour, the administration is as a tottering wall, and like a broken hedge. Down it will go, and no honest man will be sorry for its fall. Its members are a disgrace even to the party of which they are at the head.

T. O'R.

St. Giles's, March 13, 1837.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. VIII.

SHERIDAN.—PART I.

THE very name of Sheridan brings with it a host of affecting and interesting recollections. It carries us back to a time which presents many curious contrasts with the present. Of these, many are favourable to our time, some the contrary. Old prejudices have worn away, and new ones have sprung up. Pillars have drooped to the ground, and many of the virtues and graces of the *good old times* have passed away, never to return. But knowledge and the power which it brings forth have increased. A revolution hath gone the round of that cycle, which nations often mistake for progress; because arts and sciences advance while man stands comparatively still. We now travel on better roads, we cross the channel easier, faster, and safer. We have more books and cheaper; our streets are finer and better lighted. We are more numerous; we are safer from the assassin on the road and the duellist in the hall. We have Scott and Byron, Laplace and Cuvier; with the myriad stars that follow in their train; and the Few who for size and brightness can be mistaken for their peers. And yet the days of chivalric honor; of unaffected patriotism; of old hospitality that was a religion; of oratory that rivalled ancient Greece; of social wit that adorned the intercourse of the educated; of refinement that gave literature a fascination; of terse and beautiful simplicity, which made poetry the language of nature and the heart: have disappeared, and left no trace behind. There is,

we know, an imputation of feebleness in the love of past associations; and it is to be admitted that the *laudator temporis acti* is seldom untouched by the rust of time; but the truth must be spoken. The spirit which sheds a refined grace over the memory of Burke, and Garrick, and Goldsmith, and Johnson, the dinners of Reynolds, and the meeting of the Club, as we look on them afar, from our own pretending age—all are of the past.

At the very period of transition, from the past to the present of these two different stages of English society, came Sheridan, the last, and not least, brilliant light. The last of the dramatists, among the last of the wits of that elder and purer school. Not more deserving of the place which his genius must obtain among those whose names are honorable to this country, than affording the attraction of an eventful, chequered, and instructive history; overflowing both with incentive and warning to those who read it as biography should be read, with studious self-application; and abundant in that more profound and difficult application by which the life of the individual dimly reflects the spirit and form of his generation.

We have, at the hazard of being measured with our own standard, premised these reflections, simply because they are the feelings which have been suggested by our study for this sketch. But in the life we are now to present to our reader, the events are too many and our space too limited to permit of

much of that detail which we doubt not many will desire. We have gleaned our facts from many sources; but of these most were imperfect, and often hard to reconcile. We shall check our facts and dates from Mr. Moore's ample work, of which the documentary authority claims general trust. Fairness requires of us to add, that Mr. Moore is responsible for no more than we shall give in the form of extract from his book, as we have in a few instances differed from his fact, and in none adopted his comment—so much is due to a writer who has saved us from much uncertainty. One thing more we must premise—that our desire to present a correct outline of Sheridan's mind, and trace the progress of its formation, has led us into a minuter analysis of causes, than it is our intention to continue further than this object requires.

Of Sheridan's family much interesting information might be collected from various sources. It appears to have possessed and transmitted, so far at least as it may be traced, the distinction of talent. Thomas Sheridan was the friend, companion, and correspondent of Swift, with whom he contracted an intimacy in 1715. He kept a school in Capel-street, and was a person of some learning, much humour, abounding in careless good-nature, and singularly devoid of worldly prudence. His companionship became for a long time necessary to Swift, who in return did him many kind offices, and made him often the partner, and occasionally the butt of his coarse humours—not without sometimes being paid in kind. The history of their friendship is not highly flattering to either—exhibiting the folly of Sheridan, and the unfeeling hardness of Swift, who treated him harshly in his distress.

His third son, Thomas also, was the father of Richard Brinsley, the subject of this sketch. He is known as an actor of some eminence in his day, a learned philologist, and the friend of Dr. Johnson. He took his degree in Dublin, and by the advice of Swift, turned his attention to the art of declamation. In 1743 he commenced his career as an actor, in the theatre in Smock-alley, of which he became the manager. He paid a greater attention than was quite pleasing to the reform of the stage, and was frequently involved in disputes with actors

and authors, and still more serious quarrels with the town.

It was no small feature of the time, that a dramatic taste reigned. The theatres occupied a large share of the knowledge and attention of every rank. Theatrical criticism occupied no small place in the conversation of the refined and the polished circles; and as the rage for dramatic entertainment was popular, opinion and zeal were propagated in every direction, in a manner and with a force now little to be understood. The incidents, characters, and language of the piece of the season, or the merits of the reigning favorite, were alike the favorite theme of the scholar, and the gossip of the unlettered. This, on a larger field, like London, might be comparatively trifling in its effects; but the impulse of individual feeling, which soon wastes its force on the large surface of a populous city, may in a provincial town—and Dublin was little more—give birth to incidents of a kind, little to be anticipated from the cause. Of these one may be mentioned as having been the means of an intimacy which led to his union with Miss Frances Chamberlayne, who wrote an able pamphlet in his defence. This lady has still higher claims on our notice. She produced among several other writings, "*Sidney Biddulph*," a novel which was much admired in its day, and still approved by the praise of those who have read it. Her tale of "*Nourjahad*" is still popular, as perhaps the best production of its kind. Dr. Parr, in a letter to Mr. Moore, commemorates her in the enthusiastic expression, "I once or twice met his mother; she was quite celestial; both her virtues and her genius were highly esteemed by Robert Sumner."

Of these riots, another is detailed by Mr. Prior, as being the means of driving him from Dublin. Several active-minded youths of Trinity College, zealous as active youth is ever found to be, in playing the game of life on a little scale, among other more ordinary demonstrations of youthful public spirit, took it into their heads to reform the stage. At the head of these was Burke, then as after "the first man every where." This temper perhaps received its impulse, from the refusal of a play, offered by a juvenile friend of his, and the project of "establishing taste in spite of Sheridan's arrogance, or his tasteless adherents," became the

object of active determination. They were resolved to "establish Irish productions in the place of the English trash comedies, and French frippery of dances and harlequins, which have been the public entertainments of this winter.*" Animated by this sage resolution, the youthful reformers were easily laid hold of by one of those adventurers, who are always to be found loitering about the avenues of literature. It is often the character of such persons to be embittered and trained to mischief by repeated failure, and to seek from intrigue that low success which they have failed to attain by genius and industry. At that time, when the literary public was comparatively small, and the intercourse of men of letters more free and public, it was comparatively easy to organise an extensive confederacy. The coffee-houses were centres of opinion, and they whose writings had little circulation, could yet send round the firebrand of a sentence, and scatter rumours and opinions—the "ambiguous voices" of party malice. Such a person was Dr. Hifferran, "who with some learning and conversational talents, assume literature as a profession, but do it no honor." He is described by Dennis, in the letter above cited from Mr. Prior, as "one Dr. Hifferran, a poet, philosopher, and play-wright, in the town, who, stirred up by hatred to Sheridan as a manager, and as we suspect, by the rejection of a play he offered to the stage, is purposed to pull down and oppose that tyrant's pride. By his acquaintance with Victor,† this Hifferran got the reading of the *Lawsuit*." This was most probably the play of Brennan, Burke's friend. This Hifferran began by praising extravagantly, and the effort commenced to force it on the stage, by the twofold resource of a party, and the press. Burke wrote a paper, which had an active sale; this was followed by an "Expostulation from PUNCH," by Hifferran—the object of which was to set Sheridan in an absurd light. A periodical paper, carried on by Burke, "in order to correct what he and his young friends considered irregular, or improper, in the management of the Dublin theatre," was an active and efficient weapon and the tempest gathered fast over the theatre.

The result we have mentioned, on the authority of Mr. Prior; yet a considerable time must have first elapsed. In the year 1751, four years after this period, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the subject of the following sketch, was born at No. 12, Dorset-street, Dublin. At seven he was sent to Mr. Whyte's academy, in Grafton-street. He passed but one year in this eminent school; nor is he to be numbered among those who could with Mr. Moore reflect his honors on this worthy source. Sheridan was too young and too early removed to have fairly tested those instructions to which so many able men have looked back with grateful recollection. A letter from his mother, speaking of him and his brother Charles, says: "two such impenetrable dunces I never met with." The words have been noticed as a sentence of his teachers; who doubtless might have confirmed them from experience. But the sentence of dulness appears to have been rather prematurely hazarded, at so early an age, and from so brief a trial. The error is very common, and therefore worth our notice. It arises from confounding the faculties of the human intellect. Aptness to learn may indicate the future scholar, and a love of study be a sign of future industry; but they indicate no more—the scholar may be a dull pedant, "deep versed in books, and shallow in himself." The proverbial idleness and waywardness of wit, might as well be looked for from the steadiness of the child. One disposition or one faculty is not likely to grow up into another entirely distinct. The poet, the metaphysician, the wit, are the results of a mental conformation, mostly different from the industrious commentator; and mostly exhibiting talents quite distinct *in kind* from the cleverness of the well-taught school-boy; and though these are sufficiently consistent to be in some splendid instances found together, yet it is a combination which does not often happen. The extraordinary promise of a child in one respect, thus affords no inference as to another; the observed talent may, with due care improve, and having made a prodigy of the child, be after all little noted in the man. How the idleness of the boy is, on the other hand, often compensated by the strenuous exertion

* Letter of Rev. William Dennis, one of the party, quoted from Prior's *Goldsmith*, ii. 315.

† Then, it is believed, prompter of the Dublin Theatre.

of later years, we shall presently have much occasion to notice.

It may here be seasonable to notice the influence which early associations connected with the stage, at this time of his life, must have had in forming the early dispositions of Sheridan; congenial as such must have been to his nature and genius. His father's house was, of course, the centre of theatrical attraction; and the early sprightliness of his temper—his inborn wit—disposition to observe, and animated social tendencies—must all have met their early impulse and exercise among the habits and meetings of a gay, witty, and dissipated class. The conversation that most frequently met his ear, must have related to plays and players, and the things that concern the stage. His father professedly a critic of dramatic effect—his mother a dramatic writer of no mean reputation—the circle in which they moved, theatrical—the spirit of the day tending to exalt the stage—we may well, without being accused of speculation, infer that deep and abiding impressions were made on his fancy. And such may be traced through his life. One remark more will conclude a period of which we find little notice among our authorities. There is a high probability that, as his infant mind developed in such a circle—its first associations were likely to be those of the drama. The effect of the passage—the conception of the character—the development of the plot—must not only have been forced on his attention, but even awakened his feeling and his fancy, and called forth a spirit of observation, adapted to the drama.

From the same causes may be easily traced, the dramatic spirit in action and feeling, which is to be observed in the conduct and adventures of Sheridan's youth. His turn for what is called "sentiment;" his anxious desire for "effect;" his love of mystery (partly due to other causes); his romantic spirit, easily distinguished from his natural temper; these are all in him, more or less, a development of early impressions, on a peculiarly impressible mind. These remarks have been suggested to us, by the opportunities we have, in more than one instance, had of observing persons under circumstances nearly the same, and they seem to us to throw an interesting reflection on the sketch before us.

After remaining a year at Mr.

Whyte's, Sheridan was, with his brother, removed to England to their parents, who had in the meantime settled there: and soon after, (1762,) he was sent to Harrow—while his brother, Charles, was kept to be instructed at home. Mr. Moore seems to have attributed this arrangement to some opinion of the superior talent of Charles: we should have drawn the opposite inference; but an extract from a letter of his mother's settles this point:

"Dick has been at Harrow, since Christmas, as he will probably fall into a bustling life, we have a mind to accustom him to shift for himself.—Charles's domestic and sedentary turn is best suited for a home education."

"Here," says Mr. Moore, "he was remarkable only as a very idle, careless, but at the same time, engaging boy, who contrived to win the affection, and even admiration, of the whole school, both masters and pupils, by the mere charm of his frank and genial manners, and by the occasional gleams of superior intellect, which broke through all the indolence and indifference of his character."

At this time Dr. Robert Sumner was head-master at Harrow, and the well-known Dr. Parr one of the under-masters. These eminent persons quickly perceived the indications of the gifted intellect; and exerted themselves with assiduous and kindly zeal to conquer that idle and vivacious spirit, which was the real cause of his deficiencies in learning. Mr. Moore has preserved in a letter from Parr an interesting notice of his school-days—we select some graphic and marking sentences:—

"His eye, his countenance, his general manner, were striking. His answers to any common question were prompt and acute. We knew the esteem, and even admiration, which, somehow or other, all his school-fellows felt for him. He was mischievous enough, but his pranks were accompanied by a sort of vivacity and cheerfulness, which delighted Sumner and myself. I had much talk with him about his apple-loft, for the supply of which all the gardens in the neighbourhood were taxed, and some of the lower boys were employed to furnish it. I threatened, but without asperity, to trace the depredators, through his associates, up to their leader. He, with perfect good-humour, set me at defiance, and I never could bring the charge home to him. All boys and all masters were pleased with him.—I often praised him as a lad of great talents,—often exhorted him to use them

well ; but my exhortations were fruitless.

Take for granted that his taste was silently improved, and that he knew well the little which he did know."

We can afford one more extract from a subsequent communication from the same authority ; though referring to a later period, it bears on the same point sufficiently for our present purpose—

"In the later periods of his life, Richard did not cast behind him classical reading. He spoke copiously and powerfully about Cicero. He had read, and he had understood the four orations of Demosthenes read and taught in our public schools. He was at home in Virgil and in Horace. I cannot speak positively about Homer ;—but I am very sure that he read the Iliad now and then ; not as a professed scholar would do, critically, but with all the strong sympathies of a poet reading a poet. Richard did not and could not forget what he once knew, but his path to knowledge was his own,—his steps were noiseless,—his progress was scarcely felt by himself,—his movements were rapid but irregular."

He continued at Harrow until his eighteenth year, when he was removed to London, where his father then resided. Here he continued, under the private tuition of Mr. Lewis Kerr, an Irish gentleman : received lessons in riding, fencing : and in English grammar and oratory from his father. From his father's instructions he derived little or no advantage. He was probably not sensible of any benefit to be derived from them : to the sprightliness and vivacity of his intellectual and physical temperament, they must have been insupportably dull. His taste by this time must have grown beyond the small though clever pedantry of his father's mind : and he was already, though in secrecy, entering on the dazzling but perilous course, which gave to his after-day its mingled splendour and gloom. Fancy, sentiment, and passion were the threads of his fame and fate, and they were already mingling in the web.

A variety of causes were, as usually happens, working together to reform the gay idler into the anxious and ambitious student. The genius of our dramatist was, at this period, passing through a stage of which least is ever to be traced, and most to be desired in the history of illustrious men. To those who read with the sympathy of talent and ambition, it must always be an inquiry of most intense curiosity, by what steps, and by what secret means, the

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rarer and higher powers of the intellect have been matured ; and in what remote trains, the splendid works of time have originated. Little information of any value can be attained, on this interesting subject ; the early life of eminent poets, has been mostly involved in obscurity ; a writer must have attained a high degree of reputation, long before the inquiry can be supposed to begin. In the case actually before us, this interest derives increase from the peculiar and piquant features of the character ; the mixed waywardness and discretion—the anxious pursuit and imprudent indolence ; the assumed neglect of means, with the long and vigilant mystery of plan and study. From a dislike to labour, and a habitual dissipation of spirit, he now began to acquire a habit of severe and ambitious exertion, and we shall offer a few remarks on the causes.

However, the temperament of genius may contain inclinations unfavourable to early industry, there is in it, as we have already observed, a counterbalancing ambition which always, sooner or later, begins to give a new direction to the habits. The boy indulges freely in dreams, from which there is not always any present cause to disturb him ; or, he is satisfied with the praise of wit and sprightliness, to which no very severe test is applied. The learning he neglects is but the preparation of a future day, of which neither himself or his admirers think ; the necessity and the test are distant, and for a time he is content to sparkle, be praised, amused, and avoid the trouble of exertions, of which the use is neither apparent or wear. But the day arrives when he must begin to meet with men, and as a man—when the objects of manly pursuit begin to call forth wishes—when the sparkle of wit and fancy, however they may be welcomed in the convivial hour, can no longer confer superiority. The knowledge he has neglected begins to meet him, in its more practical and more cultivated forms, and he begins sorely to feel that all his fertility of thought and fancy—all his native eloquence—all his ready sophistry cannot redeem him from a mortifying inferiority to those of whose minds he thinks lowly and justly. Such was, in fact, the position of Sheridan ; and it may account for the rapid accumulation of knowledge which he seems to have been now acquiring, though not altogether for its secrecy. What we have said

is indeed no more than may be applied to Swift, Goldsmith, Curran, Sterne, and many other less known persons. Sheridan had been fed on flattery even from his earliest days, and he had a heart to be won by its fascinations. He was accustomed to receive the praise of genius, while he enjoyed the pleasure of idleness, and, as always will be the consequence, to value himself upon the distinction. It became his pride that he owed to nature what others drew from laborious art; and, of course, the sense thus developed through his youthful years, was not wanting in its influence on his heart in after life. To attain the praise of the scholar, without the reproach of drudging for it, became a desire, though perhaps a latent one, of his heart. The appearance of laborious industry would not only destroy the peculiar distinction of his youth, but it would also at once exhibit him as a competitor with those who were his superiors. The fame of idleness would both cover his advances and excuse his deficiencies. This, Goldsmith's simplicity would not dream of; and Johnson's or Burke's lofty earnestness would repudiate; but Sheridan had the tact to appreciate small things, and the trained vanity to attend to them. In silent effort he matured his acquaintance with Homer, Virgil and Cicero, and acquired the valuable substance of scholarship, in all the better and more standard writings of the ancient and modern classics. We do not mean to say that, in these retired efforts, he was simply under the unqualified influence of the feeling we have described. A taste like Sheridan's, and taste was in a peculiar degree his excellence, must have found in the master-pieces of time, all the gratification they can impart; but this need only be mentioned to avoid seeming to exclude it. The sense we have described, was indeed a master-passion in the mind of Sheridan, and supplies a tone in the coloring of his moral portrait which has not been applied by any of his biographers. To seem in all things superior to effort—to preserve the dignity of seeming indifference—to conceal failure, and magnify success, are indeed desires with which all may feel some sympathy. But the nice and long-sighted tact of Sheridan's pride gave a characteristic force and vitality to these precautionary reserves. We

cannot allow our pen to carry us further on a point, the importance of which may be underrated by many; yet it requires little habit of observation to carry the same reflection into further illustrations of Sheridan's early life. The same tone of temper can be traced in the history of his love, no less than in his literary effort. Full of nice, cautious and refined instincts, which the quickness of his passions, and the sprightliness of his spirits partly neutralized, and more disguised, Sheridan was, in seeming, thoughtless, rash and buoyant; while he was anxious, scrupulous, refined and jealous in reality. In this there was nothing of what is commonly meant by *hypocrisy*, which applies to the simulation of virtue, or the concealment of vice. It is not easy to go far into the anatomy of character without stumbling on contraricties, which may not be disregarded without rejecting the truths of human nature.

Sheridan's first literary attempts were pursued in combination with a friend, Halhed, his school-fellow at Harrow.

Halhed was a young man of high promise, and distinguished by early and brilliant reputation in his school and university career, both for talent and acquirement. He was Sheridan's not unworthy associate, and perhaps guide, in his literary beginnings, and, if the term may be applied under the conditions of secrecy and failure, his rival in love. Halhed appears to have had some talents in common with Sheridan, as well as the same gaiety and buoyancy of temper. His opening seemed in many respects more promising; he had friends and interest; but the fair morning was early overcast with clouds; he went out to India, where he advanced in fortune, and came home with a deranged intellect. An eloquent writer, from whom we borrow this information, adds,

"One of the most eloquent speeches, or rather compositions, I ever read, was delivered by him in the House of Commons in support of a ridiculous prediction, published by one Brothers: It was heard with deep silence and deeper sorrow; no observation was made, and being unseconded, the motion of course fell to the ground. What became of him afterwards, I have not heard."

With this another disposition of a

more common kind must have largely operated. It is the character of genius to form a standard for itself, high and perfect in proportion to its power, and to be dissatisfied with all that falls short of it.* This sense of excellence, accompanied by the consciousness of power, is the common source of secret progress, and occasions the production and the cancelling of more poetry than the world has ever seen. The fountains of poetry are emphatically secret, mysterious, solitary and sacred, like first love in the young heart.

Thus animated by the desire to excel, the jealousy of a fastidious taste, the fear to fail, and the wish to produce the effect of surprise, Sheridan amassed in secret the brilliant materials, and trained the peculiar faculties of his mind; and, while the unobservant many by whom he was surrounded, saw but the gay and witty boy, or prognosticated little good from the humorous and freakish idler, he was earnestly meditating the career of excellence, and cultivating his best powers. His classical attainments were, of necessity, small; yet it was impossible for a mind like his to have acquired even so much, without appreciating the excellencies of the standard models of antiquity. And it is probable that he had attained more acquaintance with them than was, from his reputation for idleness, likely to be allowed for. Mr. Moore seems to entertain a doubt on the subject, and expresses some surprise at Dr. Parr's having been, as he suspects, imposed on in this respect. Though we think that, of all persons, Sheridan was most likely to be both able and willing to have effected such a deception; yet Dr. Parr was the least likely to be the subject of it. Our impression is, we think, confirmed by the facts stated by Mr. Moore. Before the period at which we are arrived, he had been for sometime engaged with his friend, Halhed, not only in a variety of literary projects, but in translations from the Greek, which exhibit, in that language, a progress of some standing. And perhaps still more decidedly, an earnest effort to repair the losses occasioned by early neglect.

At this time also, and in conjunction with the same friend, he appears to have been engaged in efforts of more

peculiar interest, as indicating the true bent of his mind, and exhibiting, at an early period, the progress of his more distinguishing successes. With the cooperation of Halhed, he produced a farce, of which Mr. Moore's superior opportunities have enabled him to preserve a curious and interesting specimen. It is, as this gentleman observes, chiefly remarkable for the gleams which it affords of the "Critic," and its illustration of the mode in which afterthoughts and projects originate in early youth. The active fancy cannot indeed long be engaged in any course, without contracting habits which cannot pass away, and which grow through varied transmutations with the growth of the mind, until the moment of power that gives them their mature and perfect form.

In addition to this effort, he had planned and commenced a periodical paper, under the title of *Hernan's Miscellany*; it never passed the first number; the specimen given by Mr. Moore is, as he calls it, "diffuse and pointless." One only of these early projects, reached completion; a translation into verse, of the epistles of Aristonotus, a florid and amatory Grecian of the middle ages, which was published in August, 1771. It had no success, nor any eminent merit, nor does it fall within our design to notice it further than for the evidence which such efforts give of the real course and progress of the mind.

Some time previous to this, a change had taken place which, in more ways than one, was to modify the career of Sheridan. The removal of his family to Bath, of all places in the world the place which might be fixed on for the ripening of those talents which he possessed in the highest perfection—the place where, if we were to adopt the personifications of antiquity, Satire might be said to have her temple, and Wit its magazine of pointed and poisoned shafts,

— "hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit."

Here, undoubtedly, Sheridan studied human life, in all its morbid and artificial moods, and drew that knowledge of men and manners, which is, after all, his best title to the immor-

* This is the principle of a fact which has been often noticed; that men of genius are seldom satisfied with their own productions. The ideal standard must be low, when it is easily attained.

talities of literature. But on this point we shall reserve ourselves till we come to notice his dramatic successes.

"It was," writes Mr. Moore, "about the middle of the year 1770, that the Sheridans took up their abode in King's Mead Street, Bath, where an acquaintance commenced between them and Mr. Linley's family."

Mr. Linley was eminent as a musical composer. Dr. Burney, who has written a sketch of his life for Rees' *Cyclopaedia*, has described his family as a "nest of nightingales;" of these one is peculiarly involved in the thread of our narration. Miss Linley seems, from every notice we can trace of her, as well as from the authentic circumstances of her history, to have been one of those rare and fortunate hits of nature, of which, if it may be said that no generation is without its share, yet it must be added that a man may look much about him for many years, and not make the discovery. She was as gifted in mind, as she was beautiful in person; and it might be a difficult question to decide, whether her gifts were more brilliant, or her amiability and virtue more to be loved and respected. That such preeminent attractions should be known, without admiration and love, is not in nature. And Miss Linley's family, from their professional life, were peculiarly within the public eye. The natural consequence—and it affords an unquestionable test of Miss Linley's superior mind—was, that numerous offers, backed by rank and rent-roll, lay at her mercy. We trust that none of our fair readers, all of whom we can assure of our sincere admiration, regard, and respect, will take offence if we affirm, that this is a test of pure and high-hearted virtue, as well as prudence, to which few are equal. The glitter of rank, or the nominal command of affluence, has a fascination which it requires some greatness of mind, and some long-sighted wisdom to resist. When affection is absent, vanity, in most cases, rules the choice, and the solid happiness of after life is partly unthought of, and partly misunderstood. Most young persons will sacrifice future peace for the present vanity; and thus it so often chances

that we see the repining matron succeed the gratified and triumphant girl, whose coach and establishment are the price of both taste, feeling, affection, and judgment. Miss Linley's suitors were, however, the high and the gifted, and she might have doubtless secured, what so many covet, without any painful sacrifice of the heart. Many of her lovers were friends—Halhed and the Sheridans may be mentioned. But Richard carried into his affections the same nice and fastidious reserve which we have shewn to be the acquired habit of his mind. His love was animated by his delicate sense of excellence, by the energy of his passions, and by the vanity and jealousy of his nature. Failure in love, painful to the most tempered heart, was not to be contemplated by one like Sheridan; and as his wit, eloquence and pleasing appearance* soon obtained for him an apparent preference, he doubtless became doubly anxious and watchful of all the little risks which the sensitive so keenly understand. His progress was made in jealous silence; and it was not until many had declared themselves in vain, and Miss Linley's lovers became rather conspicuous for failure, and for their jealous speculations about each other, that Sheridan became even thought of. He had by this time secured the victory over all competitors—wit had, as might be rather desired than hoped, "cut its bright way through." Mr. Moore, who is in possession of the letters of Halhed, which for some reason he has not thought fit to publish, mentions that they "give a lively idea, not only of his own intoxication, but of the sort of contagious delirium, like that at Abdera, described by Lucian, with which the young men of Oxford were affected by this beautiful girl." He mentions as the rivals most dreaded by her admirers, Norris the singer, whose musical talents, it was thought, recommended him to her; and Mr. Watts, a gentleman composer of very large fortune. But while these gentlemen speculated on common-place notions, and watched or condoled with each other, the heart of their object was fixed, as the heart of sensibility and the mind of taste should be fixed; and

* On this point some notice occurs in a letter of his sister, Mrs. Lefanu. "He was handsome, not merely in the eyes of a partial sister, but generally allowed to be so. His cheeks had the glow of health; his eyes—the finest in the world—the brilliancy of genius—and were as soft as a tender and affectionate heart could render them."—Quoted by Mr. Moore.

Richard Sheridan, the first in personal and mental attraction, was at last discovered to be the favoured lover. It is an easy task for every heart of human mould to imagine, on a small scale at least, the pains and pleasures of this protracted romance of the heart. The doubts and fears so deeply felt, the slight incidents so magnified, the pang of fancied estrangement or preference, or the anxious delight of the "treasured smile." Sheridan drank this mingled cup, more deeply than falls to the lot of most men, and, doubtless, received from it that severe discipline in the poetry of sentiment, which was not without its effect on his genius—it was the occasion of many of his lesser poetical pieces, and no doubt the origin of much that ornaments his later writings.

Mr. Moore has given much of this poetry; it offers no evidence of a very high degree of poetical genius, but is occasionally pleasing for graceful elegance of sentiment, and pointed simplicity of expression. We shall only here remark that we think Mr. Moore by far too elaborate and refined in his critical justice; he has indulged rather too fancifully in the common illusion of tracing thoughts. It is our opinion, warranted by much observation, that the same sentiments have a tendency to call to the mind the same leading thoughts; and this, allowing for the varieties of temper, and experience, and habit, sufficiently accounts for these coincidences so often noticed as either borrowing or stealing the thoughts of others. This species of criticism we dislike, unless when it can be carried to the length of absolute plagiarism—than which no crime deserves less mercy in our critical code. We cannot, however, pass from this topic, without expressing our dissent from the censure which we have heard lavished on Mr. Moore, for exhibiting as broadly, as he has no doubt done, the vast elaboration of Sheridan's wit. It is an anatomy of which we should not much desire to be the subject, for the simple reason, that we have no wish to be dissected for the public good; yet it is surely a gain, for which the world should be thankful, to have so clear and lucid a peep into the secret laboratory of wit; but, in truth, it is peculiarly necessary to the understanding of the character with which he was engaged. This, we have said enough to make apparent. Justice yet requires us to

add, that the process is in a great degree common—most men take the prudent precaution to destroy such evidences, or many a bright feather might seem tarnished in the vulgar estimation. But, in truth, to those who can judge of the real value of talent, there is nothing in this derogatory to the power of the Poet. A dull man could not be witty in a century of plodding; every effort at the higher and more refined achievements of the mind, would but plunge him deeper into mediocrity. It is the peculiar merit of genius to be indefinitely improving, and never to be content with its best creations.

But we return to Miss Linley. No romance has ever carried further its representations of the painful vicissitudes, and the heroic constancy of the lover, than the history of this period of Sheridan's life. When they first met, Miss Linley was but sixteen, and this, as Mr. Moore justly observes, removes the repugnance which the delicate and fastidious might possibly entertain on the score of her profession as a public singer: which involves the necessity of public exhibitions, unfavourable to feminine reserve: and we would add, habits of intercourse with the most immoral class of society. She had been proposed for by Mr. Long, a gentleman of fortune, and the match was acceded to by her father. Miss Linley, however, privately explained her repugnance to this marriage, and Mr. Long, with a rare generosity, took upon himself the blame of breaking off the match. Mr. Linley had immediate recourse to legal proceedings, and Mr. Long sealed his noble and disinterested sacrifice by an indemnification of £3000. It is mentioned by a biographer of Sheridan's, that Mr. Long was considered to be worth £200,000, which after descended to Mrs. Wellesley Pole Long, of Wanstead House.

In the year 1771, Sheridan the elder was called over to Dublin by his professional pursuits, and the young family were alone in Bath. During this period Charles, Sheridan's eldest brother, having made the painful discovery that he had no further hope, wrote a farewell letter to Miss Linley, and retired from the field, without yet having discovered his brother's attachment. This was, however, soon disclosed, owing to a particular incident. A Mr. Mathews, a married man, intimate with the Linley family, fascinated

by Miss Linley's attractions, and presuming on her profession, began to persecute her with attentions which were adapted to attract an injurious notice, and with private importunities of a still more offensive character. To this were added threats of ruining her reputation, and vows of self-destruction. Terrified by these unwarrantable and violent importunities, Miss Linley at last made a confidant of her lover, who consulted with his sister, to whom he now explained the state of his feelings, and proceeded to expostulate with Mathews, who, as might be anticipated, was not in the slightest degree influenced by the remonstrances of a youth of twenty. In consequence of his continued persecution, added to a growing repugnance to a profession, which exposed her to the possibility of such addresses, and at best, both from its intercourse and public nature, was inconsistent with the alarmed delicacy of her character, Miss Linley came to the romantic determination of flight. Her project was to take refuge in some French convent.—Her lover, who had probably been her adviser, was to aid her flight, and preparations were duly made. Sheridan obtained the needful money from his sister, and letters of introduction to a family of her acquaintance, at St. Quentin. The evening was chosen for their departure, when a public concert should engage the Linley family.—From this Miss Linley excused herself on the plea of illness. At the hour appointed, Sheridan conveyed her in a sedan chair from her father's house to a postchaise which he had stationed on the London road. Here, too, a woman attended, whom, with the natural feeling of an honourable mind, he had engaged to attend her, and to obviate either the pretences of slander, or the dangers of youth and passion. On their arrival in London, he introduced her to Mr. Ewart, an old friend of his family, as a rich heiress who had eloped with him, and was applauded for his prudence in giving up Miss Linley. This gentleman accommodated them with a passage on board a ship of his, about to sail to Dunkirk, and gave them letters to his correspondents there. By these they were similarly assisted to Lisle.

The first consequence of this step, was such as might be anticipated.—Strong inclination seldom goes farther in forbearance, than the first shadow of a just and reasonable pretext; and it

may be doubted whether, having gone so far, both prudence and justice did not warrant the next step. Sheridan now, doubtless upon very cool reflection, perceived and urged, that the authority of a husband was necessary to justify his further protection; and that Miss Linley could no more appear in England but as his wife. The argument was convincing, and was probably resisted by no extraordinary subtlety. They were married in March, 1772, by a priest, whom Mr. Moore mentions as "well known for his services on such occasions."

Sheridan having thus attained the bright object of so many hopes and fears, and the aim of so many rival hearts, had yet before him some stern trials and anxious struggles, before he was allowed to possess in peace, the happiness he had thus treasured for the future. The romance was not destined to end with the marriage. The mortified pride and baffled passions of Mathews could not acquiesce in the success of one who had rebuked his villanous designs. The triumph most galling is that of the rival. He became furious at the first report of this elopement, and with the consistent baseness of one who would have seduced innocence, vented his malice in slander. He devoted himself to vindictive reports and calumnious misrepresentations, and at length inserted in the *Bath Chronicle* an advertisement, in which he proclaimed his rival as one not deserving the "treatment of a gentleman," with other opprobrious comments and epithets. In the meantime, Sheridan returned. He had received an abusive and threatening letter from his rival in France, and replied "that he would never sleep in England, until he thanked him as he deserved." His first meeting with Mr. Mathews, was productive of evasions on the part of the latter, not to be explained without the imputation of cowardice; while the conduct of Sheridan was marked by his characteristic spirit. He found Mathews's lodgings at a late hour of the night, and was for a long time detained at the door on the pretence that the key was not to be found. After a couple of hours' delay, when it was found that the chilliness of the hour was not enough to drive him away from his post, the obstacle was removed, and he was admitted. Mathews charged his tone entirely; and after all the threats, warnings, and taunts which our autho-

rity* mentions, called Sheridan his friend, declared "he never meant to quarrel with him. And assured him that the whole cause of complaint had originated in the reports propagated by his own brother (Charles) and another gentleman in Bath."

Sheridan went to Bath, and discovered the falsehood of this assertion. Charles, at the same time, strongly expressing his disapprobation of the conduct of his brother. The two brothers at once set off for London, leaving their sisters as well as Miss Linley in the utmost suspense and alarm.

On arriving in London, Sheridan lost not a moment in calling out Mr. Mathews. The meeting took place, first in Hyde-Park; but very considerable difficulty then occurred from the appearance of persons, from whom Mr. Mathews feared, or affected to fear, interruption; and after frequently shifting their ground, and much remonstrance on the part of Sheridan, they removed to the Bedford Coffee House, and thence to the Castle Tavern, Henrietta-street. Here they engaged with swords by candle light. The result may be described from an after statement of Sheridan's:—

"I struck Mr. M's sword so much out of line, that I stepped up and caught hold of his wrist at the point of his sword, while the point of mine was at his breast. You ran in and caught hold of my arm, exclaiming 'don't kill him.'"—*Moore's Life.*

Mr. Mathews begged his life; but having done so showed every disposition not to retract. Sheridan's resolution, however, prevailed; and he obtained from his antagonist a written retraction of the scandalous advertisement already mentioned. This was inserted in the Bath Chronicle, May 7th.

Mr. Mathews retired to his estate in Wales; but the particulars of his conduct had taken wind, and he was avoided with contempt. A Mr. Barnett, under these circumstances, urged upon him the necessity of vindicating his character by a second meeting with Sheridan. His advice, together with his services as friend on the occasion, were accepted, and they set off for Bath without delay. Sheridan's father, who had but just forgiven him for the former affair, was in London. Miss Linley absent on an engagement

in Oxford. The parties met at Kingsdown. The account of the second meeting was drawn up by Mr. Barnett, of whose statement we just extract enough from Mr. Moore to give the reader a full idea of the result:

"Mr. Mathews drew; Mr. Sheridan advanced on him at first; Mr. Mathews in turn advanced fast on Mr. Sheridan; upon which he retreated, till he very suddenly ran in upon Mr. Mathews, laying himself exceedingly open, and endeavouring to get hold of Mr. Mathews's sword; Mr. Mathews received him on his point, and, I believe, disengaged his sword from Mr. Sheridan's body, and gave him another wound; which, I suppose, must have been either against one of his ribs, or his breast-bone, as his sword broke, which I imagine happened from the resistance it met with from one of those parts; but whether it was broke by that, or on the closing, I cannot aver.

"Mr. Mathews, I think, on finding his sword broke, laid hold of Mr. Sheridan's sword-arm, and tripped up his heels: they both fell; Mr. Mathews was uppermost, with the hilt of his sword in his hand, having about six or seven inches of the blade to it, with which I saw him give Mr. Sheridan, as I imagined, a skin-wound or two in the neck; for it could be no more,—the remaining part of the sword being broad and blunt; he also beat him in the face either with his fist or the hilt of his sword. Upon this I turned from them, and asked Captain Paumier if we should not take them up; but I cannot say whether he heard me or not, as there was a good deal of noise; however, he made no reply. I again turned to the combatants, who were much in the same situation: I found Mr. Sheridan's sword was bent, and he slipped his hand up the small part of it, and gave Mr. Mathews a slight wound in the left part of his belly: I, that instant, turned again to Captain Paumier, and proposed again our taking them up. He, in the same moment, called out, 'Oh! he is killed, he is killed!'—I, as quick as possible turned again, and found Mr. Mathews had recovered the point of his sword, that was before on the ground, with which he had wounded Mr. Sheridan in the belly: I saw him drawing the point out of the wound. By this time Mr. Sheridan's sword was broke, which he told us.—Captain Paumier called out to him,

"My dear Sheridan, beg your life, and I will be yours for ever." I also desired him to ask his life: he replied,

"No, by — I won't."

"I then to'd Captain Paumier it would not do to wait for those punctilios (or words to that effect), and desired he would assist me in taking them up. Mr. Mathews most readily acquiesced, first desiring me to see Mr. Sheridan was disarmed. I desired him to give me the tuck, which he readily did, as did Mr. Sheridan the broken part of his sword to Captain Paumier. Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Mathews both got up, the former was helped into one of the chaises, and drove off for Bath, and Mr. Mathews made the best of his way for London."*

We cannot afford space to give the details of the correspondence on the occasion of these two duels. The intelligence reached Oxford while the performance was going on; but was sedulously kept from Miss Linley, from the fear that it might incapacitate her from performing. Neither her father or Sheridan's yet knew of their marriage; and as they were both equally hostile to it, it was now to be feared that a premature discovery might take place, in the result of which they could have had no difficulty in breaking it. Sheridan had repeatedly guarded her against this risk. It was now much increased.

On her way back to Bath, she was met by a considerate friend of her family, who took every precaution to break the account of her lover's danger in the gentlest way. Notwithstanding the utmost care, the shock was too serious to admit of her standing upon those cautions and reserves, for which there was so strong a need. In the agitation of the moment, the affecting exclamation, "My husband!" escaped, and disclosed the secret of her heart.

The words were, of course, repeated, and the fears and suspicions of both fathers strongly excited. Every effort was now made to ensnare either of the parties into a confession, in order that, if suspicion should be confirmed, the marriage might be broken. They, however, still eluded every snare; and the suspicious exclamation was explained by the alarm and agitation which the sudden account of her lover's danger occasioned.

Sheridan's danger had probably been much exaggerated; four or five days were sufficient to set the fears of his friends at rest on this score. Nor was it long before his father, anxious to remove him from the vicinity of the Linleys, was enabled to send him to the care of his

friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parker of Farmhill, in Essex. Here he continued till the following spring, under circumstances which must be easily appreciated by all who have ever had their affections tortured by suspense and absence. His were not, however, the ordinary trials which disturb this most anxious and exciting period of youthful life. In addition to the alarming obstacles, with which the reader is acquainted, there was the aggravation of a lively fancy and a jealous heart, and the painful sense that his doubts and fears were to some extent justified by the exceeding popularity of his young wife, and the notion so natural to the lover, that she must be as much the object of love to every one else as to himself. Considering the secret tie, he could not of course have entertained a sober suspicion of her constancy. There is a very common refinement of jealousy, which is surprisingly little allowed for by those who are not actually under its influence. The lover, while he feels the utmost reliance on the truth of the object of his affections, and while he is just in judging of her conduct towards others, is often ready to resent the construction which they may put on her smiles and courtesies, in the common intercourse of the world. In affection there is a proud and exclusive spirit that cannot brook a moment's appropriation, even in a rival's fancy, of that it would wholly engross. And there is with this a resentment of the mortifying imputation which fancy involves in such a wrong: neither can a lover bear that his idol should be thought an inconstant. We take the opportunity to make this remark, because we have more than once seen fatal misunderstandings arise from the neglect to allow for this infirmity. We cannot pretend to analyze the sufferings of Sheridan during this long period of trial. Mr. Moore mentions certain letters, written during this period, as strongly exhibiting the struggles of his mind. We much regret the seal of secrecy which has withheld them from the public, while, at the same time, we have no doubt as to the soundness and just discretion of the motive.

During this anxious interval, Sheridan made no small progress in that laborious self-education which is ever the real foundation of all genuine fame. Mr. Moore reflects upon the state of

* This is from a letter to Mr. Knight, the second of Mr. Mathews.

his feelings as unfavorable to study. We think and have felt the contrary. Transient excitement must have the effect of dissipating attention, and engrossing the thoughts too exclusively for study. But this is a state which cannot continue for many days in a sane mind. There is a self-preserving effort which every one understands, the impulse of which is to seek diversion in pleasure, or absorption in study. And though in the midst of these the haunting care will return, or the pang of wounded feeling rise into agony; yet will the sufferer, if he has the strength and spirit of a sound mind, struggle sedulously on with the "oblivious antidote." Nor can ambition and taste, or the curiosity of intellectual pursuit be long absent from a mind, by nature so framed to feel them, as Sheridan's. In his retirement, his time was laboriously devoted to history and its kindred studies. Mr. Moore mentions an abstract of English history (found by him among his papers), "nearly filling a small quarto volume of more than a hundred pages closely written;" as also "a collection of remarks on Sir William Temple's works." Mr. Moore observes, that this latter was "confined chiefly to verbal criticism," and that his remarks tend to prove that he had not yet arrived at that taste for "idiomatic English, which was afterwards one of the great charms of his own dramatic style."

Early in the spring of 1773, Miss Linley was engaged at Covent Garden, in the oratorios. Sheridan, who was at the same time near London, did not neglect the opportunity to make frequent efforts to obtain an interview with her. The severe vigilance of Mr. Linley made this difficult, and he was obliged to have recourse to contrivance and dexterity. "Among other stratagems," writes Mr. Moore, "which he contrived for the purpose of exchanging a few words with her, he more than once disguised himself as a hackney coachman, and drove her home from the theatre."

From the same authority we learn that a serious misunderstanding was near arising between them at this time, owing to the varied rumors and public reports, occasioned by the general admiration which she excited. These, though all in the highest degree flattering and wholly free from the taint of slanderous imputation, could not fail to excite the jealousy of long exasperated passion. But the breach was

easily healed by the kind offices of Mr. Ewart, a common friend.

Mr. Linley at last became convinced of the inutility of continuing to thwart affections which thus withstood all trials, and appeared too firm and enduring for such resistance as he could long contrive to interpose, and gave his consent to their marriage. It took place, by license, on the 18th April, 1773.

The first act of Sheridan's, at this period which is to be regarded as the outset of his life, indicates unequivocally the high line of action and position he had thus early marked out for himself. The son of a player; without independent means; married to the daughter of one in the same class; disconnected by the circumstance with his father; and nearly thrown on the resources of his own mind for subsistence: he did not yet hesitate to reject the splendid avenue to wealth which his wife's professional talents laid open. To appreciate fully the extent of this sacrifice to a respectable pride, and perhaps affection, the reader must dismiss the idea of his subsequent position in the world. And thus may be discerned the same self-dependence, the same delicacy of sentiment, and the same romance, which seem to have run like veins of some brilliant ore, through all the conduct of his younger days. An engagement had been concluded for Mrs. Sheridan, some months before her marriage, for the musical meeting at Worcester; and further engagements were at the same time in treaty. Sheridan at once declared his direct denial against the fulfilment of these engagements. And though his wife's talents were at this time the subject of universal popularity, he yet resisted the most urgent entreaties, strongly backed by influence, in high quarters. He depended on his own powers, and his dependence was not in vain. A few months amply vindicated his right to reject a source of affluence inconsistent with his pride and affections. And yet it may be an illustration of the aspiring views which he must have entertained, to mention that considerably after, when he had acquired the reputation of his first-rate dramatic works, the Duchess of Devonshire is said to have hesitated to invite to her parties, persons of a rank so equivocal.

"Her grace," writes Mr. Moore, "was reminded of these scruples some years

after, when 'the player's son' had become the admiration of the proudest and fairest; and when a house, provided for the duchess herself at Bath, was left two months unoccupied, in consequence of the social attractions of Sheridan, which prevented a party then assembled at Chatsworth from separating. These are triumphs which, for the sake of all humbly born heirs of genius, deserve to be commemorated."

Immediately after his marriage, Sheridan removed with his wife to a small cottage at East Burnham, from which, in the ensuing winter, they changed into London lodgings. The year after, they took a house in Orchard-street, Portman-square; the furniture of which was supplied by the liberality and kindness of Mr. Linley. "During the summer of 1774, they passed some time at Mr. Canning's and at Lord Coventry's; but so little did these visits interfere with the literary industry of Sheridan, that he had not only at that time finished his play of the Rivals, but was on the point of sending a book to the press."

In the winter of this year the comedy of the Rivals was brought out. By Sheridan's account, in a letter to Mr. Linley, it was the work of but six weeks. This precipitancy, so little to be reconciled to the general caution of his writings, is to be accounted for by the fact, which he also mentions, that he wrote in consequence of a special invitation from Harris, the manager of Covent Garden. It is also illustrated by the event; the first reception of the play was not as favourable as might be inferred either from its merits or subsequent popularity. It is said to have been four hours in the acting; this, with other defects of minor moment, chilled its reception. The ready resource of the author was proved by the quick tact, and rapid dexterity, with which he corrected these faults. And, upon a second trial, it took that distinguished place as a stock-piece, which it has so long preserved in the British Drama.

The comedies of Sheridan are as well known—their place has been so long awarded by the public, and confirmed by the critic, that we can have no motive for entering, at any length, into the consideration of their merits. Their singularly felicitous union of simplicity and pointed elegance—the incessant play of wit—the fine and subtle edge, and sly malice of the satire, have been lauded in every form of critical eulogy. They exhibit, in the highest degree, all the genuine powers of Sheridan—the keen and watchful insight into the sources of human action and feeling, and the dexterous tact that seizes on the prominences of manner and character. Nor will this praise lose by the consideration, that, many of the characters, and chiefly in the Rivals, have in them the exaggerations of caricature. This is, in truth, the nature of satire. A little consideration shews, that to picture human absurdities, they must be enlarged and accumulated; the follies of life are, in the absurdest Character, few and far between, and lose themselves in the mass of common occurrences. Nor is it supposed that the satire is the representation of the man, but of the folly. It is an infirmity made graphic by investing it broadly in the features of humanity. Cowardice in a living man might excite disgust; in Bob Acres it amuses; and yet the humour of this laughable sketch is in its substantial truth; mere absurdity, without this, were dull. We shall have presently, to add a few further reflections on the subject of Sheridan's dramatic writing, when we come to notice his more finished and elaborate effort, "The School for Scandal." We concur so entirely in the criticism which accompanies Mr. Moore's account of the Rivals, the history of which we have (it is just to say) partly stated from other authority, that we shall, for the benefit of our readers, extract it in a note.* From his authority we add, that the notoriety attendant on the

* "To enter into a regular analysis of this lively play, the best comment on which is to be found in the many smiling faces that are lighted up around wherever it appears, is a task of criticism that will hardly be thought necessary. With much less wit, it exhibits perhaps more humour than *The School for Scandal*, and the dialogue, though by no means so pointed or sparkling, is, in this respect, more natural, as coming nearer the current coin of ordinary conversation; whereas, the circulating medium of *The School for Scandal* is diamonds. The characters of *The Rivals*, on the contrary, are not such as occur very commonly in the world; and, instead of producing striking effects with natural and obvious materials, which is the great art and difficulty of a painter of human life, he has here overcharged most of his persons with whims and absurdities, for which the circumstances they

romantic history of Sheridan's recent adventures in "love and war" was heightened by the success of this comedy. His social powers—the beauty and singular accomplishments of his wife, may well be conceived to have heightened and improved the effect; and they were quickly launched into that gay circle of excitement and attraction, which, in few instances, confers happiness or true respectability on those whose admission to it solely depends on their powers to add to the pleasures of the great.

Sheridan's intellect may, at this period, be regarded as having attained its maturity. His school was the world, not books; and, such as it was, his education began earlier than that of most men. Whatever may have been his native powers, it is empirical to talk of men otherwise than as we can trace them in fact. His intellect revolved within a narrow compass—he was no philosopher—but what he knew was distinct. Of the facts to be collected from society—from self-experience—from the labour of composition—and from the occasional reflection of a very sagacious mind—he was master. But there is, among the memoranda pre-

served by Mr. Moore, a shrewd remark of his, which strikes us, as affording a deep insight into his actual character, and a topic for instructive comment, of which we shall not here neglect the use. He is commenting on the letters of Lord Chesterfield—

"His frequent directions for constant employment are entirely ill-founded:—a wise man is formed more by the action of his own thoughts than by continually feeding it. 'Hurry,' he says, 'from play to study; never be doing nothing.'—I say, 'frequently be unemployed; sit and think.' *There are on every subject but a few leading and fixed ideas; their tracks may be traced by your own genius, as well as by reading:—a man of deep thought, who shall have accustomed himself to support or attack all he has read, will soon find nothing new.*"

"These last few sentences," says Mr. Moore, "contain the secret of Sheridan's confidence in his own powers."

This is true: but they contain much more. They exhibit much of the power, and illustrate much of the defects of his mind. One of the secrets of the higher class of intellects is, the tendency to systematize acquisition by reference to principle; and thus

are engaged in afford but a very disproportionate vent. Accordingly, for our insight into their characters, we are indebted rather to their confessions than their actions. Lydia Languish, in proclaiming the extravagance of her own romantic notions, prepares us for events much more ludicrous and eccentric, than those in which the plot allows her to be concerned; and the young lady herself is scarcely more disappointed than we are, at the tameness with which her amour concludes. Among the various ingredients supposed to be mixed up in the composition of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, his love of fighting is the only one whose flavour is very strongly brought out; and the wayward, captious jealousy of Falkland, though so highly coloured in his own representation of it, is productive of no incident answerable to such an announcement;—the imposture which he practices upon Julia being perhaps weakened in its effect, by our recollection of the same device in the Nut-brown Maid and Peregrine Pickle.

"The character of Sir Anthony Absolute is, perhaps, the best sustained and most natural of any, and the scenes between him and Captain Absolute are richly, genuinely dramatic. His surprise at the apathy with which his son receives the glowing picture which he draws of the charms of his destined bride, and the effect of the question, 'And which is to be mine, sir—the niece or the aunt?' are in the truest style of humour. Mrs. Malaprop's mistakes, in what she herself calls 'orthodoxy,' have often been objected to as improbable from a woman in her rank of life; but, though some of them, it must be owned, are extravagant and farcical, they are almost all amusing, and the luckiness of her simile, 'as headstrong as an *allegory* on the banks of the Nile,' will be acknowledged as long as there are writers to be run away with, by the wilfulness of this truly 'headstrong' species of composition.

"Of the faults of Sheridan, both in his witty and serious styles—the occasional effort of the one, and the too frequent false finery of the other."

"But, notwithstanding such blemishes, and it is easy for the microscopic eye of criticism to discover gaps and inequalities in the finest edge of genius—this play, from the liveness of its plot, the variety and whimsicality of its characters, and the exquisite humour of its dialogue, is one of the most amusing in the whole range of the drama; and even, without the aid of its more splendid successor, *The School for Scandal* would have placed Sheridan in the first rank of comic writers."

truly; as Sheridan's profound observation suggests—the mind matured by long-continued habits of deep thinking, may be said to arrive at those central points in the maze of things, from which all subjects may be more readily apprehended. It is thus (to seize on the most distinct illustration) that a single theorem in mathematics may contain a score of propositions separately difficult to the tyro, while the adept can solve them all by a simple reference to its general principle. But, this attainment is to be derived precisely from that extensive and laborious acquisition of knowledge, for which this remark of Sheridan's *would make it the substitute*. We beseech the attention of our youthful reader (to no other can these remarks be of practical avail) to these truths, on which we speak "as one having authority." There is, we grant, an extensive surface of valuable knowledge to be derived from self-study, observation and general reading; but it reaches no further than the purposes of preparation. It cannot supply, and never has supplied, the deficiency of knowledge amassed by long and diligent labour. For there is an error in assuming that *practical first principles*, such as Sheridan describes, are to be arrived at otherwise than through the medium of *the very details* which he would reach by beginning with them. His error consists in unconsciously reversing the inductive process; and he was led into it by the nature of his peculiar study—the *elaboration of his own powers*. Methods of expression, of reasoning, and of thinking, were his pursuit—not true and deep views. Thus he was a rhetorician, not a philosopher or a statesman. The depths of his acquired philosophy lay in composition—his wit, fancy and taste were his talents—his observation, and the sympathies of a mind alive to all that concerns the human breast, supplied his real knowledge; the rest was but the polish and the decoration. The same was, in some measure, applicable to Goldsmith, who was, like Sheridan, a great master of style, and a shrewd observer of man; but who knew little, and had arrived at no fixed principles. To understand the nature of social workings, and the principles of legislation, without an extensive, deep, and intimate acquaintance with history, as well as with the precedents of experience, the elementary reasonings of jurists and economists, and the laws and constitutional

principles of this and every other nation, ancient and modern, is as impossible as to explain the functions and structure of the human body, without having studied anatomy. But, in proportion as a science becomes popular, it becomes involved in error—the passions of the crowd, the designs of the ambitious, and, generally, the prejudices of opinion, acquire solidity, and the specious appearance of principle. Oft repetition gives currency to fallacies, and truth itself is made to involve error, by simply omitting the true principle of its application. Thus may the clever and ingenious sciolist easily flatter himself into the notion, that he has found wisdom on the royal road of ignorance. The character is common, and it is this makes the above remarks important. It is easy to find among the distinguished characters of every age, some who without appearing to have any fixed principles, yet exhibit extraordinary power and dexterity in the advocacy of every question that may offer. They are quicker at finding or making reasons, than decided in opinion. To the truly wise, they must ever seem flippant and superficial, but will have not the less weight in the councils and opinions of men. If it be asked, on what principle they think, the answer is, that they think according to the impulse they receive from connections or interests. It is their distinction to take their opinions from others, and support them with such reasons as they can easily invent. Such wisdom has illustration enough. We could easily wind up this comment with a list of famous names in every party, men dexterous in the cause of truth or error, but always right or wrong by contingency.

To understand human character, it requires to make refined distinctions; and the distinction here intended to be applied to Sheridan, is between that knowledge which is to be attained by study from books; and that which is the result of quickened observation, and the rapid intuition which is understood by the term "tact." Though superficial as a statesman, and not very profound as a thinker, he was admirably versed in the volume of life. He was a wit, a poet, a dramatist, and an orator. He was rapid in perception and sagacious in comment, as well as brilliant in the play of fancy. If he was no more, it may be that he did not pursue the only means. We have.

we trust, guarded so far against the charge of invidious judgments.

At this time, it appears that he had been on the watch for occasion to enter on the arena of politics. Mr. Moore has discovered amongst his papers some fragments of notes for a pamphlet, in answer to Dr. Johnson's pamphlet, "*Taxation no Tyranny*," which now appeared. It does not, however, appear from these fragments, that the fame of Sheridan has lost any thing by the indolence which was the probable means of this intent not being effected. He had not yet arrived at the full maturity of knowledge, method, or style, that might have produced any thing worthy of his genius or of his antagonist; and without here entering into the merits of Johnson's argument, we think that Sheridan's preparations rather exhibit a juvenile notion of the task and subject he undertook. The personal attack on Johnson, as a pensioner, would have been both ungracious, silly, and unjust; and would, perhaps, have cost him a blush on reflection. Mr. Moore's remark on this is more pleasing and just, than we apprehend practicable:—"Men of a high order of genius, such as Johnson and Sheridan, should never enter into warfare with each other, but like the gods in Homer, leave the strife to inferior spirits." In the following year, mutual good offices took place between Sheridan and that truly illustrious man—Sheridan having, in his prologue to Savage's play of *Sir Thomas Overbury* paid a handsome compliment* to Johnson, the biographer of its author. This was not diminished by the circumstance that Johnson, who had been for some time at variance with his old friend Tom Sheridan, seemed at this time to be anxious for a reconciliation. He was the more gratified by this courtesy from the gifted son. Sheri-

dan was soon after proposed by him in the Literary Club, with the complimentary observation—"He, who had written the two best comedies of his age, is surely a considerable man."

Many of our readers may be gratified by some notice of this club, nor can we imagine a subject of stronger interest, in the life of an eminent literary member of its first and best era. It was first proposed by Reynolds in 1764, and its first members were Reynolds, Burke, Goldsmith, Johnson, Dr. Nugent, Mr. Beauclerk, Mr. Langton, Mr. Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins. They met at the Turk's Head in Gerrard Street, once a week, at seven in the evening, and sat to a late hour. The first intention seems to have been, to have limited its number to that of the nine first members.—Every one may easily comprehend the impossibility of long preserving such a limit. The claims of friendship, and the influence of rank, talent, and celebrity, must be quickly felt; and the barrier that would exclude a common friend of the majority will be broken, as soon as it is felt to be worth assailing. The club grew to thirty-five; but still the principle of its formation was preserved, and its growth was an enlargement of its talent and literature. A single adverse vote was enough to exclude any applicant for admission—and where so many must have felt a jealous sense of its real object, that exclusive vote could not be wanting, where an unfitting application was made. After about ten years, it was resolved to change the weekly supper into a dinner, once a fortnight, during the sessions of Parliament. The place of meeting has been also changed at different times, and is now at the Thatched House in St. James' Street. Of this club, Sheridan was elected a member, 26th January, 1777.

* "So pleads the tale, that gives to future times,
The son's misfortunes, and the parent's crimes;
There shall his fame, if own'd to-night, survive,
Fixed by the hand that bids our language live."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE REV. BLACKTHORN M'FLAIL, LATE P.P.
OF BALLYMACWHACKEM.

Written by his Cousin, the Rev. Phedlim M'Fun, Roman Catholic Rector of Ballymacarthen.

CHAP. II.

As the day appointed for the celebration of young Blackthorn's christening approached, worthy Bosthoon was seized with a kind of uncouth *delirium* which produced, upon his disjointed features, such grimaces as might be supposed to appear on the face of some Herculean corpse, whilst grinning under the influence of a Galvanic battery. His white hirsute eyebrows rose and sank alternately, like the buckets of a draw-well, whilst in his winks there might be read an oafish but strong character of jocularity, mingled with a vehement expression of the startling and grotesque, which, taken *per saturam*, renders it impossible for us to class his features under any style of the human face, hitherto known and recognized as *suec* by art or science. His mouth, by the unsettled motion of the upper lip, seemed every moment about to shift its position, and indeed it seldom remained two days successively in the same part of his face, veering either to the right side or the left, according to the mood of the moment, and sometimes hanging transversely under his nose, in a right line with his eyebrow and the opposite side of the chin. On the occasion in question, he wore it twisted back to its favourite berth under the left ear, in order, it is likely, that it might hold a more direct communication with the heart. Then he strided, and trotted, and bounced about with a sluggish alacrity that might not shrink from a comparison with the graceful motions of a dancing somnambulist. There is indeed a class of huge, heavy, dismal faced men, on whose features the exhibition of any emotion produces nothing but an expression of the purest distortion. The laughter and grief of such persons are equally ludicrous, as indeed is every phase of the countenance that is necessary in their case to express the passions either in their full force or only in their more subordinate degrees. Let any of our readers conceive the idea of Liston weeping, and the illustration of that which we wish to convey will be complete.

When the third morning, previous to the baptism of young Blackthorn,

arrived Bosthoon, who ever since he got up had been singing, "Push about the Jorum," and "The Priest in his Boots," alternately, now addressed his wife:—

"Molsh," said he, smiling assassination at her as he spoke, "my shining daisey, that you are;" and here he approached her with the felonious intent of inflicting a smack; "my shining daisey that you are—"

"Be aisey, Bosthoon," replied Molsh, getting behind a chair, "be aisey, dear; the nerra lip o' mine you'll taste today, so you won't."

"I won't!" exclaimed Bosthoon, "an' why won't I? Is it a sin for a man to kiss his own wife?"

"Faix it appears so wid some people; you know there's them in this world that 'ud take a bad maniu' out of any thing. I tell you that we've both got a great dale of abusee for the last two or three months in regard o' what I tould you about little Blackthorn—the darlin'!"

"And who wor they that dared to abuse us, Tiuckey?"

"Indeed very nice jinteel people—an' so modest that butther wouldn't melt in their mouths, I suppose. What a pity, Bosthoon, that we worn't sweet-hearts sittin' undher a hawthorne, an' nobody wid us but ourselves; then we might kiss an' hug one another for an hour, an' that 'ud be love—the tindherness o' love; but bekase a married man is known to kiss his wife, and bekase I tould you what you know, maybe as modestly considherin' every thing as the primmest of them all, why there must be a rout about it, an' people must be abused an' ill spoken of. You know yourself, Bosthoon darlin', that I even whispered it to you, an' after all to be tould that I'm not modest! Well, all I say is, God pardon them for bringin' these tears from the eyes of a woman that never did them harm! But any how, there's great want of charity, an' great hypocriasy abroad—particularly among your grave and jinteel people."

"The diowol may saize the woman among them that found fault wid you, Molsh, half as modest at heart as you

are; an' as for the men that abused you, be my sowl they're only men by accident; for you may kiss the book they wor intended for *your* side af the house—an' axcellent women some o' them 'ud make."

"They can't expect me to be a lady, an' you a gintleman, Bosthoon."

"Faith, an' we'd neither of us exchange hearts or consciences wid them that abuse us. Ladies and jintlemen! Arrah, Molsh, if you only hard what Jimmy Curtis, Lord Blackleg's butler, could say about ladies and jintlemen, be the Paderrens it 'ud make your hair stand on end, so it would. Sure I'm tould—but bad as they are I won't believe this—but it's given out on them any how; I'm tould that the ladies do be often at the play-house, wid devil a tatter an theni from the waist up, not ashamed to sit there before men an' they half naked!"

"Well, that's a lie any how, Bosthoon; no woman 'ud do that barrin' them crathurs that I wouldn't name."

"Faith, an' if they're not mightily belied, that's far from bein' the worst of it. Don't theygo half naked, as I tould you, to balls an' dances, where a chap will put his arms round one of their waists—an' the lady, Molsh, *the lady*!"

"God purtect us from sich ladies, Bosthoon!"

"Be the crass it's said, then, what I'm tellin' you; I don't myself believe it happens; for to tell you the truth, I think it's the lyin' scandal of black-guard sarvints, turned out o' place, that take this way of blackenin' the correctar of the genthry;—"well, the lady, Molsh—what does she do?"

"Why, breaks his mouth I hope."

"Divil a taste of it; but puts her hands about his shoulders, half' naked an' all as she is, an' aff they set in that dacent way, whirling one another about the room!"

"Arrah go to—heaven, Bosthoon; no dacent, modest woman could bring herself to do sich a thing. Only think if we had a dance, and Biddy Murtagh, or any other modest girl, was to come to it stripped that way, why the poor colleen would lose her good name as long as she'd live."

"Faith, an' she ought, too; for the *diousol* a good name she'd be entitled to. So, Molsh, let sich great people mend their own manners before they find fau't wid us—for doin' what there's neither sin or harm in. An' now, Molsh, one kiss to vex them!"

"Ay, a dozen, Bosthoon darlin' if

you want them—who has a right to kiss me but my own big Bosthoon?"

Bosthoon, with a murderous energy, exacted the full dozen; after which he exclaimed, wiping his mouth with that luxurious sweep of the right hand, which among country people intimates a recent participation in something that they feel to have been delicious—

"That for them, Molsh, my daisy; but hear to me now—isn't it full time that we should be layin' in the prog for Father Blackthorn's christenin'?"

"Why, throth it is, if we're to have sich doins as you say," replied Molsh.

"Doins! Whagh, agh, agh. Divil the sich a baptism ever was seen in the parish as I'll put on him."

"It's not baptism, Bosthoon; don't be miscallin' it, any how."

"Christenin', then; will that please ye? I know I'm not over an' above larned, Molsh; but if I don't happen to be cousin-jarmin' to the Dixonary, I'm up to my P's and Q's at any rate. We must have a puddin' the size of a hay-cock; a side o' bacon a foot deep; fat geese and mutton for the clargy; you know we must give *them* jinteel feedin' any way; half an acre of greens; and whiskey galore to wash all down. Whirroo, my daisy; wont that be doin' it fat? hoch, och, oh!"

"In that case, then you must get me a clane sack and a shafe o' whate straw for the puddin'."

"Faith the whole haggard's afore you, so please yourself; but I don't care if you put a taste of explanation to the 'straw' at any rate; how is that consarned in the puddin', Molsh?"

"Why don't you know that when a puddin's to be made for a weddin' or a christenin', or a great number o' people, the best way to manage wid it, is to put it in the end of a clane sack; but you must first have a shafe o' whaten straw to draw through it for fraid it would scatter in the boilin'—the straw you see binds it."

"And how is it cut when it's done, Tiuckey?"

"If there happens to be a carpenter present he always carves it wid a handsaw; and faix when you pull the straws away it's choice atin' all out. God be good to my poor mother, it was her gev me the resate to make it. Sometimes it's boiled in the bed-tick; but a clane sack 'ill be large enough for ours, I'm thinkin'."

"Don't be miserly or a nager in the thing, any how, Molsh; an' above all, my shiner, don't spare the haggard."

"The devil a spare I'll spare anything, Bosthoon, since you wish it."

"Augh, augh, there spoke Molshy M'Flail, Big Bosthoon's wife! Sowl you're a tight slip, Molsh, an' worth presarvin'. Come, now, show forth his reverence; I must get the full o' my eye out of him."

"Is it an' him asleep? to waken the crathur!"

"*Dionol* may care; he's a hardy chap, an' it 'ill only refresh him; show him forth, I say."

"Well, well," replied Molsh, yielding rather reluctantly, "throth you men have often no bowels, so you havn't; the crathur, to take him up out of his little sleep!"

In a minute or so she returned, however, with the youngster in her arms, who set his eye on Bosthoon, as if he understood his purpose and language.

"Murder in Irish, Molsh, see how the shaver looks at me! Be the vestment you'd think he's up to at! I'm sayin'! Whagh hogh—whagh hogh—wee ho!—that's the boy will lift the Latin! Now, Molsh, my daisey, out wid the trewth, don't you think the limb o' grace has a priestly look? Eh, now? Confess, you sinner, confess it; don't you think he has? Sure, tare an' ages, look at the roguery of his eye, an' the knowin' twist he gives his mouth; an' how he let's down! Be my sowl you'd think it was Father M'Flewather at a punch-jug. Faith, you may say what you will, but I say that he has all the marks an' tokens of it about him. Look at his limbs, like a young miller's; an' his fists—be me sowl he'll shine in conthrovasey yet, the swaddy; thin his head, agin,—devil a thing else it was made for but a battherin' ram against heresy! Hurroo! Blackthorn! more power to your reverence! You've the stuff in you for the tribunal,* my darlin' boy; you've the metal for the tribunal. Whagh, heogh, heeogh, heeogh!"

"Why, I b'lieve, Bosthoon, you're cracked about him."

No, *dionol* a crack; but we'll have a crackin' christenin' over him any how; hand him here till I make a meal of him. Ho, ho, Blackthorn, you're the boy will be able to hould a hard cheek yet, or to give larned jaw to the heretics, accordin' as the wind 'ill sit. Be me sowl, Molsh, this fellow, whin he gets into the robes, will gallop over a

Mass like *Shrewball*, or the *Paderon* mare, that wor never bate."

He then commenced, as usual, to "ait him up out o' the face," as he expressed it; but the reader, we presume, remembers our illustration of the bear, when we previously described Bosthoon in this process.

At length, after what may be termed a huge sucking kiss, which drew one of the urchin's cheeks into his mouth, he placed him in Molsh's arms, as whose cheek he fastened in a similar manner, and with a power which might have caused her to imagine that she was within the vortex of the *Maelstrom*, had she known of its existence.

Having performed these two operations, he knowingly shook his upper lip, which, at best was pendulous as a dew-lap, made an indescribable grimace, intended for a wink, and, after a burst of mirth that resembled the subterranean rumble of an approaching earthquake, he threw up his heavy heels, like a tired horse turned from the cart to the paddock, and trotted neighing out of the room.

"Why, the man's beside himself," exclaimed Molsh; "takin' lave of his seven senses altogether. Bosthoon, I say, come back here. Do you hear me? Come back I tell you?"

"Thin push about the jorum, sing foral lol!"

"Arrah, Bosthoon, dear?"

"Well, thrasheen, what's astryay wid you now?"

"You're goin' away widout settlin' about this christenin', or tellin' us who we'll have at it. There now, the sorn know we know, up till this minute, who'll stand for him."

"Faith, we'll give him two acts o' gossips, for sould one would a't be enough."

"But who will they be? The best way is, for you to name the men, and me the women."

"Done, Molsh; I say for Barney M'Sout and Creepy O'Sleevreen. Now who do you say for in the faynals line?"

"Why, for Bid Fogarty and Lilly M'Fairtrich."

"Lilly M'Fairtrich!—a Protestant! Is it a heretic to stand god-mother for his reverence? Why, Molsh, I hope there's not a bad drop in you somewhere '—slat, indeed!"

"No—but, Bosthoon, I'm afraid

you're not square; you want a quarther I doubt. Don't you know, or ought n't you any way, that whin we, Catholics, ax a Protestant god-father and god-mother to stand for one of our childre, we always have four gossips; two of our own perswaidjion to do the *real* thing, and two o' the others standin' alongside o' them, and thinkin' that themselves are gossips as well as the others; wherein they're not gossips at all; but let them alone for comin' down with the Presents. Sure Lilly doesn't know what to do wid her money, an' *we* may as well take this way of comin' at a whang of it as another. It's not impossible but she may do somethin' for Blackthorn yet. Sure it's not a fortnight ago since myself hard her say that she supposed it was becase she was an "*ole maid*" that nobody ever thought it worth their while to ax *her* to stand gossip for a child; but people might find that *she* might be as *kind* a godmother as if she had childre of her own. Devil thank me, Bosthoon, for takin' the hint; did n't she threwn the bait herself?"

Bosthoon made no reply whatsoever, but he snapped his fingers, and neighed and lowed, and put his body through such a series of Kamskadale evolutions as literally threw Molsh into convulsions.

"Why, Bosthoon, Bosthoon dear! Queen o' heaven this day! Bosthoon, I say, will you behave; I'm too wakely to laugh so much—ha, ha, ha! Darlin' I'm in airnest—ha, ha, ha—I'm too too—ha, ha, ha—I'm too wakely, aither bearin' Blackthorn, to laugh so much. It 'ill hurt his little allowance, too, acushla; it will darlin'; oh, be aisy, dear, ou his account. Queen o' saints! I'm as wake as wather, so I am! Oh, on *his* account, Bosthoon, darlin', quit of it, quit of it. Oh! Yeah, this day!"

"We'll have her, we'll have her," shouted Bosthoon; "an' touch the heretic *airighad* for Blackthorn. Be me sowl, the same customer's born to good look, I'll be bail; every thing's in his favour."

"Well, but, calm an' aisay, Bosthoon; take it aisay, dear. Now that's settled; but who else will we have at the christenin'?"

"Who else? No but, Molsh, who else *won't* we have at it? Be the piper o' Moses, I think the best way is to borry the Tithe-proctor's books, an' ax them by the town-land."

"Why, Bosthoon darlin', are you

mad? would you break us out o' house an' home?"

"Hut! blood alive, woman, has n't he a blessin' wid him that 'ud cover all expenses? Be me faix, now that we have him, we'll thrive like shot, never fear. Has n't he the grace o' God, as good as painted on his reverence's face any way; an' could you ax better security for a let out?"

"Why, that's thrue sure enough; an' another thing, Bosthoon, sure there's an O an' a Mac to stand for him, an' they say it has been prophesyzed that heresy is to be put down by an O an' a Mac; the one to be a bishop, an' the other a counsellor."

"Ay, but what does Kolumbkil say, as I have it from Owen Devlin, the boccagh? Why, that heresy is to be extwinguished by a poor man, who's to go round among the people, livin' *upon what he can get*, an' that, for *their* sakes, he is to prefer that way of life to any other, in order to show his humility. They say that there's not to be more, durin' any day in the year, nor five ounces of flesh upon his body, an' that, if he goes beyant that, he loses the virtue of poverty, until fastin' an' prayin' makes him as lean as before. He's to have a priest altogether to himself, to confess to, an'——"

"Why, blood alive, Bosthoon, you're ravin'; surely he can't be sich a sinner as to require a whole priest to himself to forgive him?"

"Faith an' there's reason in what you say, Molsh, whether or not; but the truth is, that these holy men, bint on raisin' up our church, must do many things, maybe, that you an' I 'ud scruple to do of ourselves, becase we don't see so *far before us* as they do."

"An' they say too, Bosthoon, there's many a thing that 'ud be a *sin* in the likes o' you an' me that wouldn't be a sin at all in larned people that know what they're about."

"Hut woman, sure nothin's a sin that puts down heresy, and advances our own church. To swear that black's white is a virtue, if it'll do the one or the other. Sure the priest can forgive us all at the long run, an' that's an advantage the Protestants can't boast of."

"Oh thin, Bosthoon, I'm sorely afeared that we're not half thankful enough for bein' born in the thrue church—but, Bosthoon?"

"Well, Molsh."

"What is the *raison* that he's bound not to have more nor five clear ounces o' flesh upon him?"

"Why, it's sed that it 'ud take just thát much to enable him to carry the bags, purvided they only bear his support for one day—but if he attempts to hook in or scheme a single penny beyant his daily allowance, then he is forced to fast and pray, in order to get back his virtue. But about Blackthorn an' the christenin'?"

"Why, Bosthoon, have raison. Ax Father M'Flewsther; his reverence is a pleasant gentleman, divil a more so; not forgettin' Father Bartle O'Fag, the Cow-jutherer, who would be pleasant enough too if he daar be so afore Father M'Flewsther."

"Faith, Molsh, I take Father Bartle to be the honestest of the two. When Father M'Flewsther gets near—hear to me, Molsh, an' let it go no further—but I say, when Father M'Flewsther gets near a purty woman, the divil a one of him but begins to drip like a honeycomb of a July noon. Oh divil resaise the sweeter than his reverence—but of coorse, it's all in innocence an' jackilarity, as he ses himself."

"Well, Bosthoon, well darlin',—they're both sweet enough, if it goes to that. Divil a funnier song can be sung than Father O'Fag sings, whin Father M'Flewsther's gone, aither a station or a weddin'. Troth they are, the two o' them, as good company as one 'ud wish to sit wid; but, Bosthoon, now, don't be crowdin' the house at poor Blackthorn's christenin'; ax only our own friends, an' as I don't like it myself, will you, avourneen, go, by-an'-by, to the yard, an' kill a dozen o' the fattest barn-door fowl you can find?"

"Will I? Ah, thin, let me alone, Molsh; be the Padereens, I have thought of the natest method of doin' it in all Europe. Frank Lowrey, hear to me; get me down the scythe."

Frank, however, was beyond hearing; but this mattered little to Bosthoon, who, ere the lapse of three minutes, was ranging the farm-yard with scythe in hand, bent on committing wholesale slaughter among the poultry. His figure, the weapon, and the grace of his motions, added to the ferocious hilarity of his countenance, would set all powers of description at defiance. In a short time, Molsh, with Blackthorn in her arms, accompanied by the servants, were attracted to the scene of destruction, by the clattering, and cackling, and screaming of the fowl, mingled with the jocular howling of Bosthoon himself, who, whenever he guillotined one successfully, set up a wild whirroo,

that might be heard at a distance of half a mile.

"Why, thin, blessed earth, Bosthoon," exclaimed Molsh, in a kind of mirthful terror; "have you no more feelin' in you, than to slaughter down the poor things that way? Why, man alive, that's not drawin' a fowl, but open murder, all out. Arrah, let them alone, an' I'll kill them myself, will ye?"

"Feelin'! ay have I, lashins o' feelin'; but sure I'm thinkin' myself, that they're so many orangeunen, an' divil a pleasanter work can be, than sniggin' them down, the villains! Here's for the big fellow in the corner beyant—that same chap's the head o' a lodge, I'll go bail; but wid a blessin' I'll soon lave the lodge an' himself both widout a head. Wish! There you lie, my cock, and divil may care than all your sort wor wid you!"

"*Dhar a Lhora Heena!* the man's beside himself, I say, still," exclaimed Molsh; "arra, Bosthoon, will you have sinse if you can?"

"Wait till I have a cut at that fellow beside the pig; he's a *purpleman*, the blackguard, as you may know by the colour of his comb; but I'll tache the bagabone to put up offensive colours in a catholic farm-yard, undher our noses no less. There you go, my cock; folly your leader, as the pilgrim said to the beads when he had'n't time to pray."

"Bosthoon, I say! I'm sayin', Bosthoon!"

"An' I'm doin', Molsh; I think it's no lie to say that I'm givin' the yard a sevendable clearin'. Whisht, now, till I have a cut at that fat turkey-cock at the cart, for Father M'Flewsther an' the Cowjutherer. 'Tis an orange parson, an' it's but right that the true clergy should quarther on him. Faith, I dunna but he's a bishop, if I'm to judge by the mitre on his head; but no matter—'tisn't the only one o' them we'll pluck afore long, plaze goodness! Hack! Waddle, there you lie—undher a small mistake, in regard of your condition, an' good catholic teeth will be acquainted wid you before a mouth of Sundays goes over your head."

Thus did the Apollyon of the poultry—the Attila of the farm-yard, proceed, in a kind of hospitable fury that would not have disgraced Ajax, when slaughtering the Grecian sheep of old. In the course of about ten minutes the farm-yard was strewn over with the decapitated bodies of slain geese.

turkeys, fat capons and pullets in the greatest profusion.

"Now, Molsh," said he; "if you haven't fowl enough, don't blame me; say the word an' I'll mow away."

"Wurrah man," said Molsh; "do you think we're to have half the country?"

"The more the merrier, Molsh," he replied; "an' now, I think I may put up my weapon. Wasn't that nater than to be goin' doz in an' prozin' about it for half a day, makin' a fuss about nothin'. Fol de rol de riddle lol, &c." and, after wiping his scythe, he went in amidst the loud mirth of the servants, murdering the tune of "push about the jorum," in addition to the other murders he had already committed.

Now, it is very possible, that many of our readers, especially of those who are English or Scotch, may smile incredulously at the political turn which Bosthoon gave to this original mode of butchering the fowl. Let them, however, lay this incredulity aside. In Ireland, political cruelty is superinduced upon circumstances the most ludicrous and jocular. Mirth and murder are more nearly related with us than they are in any other country under the sun. It is but natural, therefore, that where murder is performed in jest, people should, in the course of time and practice, make a jest of murder, and treat only those who punish them for it with serious indignation. An Irish peasant, who happens to be hanged for a political or religious murder, goes frequently out of the world with an imaginary crown of martyrdom on his brows; and the memory of many such is cherished with an affection which the most transcendent virtue could not secure. Now I, Phedlim M'Phun, knowing right thoroughly, through the Confessional, what the moral feelings of the people on this subject are, do most strenuously demur against the unprincipled doctrine of placing in the hands of such assassins, any thing in the slightest possible degree approaching to *ascendancy*. Morals and property have a right to predominate over vindictive ferocity and the cunning cruelty, not of ignorance—for it is undeniable that in other matters they are shrewd and intelligent—but of a deep and deliberate bigotry, fostered by those who care not one iota for either the souls or bodies of the people whom they studiously demoralise. Men who have no fixed principle, no conscience,

no abhorrence of crime and bloodshed to restrain or guide them in the exercise of political power, have no claims whatsoever to its possession; and until they exhibit the same peaceful and moral habits which characterise civilized life and Christian society, they *ought* not to be entrusted with it. It is very well for the great body of my brother priests to say, behold we are a people, and must be treated as such; but I say that it is not our numbers, but our character and principles that ought to be considered by the legislature. Those who legislate upon the principle of "numbers," legislate upon a principle of cowardice that is disgraceful and pusillanimous. The Roman Catholic peasantry of Ireland actually possess less of freedom at this moment than they did before the concession of Emancipation. They are now the trampled and goaded slaves of priests and agitators, and ere long will feel in the grinding spirit of oppression, what that "Domestic Tyranny" is, into whose clutches the concessions of the British legislature have unwittingly consigned them. Ah, trust me, they are beginning to feel to their cost that there is no such domineering aristocrat as your Catholic priest, no such insolent and vulgar tyrant as your agitator, and no such corrupt and prostitute place-hunter as your patriot of the people. This, to be sure, is treason against the seditious; but it must pass along with many other neglected and forgotten truths of the present day.

Return we now to the massacre of St. Bosthoon. What we said about that matter is not, as Bosthoon himself would probably call it, "an exswaggeration." I have often myself heard the country-folk say to those who manifested a humane reluctance to kill a fowl, "Hut, tut, think it's an Orangeman's throat you have got, and you'll soon settle it."

Thus it is that in Ireland the light of a jest is often made to blend in appalling harmony with the black shadows of assassination and murder—as the midnight flash from the thunder-cloud appears only to show the stormy mass which hangs in silence above us, watching, as it were, in gloomy malignity for the object on which it is to pour its vengeance.

Bosthoon, after the bloody catalogue of what the hackneyed punsters have termed *fowl* murders, lost no time in asking his neighbours and

relations to the christening of our sucking ecclesiastic. Before the day of the christening came, he had certainly invited a formidable body—the most consequential of whom were the following :—First was Torly M'Flewsther, own brother to Father Roger, the parish priest, who, together with Father O'Fag, was present *ex officio*. Next follows a cousin of Father Bartle, Turgesius Linsey, no way related, we believe, to the present Bishop of Kildare's family, who are the Lindsays of Scotland, but connected pretty closely with the descendants and namesakes of a much more eminent divine, Cardinal Wolsey. Indeed so generally known and recognised is this connection, that we question if the names of Burke and Bethel are more closely associated than those of Linsey and Wolsey. After Turgesius came Battagh Buie, or Yellow Wattle M'Flail, granduncle to his Reverence, young Blackthorn ; then my own uncle Phedlim M'Fun, whose honoured name I bear ; after him Ladlius, or as he was termed for brevity, Ladle M'Flummery, Scaddhan M'Fud ; Brian Boroo Mac-Scutt ; and creepy O'Sleeveen. Nor must I forget a plump, rosy-faced lad, of about sixteen, remarkable for a roguish leer in his eye, and a curt satirical curve of the upper lip—his name was Daniel O'Connell. The female Gossips, Miss Lilly M'Fairtrich, and Miss Bid Fogarty, we needn't at present mention, as they, like the priests, were also present *ex officio*.

Two others were also invited, but verily they could not say, for fear of telling an untruth, whether they might be permitted by Providence to attend or not. These were Bosthoon's landlord, Joseph Spare-rib, the Quaker, and his wife Repentance.

The above were the leading members of the families invited ; but many more were asked to attend the evening festivities, who were not thought sufficiently aristocratic to mingle in the polished society of the dinner-party. The preparations were upon a scale as liberal as it was original. Bosthoon had secured nearly a whole running of potteen ; the pudding was made and tightly tied up in the sack before mentioned, ready to be soured into a huge boiler, which they borrowed for the purpose. All kinds of meat and vegetables were secured, not forgetting half a hundred weight of the best mealy

Bangers, which Bosthoon laid in for the especial comfort of the guests. A fiddler and piper were also engaged to promote the harmony of the occasion ; and on the evening previous to the ceremony, every thing, in sooth, gave a most auspicious promise of enjoyment.

Who, however, could suppose for a moment, that in such a state of things a cloud of mysterious dolour should rest upon the bucket brows of Bosthoon himself? Yet so it was, and ever as the previous evening lapsed into night, the smoke of his sighs resembled that of a lime-kiln in a shower. He groaned and pretended to have the cholic, but the quantity of food which disappeared at supper contradicted that assertion. Molsh questioned him closely, and with a pertinacity which did herself honour, but reflected very little on the veracity of her husband, succeeded in driving him from one complaint to another, until she fairly beat him out of the whole popular catalogue. First it was, as we have said, the cholic, then it was "a dirty attack of rheumatiz in the shins ;" again it was an embargo* about the loins ; afterwards it changed to a bitter bad *Shinroe*, an' hard fortune to it ! Again he didn't know but it was the tapeworm that his brother Barney, God be good to him ! used to be afflicted with before he died, and that carried him off at the long run, poor fellow ; and a better brother never eat bread than he was."

Molsh, however, saw the pure lie so predominant in every assertion he made, that she knew not what to infer from his unaccountable anxiety to be considered sick. If groans, that almost made the plates on the dresser rattle, could be considered a proof of bodily illness, then was he certainly unwell ; but then the supper he made ! so vigorous and energetic, so rapid and effective ! and his usual healthy hiccup breaking the very complaint in his mouth ! No, no ; whatever ailed him lay upon his mind, and she was resolved to find it out. She now changed her tactics, and was resolved to have him seriously ill upon his own principle.

"Bosthoon, darlin'," said she.

"Well, Molsh !"

"You *are* sick, dear ; you *are* indeed, an' I'm afeard you have got your skinful o' something."

* Lumbago.

"I know I have, Molsh; you're not ashray there at any rate."

"That blackguard embargo, darlin'!"

"Ay! what about it, Molsh?"

"Don't you think it 'ud be better to put off the christenin' till you get well of it."

"Well of what?"

"Why, the embargo."

Bosthoon gave her a pleasant disastrous look with one "bucket" knowingly elevated.

"Be aisy, Molsh; you could never do it if I wished to keep the sacret to myself; I see what you're at well enough, but I'll tell you widout more to do."

"That's a good boy, Bosthoon; God mark you to grace, alanna!"

"Amen, Molsh! Now hear to me; but you must keep this to yourself."

"Devil a mortal will ever get it from my lips 'till you give me lave. Now!"

"I'm afeard that Blackthorn, in regard o' what you know, wont take the wather to morrow at his christenin'!"

"Oh Chierna man, don't dhrame of sich a misfortune as that! That 'ud be unlucky indeed!"

"But I tell you I do dhrame of it; I'm sure he'll go against the saycrament, an' a worse sign than the same couldn't be seen. They say them that doesn't take it kindly has a black fate before them! What's to be done, Molsh?"

This, indeed, was a searching question and strongly calculated to try both Molshy's ingenuity and his own. In truth it could be considered as nothing short of the prime difficulty, or rather the only one, that clouded the prospect of the approaching hilarity. The superstitious dread under which they both laboured is one by no means uncommon among the ignorant people; but in this case they both entertained it with tenfold apprehension, in consequence of their knowing so accurately the invincible hatred of mere water, which my late cousin, young Blackthorn, had already exhibited. Indeed so strong was this, his natural antipathy against the pure element, that his mother, every morning when washing him, was forced to *qualify* the water with a certain portion of whiskey, in order to prevent, as she herself termed it, "the crathur from gettin' into convulsions." It is no wonder, therefore, that the question was felt to be a searching one.

"What's to be done, Molsh?" he re-

peated; "the same clargy wont stand the wather, barrin'—"

"He wont, in troth, Bosthoon; but barrin' *what*, dear?"

"Molsh, what is to be done, I say?"

A long pause ensued. Molsh was evidently abstracted in the consideration of this question, and Bosthoon, on perceiving that her imagination had set to work, thought that the old saying of two heads are better than one, was, if it were necessary at all, most essentially so upon this occasion. He also fixed his face into a cast of meditation, but the description of his countenance while in this mood need not be expected from me. Perhaps that of an assassin looking out for the object of his vengeance, might give a faint notion of the puzzled ferocity, which mere reflection, in a case of difficulty, brought out on his visage. Not that the man was at all ferocious or ill-tempered; on the contrary, few men possessed a better heart, or a more expansive spirit of hospitality. His countenance, however, was so unluckily shaped, and his bulky features jarred so irreconcilably, that one cannot help comparing their full contour to the three parties which at present distract the empire. His Whig mouth so unfixed and shifting—his Radical teeth and eyebrows—each desperately destructive—a pair of cheek bones and ears elevated as the highest Tory among them all, constituted a face just about as harmonious and orderly as the Reformed House of Commons. It mattered little what mood of mind put any feature into office, for whatever measure it brought out was sure to be met by a formidable opposition, or, perhaps, by a tyrannical majority of the other features.

On this occasion, Molsh, who cast in her perplexity, an accidental glance at Bosthoon, observed that his upper lip vibrated, like a pendulum, to the right and left of his nose, a motion which she knew from experience, always intimated the formation of some sapient speculation or theory of his own.

"Bosthoon dear, what's to be done?"

The play of the lip now became furious; at length it stopped; was drawn fearfully back; his *cheveux de fricze* of huge tusks were expanded to an incredible width, and a peal of very

respectable thunder re-echoed through the house.

"I dont think you ought to laugh, Bosthoon, till this is settled.

"Faith, but I ought you shiner, for it is settled?"

"Arra how, darlin? how dear?"

"Ahagh, you want to come at it, do you?"

"An' who has a betther right, Bosthoon?"

"That's trewth, but be the sham-rogue you havn't right enough to hear this, though—hagh, agh, ugh, agh—wee ho?"

"Very well, you can keep it," said Molsh, offended.

"And will, Molsh; I'll hould a hard cheek, my tiucky; sure it's all the intention, my daisey—dont you know that?"

"Know what? arrah what?"

"If his reverence's *intintion* is good, it's all right."

"His reverence's *intintion*!—faith you're fairly moidhered wid this christenin, Bosthoon; that's what I think; sure if you warn't you'd not mow down the poor crathers o' fowl the way you did!"

"No matther," replied her husband, "sure it's all the same in the Greek, or, in Father M'Flewsther's Latin, any how. Whirroo, Blackthorn my cock, be me posey, you'll take the wather yet, a cushla. So long as Father M'Flewsther has a good intention under his surplus, I wont see you hard run. Faith, I'll have no ill fortune before you in regard any way, of not takin it—Ri toral oral oral lol," &c., and out came "Push about the jorum," with the wrong end foremost.

It was to no purpose that Molsh exerted all the ingenuity she could muster in an attempt to worm the secret of young Blackthorn's quietly "taking the water," as he termed it, out of him. She wheedled, and entreated, and pouted, but all she could get was a look of triumphant sagacity, appallingly jocular, and one or two threats of illegal violence if she persisted.

Having thus formed his plan of getting Blackthorn, or, as Molsh more frequently called him, the "weeny duck" "to take the wather," he went to bed in a state of supreme delight, as anxious to witness the festivities of the following day, as a school-boy is to welcome in the first blessed morning of the Christmas or Midsum-

mer holidays. To bed, we say, he went, but by no mortal means to sleep. A spirit of a different character, indeed, seized upon him, and this spirit was nothing more nor less than the genius of music, which we are bound to say never made a more inveterate descent upon Orpheus himself, during any period of his life, than it did upon worthy Bosthoon M'Flail. The fact is, that to the utter discomfort of his wife, he did nothing else from the moment he deposited his carcass upon the bed, until the honest woman, about the hour of two o'clock in the morning, fell into a querulous slumber, than sing and whistle all the snatches of tunes and songs that he could by any possible means remember: "Push about the Jorum," and the "Priest in his Boots," were performed both ways with an originality of execution that deserved immortality. After these followed "Oona's Lock," "The Black and the Brown," "The Little House under the Hill," "Rousin Redhead," "Open the door for Three," "Ride a Mile," and so on; all of which he not only performed with singular embellishments, but also illustrated with snatches of running commentary and fugitive criticism, quite as entertaining as the musical text itself. Sleep and death, however, overcome us all, and Bosthoon at length tried his hand, and with considerably more success, at the beautiful solo which is generally performed by that nightingale of the race cyleped the nose. In other words, he fell a snoring, and dreamt of young Blackthorn "taking the wather!"

I care not a fig about Sir William Hamilton and his astronomy, even if he were ten times a greater honour to his country than he is. One thing I know right well, and that is, that during good honest daylight, very little occurs in Europe that the sun is not acquainted with. And as I am neither a Whig nor a Radical, I beg leave to make an observation which has possibly escaped even our celebrated astronomer himself, and it is this, that not a single measure ever the Whigs have passed, or attempted to pass, which was not passed, or attempted to be passed, on a day that would have disgraced Lapland. The truth is, the sun, who is a steady uncompromising Tory himself, literally scorns to shine upon their proceedings, or to lead them any countenance whatsoever that he can at all withhold. Every thing they do is consequently full of dark-

ness and mystification. The moon, therefore, is all that is left them, and right well worthy are the prostitute legislators of such a night-walking patroness as she is. Like her, they are not the same thing for a month; like her, they are desperately enamoured of change, and, the only glimmer of common sense that is to be found in their proceedings is borrowed from the Tories, just as *she* filches the only light she is mistress of from the sun, and would make the world believe that it is her own. Nor is this all, the drivelling creatures legislate in no other spirit than that of the most confirmed lunacy; and, as a natural consequence, all they have done or ever will do, has been and will be, a mere matter of moonshine. Let the sun, however, have a decent, honest, open transaction before him, and see with what a good humoured, complacent smile he looks down upon it. His appearance, for instance, on the morning of young Blackthorn's christening, was a credit to the whole Zodiac. Indeed, if we could suppose the twelve signs chatting the matter over, the following short but pithy dialogue, is very like that which would occur among them; for there is little doubt but our young hero was a favourite with the whole sky.

"He will be a brilliant youth, that," said the sun; "a shining light to the faithful; there will be no eclipsing him."

"I will help him home from the stations at night," said the moon, "and, what I wouldn't do for another, I'll enable him to see *double* when light is scarce."

"I'll give him courage to put down heresy," said Leo; "I am something of a Papist myself, in consequence of such a number of Popes having graced the Pontificate with my name. In fact, they have consecrated me; a circumstance which I won't forget to young Blackthorn.—I'll make him the lion of the tribe."

"He will be the head of a goodly flock," said Aries, "a regular South-down in spirituals."

"He will drink like a fish," said Pisces, "and, although he does not like water, yet he must have our patronage.—His gills will speak for him."

"I shall support him, too," said Sagittarius; "he will draw the long bow in a manner worthy of a true Hi-bernian."

"He will be a father to the fatherless," said Gemini.

"Would there be any chance of his becoming a thirteenth Constellation?" said Virgo; "it would go hard if we didn't make room for him among us—I think we want a chaplain."

Such, we might suppose the dialogue among the aforementioned signs to be, upon the dawn of that remarkable day which ushered in the signal festivity of our young hero's christening.

The first appropriate guest who made her appearance on that morning was Norry Flattery, the midwife, who found the house scoured and cleansed, and literally brimful of hospitable fare. On the outside, near the door, was a ring of stones, on which stood the boiler we spoke of, ready to receive the pudding. Slaughtered poultry lay in piles, decapitated and naked, the yellow fat congealed in wads upon their huge carcasses. Flitches of bacon, hams, beef and mutton, were placed in tempting array on an opposite table. In fact, the mere sight was better than an indifferent meal to a hungry man; and the promise of such a dinner enough to sustain a poor poet for a week before hand. In addition to all this, Norry could not help remarking, that the flavour of strong drink gratified the olfactory sense as powerfully as the edible fare did the eye; a circumstance which she could account for in no other way, than by supposing that Bosthoon and some of his friends had been carousing the night before. In this, however, she was mistaken.

Bosthoon, when she appeared, seized her hands, and with something between a snigger and a bray, shook them, until in the apprehension that her arms were dislocated, she shouted lustily for relief.

"Why thin that you may never sin, Bosthoon M'Flail, if I'll be able to do a ha'p'orth this month to come wid the way you shook me—oh yeah! my arms!"

"The man, of a sartinty, *is* beside himself, Norry," said his wife—"ay, for the last week."

"Come, Molsh," said Bosthoon, approaching her with a fresh felony on his face, "come now—"

"No, no," said she, laughing, "I'm done. I won't say a word."

"Very well," he replied, "keep steady; but hear to me—are young Blackthorn's vestments ready an' made as I bid you?"

"Ay are they," replied both the women; and the midwife added:

"Faix, Bosthoon, when he gets them an, you might put him to the althar an' he could tare away at a mass as well as the best o' them; devil a one o' the weeny duck but 'll be the very moral of Father M'Flewsther or the Cowjutherer."

"An' that was *my* invintion," replied Bosthoon, triumphantly, "hagh, agh, agh, ach—wee ho!"

This, indeed, was literally the fact. Bosthoon felt such a powerful determination to associate young Blackthorn with the priesthood, that he resolved on having his christening dress made as nearly as could be after the fashion of the pontificals in which a priest celebrates mass. The consequence was, that the mother was forced to trick out the monkey in a surplice, alb, and stole, in compliance with the wishes of his father, who insisted that he should look as like "a clargy" as possible.—"Sure, blood alive," he added, "isn't it whin they have the robes an, we dont think them the same men they are over a jug o' punch. Toral loral lol, toral loral laddy, &c. &c."

As the morning advanced, the other guests began to arrive. First after the midwife came Bid Fogarty and Brian Boroo M'Scut, two of the gossips, and these again were shortly followed by the other two, to wit, Miss Lilly M'Faithritch, close to whose arm lay quiet, sly, insinuating Creepy O'Sleeven. Creepy, in fact, had, as they say, an eye on Miss Lilly, in consequence of her wealth, and as he was very much abused by the sex, and not without reason, we need scarcely add that he excited more interest than another man, and was treated by them with a degree of attention which nothing but the looseness of his character could have gained him. In the course of a short time, the rest poured in—all dressed in their best clothes, and looking as they say, in excellent health and spirits. Torly M'Flewsther, the priest's brother, was "bogged in boots;" and Brian Boroo M'Scut shone in a sky-blue coat, with gilt buttons, a yellow waistcoat, and a pair of spruce buckskins as tight as two-pence. Friend Spare-rib the quaker informed his worthy tenant, friend Bosthoon, the preceeding day, that he and his wife Repentance would come to the dinner, but that business prevented them from

being present at the breakfast or the ceremony of the baptism; but, he added, "Repentance and I will take a moderate glass of thy punch in the evening, friend M'Flail." The youth, Daniel O'Connell knowing that there would be little real fun till after dinner, declined coming for that reason, although he assigned a far different one for his absence, viz. that he would be engaged till four o'clock, making a charitable collection for a distressed widow in the neighbourhood.

Young Blackthorn was immediately consigned to the mock gossip Miss M'Faithritch, who felt highly flattered at being preferred before her associate sponsor, as much as by the matronly character which she could not but think the mere nursing of him conferred upon her. Blackthorn, however, had not yet been arrayed in the stole and surplice, owing to the caution of his mother, who felt singular misgivings as to the ultimate purity of the pontificals. The honest woman, who knew that Blackthorne was not over-scrupulous, was brimful of superstition, and imagined that anything in the shape of a stain upon the vestments, would be dreadfully prophetic of future evil. She accordingly resolved not to dress him in them, until within a few minutes previous to the commencement of the ceremony.

But who shall describe the wild merriment of Bosthoon himself, and the dreadful vehemence of the reception which he gave to each? And yet, notwithstanding his awkwardness, he did the thing well, and agreeably, for to speak truth, his heart was in the right place. He tossed himself from one to another; laughed, shouted, and hallucinated with a blundering cordiality which every one felt to be tremendously sincere. And in the midst of all this, they could observe that he carried in his head some redoubtable secret, some sagacious piece of knowledge, of which he evidently felt not only proud but ludicrously ostentatious. This was easily seen, for in point of fact his gesticulations were so forcible and significant, and so much in his own way, that human gravity could not resist them. He clapped his finger on his nose, for instance, and pointed to young Blackthorn, after which he gathered his head into his shoulders, and contracted his huge frame like a man indulging in suppressed laughter, as indeed was the case with him. Neither could they make anything of the

broken hints which he dealt out with similar mystery.

"Faith, he'll take it like a duck—young Blackthorn will—an' that was borried from Molsh, the daisey; an' it's all right so long as the intintion's good in Father M'Flewsther. Wather enough for the saycrament, any how—hagh, agh, och, och, ho, ho."

"Bosthoon," said Creepy O'Sleeveen, "you have the fun all to yourself."

"Divil a word o' falsity in that, Creepy—but be me sowl you're not Creepy O'Sleeveen, or there'll be another story to tell afore the christenin's over, Creepy; put that in your sleeve. I'll not have *all* the fun to myself, Creepy—eh, Sleeveen? Miss Lilly, take care of him, or be the posey he'll clap his comedher an you, for all you'd think that buttther 'udn't melt in his mouth—och, hoch, ho!"

"Miss Lilly has too much sinse to mind your palavers, Bosthoon. Never heed him, Miss Lilly, you know him of ould; anyhow, he's crack'd for this week past."

"Come, my thracle," said Bosthoon, "never heed me, but keep an eye to business; you know we'll be wantin' a small collation in the shape of breakfast, by-an-by, an' be the powdhers if there's a famine, I'll have you read out for a nager. Go an' put the robes on Blackthorn; the clargy 'ill soon appear—what the dickens is keepin' them? sure they might know very well, there wout be a dear summer here *this* day at all evints."

Now, we cannot disguise the fact, that Bosthoon had a double card to play from the moment of Norry Flatery's arrival, up until the appearance of the parish priest and his curate. He was by no means dull, and of course could perceive that most of his guests, ever and anon snuffed the air of his kitchen with a remarkably sweet zest, after which they looked into each other's faces, evidently without knowing exactly what to think. When Bosthoon saw this, he laboured with double assiduity to distract their attention to other objects, and in short, did every thing that mortal man could do, to put them on a wrong scent. In this it was difficult to say whether he succeeded or not. One observation of Creepy O'Sleeveen's inclines one to think he failed.

"Bosthoon," said Creepy, "you have a murtherin' fine smell in the house."

"Faix no wondher, Creepy, there's a lot o' right good things in it."

"A strong smell o' punch, Bosthoon; I think you might as well do the decent thing, an' come out wid a sup."

"Creepy," said Bosthoon, vehemently, "be the mortal Cayzar, there's not the *shadow* of punch undher my roof. I an' a friend or two had a sup last night, an' may be the smell of it is an the bottles. But sure, man," he continued, in his own ludicrous logic; "the whisky an' suggre is in the house, an' the hot wather boilin' too, an' be Granua Waile's punch jug, it 'ud go hard, or you'd smell punch out o' the matayrials at all evints—but as for *made* punch, be the blessed sunbame St. Patrick hung his shirt upon, I'm tellin' thruth—God pardon me for swearin' in the manetime."

It is not to be supposed, that during the period which elapsed from the time of their assembling until the arrival of the clergymen, the other guests did not indulge in conversation of a light and lively cast. On the contrary, the hilarity of the occasion, and the abundant prospect of the good cheer before them, had a wonderful effect in raising their spirits, and loosening their tongues. Many a joke, and laugh, and anecdote, and many a morsel of choice scandal, fresh from the fact, enlivened the meeting, and fell like a blessing from heaven into the ears of the females who heard them. We must not neglect to say that pots and kettles were boiling; beef-steaks and mutton-chops piled before their eyes; bowls of eggs lying about, and every thing visible that was calculated to harmonize the hearts and feelings of all who were present.

Bosthoon's last deprecation against swearing was scarcely uttered when Father M'Flewsther and the Rev. Bartle O'Fag, his curate, both arrived, and—

But we cannot introduce two such important personages upon the stage of this our history without paying them the compliment of a short prologue.

Father Darby M'Flewsther was, in the true and proper acceptation of the word, what has been called a "hedge priest," a term which at one time embraced a tolerably numerous class—of which we question if there be a single specimen now alive. Of the hedge priest and the continental priest it may be truly said that they repelled each other like the poles of a magnet. The continental priest despised the hedge

priest, but never hated him; for he could not but remember that he himself had, generally speaking, been a hedge priest before he became a continental one. The facts are these.—During the existence of the penal laws, and before the establishment of Maynooth—the most pernicious piece of policy by the way that ever Britain adopted—such was the scarcity of Roman Catholic priests in the Irish market, that they were always at an immense premium. The consequence was, that young men fresh from the potato ridge often took it into their heads to go to the next hedge school, where they made themselves acquainted with a little Latin. Education at the time was both rare and limited, and the appearance of a young man capable of even reading Latin, much less of understanding it properly, was a matter of such importance that the Roman Catholic Bishops were glad to lay hands upon them, and by the ready process of ordination metamorphosed them into priests. These young fellows were drilled into a knowledge of their duty by practising the ceremony of what is called *Dry Masses*—that is, they went through the process of mass-saying, omitting the words that are supposed to transubstantiate the elements, and thus degraded the form of worshipping God into the hackneyed task of an apprentice. As soon as the colt priest, for in point of fact he was not even a regular apprentice, was capable of going without a blunder through the various ceremonies of the dry mass, he was then permitted to utter the words. At all events, after this he “he tore away at the masses,” as the people say—was appointed to a curacy, and then received strict injunctions from the bishop to study divinity with as much attention as he could devote to it. This was ordaining them upon Mrs. Glass’s plan of making hare soup:—first catch your hare—first ordain your priest. Many of these men had never read the Bible, and some of them had never handled it. Of this class was Father Darby M’Flewsther. And now for the bland and gentlemanly continentals. Of these there were two or three classes. One—the sons of Catholics who were capable of giving them at home a tolerably liberal education, and afterwards of supporting them in the continental colleges. These were never ordained in Ireland, but beyond all comparison they were on their return the most accomplished,

gentlemanly, and liberal class of the priesthood that Ireland ever saw. The next was a class of Irishmen capable of educating their sons *here*, but not in point of pecuniary circumstances able to support them in the foreign colleges. These men, no more than the others, received not holy orders in Ireland, but were supported by burses, established in several of the continental universities by Irishmen and others for the education of Irish Roman Catholic priests. The third was a class of the same kidney as Father M’Flewsther, who upon the classical accomplishments of Virgil’s Eclogues and Ovid’s Metamorphoses were themselves, as I have already said, transubstantiated into priests, in order, be it observed, that they might on the continent be enabled, by saying masses, to acquire the education necessary for the functions of the priesthood, and to worship God for the purpose of earning a livelihood.

This which we have written, might, by some people, be considered a very sufficient illustration of the matter in hand. Our travelled readers, however, may possibly know, that in France, Spain, and Italy, the Catholic chapel, independently of the Grand Altar, contain a number of subordinate one-side altars, on which, every morning, the piety, or guilt, or superstition of individuals, places a certain sum of money, accompanied by a written paper, as a guide for the priest in saying the mass. Now, the fact is, that many a poor breakfastless Irishman, in the shape of a priest, has thought himself in great good fortune, on being selected to rasp his mass for the shilling, crown, or half-crown that lay upon the aforesaid altar—according to the intention of the donor—without knowing either his name, or what the intention itself was. Of course, after harrrying through this blindfold ordinance, he made a hearty breakfast upon the said intention, and prayed fervently, that many such might come in his way. Of this description was the third class, and in such would Father M’Flewsther have ranked, had he gone to the continent; the poor man, on the contrary, never had a bushel of salt water under him since he was born, and never saw the sea in his life.

Father M’Flewsther, like most men possessing little knowledge and much authority, was a vastly consequential person, as well in his own eyes as in those of his flock. He possessed, how-

ever, a kind heart, was foolishly fond of flattery, and never felt happy, except when stuck in the heart of a knot of women. Indeed he acted as a kind of general arbitrator among the sex, and was eternally engaged in hearing complaints, redressing grievances, composing quarrels, making matches, tracing scandal, rating husbands, and reclaiming wives. He was, consequently, a prodigious favourite, and woe betide the husband or brother that durst open a lip against him. I have said he was fond of flattery, but not a whit more anxious to get than to give it. As the proverb goes, it's he that could lay it on thick—a fact which, in itself, is sufficient to account for his popularity among females. He was a stout man, rather good-humoured looking than handsome, wore a black coat and waistcoat, each too full for his size; his breeches were of black corduroy, and his stockings a dark-coloured ridge and fur. His boots and shoes were in general greased, except at Christmas and Easter, when he generously treated himself to a barrel of lampblack. One of his peculiarities, however, will place him more clearly before the eye of the reader, than anything I have said, it was this, he could not, for the soul of him, wear his hat three days, until it became turned up behind, a shape for which all his hats were remarkable.—His curate, or, as they called him, the Cowjutherer, Father Bartle O'Fag, was an honest, sincere creature,—as simple and credulous as a child. In point of education, it was a dead match between them. Father Bartle believed in ghosts, dreams, fairies, miracles, and all such kinds of nonsensical superstition. He,

himself had attempted miraculous cures, both upon men, women, and cattle, and on one occasion was near starving himself to death, in order to arrive at the proper degree of sanctity. He possessed, however, many talents that made him as popular with the males, as Father M'Flewsther was with the other sex. Indeed, at confession, the former all went to him, and the latter to Father Mac; and it was observed, as a compliment to his rapid powers of absolution, that he could absolve three men whilst Father Mac absolved one woman, the latter gentleman being often rather tedious and dilatory. Father Bartle could also say a mass in less time than any other priest in the kingdom, for which reason, *his masses* were far more crowded than the parish priest's.

Such, good reader, is a slight sketch of Father Darby M'Flewsther, and his Cowjutherer, the Rev. Bartle O'Fag, who have just arrived to join the christening, and admit young Blackthorn into the bosom of the church—so far contravening Bosthoon's system, who, in compliment perhaps to a good number of the cloth, was anxious to have his son a priest before he had become a Christian.

And now every thing being ready—

But, gentle reader, this famous christening must be postponed until the Easter holidays, during which time my spirits, I trust, will be up, and sufficiently buoyant to enable me—please the fates—to detail it in a manner worthy of the occurrence.

Ever thine, gentle reader,

PHEDLM M'FUN.

THE CYCLOPS IN LOVE.

OID. METAM. XIII. 785.

Oh mighty power of love! oh boundless sway,
And strange enchantment of a woman's wile!
Youth, manhood, age, all willingly obey;
Slaves to a glance, and captives to a smile!
And this the Cyclop's story will display,
And show how love the wisest will beguile
To go—their herds unmilked, their flocks unfed—
Like sulkly children, supperless to bed.

He combed his hair each morning with a rake,
Mowed, with a scythe, the harvest of his chin:
In gentlest mincing accents softly spake,
To a bland simper, smoothed his rugged grin,
And practised every art sad lovers take,
The cruel hearts of lovely maids to win—
Forgetting quite the joys of blood and slaughter,
To learn to ogle in the glassy water.

And now, poor gentleman, he grew quite sad,
 And by the roaring ocean strayed at eve ;
 And sometimes he had thoughts of going mad,
 Sometimes of death, the cruel maid to grieve ;
 And then he thought his case not yet so bad,
 And sought with song his misery to relieve,
 Or haply win—as Orpheus from the dead—
 By his harmonious voice, a wife to wed.

O Galatea, fairer than the snow,
 Straighter than poplar, and as crystal bright ;
 Sweet as the laughing flowers that round me blow,
 Softer than down of swans, than milk more white,
 And as inconstant as the streams that flow.

In sparkling waters from yon lofty height—
 How canst thou thus from such a lover flee ?
 How canst thou thus refuse to live with me ?

O thou art harder than the flinty stone,
 And more insensible than sternest steel ;
 Proud as a peacock, queen upon her throne,
 For all my woes no pity dost thou feel ;
 But still must I complain and grieve alone,
 And find the leaden hours too slowly steal—
 Dreaming and sighing still for thee, my fair !
 And stretching my huge arms to clasp the air.

See, cruel maiden, see my fields displaying
 Enough of corn ten thousand barns to fill ;
 The happy herds, through richest pasture straying,
 Sheep without number scattered o'er yon hill ;
 The high fed steeds, from countless stables neighing,
 Or sportive ranging through the woods at will ;
 He's but a poor man who can count his store—
 "Who knows how many, knows he has no more."

Lo ! from this cave, an ever-bubbling spring
 Flows gently murmuring thro' the leafy bowers ;
 The Zephyr scatters from its dewy wing
 O'er the fresh earth, a thousand fragrant flowers :
 Harmonious birds from every forest sing
 To wile away the gently-gliding hours :
 Love in a cottage, strawberries and cream,
 More can you wish for in your happiest dream.

Use, lovely nymph, oh use at length your eyes,
 And all the splendours of my state behold :
 For one short moment from the wave arise,
 And view my limbs all cast in manly mould :
 Not Jove himself so famed as I for size,
 Not Jove himself such beauties can unfold ;
 See with one bright eye my whole forehead filled
 Round, large and ample as a warrior's shield.

See all these locks along my shoulders flow,
 Free as the wind that roams thy native sea :
 Oh see the whiskers that these cheeks can show
 Thick, large, and bushy—like an ivy tree !
 Blossoms on trees, and leaves on forests grow :
 Feathers on birds, and wool on sheep we see ;
 Nor great the wisdom needed to discover
 That every lady loves a whiskered lover.

Ah silly Cyclops, is thy reason fled ?
 Why strive to catch a maid for ever flying ?
 Why, like a child, because she will not wed
 Spend every hour in tears and foolish sighing ?
 See all thy cows unmilked—thy flocks unfed
 Hear all thy hungry dogs around thee crying !
 Come, be a man—some other maid you'll find
 As fair as Galatea—and more kind.

PULPIT JURISDICTION IN THE CHURCH OF IRELAND.*

OUR readers may recollect that in a former number of this Journal there appeared some comments upon the controversy which arose out of the act of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, in issuing the inhibition against the preaching of Mr. Nolan in the Church of St. John's. We believe that this occurrence has not been one destined to create a transitory sensation and leave no permanent effects. The matter at issue in this controversy was not merely the adjustment of a personal dispute, or the decision of the propriety or impropriety of a particular act of authority. If it were so, our feelings would have led us to leave the settlement of the controversy to others, and to have taken no part in its progress, perhaps no interest in its issue. But it is because we believe that this inhibition, and the circumstances immediately connected with it are but the indications of a current that is running deeper than a superficial observer might suppose—that we think it well to pause and calmly look back upon the character of the events which excited so much interest, and gave rise, we regret to say, to so much angry discussion.

With these feelings we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity presented by the appearance of the volume before us, to review the entire transaction of which it is intended to be a record. We think it well that of that transaction some memorial should remain; and while we confess, upon reading over all the correspondence which is here preserved, that there is much upon all sides of evidence of an unbecomingly excited spirit—much that we would wish should be forgotten—we still have no hesitation in saying, that it is of more importance, of infinitely more importance, that the mind should be preserved, than that the incidental causes

of regret which are preserved with it, should be forgotten. And though we desire that less asperity had been manifested, and more forbearance of love exhibited between those members of the Church who held different sentiments upon the point—we neither regret that the question has been agitated, nor that there is a memorial of the discussion; and perhaps it is censorious to complain, that when men's feelings are excited, there should be occasionally manifested something of a temper of which calm reflection cannot altogether approve.

The circumstances attending on this inhibition have been simply these; we desire to state them as generally as possible, and without any reference to irritating topics. Archdeacon Magee, incumbent of St. John's Church, in this city, had invited the Rev. Dr. Nolan, formerly a Roman Catholic clergyman, but now, we believe, a licensed curate in the diocese of Meath, to preach a controversial sermon in the Church of St. John's—an inhibition was issued by his Grace the Archbishop, preventing Mr. Nolan from preaching. This inhibition was issued on the plea of an authority vested in the diocesan of excluding a clergyman from any other diocese from officiating within the limits of his own,

The assertion of this authority contains really the entire interest of the question; we must, however, fill up our sketch by relating the events which followed. Archdeacon Magee, though he yielded in this instance to the inhibition, did so with a protest against the power assumed by the Archbishop, and resolved to try his right over his own pulpit, by apprising his Grace of his intention to invite strangers to preach in his Church without his Grace's permission. Of the strangers whom he named, Mr. Trail was the only one who came

* Two Discourses, preached in St. John's Church, Dublin; in vindication of the right of the beneficed Clergy of the Church of Ireland over their own pulpits. The first, delivered on occasion of the Inhibition issued against the Rev. L. J. Nolan, late a Roman Catholic Priest, but now a Clergyman of the Established Church, by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin: the second, an inquiry into the truth of Transubstantiation, by the Rev. Robert Trail, A. M. Rector and Vicar of Skull. With an Appendix; containing the correspondence which arose out of the Inhibition, and which has excited so deep an interest in the public mind: with the Remonstrance of the Clergy of the Diocess. London: Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly; Nisbet and Co. Berners-street; Robert H. C. Tims, Wigmore-street; Simpkin and Marshall: Curry and Co., and Tims, Dublin. 1837.

forward to support him ; several others, while they seemed unwilling to disapprove of the boldness of the step, yet refused to join in it. Mr. Trail, however, responded to the call, and preached without the permission of the Archbishop ; the Archbishop has taken no notice of this freedom, and so the matter rests. Mr. Trail has published the two sermons which he preached, and has added to them an appendix, containing all the documents and letters connected with the inhibition. The object of the publication may best be described in the words of the preface.

"In laying the following discourses, with the letters which passed relative to the inhibition of the Rev. L. J. Nolan, and those which arose out of it, before the public, the author is influenced by the same motives which regulated his conduct during the whole of the late important transactions.

"If, as he believes, in occupying Mr. Nolan's place, and accepting Archdeacon Magee's subsequent invitation, he was contending for a principle intimately connected with the well-being of that church, to which, as years mature his judgment, he is becoming daily more attached, it is in order to perpetuate—*littera scripta manet*—what he considers the vindication of that principle, that the present volume is committed to the press. Another reason, however, there is, which has not been without its influence on his mind. At a period when so many high in authority are bowing the knee before the idols of Rome, and yielding obedience to her inauspicious sway, he was anxious to enter his abiding protest against her errors, and thus to deliver his own soul, as a minister of that church with which she wars unto the death, and which she regards with peculiar malignity and suspicion.

"Annexed, in an appendix, will be found the correspondence—no letter of any importance having been omitted—which took place between the different parties whom the controversy called forth. On the merits of that correspondence, the writer of these pages wishes not to decide. It is now laid permanently before the public ; and every one will form his own estimate of its nature, its value, and its interests. Separate from it, friends whom he has consulted have stated it as their opinion, that this volume would not only be incomplete and defective, but destitute of one of its most striking features :—a view in which the author coincides.

"He feels, moreover, some solicitude to leave it on record as a book of refer-

ence hereafter, and as a landmark to any of his brethren who may be embarked on like troubled waters : though the probability of such an occurrence is now, he would hope, materially diminished. It is, in truth, that correspondence, altogether distinct from the discourses that accompany it, which imparts validity, and will give permanence to the late memorable events—eliciting, as it did, such a variety of facts bearing more or less upon the question at issue, as could not fail, in their publication, to be productive of the most salutary results.

"The subject, it cannot be doubted, was one of the deepest interest : namely—whether a bishop, without assigning other reason than his own supreme volition, thus at no remote period expressed by lips on which "the law of kindness" would more becomingly have dwelt—*sic volo, sic jubeo, sine ulla ratione*—could lay an interdiction on any pulpit in his diocese, and prohibit its legitimate guardian, and rightful owner, so constituted, not less by the solemn and affecting address of institution on the part of the ordinary, than by the legal forms of induction imposed by the legislature—from permitting even his nearest and dearest friend to enter it, however assimilated to himself in manners, morals, and doctrine ; or, whether a power was reserved to the incumbent by law, equity, or prescription, of allowing free ingress and egress to all, duly authorized to exercise the ministry within the pale of that church to which he belongs, and of the propriety of whose deportment, and of the soundness of whose religious sentiments, he is cognizant :—he holding himself alike responsible for each.

"Such was the principle contended for, and at stake—a principle of vastly greater importance than at first view meets the eye—a principle implicating the character, as it involves the efficiency of the establishment, co-extensive with its usefulness, and bounded only by the sphere of its operations. To ascertain this principle it was, and to define its limits, that St. John's Church was thrown open to the author of the following discourses, and that he was requested by the Archdeacon of Kilmacduagh, incumbent of the parish, to officiate on the occasion ; an opportunity being thus afforded by one benefited clergyman, and avowedly embraced by another, of bringing the matter at once, should the Archbishop of Dublin be so disposed, to fair, honourable, and legitimate issue."

It is not our intention to offer any opinion upon the conduct of any of the persons engaged in this transaction. We say not whether the Archbishop

was right or wrong in the issuing of the inhibition—whether Archdeacon Magee has taken the best mode of defending the rights of the inferior clergy against what he believed to be the aggression of his spiritual superior : we express no opinion upon the propriety or the prudence of those who refused to unite with him in the mode by which he questioned it. We have but a few pages to devote to this subject, and we are anxious for many reasons to place the question in that point of view in which it bears most directly upon the general interests of the Church.

The question at issue we understand to be this—on the one hand it is asserted that the Bishop, and the Bishop alone, is the guardian of all the churches within his diocese; that his guardianship is so complete and entire that no clergyman from another diocese can officiate in any of these churches without his express permission, no matter how high his testimonials from his own Bishop, no matter whether he have the permission, or even earnest request of the incumbent of the parish. Before he officiates in any Church, the permission of the Bishop must be expressly obtained, and the incumbent permitting any stranger to do so without previously obtaining such permission, is guilty of canonical disobedience, and liable to be punished.

Furthermore, the Bishop alone is the judge of the propriety or impropriety of such permission being granted; he is not bound to assign any reason—but simply the refusal of his permission disqualifies the stranger from performing any clerical office within the diocese.

On the other hand, it is contended, that each incumbent is the guardian of his own Church, and the Bishop exercises only a superintendence; that, accordingly, the rector is at liberty to introduce any properly qualified clergyman into his pulpit, and that the only right which the Bishop has is to see that the stranger so introduced is really authorized to act as a teacher in the Church, and that he has preached nothing contrary to her authenticated standards of doctrine.

These different views of episcopal authority materially influence the entire question of Church polity. The tendency of one view is to reduce our Church to almost exclusively an episcopal staff, upon which the inferior clergy are only the ministers and attendants. The tendency of the other is, to distribute authority among the different members of clergy, and give

each a proper place and position as an independent authority in the church. The mere agitation of such questions involves deeper interests than any belonging to an ephemeral dispute. The mind of Churchmen has now been stirred upon a matter involving the genius and constitution of the Church itself, and he must be blind indeed who can only see in its discussion no more momentous principles than the question, whether a particular Bishop has done wisely or well, or a particular incumbent observed all due propriety in resisting him.

It is for this reason, that in these few remarks we have carefully avoided all expression of opinion on the particular instance in which this question has been stirred. Not that we would feel the slightest unwillingness to give the freest opinion when it would be of use; but now our object is simply to place before the minds of all churchmen the great principle at issue, a principle affecting the entire ecclesiastical polity of the church, and involving in it considerations of the most prominent and permanent importance.

And in the discussion which has been thus excited, another and a still deeper question has been stirred—namely, the share which the laity should have in the direction of church affairs. Let men of all parties rest well assured that this is a question upon which a growing feeling of interest is abroad. After expressing his confidence in the cooperation of the laity, Mr. Trail concludes his preface in these remarkable words:—

“ Blessings become endeared in proportion as they are endangered: and in proof that the writer is practising no delusion on himself, he will cite the authority of one whose name adds weight to his indignant rebuke—one who will not lightly swerve from his purpose—and who thus avows the manly and generous determination of himself, and his associates in this high and holy warfare:—

“ The laity are not so indifferent spectators as may be thought; and I believe we only require a sufficient cause and a proper call, to come forward and express our feelings and sentiments in language that cannot be misunderstood. And, if any attempt be made to encroach on our Christian freedom, or that of our clergy, in attempting to prevent them by any stretch of authority from meeting with us in social prayer, we will rise to a man, rich and poor, to assert and vindicate the rights of conscience for ourselves and our ministers, and to hand down to

our children the comforts and blessings of civil and religious liberty.

"We will neither part with our Bibles, the free and unrestricted use of them, nor ask leave for ourselves or others to pray to Him, who has promised to be present where two or three are met in his name. The degraded vassals of Rome are beginning to throw off the galling yoke of priestly tyranny; and it is not likely that the Protestants of the nineteenth century will submit to spiritual despotism, under whatever form or garb it may appear."

"The writer feels that he cannot better conclude these few observations, explanatory of the late occurrences in which he bore so prominent a part, than in the language of one who seems to have been an accurate observer of recent events, and who thus records his sentiments upon the subject:—'Earnestly do we desire the re-establishment of a church government similar to that of primitive times, which shall have a legal and acknowledged right to declare what is the law, and to altar and amend it, where it shall be found necessary—which shall remove from the bishops the ungracious appearance of attempting to make laws, when they have authority merely to execute them; and from the inferior clergy the odium of acting in apparent opposition to legitimate rule, when, in reality, they are only conscientiously maintaining their just liberty against the encroachments of arbitrary power. The bishops are but the 'justices of peace' of the church—not its legislature. 'In every age,' as one of the greatest of living writers has remarked, 'it has been by gathering themselves into clusters, apart from the people—by sitting in conclave, with the doors barred against the laity—and by concerting measures, not in the church, but in chambers and closets—that the ministers of religion have converted the Gospel into a system of tyranny and an engine of cruelty. The history of Spiritual Despotism hinges upon this division of the elements of Church power.'"

A spirit is abroad, not only among the enemies of the Church, but amongst its best and sincerest friends, to examine the true principles of her polity. The inquiry has been forced upon us by the course of events. The assertion of a high and absolute episcopal authority must be used in connection with the fact, that our bishops are the nominees of ministers who hold their places at the will of a majority of the House of Commons; and that, under existing circumstances, those for whom supreme authority is claimed, may be placed in their high position for their hostility to the sound and ac-

knowledge principles of the Church. It must now be plain, that if bishops are to be the sole governors of the church, and to be selected by men who need have no respect for religion, it is possible, by the simple process of filling up the vacant sees, in a little time to unchristianize the church.

So long as parliament was an assembly of churchmen, and church principles were acknowledged as the rule of civil government, so long the appointment of bishops by the minister was in effect but a control exercised in church affairs by its lay members. The case, however, is changed, and it is more than possible that Mr. O'Connell may influence the appointment of the next Irish bishop.

Under such circumstances the entire question of our church polity must be agitated. A spirit is abroad among the laity, that demands the discussion of its principles, and it is impossible for any lover of the church to remain indifferent. We have had but little space for these remarks. We intended in them merely to call attention to the deep interests that are now agitated in occasional, and what might almost appear trivial occurrences; and in so doing, to prepare the way for a series of papers, in which it is intended that the entire question of our church polity should be discussed in the pages of this journal.

In the mean time, we could not permit the appearance of this little volume to pass, without a notice. We have offered no criticisms on the merits of the two sermons it contains—which are, however, in many passages, very eloquent—we have regarded its publication as the author wishes it to be considered, not in the light of a literary performance, but simply as recording the vindication of a principle—we have endeavoured to point out the depth and the extent of the questions at issue—and we entreat for these questions the best and calmest consideration of every lover of the church.

While we wish to avoid a discussion of, the merits of the immediate question—which it would be difficult to enter on without touching on some irritating topic—it is but justice to add, that the inferior clergy of Ireland are under great obligations to those who so boldly and uncompromisingly asserted what they believed to be their rights, and who exposed themselves to some misconstruction, and no little obloquy, for the sake of declaring the principle of their privileges.

DUBLIN

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DUBLIN

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SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

" Rue Rivoli, N. 12, April 18th, 1837.

" MY DEAR ED.

" The arrangements here progress but slowly—Guizot is intractable—Thiers intolerable; and Louis Philippe himself has declared the only 'capable man of any clique,' to be—I blush to avow it even '*en confiance*'—Harry Lorrequer. So, you see how we stand. If, therefore, I am not on my knees to you this month, with my Confessions, still accept my homage, and

" Believe me, as they say here,

" " Avec le plus haut consideration,

" Notre tres humble,' &c. &c.

" HARRY LORREQUER."

" Private and confidential."

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VOL. IX.

PRESENT STATE OF AMERICA.*

ONE of the great providential purposes for which England was raised up amongst the nations of the world, was discharged, when she gave birth to America. Proudly may she exult in the consciousness of being the mother of a new world. Why should we think of distinctness of government, where there is an almost perfect identity in laws, in literature, in manners, and in institutions? In these important respects, America never has, and never will, swerve from her allegiance. She will always be proud to claim consanguinity with the country of Shakspeare and Milton, of Newton and Locke; and wherever the English tongue is spoken, a moral and social tie has been established, which defies the accidents of time and change, and which promises to Great Britain a perpetuation of renown in her noble progeny, even when she herself may be blotted from the list of nations, and made to experience those vicissitudes to which kingdoms, as well as individuals, are exposed, from the follies of governments, or the course of nature.

Nothing, in the history of mankind, is more remarkable, than the sudden growth of North America. Our fathers almost remember it an uncultivated desert—a refuge for wild beasts, and a place of banishment for convicts. Behold it now, presenting a counter part to the trade, the wealth, and the civilization of Europe; and vindicating its claims to national consideration, by the lofty and determined bearing of its diplomatic intercourse with one of

the proudest and most powerful monarchies in the world.

“When I consider,” says Edmund Burke, “the extraordinary progress of that wonderful country, in all that constitutes national greatness, I can scarcely persuade myself that I am not rather contemplating an ancient people, who have risen into renown through a succession of ages, and a long course of successful industry, than a set of miserable outcasts, not so much sent, as cast, upon the bleak and barren coast of a desolate wilderness, three thousand miles distant from all intercourse with civilization.”

But, these miserable outcasts were British subjects; they were bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; who carried out with them the spirit and the enterprise, the indomitable vigour, and the persevering industry which distinguished their noble ancestors at home; and who, moreover, went forth imbued with a spirit of enlightened religion and rational liberty, which very soon manifested their blessed influence, in causing “the wilderness and the solitary place to be glad for them, and the desert to rejoice and blossom as the rose.” Yes. Let any impartial and intelligent man compare the progress of the Spaniards in South America, with that of the British in North America, and he will not be at a loss to understand the wonderful superiority of the latter, in all that is calculated to improve society, or give an impulse to civilization. In the one case, the whole might of the govern-

* The Americans in their Moral, Social, and Political Relations. By Francis J. Grund. 2 vols. London: Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green, and Longman. 1837.

was put forth to subjugate and appropriate those vast domains, which contained within themselves every imaginable natural advantage to be derived from navigable rivers, soil, and climate. In the other case, a country by no means so highly favoured, was abandoned, as it were, by the government, to the occupancy either of convicts or adventurers, who were posterior to the southern settlers by nearly a hundred years, but, whose progress has been such as to distance them in all that constitutes the greatness of a nation, even in a manner more striking, if possible, than the contrast which is presented between Spain and England, by the spirit of despotism, and the spirit of freedom.

In the one country, slavery was, as it were, *stereotyped* upon the people, by the whole system of the government as established by the mother country, and by the usages and institutions which were introduced and cherished, and which would almost seem like a kind of systematic warfare carried on by the folly of man against the bounty of nature. In the other, a free scope was given to human energy, and human intelligence, by which the truth of the maxim "*omnia vincit labor*," was soon made manifest, and the very difficulties with which our colonists had to contend, furnished but an additional stimulus to their efforts to overcome them. In the one case, true religion was placed, as it were, under ban and interdict, and a gloomy and debasing spiritual despotism extended its influence over the human mind. In the other case, the book of God was the manual of the pilgrim adventurers, and by its light they were guided in all the changes and chances to which they were exposed, until its spirit not only influenced their characters as individuals, but animated their counsels as a nation, and caused them to revere that wisdom from above, without which no external prosperity can ever give rise to solid or lasting national exaltation or renown. Indeed, we know of no facts in the history of the world more strikingly illustrative of the difference between Protestantism and Popery, in their effects upon the progress of society, than the two great experiments, if they may so be called, of which these two extensive regions of the world were, respectively, the subjects. And we may, surely, rejoice at having been so far favoured by Providence, as to be exempted from any participation in the guilt and the dis-

grace of being the propagators of wretchedness and of spiritual darkness, in the one country, while our kindred in the other gladly recognise us as the sources of all that they deem most valuable in social improvement, and moral and religious illumination.

We have been led into these remarks, because the very progress of the Americans in arts, and in improvement, has engendered a spirit by which the good feeling which it is so desirable should subsist between them and the mother country, may suffer a fatal interruption. America has so far outgrown her condition as a colony, that she stands in the relation of a rival; and, instead of distantly copying the manners and the habits of the English, she lays claim to an equality with them, in all the attributes by which a great nation is distinguished. This has given rise, on the part of many of our writers who have visited America, to strictures severe and sarcastic, by which the national pride of the Americans has been provoked, and a feeling of national antipathy engendered, which, if it be not removed or mitigated, may be the fruitful cause of innumerable evils. No one hears of any such cause of disagreement between South America and the mother country, Spain; simply because such a distance has always been maintained between them, as to forbid the notion of rivalry, causing the one country to be very well satisfied to be looked down on with approbation, while the other naturally expected to be looked up to with respect. But, with our brethren in North America, the case is quite different. By their enterprise, energy, and intelligence, they early achieved an independence which enabled them, in the proud attitude of freemen, to take their stand as competitors with the mother country, in all those arts, and all those enterprises, by which human life is improved and adorned. And, hence, the testy and captious spirit, by which the notion, that they are inferior in any respect to the British, is resented in the one country; and the sly, sarcastic, and sometimes contumelious character of the comments and descriptions, which are provoked, in the other, by their overweening, or exaggerated pretensions. To both parties we would say, remember your common origin, and the identity which still subsists between you in laws, in language, in literature, and in religion; and let not the folly or the impertinence of men put asunder

those whom such constraining influence should conspire to keep united. In what part of the world, out of his own country, can the American find a home, but in England; and where, besides America, can the Englishman find a country, so congenial, in all respects, to his spirit of enlightened freedom? Let it, then, be the part of every good man, in both countries, to do what in him lies to cultivate a good understanding between them, and, by removing every disturbing influence, by which national harmony has been hitherto broken, cause Englishmen to feel towards America, as an exulting parent feels towards a prospering child, and America towards England, as a son towards a father, from whom he has parted, but not in anger, and whose claims to respect and reverence he can recognise, while yet he rejoices in his personal independence.

The work before us is the production of a German, who has been, if we may so speak, Americanized. Mr Grund has been moved to write, not merely by his admiration of every thing in America, but by his resentment at the various productions, by which an unseemly ridicule, as he thinks, has been cast upon the people and their institutions. He appears to us to be a thoroughly honest man, with a good share of understanding; but, who seems to have passed all at once from the stove of German despotism into the thin air of republican freedom; and who inspires, with a keen delight, the long draughts of liberty which he is now, for the first time, permitted to take, and which produce upon him an intoxicating effect, somewhat similar to that which pure oxygen is said to produce upon its recipients. He views every thing around him too much in contrast with every thing which he before experienced, to permit him to form that ballanced judgment of things, upon which alone a sound reliance could be placed; and, his hatred of despotism, the oppression of which he may have experienced, has given him a relish for unmitigated democracy, such as cannot be wisely encouraged amongst the lovers of constitutional freedom.

The following remarks upon the basis of American character, are very just, and the comparison of the English with the people on the Continent, and so much in favour of the former, evinces much discrimination and candour:—

“I shall not here stop to apologise for

my belief that the manners and morals of the English (and there is an intimate connection between them,) are essentially superior to those of the people on the Continent. There may be less pliability in the address and carriage of an Englishman; but there is something in the composition of his character which is sure to command respect; there is that dignity which is incompatible with low cunning or deceit, and least capable of stooping to a wilful falsehood. This character, in all its severity, and enforced by the most solemn injunctions of religion, has been transplanted to the shores of the new world, to lay the foundation of what are now called American manners and morals. New England, of all the colonies, has had the greatest influence on the establishment of national customs, as a part of her sturdy population has been always emigrating westward, to renew and perpetuate the principles which gave rise to the settlement of Plymouth. But the people of New England were English, and are so now, in their feelings and sentiments: to the English, therefore, must be attributed most of the peculiarities for which they are condemned, as, indeed, most of the virtues for which they are celebrated.”

This is preliminary to some strictures upon Mrs. Trollope's work, “*Domestic Manners, &c.*” which he condemns as a caricature of American society, and which we can very well believe to have been heightened by that ingenious lady's peculiar powers of description. But he forgets that it is the object of all such writers, to spy out differences, rather than to discover resemblances; and that precisely the same course would have been pursued, had she been giving an account of the state of society in Scotland or in Ireland. The Americans should not take offence at this; and it would show in them more of understanding, if they regarded her book as a magnifying glass, in which their peculiarities are exaggerated, only in order that they may be corrected.

The following passage we extract, as well for the purpose of making the reader acquainted with our author's political views, as of justifying what we have before stated respecting his inexpertness in the art of government, and the manner in which his previous habits have disqualified him for pronouncing upon the effects, or determining the limits of constitutional freedom:—

“A second not less striking character-

ristic of American manners, is a degree of seriousness, which, at first, might almost be taken for want of sociability. An American is almost from his cradle brought up to reflect on his condition, and, from the time he is able to act, employed with the means of improving it. If he be rich, and have consequently a larger stake in the public weal, then every new law, every change of election, (and there are many in the course of a year,) will make him reflect on the future: if he be poor, every change may offer him an opportunity to improve his circumstances. He is ever watchful, ever on the alert, not as most Europeans, as a mere spectator, but as one of the actors, engaged in maintaining or reforming the existing state of affairs. Something like it may, at times, be felt in England, and perhaps even in France; but this cannot be compared to the effects of universal suffrage in America.

"The whole mass of the population is constantly agitated; an expression of public opinion is constantly demanded, constantly hoped for, constantly dreaded. There is no man so rich or powerful but can be made to quail under its influence; nor any one so humble, in whom it may not raise hopes of success and preferment. It is an all-powerful organ of public justice, sparing none, from the president down to the most obscure citizens; elevating, humbling, or annihilating whatever it meets in its progress, if justly the object of its reproach.

"This state of incessant excitement gives to the Americans an air of busy inquietude, for which they have often been pitied by Europeans; but which, in fact, constitutes their principal happiness. The Americans have no time to be unhappy—and this is saying much in favour of their government. The duties of republicans are more arduous than those of men living under any other form of government; but then their performance is pleasing and satisfactory; because it is connected with consciousness of power. No American would exchange his task for the comparative peace and quiet of Europe; because, in the words of Franklin, 'he would be unwilling to pay too dear for the whistle.' He finds his solace and quietude at home; abroad he is 'up and doing.' Peace there would be death to him. He would not, for the world, exchange his political activity for the speculative inertness of the Germans; the glorious privilege of having himself a share in the government of his country, for the '*dolce far niente*' of the Italians; the busy stir of an election, for the idiot noise of a Vienna Prado. Let those who are so prodigal of their compassion for

the melancholy restlessness of Americans, but remember the painful stupor which befel the Romans after the overthrow of the republic, when, all at once, released from their active duties of citizens, they found in 'tranquillity' the principal punishment of their abandonment of virtue."

Truly, Mr. Grund has observed to very little purpose the working of the system of universal suffrage, if he supposes that it impresses any inward degree of seriousness upon the character of a people. Not one in any five thousand of the electors give themselves the trouble of five minutes serious reflection, as to the real merits of the candidates to whom they give their votes. Where they are not corrupted by a bribe, they are almost uniformly under the influence of passion or imagination; and instead of their consciousness of individual responsibility being increased, in proportion as the franchise is multiplied, an effect precisely the reverse takes place, and all anxiety about any remote result is drowned or dissipated in the tumultuous excitation with which they rush to the accomplishment of immediate objects. In fact, it is of the very essence of an unmitigated democracy that men live in and for the present; and thus the *birth-right* is often forfeited for the *mess of pottage*.

The difficulty, if not the impossibility, of establishing for years to come any thing like an aristocratic caste in America, is thus truly pointed out. Our author exults in it more, we apprehend, than will many of our readers.

"But how can it be possible for the American aristocracy to lay claims to superior distinctions, when the people are constantly reminded, by words and actions, that *they* are the legislators, that the *fee-simple* is in *them*, and that *they* possess the invaluable privilege of calling to office men of their own choice and principles? Are not the American people called upon to pass sentence on every individual whose ambition may prompt him to seek distinction and honour at their hands? And what is not done to conciliate the good will and favour of the people? Are they not constantly flattered, courted, and caressed by that very aristocracy which, if it truly existed, would spurn equality with the people? Is their judgment not exercised by ballot-box, not by the decision of

must not only be based on the vain pretensions of certain classes, but on its public acknowledgment by law, and the common consent of others. This, however, is not the work of a generation, and requires an *historical* connection with the origin and progress of a country.

"Why, then, should the Americans recognise a superior class of society, if that class be neither acknowledged by law nor possessed of power? How shall they be brought to worship those from whom they are accustomed to receive homage?—who are either men of their own election, and consequently of their own making, or the defeated and unhappy victims of their displeasure? The aristocracy of America may claim genius, and talent, and superiority, and they may be ambitious; but it is an 'ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow'—a sort of *fata morgana* reflected from beyond the waters, whose baseless fabric can neither excite apprehension, nor arrest the progress of democracy.—Coteries there always were, and always will be, in large cities; but they need not necessarily be connected with power. In America, moreover, they exist, principally, among the ladies; there being, as yet, but few gentlemen to be called 'of leisure,' or exclusively devoted to society. The country is yet too young, and offers too large a field for the spirit of enterprise and business, to leave to the fashionable drawing-rooms other devotees than young misses and *elegants* of from fourteen to twenty years of age. That such companies may, nevertheless, have their *attractions*, no one can reasonably doubt; but they are not composed of elements capable of changing the manners and customs of the country; and, as long as their composition does not materially alter, must remain deprived of that influence which the higher circles in Europe are wont to exercise over all classes of society."

Of the American ladies he thus writes, and, we believe, with perfect truth:

"The forms of American ladies are generally distinguished by great symmetry and fineness of proportion; but their frames and constitutions seem to be less vigorous than those of the ladies of almost any country in Europe. Their complexions which, to the South, incline toward the Spanish, are, to the North, fair and blooming, and while the greater portion of them are handsome. A marked elegance, and a certain influence—probably the

result of the climate—lend to their countenances a peculiar charm, to which it would be difficult to find a parallel in Europe. An American lady, in her teens, is, perhaps, the most sylph-like creature on earth. Her limbs are exquisitely wrought, her motions light and graceful, and her whole carriage at once easy and dignified. But these beauties, it is painful to say, are doomed to an early decay. At the period of twenty-four, a certain want of fullness in her proportions is already perceptible; and, once passed the age of thirty, the whole fabric goes seemingly into decay. As the principal cause of this sudden decline, some allege the climate; but I ascribe it more willingly to the great assiduity with which American ladies discharge their duties as mothers. No sooner are they married than they begin to lead a life of comparative seclusion; and once mothers, they are actually buried to the world. At the period of ushering their children into society, they appear, indeed, once more, as respectable matrons; but they are then only the silent witnesses of the triumphs of their daughters. An American mother is the nurse, tutor, friend, and counsellor of her children. Nearly the whole business of education devolves upon her; and the task is, in many instances, beyond her physical ability. Thus, it is customary with many ladies in New England, not only to hear their children recite the lessons assigned to them at school; but actually to expound them, and to assist them in the solution of arithmetical and algebraic problems. There are married ladies who apply themselves seriously to the study of mathematics and the classics, for no other purpose than forwarding the education of their children; and I have known young men who have entered college with no other instruction, in any of the preparatory departments, than what they received from their mothers. But this continued application to the most arduous duties, the increasing care and anxiety for the progress and welfare of their children, and the consequent unreasonable confinement to the house and the nursery, undermine constitutions, already by nature sufficiently delicate; and it is thus by the sacrifice of health and beauty that American ladies pay to their offspring the sacred tribute of maternal affection. No human being can ever requite the tender cares of a mother; but it appears to me that the Americans have, in this respect, obligations immeasurably greater than those of the inhabitants of any other country."

Nor is the following most pleasing account of their domestic purity less

agreeable to matter of fact, or less gratifying to the race from which they have descended—

"As regards the morality and virtue of American ladies, it will suffice to say that they are not inferior to the English, who are universally acknowledged to be the best wives and mothers in Europe. The slightest suspicion against the character of a lady, is, in America, as in England, sufficient to exclude her from society; but, in America, public opinion is equally severe on men, and this is certainly a considerable improvement. Accordingly, there is no country in which scandal, even amongst the most fashionable circles, is so rare as in the United States, or where the term "intrigue" is less known and understood. I shall always remember the observation of a French gentleman who could find nothing to interest him in American society; because 'it precluded the very idea of a liaison.' 'Ah,' exclaimed he, 'c'est le paradis des maris!'"

The houses of worship in North America, Mr. Grund acknowledges, are far inferior to what might be looked for amongst a people who are, decidedly, not without a deep sense of religion. But this is to be accounted for, chiefly, by the combined influence of their republican and puritanical predilections.

"At the beginning of this work I proposed to myself not to give descriptions of inanimate objects, further than might be necessary to illustrate the manners of the people. Whether works of architecture come under this head or not, I am unable to decide; but I think it not inconsistent with the general plan of the work to offer a few remarks on American churches. The greater number of these, when compared to the wealth of their respective congregations, are decidedly mean, both in their exterior and interior appearance; and there exists, in this respect, an infinitely greater disparity between them and the houses of worship in Europe, than between the dwellings of the rich and the palaces of European princes. If republicans are at all permitted to display splendour and magnificence without offending the pride of their fellow-citizens, it is certainly in the edifices of public worship, and in the halls of their legislative assemblies. With regard to the latter, the Americans possess, already, a proud monument of national grandeur. The capital at Washington, situated on an eminence commanding an unobstructed view of many miles in circumference, is an edifice of the most imposing

structure and proportions; and, from its very position, incredibly superior to any of the public palaces in Europe. The interior, too, corresponds well with the dignity of the design: but the most sublime effect is produced by its standing high, free, and alone, as the institutions it guards in its bosom; overshadowing hills, and valleys, and rivers, of the mighty land over which it extends the benign influence of law and justice.

"But proud as the Americans may be of their halls of congress, they have not, as yet, a single place of worship at all to be compared to the finer churches in Europe, where they might render thanks to the Omnipotent Being for the unexampled happiness and prosperity with which he has blessed their country. Some not altogether unsuccessful attempts have been made in Boston and Baltimore, at what might be called a cathedral; but neither the size nor the order, nor even the materials, are resembling those of the nobler specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe.

"Our feelings and emotions are always tinged with the reflections from the objects around us; and I cannot, therefore, divest myself of the opinion that a superior style of architecture in an edifice of public worship may materially assist the imagination, and enable the mind to turn from mere worldly objects to the contemplation of heaven and the adoration of God. I have known persons who could never pray so fervently as when encompassed by the sombre vaults of a gothic cathedral, and I have, myself experienced the same feelings on similar occasions.

"But in addition to the deficiency in style and ornament, there exists, in America, an almost universal practice of building churches, or at least the steeples, of wood, to which are frequently given the most grotesque figures, partaking of all orders of architecture, from the time of Noah to the present day. There is scarce an excuse for this corruption of taste, except the cheapness of the material, which may recommend the custom in practice. A church ought to be the symbol of immutability and eternity, the attributes of the Infinite Being; but nothing can be more averse to either, than its construction of so frail a material as wood. An imitation of stone-work is still more objectionable, as it appears like an attempt at deceit; a sort of architectural counterfeiting least pardonable in a house of prayer. Such an edifice seems a mockery of its noble purpose, and a mockery of grandeur, by its imitating the melancholy ties."

Mr. Grund is a decided advocate for the voluntary system, which he defends with a flippancy and an ignorance, which, we doubt not, would earn for him the loud applauses of Daniel O'Connell and Joseph Hume. He exclaims against the injustice of taxing the unbeliever for the support of the public worship of Almighty God; and can see nothing in the hierarchical form of church government, as it is established amongst us, but that which tends to make Christian professors indolent and lazy;—and, as to incorporating Christianity with the state, and making its dignitaries take their seats in the supreme house of legislature, and its precepts and principles part and parcel of the law of the land, that he regards as one of those antiquated prejudices from which the Americans are happily free, and which every succeeding year must, henceforth, continue to dissipate, until it shall have disappeared utterly, from liberalized and enlightened Europe. Our readers do not require, and will not expect, that we should enter into a detailed refutation of the drivelling sciolism of this well-meaning, but most superficial man; and we allude to it only for the purpose of recommending to his notice a chapter in Mrs. Trollope's late work on France, by the perusal of which, we are not altogether without a hope, that even he might be yet enlightened. That lady discusses the subject, in its bearing upon the state of society, in the spirit of a philosopher, a moralist, and a statesman; and we have not seen, since the days of Edmund Burke, any representation of the benefits to be derived from a richly endowed church, when properly administered, which so fully makes known its inestimable advantages. It is, decidedly, that portion of Mrs. Trollope's writings which gave us the highest idea of her very superior powers of mind; and we venture to promise those of our readers who may, at our recommendation, take up the pages to which we refer, that, however high the expectations with which they may sit down to the perusal of them, they shall not be disappointed.

Our author refers to the vast extent of publications of all kinds in America, as a proof that they are both a reading and a thinking people. We think that a more judiciously occupied, and less crab-like nature, and their ar-

dour of publication, that they may have been, in reality, crawling back, when they imagined that they were striding forward.

Newspapers are the pieces of ordnance, with which the parties in the state fight their political battles; and these must, necessarily, be numerous, in proportion as the Government becomes democraticised. Where stimulants, which they are calculated to supply, are so perpetually operating, the community are but little likely to benefit by the more silent and gentle influences of taste and reason, which, amidst such discordant elements, can be heard but by few, and the number will even be more limited by whom they are not speedily forgotten or unheeded.

Undoubtedly, the American government has not been deficient in liberality, in providing for the public instruction of the people:—

“The amount of tax raised in the State of Massachusetts,” Mr. Grund tells us, “for the support of common schools, averaged 350,000 dollars, or £70,000 sterling per annum. The State of New York has a school fund of 2,116,000 dollars, or £423,200 sterling, invested in 9580 school-houses; and the expenses of common schools in that State amounted in 1833, to 1,262,670 dollars 97 cents, or £252,514 sterling nearly.

“Ohio, Pennsylvania, and South Carolina, have also adopted the principle of free schools, and other States are gradually following the example. The inhabitants of Boston have made the most ample provisions for the education of children; and the system of free schools in that city has become a model for imitation throughout the United States, where similar institutions are now fast rising into existence.

“The ablest and most skilful instructors in the United States are natives from New England; who are generally supposed to be better acquainted with school discipline, and better versed in the art of communicating ideas, than the rest of their countrymen. Their religious habits, and the severity of their morals, seem to qualify them particularly for the task of ‘teaching the young idea how to shoot.’ It is computed that not less than sixty thousand New Englanders are employed annually in the instruction of children, in the different States; which single fact is more creditable to New England, than all the praises which could be bestowed on the industry and ingenuity of her inhabitants.”

So far so good;—but, the quality of

the education thus afforded, or, indeed, the quality of the education afforded by more competent instructors to the higher classes, may be fairly doubted, from the fact, than an individual loses caste by becoming a teacher. Mr. Grund ignorantly supposes that the same is the case in England, in opposition to the plain fact, that the clergy, the most honoured class in the community, are the great conductors of national education. But we have no reason, for a moment, to distrust his statement, that the prejudice prevails in America at the present day, almost as strongly as it did with Jack Cade, in the early period of the history of England, who, in hanging a schoolmaster, because he knew how to write, suspended an ink-horn to his breast, that his exit might be the more ignominious. The following are Mr. Grund's observations :—

"I am afraid, however, that the pecuniary advantages of these gentlemen are not in proportion to their exertions, and that the vocation of an instructor is, after all, not the most honoured in the United States. Much as the Americans appreciate the services of a teacher, they neither reward or esteem him according to his merits, and are hardly ever willing to associate with him on terms of fair reciprocity and friendship. The same feeling exists, in a still higher degree, in most parts of Europe, especially in England; but then there is no reason why it should continue in America, in a country, in which no disgrace ought to attach to any honest pursuit; but in which, on the contrary, men should be honoured, in proportion as they contribute to the moral and intellectual advancement of the State.

"The correctness of this doctrine, however, is so well understood in the United States, that the people are ashamed of their own sentiments, and leave no opportunity unimproved to evince that respect for the vocation in *private*, which they are most deficient of showing on all important occasions. Many a fashionable gentleman of the large cities would be glad of the company of the instructor of his children to a *family* dinner; but would be unwilling to introduce him to a party of friends, and would think himself disgraced, were he to be seen with him on 'change.

"The Americans have a nice sense of justice, and understand their own interest too well, to be entirely neglectful of the attention due to instructors of youth; but the more genteel part of the community are too modest to exhibit their sentiments

in public. Much, however, has lately been done for the improvement of the condition of teachers; and it is to be hoped that the newly formed 'American Institute of instruction,' which, among its members, numbers already some of the most influential and wealthy men of the country, will at last succeed in raising the character of instructors, and thereby increase the sphere of their usefulness.

"The salaries of teachers in the public schools in most of the States, are mere pittance, when compared with the remuneration of professional men, or clerks in the counting rooms of respectable merchants. The compensation of private instructors is, in general, higher; but still of too sordid a character to enable them to live as gentlemen."

The following extract from the annual report of the superintendent of the common schools of the State of New York, made so late as January, 1835, is quite decisive as to the low estimation in which the people of the United States as yet hold their teachers :—

"'The incompetency of teachers,' says the report, 'is the great evil of the common school system of this State, and it may, indeed, be said to be the source of the only other material defect which pertains to it, a low standard of education in most of the schools. The evil however is by no means universal. There are many teachers of ample qualifications, and many schools of high standing, both as regards the nature and extent of their acquirements. The principal obstacle to improvement is the low wages of teachers; and, as this is left altogether to be regulated by contract between them and their employers, there would seem to be no effectual remedy for the evil, but to inspire the latter with more just conceptions of the nature of the vocation, and its high responsibilities; and of the necessity of awarding to those who pursue it, a compensation in some degree suited to its arduous duties and requirements. So long as the compensation of teachers is on a level with that which is commanded by the most ordinary employments, it is not to be expected that men of the necessary talents will prepare themselves for the business of teaching; but it may justly be said that there is scarcely any vocation, in which the best talents can be employed to greater advantage. The practice of paying 'low wages' has, as might be expected, introduced into the common schools, teachers wholly incompetent to execute their trusts; who have brought in bad methods of teaching, and kept down the standard of requirement for their pupils on a level with that by which

their employers have measured their qualifications.'

"Although the compensation of teachers is still extremely low, it is gratifying to reflect that it is increasing. In the districts heard from the number of schools kept during the year 1833, an average period of eight months was 9392. The amount annually paid for teachers' wages in the same district was about 665,000 dollars. This sum divided by the schools would give each teacher 8 dollars 85 cents a month. But it is supposed that female teachers are employed about half the time at a compensation of about 5 dollars (a guinea) a month. In this case the average compensation of male teachers would be 12 dollars and 70 cents (£2 10s. 5d.) nearly. By a similar estimate for the year 1831, contained in the report of the superintendent made in 1833, it appears that the average rate of wages was but 11 dollars 85 cents (£2 8s. 5d.) A similar estimate for 1832, would give 12 dollars 22 cents (£2 9s. 5d.) Thus it appears that the rate of wages is regularly advancing, although still altogether inadequate to the services rendered.' "

So far the report, upon which Mr. Grund makes the following just observations :—

"This report which was evidently drawn up by a gentleman engaged in improving the system of instruction of common schools, appears, nevertheless, from the unhappy choice of terms, replete if not with contempt, at least with little consideration for the vocation of teachers. A regret is expressed that instructors are not better paid; because 'low wages' are not apt to act as a premium on the skill and application of workmen; but the idea does not seem for one moment lost sight of, that teachers are hirelings, whose labours are always to be commanded with money, as the services of journeymen mechanics. I am not inclined to believe that the character of teachers in the State of New York will improve as long as they receive 'wages;' and am fully convinced that half the number of teachers employed in that State, if they were qualified for the business, would be more serviceable to the public, than two or three times their actual number, with their present inferior acquirements, joined to the disadvantages of their position."

It is, therefore, quite evident that the Americans have not as yet become an intellectual people, and that their mercantile and agricultural pursuits are, and will be, for a length of time to be grossing as to leave but a

small portion of their time to be disposed of in mental improvement. This is one of the natural consequences of their precise condition in the social state, which is almost as inevitable as any other incident of their existence; and we allude to it, as illustrative of the state of society, and not, by any means, in disparagement of themselves. They are precisely what any other Englishmen should be, in a country where there was a perpetual demand for physical energy, and personal enterprise, and where there must be a respite from labour before there *can* be any very extensive or effectual cultivation of mind. But yet, Mr. Grund tells us, and we are very much disposed to acquiesce in his statement—

"There are two branches of instruction, however, which I consider to be better taught in America than even in Germany. I would refer to reading and speaking. The Americans, in general, take more care to teach a correct pronunciation to their children, than the English; and the Germans are almost wholly unmindful as to the correctness of utterance, or elegance of language. They are so much attached to the substance of thoughts, that they heed little in what form the latter are expressed; and are satisfied with teaching their pupils to understand what they are reading, or to comprehend with the eye what they are unable to express with clearness and precision. A German boy knows often more than he can express in his abstract and unmanageable language: an American says at least as much as he knows; and is seldom embarrassed except with the difficulty of the subject.

"This readiness of the Americans to express with promptness and precision what they have once been able to understand, is as much owing to their system of education, as to the practical genius of the nation, and of immense advantage in the common business of life. An American is not as 'manysided' as a German; but whatever he has learned he has at his fingers' ends, and he is always ready to apply it. A little, in this manner, will go a great way; and the amount of intellect and application which is thus penetrating every corner of the United States is prodigious, when compared to the seemingly slender means by which it is produced. Propose a question to a German, and he will ransack heaven and earth for an answer. He will descend to the remotest antiquity to seek for precedents; and, after having compared the histories of all nations, and the best commentaries on them in half a dozen lan-

guages, he will be so perplexed with the contradictory statements of authors, that his conscientiousness will hardly allow him to venture an opinion of his own. He will give you a most erudite *resumé* of the subject; acquaint you with all that has been said on it in Sanscrit and Arabic, and, after having made some remarks on the respective credibility of these writers, leave the conclusion to your own ingenuity. An American, with hardly one-tenth of the learning, would have submitted the subject to *common sense*, and, ten chances to one, would have given you a satisfactory answer. The Germans are the best people in the world for collecting materials; but the Americans understand best how to use them. I know no better combination of character than that of German and American; and there is probably no better system of instruction than a medium between the theoretical rigour of the former, and the practical applications of the Americans."

They are also strikingly remarkable for their never-failing self-dependence, which the peculiar circumstances of the country, offering a ready resource in almost every emergency, are well calculated to generate and to cherish. Mr. Grund observes,

"During a residence of many years in the United States, I have had frequent intercourse with all classes of society, but do not remember having heard a single individual complain of misfortunes; and I have never known a native American to ask for charity. No country in the world has such a small number of persons supported at the public expense; and of that small number one half are foreign paupers. An American, embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances, can hardly be prevailed upon to ask or accept the assistance of his own relations; and will, in many instances, scorn to have recourse to his own parents. Even an unsuccessful politician will leave the field without a groan, not to appear overcome by his antagonist; and, whatever be his secret anguish, show a bright countenance to the public. Happiness and prosperity are so *popular* in the United States, that no one dares to show himself an exception to the rule; and avoiding carefully the semblance of misfortune, they generally succeed in reality, and become that which they have always been striving to appear."

The reader will be surprised to learn that "Lynch law" has found an advocate in so ardent a lover of liberty as Mr. Grund, who can regard it only as a species of supplementary common law,

necessary at times for the purpose of expediting the progress of tardy-gaited justice. With what complacency he contemplates the tarring and feathering of some unfortunate individual whose only crime is that his opinions, during a season of political heat, ran counter to those of the tyrannous majority! Undoubtedly, such an offence could not be reached by any existing law; but is it not delightful to think, that in such a country as America, the offender nevertheless cannot escape a summary visitation of vindictive justice!

But it is still more surprising that the practice of domestic slavery should find some favour in his eyes. Not that, in the abstract, he is an advocate for the system; but the peculiar circumstances under which it exists in the Southern States are such, he thinks, as greatly mitigate its evils, while its sudden abolition might be attended by evils of another kind, without any compensating advantages.

We have, in truth, ever looked upon the system as equally injurious to the master and the slave. By it the latter is brutified, while the former is but too often demonized. The very idea of regarding a fellow-creature as *chattel property*, is, in itself, so unnatural and monstrous, as to place those by whom it is familiarly entertained almost without the pale of humanity; and it cannot surely be constantly acted upon, without producing and perpetuating human degradation. But the liberal Mr. Grund seems to have no notion of this. He thus writes, in justification of the practice.

"The slaves in the southern states are the property of the planters; a kind of property which is not transferrable, except amongst themselves; and which would be of no value to the inhabitants of the northern states. When the northern states emancipated their slaves, it was really because the expense of maintaining them was greater than the profits obtained from their labour; and because the same kind of work could be obtained as cheap, or cheaper, by hiring the services of the whites. The negroes, moreover, are the foundation of every other species of property in the southern states: for without them real estate would be of no value; as it is physically proved that neither the climate nor the soil will ever admit of the independent labour of the whites. It is evident then, that if the negroes be emancipated, they must be retained to cultivate the plantations, and

the proprietors obliged to hire them ; which amounts to paying interest on their own capital."

That loss would be sustained by the planters, in the event of abolition, we very well know ; but, although not converts to the extreme liberalism of the democratic Mr. Grund, we can never regard rum and sugar as equivalents for the demoralizing influences of a system which outrages humanity. Rum and sugar were made for man—man was not made in order to become a mere producer of rum and sugar ;—and the vitiating effects of the practice of domestic slavery, where it has been for any time in familiar operation, could scarcely be more strikingly exhibited than by the very fact, that so amiable a man as Mr. Grund obviously is, should so lightly estimate the prerogatives of our common nature.

He even hazards the opinion, that the negroes are incapable of emerging from their present state. His arguments are all such as would apply equally to every country upon the habitable globe, at one period or another of its existence. In our judgment it would be an insult to human nature to enter into any serious refutation of them. The negroes have been a long suffering and an injured race ; and, although the bitter draught of slavery has sadly impaired both their moral and intellectual powers, their oppressors have not been able altogether to deface the image in which they were originally made, and instances are numerous which abundantly prove that it is not beyond the reclaiming influence of education, to re-instate them in all the privileges of humanity. That much has not as yet been done in that way, proves nothing but the brutalizing effects of the system of slavery, and that years of liberty are not sufficient to counteract the influence of centuries of degradation. But, that much may and will be done to reclaim and liberalize this prostrate race, when once the proper means are taken, can only be doubted by those upon whom the system under which they have suffered, has exerted such a perverting influence as to render them insensible alike to the dictates of wisdom, and the voice of nature.

Mr. Grund talks of their physical conformation as incapacitating them for intellectual pursuits. By physical conformation he means, no doubt, the shape of the skull. Now, he must maintain either that that shape deter-

mines, or is determined by the operations of the intellect. If the former, he is at issue with the soundest physiologists, and his opinion, as opposed to their's, is entitled to no respect. If the latter, he admits the capacity of the negro for improvement, and cannot allege, as an impassable barrier, an obstacle which, by care and by culture, may be removed. Only let the negroes have fair play, and we promise that the endeavour to raise them in the scale of society, will not be unsuccessful.

But the experiment which has been so long protracted unjustly, may, at length be made unwisely ; and, in that case, we would not answer for the result. The very evils which length of time has generated may forbid the sudden or complete removal of restrictions which may now be considered a sort of necessary evils, and which years of wisdom will be required to mitigate, even as years of folly, or of wickedness were required to produce. The repeal of slavery laws will not, in itself, efface the brand of servile degradation, and the course of abolition should rather be directed in that cautious and gradual manner, which may raise the character of the negro, than in that ample and bewildering current, by which he may only be surprised and confounded. In his present state, we firmly believe that the most embarrassing gift that could be bestowed upon him, would be a present of himself. It would be to substitute his own low animal propensities, his love of indolence, and his taste for intoxicating liquors, in the place of his master. But, let him be put into a course of discipline, by which he may be gradually elevated in the scale of humanity, and the time will come when we may trust to his prudence and self-control, to protect him against those allurements, which would, at present, exert an irresistible influence, causing the evils of his servitude to be forgotten in the still greater and more debasing evils of his freedom.

We have often regretted that the plan of suffering the slaves to purchase their freedom, was not, at an early period, adopted in our own colonies. There would thus have been gradually raised up, a class, who would operate as an example to others, and who might lead the way in civilization and improvement. The acquisition of property, by a slave, is a tolerable criterion of his fitness to exercise the privi-

leges of a freeman ; and he who might have free servants himself, should not be compelled to remain in a condition in which he must be looked down upon by his own hirelings. Had our government thus given the initiative to Negro emancipation, the perilous experiment, that is now being tried in our colonies, might have been attempted with a greater prospect of advantage. Our respect for the distinguished individual by whom it was instituted, and our unfeigned distrust of our own judgment, when opposed to his, forbid us to give expression to the fears which we entertain on that subject ; but we do confess that it will surpass our expectations, as well as delight our hearts, if Lord Stanley's apprenticeship system should prove entirely successful.

Of the hospitality of the inhabitants in the Southern States, Mr. Grund gives the following pleasing picture :—

“The houses of the people in the northern and eastern states are not generally constructed for the reception of strangers (although this is by no means a characteristic of their dwellings), and their kind feelings, therefore, confine themselves usually to invitations to dinners and parties; but the house of every southerner contains a number of apartments solely fitted up for the reception of guests: and so rigid are they in performing the duties of hospitality, that even on *leaving* their estates for the east or the north, they provide for strangers, whom chance may happen to bring under their roofs whilst they are absent.

“A traveller will always be offered the use of a good room, an excellent larder, and a well-stocked cellar on the estate of a planter, whether the owner be at home or abroad. No letter of introduction is required for that purpose; it is sufficient that the stranger should have the exterior and manners of a well-bred man: it matters not from what country he comes, or what place he calls his home. A person may travel with his whole family and a numerous retinue, and will still be welcomed by his hospitable entertainers. This custom has made inns and taverns in southern states almost useless; and their accommodations, therefore, are much inferior to similar establishments of the north. But a southern planter will be sorry if a traveller take lodgings at an inn, while his own plantation is near; and will often wait on him in person, to invite him to the cheer of his house.”

That the question of domestic slavery is a very difficult and delicate one, as between the Northern and the Sou-

thern States, Mr. Grund is well aware; and yet he does not incline to the opinion that it is likely to effect the stability of the union. His reliance is, upon the *wisdom* of an almost unlimited democracy, of which the basis is, universal suffrage! We do not mean to say that he does not mention other causes which have a tendency to prevent an event so much to be deplored; but, unless pure democracy possess the virtues which he ascribes to it, they must all be unavailing. The following observations upon the subject, coming from one who can, on other occasions, write sensibly enough, we cannot characterise by any other epithets, than jejune and contemptible:—

“As one of the causes which must eventually destroy the government, and the union of the states, many political writers assign the growing spirit of democracy, and the principle of universal suffrage, introduced in most of the states. I must confess I look upon democracy, as it exists in the United States, as a means of *preserving* peace and the union; and would sooner trust the safety of the state to the large majority of the American people, than to any faction ever so much enlightened and skilled in the art of government. The origin, manners, and habits of Americans are democratic, and nothing short of a pure democracy could have ever contented them. Under any other form of government they would necessarily approach a revolution; but, settled into a democracy, the power is placed at its fountain, and there can be no misconstruction as to its origin or application. As long as the people, for whom government is instituted, continue to rule, no faction will dare show its head: when the people cease to rule, then will commence the intrigues of parties: not before.”

In truth, the great problem of government is not to be solved by the experience of a few generations, in a country, more especially, where the people have never yet been suffered inconveniently to accumulate, and where, vast as has been their numerical increase, the territory which they occupy would seem to have grown beyond them. While forests are to be cleared, and new land to be broken up, physical energies will be called into activity, and personal interests will be brought directly into play, which will cause the most tempting enterprises of sedition to be abandoned; and so long America may be preserved from any violent explosion by the

might be endangered. We say *may*, not *must*; for already, more than once, has a convulsion threatened, by which, had it taken place, the union would have been destroyed. But, let the condition of long settled countries be attained, and let human beings once press upon the limits of subsistence, and, we venture to say, that, in that case, the principle of universal suffrage would be just such a cement of society, as gunpowder would furnish for the walls of a house, and guarantee the stability of government just as completely as the foundations of a city might be guaranteed by the tremors of an earthquake.

That there exists in America, a powerful and enlightened party, who are fully alive to the evils of unmixed democracy, Mr. Grund admits; the following is his invidious description of them:—

“To describe the various principles embraced or professed by these parties, would be to repeat a twice-told tale. Those of the democratic party have never seriously altered, from the commencement of the revolution to the present day; and consisted in making every power of the state immediately dependent on the people. Those of the federalists, national republicans, and modern whigs have occasionally undergone an apparent change. The party were careful to avoid general opposition, abandoned, occasionally, some of their most noxious doctrines—at least for a time, until they should have an opportunity of rising once more into power—and sailed, when prudence required it, under false colours. But with all the inclinations and variations of their political compass, the point they were always endeavouring to make, was to confine power to comparatively few, and to deprive the masses of the privilege of voting. They take it as a political axiom that the people can never govern themselves; because the people are never sufficiently enlightened for that purpose; and yet they expect that the people, who now possess the power, will have sufficient good sense voluntarily to surrender it to them; and to appoint them trustees of the wealth, wisdom, and progress of the nation.

“The federal party deny that all men are born ‘free and equal,’—the very words used in the American declaration of independence,—and yet, in their argument, will adduce the example of Greece, Rome, England, and France; and maintain that one nation is exactly like another; because *human nature* is every-where the same. They thus admit that the federal party differ from that of the

rest of mankind; but that *circumstances* have elevated them to a proud eminence over their fellow creatures. They are in fact *admirably fit to govern*, and this is a sufficient reason for them to *claim* the government; and to deride those, who from sheer ignorance, are continuing to rule themselves and their antagonists, when they might resign the irksome task to the more intelligent and learned. The federal party have studied the art of government, and reduced it to a science. They can prove “by *a plus b*, divided by *z*, that the sheep must be red and die with the small-pox,” when their ignorant opponents would never know more than that it was a sheep. The sum and substance of their argument is this. The people must be led in order to prevent them from taking a wrong direction, or from remaining too far behind. In order to lead them, it is, of course, necessary, that some citizens (always the enlightened and scientific) should be placed at the head, with sufficient power to compel the rest to follow. All this is evidently for the good of the people, which the people themselves do not know. But the people unfortunately wish to remain judges of their own good, and never like to have the head too far removed from the body. This is in truth all the difference of opinion which exists between the present parties in the United States, though a great deal of learning has been exhausted by Mr. Hamilton and others, to account scientifically for the political schism.”

The federalists, who are thus disparaged by American democrats, are, in truth, the wisest of the people; and those who wish to see the country continue to prosper, had need to be cautious how they decry their influence or resist their counsels. They are called innovators, and the epithet is just, inasmuch as order may be said to be an innovation upon chaos, or law upon a state of nature. But, in a country where every thing may yet be said to be new, no prescription can be pleaded in favour of error; and it is to be hoped that a conservative policy may make reprisals upon anarchy in the new world, even as anarchy has unhappily made reprisals upon a conservative policy in the old.

But we must conclude. Towards the Americans we feel as brethren. We feel proud of them as kindred; we admire them for their enterprise and their spirit of liberty; and if we would fain have them correct any defects in their policy, it is chiefly because we love ourselves, and desire to be able to say of their proud republic, “*esto perpetua.*”

MUSIC.

THREE SONNETS BY IOTA.

I.

Thou all-pervading Spirit ! whose abode
 Is with the crowned angels robed in white,
 Whose golden harps are pouring day and night
 Their praises round the awful throne of God ;
 Echo of God's dread voice to mortal ears
 Attuned !—like HIM, through all things thou art found ;
 Earth, Ocean, Heaven, are trembling to thy sound,
 And the full heart, whose praise is silent tears.
 Spirit of love and harmony ! bestowing
 Thy healing balm upon the soul in pain,
 As stormy winds o'er thine own lyre-strings blowing,
 Are charmed to gentle murmuring sighs again ;
 Nature's own language from thy lips is flowing,
 And sage and savage feel alike thy strain.

II.

Voice of the world, whose soul is Deity !
 Timed by thy breath, unheard of human ears,
 Harmonious glide the thickly thronging spheres,
 Unclashing ever through the spanless sky.
 The measured pulses of the mighty ocean,
 The changing moon, the sun whose giant flight
 Weaves round the rolling earth his chain of light,
 All to thy mystic strains keep tireless motion.
 Waked by thy call, long vanished thoughts come teeming
 From their dark graves within our memories,
 As in the necromancer's mirror gleaming,
 The spectral forms of the lov'd dead arise—
 Lights indistinct up Time's black vista streaming,
 To stir our freezing hearts, or dim the long-dried eyes.

III.

And though thy thrilling range is bounded only
 By the vast universe, yet dost thou deign
 Within the good man's heart serene to reign,
 Making thy choicest shrine that temple lonely.
 Tuned in accord each aspiration moving,
 Wakes in the soul a holy melody,
 And ever vibrates sweet and peacefully,
 The voice of conscience still and small approving.
 By thee unhallowed, the loud acclamation
 Of the vain world but peals discordantly ;
 The tongue of fame, the poets adulation,
 Fall on the untuned heart, all bawlowly ;
 As wind o'er unstrung lyres makes wild vibration,
 More mournful far than silence ere can be.

FARDOROUGH, THE MISER : OR, THE CONVICTS OF LISNAMONA.—PART IV.

BY WILLIAM CABLETON,

Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry."

FARDOROUGH stood amazed and confounded, looking from one to another like a man who felt incapable of comprehending all that passed before him. His forehead, over which fell a few grey thin locks, assumed a deadly paleness, and his eye lost the piercing expression which usually characterized it. He threw his *Cothamore* several times over his shoulders, as he had been in the habit of doing when about to proceed after breakfast to his usual avocations, and as often laid it aside, without being at all conscious of what he did. His limbs appeared to get feeble, and his hands trembled as if he laboured under palsy. In this mood he passed from one to another, sometimes seizing a constable by the arm with a hard, tremulous grip, and again suddenly letting go his hold of him without speaking. At length a singular transition from this state of mind became apparent; a gleam of wild exultation shot from his eye; his sallow and blasted features brightened; the *Cothamore* was buttoned under his chin with a rapid energy of manner evidently arising from the removal of some secret apprehension.

"Then," he exclaimed, "it's no robbery; it's not robbery after all; but how could it? there's no money here; not a penny; an' I'm belied, at any rate; for there's not a poorer man in the barony—thank God, it's not robbery!"

"Oh, Fardorougha," said the wife, "don't you see they're goin' to take him away from us!"

"Take who away from us?"

"Connor, your own Connor—our boy—the light of my heart—the light of his poor mother's heart! Oh, Connor, Connor, what is it they're goin' to do to you?"

"No harm, mother, I trust; no harm—don't be frightened."

The old man put his open hands to his temples, which he pressed bitterly, and with all his force, for nearly half a minute. He had, in truth, been alarmed into the very worst mood of his habitual vice, apprehension concerning his money; and felt that notwithstanding a powerful effort, could he not draw his attention to

the scene which was passing before him.

"What," said he; "what is it that's wrong wid Connor?"

"He must come to jail," said one of the men, looking at him with surprise; "we have already stated the crime for which he stands committed."

"To jail! Connor O'Donovan, to jail!"

"It's too true, father; Bartle Flanagan has sworn that I burned Mr. O'Brien's haggard."

"Connor, Connor," said the old man, approaching him, as he spoke, and putting his arms composedly about his neck, "Connor, my brave boy, my brave boy, it wasn't you did it; 'twas I did it," he added, turning to the constables; "lave him, lave him with her, an' take me in his place! Who would if I would not—who ought, I say—an' I'll do it—take me; I'll go in his place."

Connor looked down upon the old man, and as he saw his heart rent, and his reason absolutely tottering, a sense of the singular and devoted affection which he had ever borne him, overcame him, and with a full heart he dashed away a tear from his eye, and pressed his father to his breast.

"Mother," said he, "this will kill the old man; it will kill him!"

"Fardorougha, a hagur," said his wife, feeling it necessary to sustain him as much as possible, "don't take it so much to heart, it wont signify—Connor's innocent, an' no harm will happen to him."

"But are you lavin' us, Connor? are they—must they bring you to jail?"

"For a while, father; but I wont be long there I hope."

"It's an unpleasant duty on our part," said the principal of them; "still it's one we must perform. Your father should lose no time in taking the proper steps for your defence."

"And what are we to do?" asked the mother; "God knows the boy's as innocent as I am."

"Yes," said Fardorougha, still dwelling upon the resolution he had made; "I'll stand for you, Connor; you wont go; let them bring me instead of you."

"That's out of the question," replied the constable; "the law suffers no

thing of the kind to take place; but if you be advised by me, lose no time in preparing to defend him. It would be unjust to disguise the matter from you, or to keep you ignorant of its being a case of life and death."

"Life and death! what do you mane?" asked Fardorougha, staring vacantly at the last speaker.

"It's painful to distress you; but if he's found guilty, it's death."

"Death! hanged!" shrieked the old man, awaking as it were for the first time to a full perception of his son's situation; "hanged! my boy hanged! Connor, Connor, don't go from me!"

"I'll die with him," said the mother; "I'll die wid you, Connor. We couldn't live widout him," she added, addressing the strangers; "as God is in heaven we couldn't! Oh Connor, Connor, avourneen, what is it that has come over us, and brought us to this sorrow?"

The mother's grief then flowed on, accompanied by a burst of that un-studied, but pathetic eloquence, which in Ireland is frequently uttered in the tone of wail and lamentation peculiar to those who mourn over the dead.

"No," she added, with her arms tenderly about him, and her streaming eyes fixed with a wild and mournful look of despair upon his face; "no, he is in his loving mother's arms, the boy that never gave to his father or me a harsh word or a sore heart! Long were we lookin' for him, an' little did we think that it was for this heavy fate that the goodness of God sent him to us! Oh many a look of lovin' affection, many a happy heart did he give us! Many a time Connor, avillish, did I hang over your cradle, and draw out to myself the happiness and the good that I hoped was before you. You wor too good—too good, I doubt—to be long in such a world as this; an' no wondber that the heart of the fair young colleen, the heart of the colleen *dhas dhun* should rest upon you and love you; for who ever knew you that didn't? Isn't there enough, King of heaven! enough of the bad an' the wicked in this world for the law to punish, an' not to take the innocent—not to take away from us the only one—the only one—I cant—I cant—but if they do—Connor—if they do, your lovin' mother will die with you!"

The stern officers of justice wiped their eyes, and were proceeding to afford such consolation as they could, when Fardorougha, who had sat down

after having made way for Honour to recline on the bosom of their son, now rose, and seizing the breast of his coat, was about to speak, but ere he could utter a word he tottered, and would have instantly fallen, had not Connor caught him in his arms. This served for a moment to divert the mother's grief, and to draw her attention from the son to the husband, who was now insensible. He was carried to the door by Connor; but when they attempted to lay him in a recumbent posture, it was found almost impossible to unclasp the death-like grip which he held of the coat. His haggard face was shrunk and collapsed; the individual features sharp and thin, but earnest and stamped with traces of alarm; his brows, too, which were slightly knit, gave to his whole countenance a character of keen and painful determination. But that which struck those who were present most, was the unyielding grasp with which he clung even in his insensibility to the person of Connor.

If not an affecting sight it was one at least strongly indicative of the intractable and indurated attachment which put itself forth with such vague and illusive energy on behalf of his son. At length he recovered, and on opening his eyes he fixed them with a long look of pain and distraction upon the boy's countenance.

"Father," said Connor, "dont be cast down—you need not—and you ought not to be so much disheartened—do you feel better?"

When the father heard his voice he smiled; yes—his shrunk, pale, withered face was lit up by a wild, indescribable ecstasy, whose startling expression was borrowed, one would think, as much from the light of insanity as from that of returning consciousness. He sucked in his thin cheeks, smacked his parched skinny lips, and with difficulty called for a drink. Having swallowed a little water, he looked round him with more composure, and inquired—

"What has happened me? am I robbed? are you robbers? But I tell you there's no money in the house. I lodged the last penny yestherday—afore my God I did—but—oh what am I sayin'? what is this, Connor?"

"Father dear, compose yourself—we'll get over this throuble."

"We will, darlin'," said Honour, wiping the pale brows of her husband; "an' we wont lose him."

"No, achora," said Connor, "no, we wont lose him."

"Well, father dear!"

"There's a thing here—here"—and he placed his hand upon his heart—"something it is that makes me afeard—a sinkin'—a weight—and there's a strugglin', too, Connor. I know I can't stand it long—an' its about you—it's all about you."

"You distress yourself too much, father; indeed you do. Why I hoped that you would comfort my poor mother 'till I come back to her and you, as I will, please God."

"Yes," he replied; "yes, I will, I will."

"You had better prepare," said one of the officers; the sooner this is over the better—he's a feeble man and not very well able to bear it."

"You are right," said Connor; "I won't delay many minutes; I have only to change my clothes, an' I'm ready."

In a short time he made his appearance dressed in his best suit; and indeed it would be extremely difficult to meet, in any rank of life, a finer specimen of vigour, activity, and manly beauty. His countenance, at all times sedate and open, was on this occasion shaded by an air of profound melancholy that gave a composed grace and dignity to his whole bearing.

"Now, father," said he, "before I go, I think it right to lave you and my poor mother all the consolation I can. In the presence of God, in your's, in my dear mother's, and in the presence of all who hear me, I am as innocent of the crime that's laid to my charge as the babe unborn. That's a comfort for you to know, and let it prevent you from frettin'; and now, good by, God be with you, and strengthen, and support you both!"

Fardorougha had already seized his hand; but the old man could neither speak nor weep; his whole frame appeared to have been suddenly pervaded by a dry agony that suspended the beatings of his very heart. The mother's grief, on the contrary, was loud, and piercing, and vehement. She threw herself once more on his neck; she kissed his lips, she pressed him to her heart, and poured out as before the wail of a wild and hopeless misery. At length, by the aid of some slight but necessary force, her arms were untwined from about his neck; and Connor then stooping, embraced his father, and gently placing him upon a settle, bade him farewell! On reaching the door, and, turning about,

surveyed his mother struggling in the hands of one of the officers to get embracing him again, and his grey-haired father sitting in speechless misery on the settle. He stood a moment to look upon them, and a few bitter tears rolled, in the silence of manly sorrow, down his cheeks.

"Oh, Fardorougha," exclaimed his mother, after they had gone, "sure it isn't merely for partin' wid him that we feel so heartbroken. He may never stand under this roof again, an' he all we have and had to love!"

"No," returned Fardorougha, quietly; "no, it's not, as you say, for merely partin' wid him—hanged! God! God! *him*—here—Honour—here the thought of it—I'll die—it'll break! Oh God support me! my heart—here—my heart 'ill break! My brain, too, and my head—oh! if God 'ud take me before I'd see it! But it can't be—it's not possible that our innocent boy should meet sich a death!"

"No, dear, it is not; sure he's innocent—that's one comfort; but Fardorougha, as the men said, you must go to a lawyer and see what can be done to defend him."

The old man rose up and proceeded to his son's bedroom.

"Honour," said he, "come here;" and while uttering these words he gazed upon her face with a look of unutterable and helpless distress; "there's his bed, Honour—*his* bed—he may never sleep on it more—he may be cut down like a flower in his youth—an' then what will become of us?"

"For ever, from this day out," said the distracted mother; "no hands will ever make it but my own; on no other will I sleep—will we both sleep—where *his* head lay there will mine be too—avick machree—machree! Och, Fardorougha, we can't stand this; let us not take it to heart, as we do; let us trust in God, an' hope for the best."

Honour, in fact, found it necessary to assume the office of the comforter; but it was clear that nothing urged or suggested by her could for a moment win back the old man's heart from a contemplation of the loss of his son. He moped about for a considerable time; but, ever and anon, found himself in Connor's bedroom, looking upon his clothes and such other memorials of him as it contained.

During the occurrence of these melancholy incidents at Fardorougha's, others of a scarcely less distressing

character were passing under the roof of Bodagh Buie O'Brien.

Our readers need not be informed that the charge brought by Bartle Flanagan against Connor, excited the utmost amazement in all who heard it. So much at variance were his untarnished reputation and amiable manners with a disposition so dark and malignant as that which must have prompted the perpetration of such a crime, that it was treated at first by the public as an idle rumour. The evidence, however, of Phil Curtis, and his deposition to the conversation which occurred between him and Connor at the time and place already known to the reader, together with the corroborating circumstances arising from the correspondence of the foot-prints about the haggard with the shoes produced by the constable—all, when combined together, left little doubt of his guilt. No sooner had this impression become general, than the spirit of the father was immediately imputed to the son, and many sagacious observations made, all tending to show, that, as they expressed it, "the bad drop of the old rogue would sooner or later come out in the young one;" "he wouldn't be what he was, or the bitter heart of the miser would appear;" with many other apothegms of a similar import. The family of the Bodagh, however, were painfully and peculiarly circumstanced. With the exception of Una herself, none of them entertained a doubt that Connor was the incendiary. Flanagan had maintained a good character, and his direct impeachment of Connor, supported by such exact circumstantial evidence, left nothing to be urged in the young man's defence. Aware as they were of the force of Una's attachment, and apprehensive that the shock, arising from the discovery of his atrocity might be dangerous if injudiciously disclosed to her, they resolved, in accordance with the suggestion of their son, to break the matter to herself with the utmost delicacy and caution.

"It is better," said John, "that she should hear of the misfortune from ourselves; for after breaking it to her as gently as possible, we can at least attempt to strengthen and console her under it."

"Heaven above sees," exclaimed his mother, "that it was a black and unlucky business to her and to all of us; but now that she knows what a revengeful villain he is, I'm sure she'll not find it hard to banish him out of

her thoughts. *Deah Grasthias* for the escape she had from him at any rate!"

"John, bring her in," said the father; "bring the unfortunate young creature in. I cant but pity her, Bridget; I cant but pity *ma colleen voght*."

When Una entered with her brother she perceived by a glance at the solemn bearing of her parents, that some unhappy announcement was about to be made to her. She sat down therefore with a beating heart and a cheek already pale with apprehension.

"Una," said her father, "we sent for you to mention a circumstance that we would rather you should hear from ourselves than from strangers. You were always a good girl Una—an obadient girl, and sensible beyant your years; and I trust that your good sense and the grace of the Almighty will enable you to bear up undher any disappointment that may come upon you."

"Surely, father, there can be nothing worse than I know already," she replied.

"Why what do you know, dear?"

"Only what you told me the day Fardorougha was here, that nothing agreeable to my wishes could take place."

"I would give a great deal that the business was now as it was even then," responded her father; "there's far worse to come, Una, an' you must be firm, an' prepare to hear what'll thry you sorely."

"I cant guess it, father; but for God's sake tell me at once."

"Who do you think burned our property?"

"And I suppose if *she* hadn't been undher the one roof wid us that it's ourselves he'd burn," observed her mother.

"Father, tell me the worst at once—whatever it may be;—how could I guess the villain or villains who destroyed our property?"

"Villain, indeed; you may well say so," returned the Bodagh. "That villain is no other than Connor O'Donovan."

Una felt as if a weighty burthen had been removed from her heart; she breathed freely; her depression and alarm vanished, and her dark eye kindled into a proud confidence in the integrity of her lover.

"And father," she asked, in a full and firm voice, "is there nothing worse than *that* to come?"

"Worse! is the girl's heart?"

"*Dhar a Lhorna*!"

"I believe as ould Fardorougha him-
self," said her mother; "*worse!* why she
has parted wid all the little reasing she
ever had."

"Indeed, mother, I hope I have not, and that my reason's as clear as ever; but as to Connor O'Donovan, he's innocent of that charge, and of every other that may be brought against him; I don't believe it, and I never will."

"It's proved against him; it's brought home to him."

"Who's his accuser?"

"His father's servant, Bartle Flanagan, has turned king's evidence."

"The deep-dyed villain!" she exclaimed, with indignation: "father, of that crime, so sure as God's in heaven, so sure is Connor O'Donovan innocent, and so sure is Bartle Flanagan guilty—I know it."

"You know it—explain yourself."

"I mean *I feel it*—ay home to the core of my heart—my unhappy heart—I feel the truth of what I say."

"Una," observed her brother, "I'm afraid you have been vilely deceived by him—there's not the slightest doubt of his guilt."

"Don't you be deceived, John; I say he's innocent—as I hope for heaven he's innocent; and father, I'm not a bit cast down or disheartened by any thing I have yet heard against him."

"You're a very extraordinary girl, Una; but for my part I'm glad you look upon it as you do. If his innocence appears, no man alive will be better pleased at it than myself."

"His innocence *will* appear," exclaimed the faithful girl; "it must appear; and father, mark this—I say, time will tell yet who is innocent and who is guilty. God knows," she added, her energy of manner increasing, while a shower of hot tears fell down her cheeks, "God knows I would marry him tomorrow with the disgrace of that and ten times as much upon him, so certain am I that his heart and his hand are free from thought or deed that's either treacherous or dishonourable."

"Marry him!" said her mother, losing temper; "nobody doubts but you'd marry him on the gallows, wid the rope about his neck."

"I would do it, and unite myself to a true heart.—Don't mistake me, and mother, dear, don't blame me," she added, her tears flowing still faster; "but I cannot sink in shame and dishonour, and I cannot feel the force

of what I feel for him; I wont desert him now as the world will do; I know his heart, and on the scaffold to-morrow I would become his wife, if it would take away one atom of his misery."

"If he's innocent," said her father, "you have more penetration than any girl in Europe; but if he's guilty of such an act against any one connected with you, Una, the guilt of all the devils in hell is no match for his. Well, you have heard all we wanted to say to you, and you needn't stay."

"As she herself says," observed John, "perhaps time will place every thing in its true light. At present all those who are not in love with him have little doubt of his guilt. However, even as it is, in principle Una is right : putting love out of the question, we should prejudice no one."

"Time will," said his sister, "or rather God will in his own good time. On God I'm sure *he* depends; on his providence I also rely for seeing his name and character cleared of all that has been brought against him. John, I wish to speak to you in my own room; not that I intend to make any secret of it, but I want to consult with you first."

"*Cheerna dheelish*," exclaimed her mother; "what a wife that child would make to any man that deserved her!"

"It's more than I'm able to do, to be angry with her," returned the Bodagh. "Did you ever know her to tell a lie, Bridget?"

"A lie; no, nor the shadow of a lie never came out of her lips; the de-
sate's not in her; an' may God look
down on her wid compunction this day;
for there's a dark road I doubt before
her!"

"Amen," responded her father; "amen, I pray the Saviour. At all events, O'Donovan's guilt or innocence will soon be known," he added; "the 'sises begin this day week, so that the business will soon be either one way or other."

Una, on reaching her own room, thus addressed her affectionate brother: "Now, John, you know that my grand-father left me two hundred guineas in his will, and you know, too, the impossibility of getting any money from the clutches of Fardorougha. You must see Connor, and find out how he intends to defend himself. If his father wont allow him sufficient means to employ the best lawyers—as

I doubt whether he will or not—just tell him the truth, that whilst I have a penny of these two hundred guineas, he mustn't want money; an' tell him, too, that all the world won't persuade me that he's guilty; say I know him to be innocent, and that his disgrace has made him dearer to me than he ever was before."

"Surely you can't suppose for a moment, my dear Una, that I, your brother, who, by the way, have never opened my lips to him, could deliberately convey such a message."

"It must be conveyed in some manner; I'm resolved on that."

"The best plan," said the other, "is to find out whatsoever attorney they employ, and then to discover, if possible, whether his father has furnished sufficient funds for his defence. If he has, your offer is unnecessary; and if not, a private arrangement may be made with the attorney of which no body else need know any thing."

"God bless you, John; God bless you," she replied; "that is far better; you have been a good brother to your poor Una—to your poor unhappy Una!"

She leaned her head on a table, and wept for some time at the trying fate, as she termed it, which hung over two beings so young and so guiltless of any crime. The brother soothed her by every argument in his power, and after gently compelling her to dry her tears, expressed his intention of going early the next day to ascertain whether or not any professional man had been engaged to conduct the defence of her unfortunate lover.

In effecting this object there was little time lost on the part of young O'Brien. Knowing that two respectable attorneys lived in the next market town, he deemed it best to ascertain whether Fardorougha had applied to either of them for the purposes aforementioned, or if not, to assure himself whether the old man had gone to any of those pettifoggers, who, rather than appear without practice, will undertake a cause almost on any terms, and afterwards institute a lawsuit for the recovery of a much larger bill of costs than a man of character and experience would demand.

In pursuance of the plan concerted between them, the next morning found him rapping, about eleven o'clock, at the door of an attorney named Kennedy, whom he asked to see on professional business. A clerk, on hearing

his voice in the hall, came out and requested him to step into a back room, adding that his master, who was engaged, would see him the moment he had despatched the person then with him. Thus shown, he was separated from O'Halloran's office only by a pair of folding doors, through which every word uttered in the office could be distinctly heard; a circumstance that enabled O'Brien unintentionally to overhear the following dialogue between the parties:

"Well, my good friend," said Kennedy to the stranger, who, it appeared, had arrived before O'Brien only a few minutes; "I am now disengaged; pray, let me know your business."

The stranger paused a moment, as if seeking the most appropriate terms in which to express himself.

"It's a black business," he replied, "and the worst of it is I'm a poor man."

"You should not go to law, then," observed the attorney. "I tell you before hand you will find it devilish expensive."

"I know it," said the man; "it's open robbery; I know what it cost me to recover the little pences that wor sometimes due to me, when I broke myself lending weeny thrifles to strugglin' people that I thought honest, an' robbed me afterwards."

"In what way can my services be of use to you at present? for that I suppose is the object of your calling upon me," said Kennedy.

"Oh thin, sir, if you have the grace of God, or kindness, or pity in your heart, you can sarve me, you can save my heart from breakin'!"

"How—how, man?—come to the point."

"My son, sir, Connor; my only son was taken away from his mother an' me, an' put into jail yestherday mornin', an' he innocent; he was put in, sir, for burnin' Bodagh Buie O'Brien's baggard, an' as God is above me, he as much burnt it as you did."

"Then you are Fardorougha Donovan," said the attorney; "I have heard of that outrage; and to be plain with you, a good deal about yourself. How, in the name of heaven, can you call yourself a poor man?"

"They belie me, sir; they're bither enemies that say I'm otherwise."

"Be you rich or be you poor, let me tell you that I would not stand in your son's situation for the wealth of the king's exchequer. Sell your last coat;

your last coat ; your last acre ; sell the bed from under you, without loss of time, if you wish to save his life ; and I tell you that for this purpose you must employ the best counsel, and plenty of them. The Assizes commence on this day week, so that you have not a single moment to lose. Think now whether you love your son or your money best."

"Saver of earth amn't I an unhappy man! every one sayin' I have money, an' me has not! Where would I get it? Where would a man like me get it? Instead o' that I'm so poor that I see plainly I'll starve yet; I see it's before me! God pity me this day! But agin, there's my boy, my boy; oh God pity him! Say what's the laste, the lowest, the very lowest you could take, for definadin' him; an' for pity's sake, for charity's sake, for God's sake, don't grind a poor, helpless, ould man by extortion. If you knew the boy—if you knew him—oh, afore my God, if you knew him, you wouldn't be apt to charge a penny; you'd be proud to sarve sich a boy."

"You wish every thing possible to be done for him, of course."

"Of coorse, of coorse; but widout extravagance; as asy an' light on a poor man as you can. You could shorten it, sure, an' lave out a great dale that 'ud be of no use; an' half the paper 'ud do; for you might make the clerks write close—why, very little 'ud be wanted if you wor savin'."

"I can defend him with one counsel if you wish; but if anxious to save the boy's life, you ought to enable your attorney to secure a strong bar of the most eminent lawyers he can engage."

"An' what 'ud it cost to hire three or four of them?"

"The whole expenses might amount to between thirty and forty guineas."

A deep groan of dismay, astonishment, and anguish, was the only reply made to this for some time.

"Oh heavens above," he screamed, "what will—what *will* become of me! I'd rather be dead, as I'll soon be, than hear this, or know it at all. How could I get it? I'm as poor as poverty itself; oh couldn't you feel for the boy, an' defend him on trust; couldn't you feel for him?"

"It's your business to do that," returned the man of law, coolly.

"Feel for him; me! oh little you know how my heart's in him; but any way, I'm an unhappy man; every thing

in the world wide goes against me; but—oh my darlin' boy—Connor, Connor, my son, to be tould that I don't feel for you—well you know, avourneen machree—well you know that I feel for you, and 'ud kiss the track of your feet upon the ground. Oh, it's cruel to tell it to me; to say sich a thing to a man that his heart's breakin' widin' him for your sake; but, sir, you see this minute that you could defend him wid *one* lawyer?"

"Certainly, and with a cheap one, too, if you wish; but in that case, I would rather decline the thing altogether."

"Why? why? sure if you can defend him chapely, isn't it so much saved? isn't it the same as if you defended him at a higher rate? Sure if one lawyer tells the truth for the poor boy, ten or fifty can do no more; an' thin maybe they'd crass in an' puzzle one another if you hired too many of them."

"How would you feel, should your son be found guilty? you know the penalty is his life. He will be executed."

O'Brien could hear the old man clap his hands in agony, and in truth he walked about wringing them as if his very heart would burst.

"What will I do?" he exclaimed; "what will I do? I cant lose him, an' I wont lose him; lose him! oh God, oh God, is it to lose the best son and only child that ever man had; wouldn't it be downright murder in me to let him be lost if I could prevent it. Oh, if I was in his place, what wouldn't he do for me, for the father that he always loved!"

The tears ran copiously down his furrowed cheeks; and his whole appearance evinced such distraction and anguish as could rarely be witnessed.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he added; "I'll give you fifty guineas *after* my death if you defend him properly."

"Much obliged," replied the other; "but in matters of this kind we make no such bargains."

"I'll make it sixty, in case you don't axe it *now*."

"Can you give me security that I'll survive you? Why you are tough looking enough to outlive me."

"Me tough!—no, God help me, my race is nearly run; I wont be alive this day twelve months—look at the differ atween us."

"This is idle talk," said the attorney; "determine on what you'll do; really

be more, and it may be less, but we will say forty."

"Then I'll give you an ordher for it on a man that's a good mark. Give me pin an' paper, fast."

The paper was placed before him, and he held the pen in his hand for some time, and, ere he wrote, turned a look of deep distress upon Cassidy.

"God Almighty pity me," said he; "you see—you see that I'm a poor heartbroken creature—a ruined man I'll be—a ruined man!"

"Think of your son, and of his situation."

"It's before me—I know it is—to die like a dog behind a ditch wid hunger!"

"Think of your son, I say, and, if possible, save him from a shameful death."

"What? Ay—yis—yis—surely—surely—oh, my poor boy—my innocent boy—I will—I will do it."

He then sat down, and with a tremulous hand, and lips tightly drawn together, wrote an order on P——, the county treasurer, for the money.

Cassidy, on seeing it, looked alternately at the paper and the man for a considerable time.

"Is P—— your banker?" he asked.

"Every penny that I'm worth, he has."

"Then you're a ruined man," he replied, with cool emphasis. "P—— absconded the day before yesterday, and robbed half the county. Have you no loose cash at home?"

"Robbed! who robbed?"

"Why, P—— has robbed every man who was fool enough to trust him; he's off to the Isle of Man, with the county funds in addition to the other prog."

"You don't mane to say," replied Fardorougha, with a hideous calmness of voice and manner; "you *don't*, you *cant* mane to say that he has run off wid my money?"

"I do; you'll never see a shilling of it, if you live to the age of a Hebrew patriarch. See what it is to fix the heart upon money. You are now what you wished the world to believe you to be, a poor man."

"Ho, ho," howled the miser, "he darn't, he darn't—wouldn't God conshume him if he robbed the poor—wouldn't God stiffen him, and pin him to the earth, if he attempted to run off wid my earnings of strugglin' where 'ud God be, an' "

But it's a falsity,

an' you're thryin' me to see how I'd bear it—it is, it is, an' may heaven forgive you."

"It's as true as the gospel," replied the other; "why, I'm surprised you didn't hear it before now—every one knows it—it's over the whole country."

"It's a lie—it's a lie," he howled again; "no one dar to do sich an act. You have some schame in this—you're not a safe man; you're a villain, an' nothin' else; but I'll soon know; which of these is my hat?"

"You are mad, I think," said Cassidy.

"Get me my hat, I say; I'll soon know it; but sure the world's all in a schame against me—all, all, young an' ould—where's my hat, I say?"

"You have put it upon your head this moment," said the other.

"An' my stick?"

"It's in your hand."

"The curse o' heaven upon you," he shrieked, "whether it's thrue or false," and, with a look that might scorch him to whom it was directed, he shuffled in a wild and frantic mood out of the house.

"The man is mad," observed Cassidy; "or, if not, he will soon be so; I never witnessed such a desperate case of avarice. If ever the demon of money lurked in any man's soul, it's in his. God bless me! God bless me! it's dreadful! Richard, tell the gentleman in the dining-room, I'm at leisure to see him."

The scene we have attempted to describe, spared O'Brien the trouble of much unpleasant inquiry, and enabled him to enter at once into the proposed arrangements on behalf of Connor. Of course he did not permit his sister's name to transpire, nor any trace whatsoever to appear, by which her delicacy might be compromised, or her character involved. His interference in the matter he judiciously put upon the footing of personal regard for the young man, and his reluctance to be even the indirect means of bringing him to a violent and shameful death. Having thus fulfilled Una's instructions, he returned home, and relieved her of a heavy burthen by a full communication of all that had been done.

The struggle hitherto endured by Fardorougha was in its own nature sufficiently severe to render his sufferings sharp and pungent; still they resembled the influence of local disease, more than that of a malady which

prostrates the strength and grapples with the powers of the whole constitution. The sensation he immediately felt on hearing that his banker had absconded with the gains of his penurious life, was rather a stunning shock that occasioned for the moment a feeling of dull, and heavy, and overwhelming dismay. It filled, nay, it actually distended his narrow soul with an oppressive sense of exclusive misery that banished all consideration for every person and thing extraneous to his individual selfishness. In truth the tumult of his mind was peculiarly wild and anomalous. The situation of his son, and the dreadful fate that hung over him were as completely forgotten as if they did not exist. Yet there lay underneath his own gloomy agony, a remote consciousness of collateral affliction, such as is frequently experienced by those who may be drawn by some temporary and present pleasure, from the contemplation of their misery. We feel, in such cases, that the darkness is upon us, even while the image of the calamity is not before the mind; nay, it sometimes requires an effort to bring it back, when anxious to account for our depression; but when it comes, the heart sinks with a shudder, and we feel, that although it ceased to engage our thoughts, we had been sitting all the time beneath its shadow. For this reason, although Fardorougha's own loss absorbed, in one sense, all his powers of suffering, still he knew that *something else* pressed with additional weight upon his heart. Of its distinct character, however, he was ignorant, and only felt that a dead and heavy load of multiplied affliction bent him in burning anguish to the earth.

There is something more or less eccentric in the gait and dress of every miser. Fardorougha's pace was naturally slow, and the habit for which, in the latter point, he had all his life been remarkable, was that of wearing a great coat thrown loosely about his shoulders. In summer it saved an inside one, and, as he said, kept him cool and comfortable. That he seldom or never put his arms into it arose from the fact that he knew it would last a much longer period of time, than if he wore it in the usual manner.

On leaving the attorney's office, he might be seen creeping along towards the County Treasurer's, at a pace quite unusual to him; his hollow gleaming eyes were bent on the earth; his *Cotnamore* about his shoulders; his staff held

with a tight and desperate grip, and his whole appearance that of a man frightfully distracted by the intelligence of some sudden calamity.

He had not proceeded far on this hopeless errand, when many bitter confirmations of the melancholy truth, by persons whom he met on their return from P——'s residence, were afforded him. Even these, however, were insufficient to satisfy him; he heard them with a vehement impatience, that could not brook the bare possibility of the report being true. His soul clung with the tenacity of a death-grip to the hope that, however others might have suffered, some chance might, notwithstanding, still remain in *his* particular flavour. In the meantime, he poured out curses of unexampled malignity against the guilty defaulter, on whose head he invoked the Almighty's vengeance with a venomous fervour which appalled all who heard him. Having reached the treasurer's house, a scene presented itself that was by no means calculated to afford him consolation. Persons of every condition, from the Squireen and gentleman farmer, to the humble widow and inexperienced orphan, stood in melancholy groups about the deserted mansion, interchanging details of their losses, their blasted prospects, and their immediate ruin. The cries of the widow, who mourned for the desolations brought upon her and her now destitute orphans, rose in a piteous wail to heaven, and the industrious fathers of many struggling families, with pale faces and breaking hearts, looked up in silent misery upon the closed shutters and smokeless chimneys of their oppressor's house, bitterly conscious that the laws of the boasted constitution under which they lived, permitted the destroyer of hundreds to enjoy, in luxury and security, the many thousands of which, at one fell and rapacious swoop, he had deprived them.

With white quivering lips and panting breath, Fardorougha approached and joined them.

"What, what," said he, in broken sentences; "is this throe—can it, can it be throe? Is the thievin' villain of hell gone? Has he robbed us, ruined us, destroyed us?"

"Ah, too thrue it is," replied a farmer; "the dam' rip is off to that nest of robbers, the Isle of Man; ay, but gone! an' may all our best best men, present, and to come, go like him, an' all be tuck."

Fardorougha looked at his informant as if he had been P—— himself; he then glared from one to another, whilst the white foam wrought up to his lips by the prodigious force of his excitement. He clasped his hands, then attempted to speak, but language had abandoned him.

"If one is to judge by your appearance, you have suffered heavily," observed the farmer.

The other stared at him with a kind of angry amazement for doubting it, or it might be, for speaking so coolly of his loss.

"Suffered," said he, "ay, ay, but did yees thry the house? we'll see—suffered!—suffered!—we'll see."

He immediately shuffled over to the hall-door, which he assaulted with the eagerness of a despairing soul at the gate of heaven, throwing into each knock such a character of impatience and apprehension, as one might suppose the aforesaid soul to feel from a certain knowledge that the devil's clutches were spread immediately behind, to seize and carry him to perdition. His impetuosity, however, was all in vain; not even an echo reverberated through the cold and empty walls, but on the contrary, every peal was followed by a most unromantic and ominous silence.

"That man appears beside himself," observed another of the sufferers; "surely, if he wasn't half-mad, he'd not expect to find any one in an empty house?"

"Divil a much it signifies whether he's mad or otherwise," responded a neighbour; "I know him well; his name's Fardorougha Donovan, the miser of Lisnamona, the biggest skrew that ever skinned a flint. If P—— did nothin' worse than fleece *him*, it would never stand between him an' the blessin' o' heaven."

Fardorougha, in the meantime, finding that no response was given from the front, passed hurriedly by an archway into the back court, where he made similar efforts to get in by attempting to force the kitchen door. Every entrance, however, had been strongly secured; he rattled, and thumped, and screamed, as if P—— himself had actually been within hearing, but still to no purpose, he might as well have expected to extort a reply from the grave.

When he returned to the group that stood in the lawn, the deadly conviction was lost affected every

joint of his body with a nervous trepidation, that might have been mistaken for *delirium tremens*. His eyes were full of terror, mingled with the impotent fury of hatred and revenge; whilst over all now predominated for the first time such an expression of horror and despair, as made the spectators shudder to look upon him.

"Where was God," said he, addressing them, and his voice, naturally thin and wiry, now became husky and hollow; "where was God, to suffer this? to suffer the poor to be ruined, and the rich to be made poor? Was it right for the Almighty to look on an' let the villain do it. No—no—no; I say 'no!'"

The group around him shuddered at the daring blasphemy to which his monstrous passion had driven him. Many females, who were in tears, lamenting audibly, started, and felt their grief suspended for a moment by this revolting charge against the justice of Providence.

"What do you all stand for here," he proceeded, "like stocks an' stones? Why don't yees kneel with me, an' let us join in one curse; one, no, but let us shower them down upon him in thousands—in millions; an' when we can no longer *spake* them, let us *think* them. To the last hour of my life my heart 'ill never be widout a curse for him; an' the last word afore I go into the presence of God 'ill be a black heavy blessin' from hell against him an' his, sowl an' body, while a drop o' their bad blood's upon the earth."

"Don't be blaspheming, honest man," said a by-stander; "if you've lost your money, that's no reason why you should fly in the face o' God for P——'s roguery. Divil a one o' myself cares if I join you in a volley against the robbin' scoundril, but I'd not take all the money the rip of hell ran away wid, an' spake of God as you do."

"Oh Saver!" exclaimed Fardorougha, who probably heard not a word he said; "I knew—I knew—I always felt it was before me—a dog's death behind a ditch—my tongue out wid starvation and hunger, and it was he brought me to it!"

He had already knelt, and was uncovered, his whitish hair tossed by the breeze in confusion about a face on which was painted the fearful workings of that giant spirit, under whose tremendous grasp he writhed and suffered like a serpent in the talons of a vulture. In this position, with uplifted and

trembling arms, his face raised towards heaven, and his whole figure shrunk firmly together by the intense malignity with which he was about to hiss out his venomous imprecations against the defaulter, he presented at least one instance in which the low sordid vice of avarice rose to something like wild grandeur, if not sublimity.

Having remained in this posture for some time, he clasped his withered hands together and wrung them until the bones cracked ; then rising up and striking his stick bitterly upon the earth—

"I can't," he exclaimed, "I can't get out the curses against him ; but my heart's full of them—they're in it—they're in it—it's black an' hot wid them ; I feel them here—here—*movin' as if they wor alive*, an' they'll be out."

Such was the strength and impetuosity of his hatred, and such his eagerness to discharge the whole quiver of his maledictions against the great public delinquent, that, as often happens in cases of overwhelming agitation, his faculties were paralysed by the storm of passion which raged within him.

Having rose to his feet, he left the group, muttering his wordless malignity as he went along, and occasionally pausing to look back with the fiery glare of a hyena at the house in which the robbery of his soul's treasure had been planned and accomplished.

It is unnecessary to say that the arrangements entered into with Cassidy, by John O'Brien, were promptly and ably carried into effect. A rapid ride soon brought the man of briefs and depositions to the prison, where unhappy Connor lay. This young man's story, though simple, was improbable, and his version of the burning such as induced Cassidy, who knew little of impressions and feelings in the absence of facts, to believe that no other head than his ever concocted the crime. Still, from the manly sincerity with which his young client spoke, he felt inclined to impute the act rather to a freak of boyish malice and disappointment, than to a spirit of vindictive rancour. He entertained no expectation whatsoever of Connor's acquittal, and hinted to him that it was his habit in such cases to recommend his clients to be prepared for the worst, without at the same time altogether abolishing hope. There was, indeed, nothing to break the chain of circumstantial evidence in which Flanagan had entangled him ; he had been at the haggard

shortly before the conflagration broke out : he had met Phil Curtis, and begged that man to conceal the fact of his having seen him, and he had not slept in his own bed either on that or the preceding night. It was to no purpose, he affirmed, that Flanagan himself had borrowed from him, and worn on the night in question, the shoes, whose prints were so strongly against him, or that the steel and tinder-box, which were found in his pocket actually belonged to his accuser, who must have put them there without his knowledge. His case, in fact, was a bad one, and he felt that the interview with his attorney left him more seriously impressed with the danger of his situation, than he had been up till that period.

"I suppose," said he, when the instructions were completed, "you have seen my father."

"Every thing is fully and liberally arranged," replied the other, with reservation ; "your father has been with me today ; in fact I parted with him only a few minutes before I left home. So far let your mind be easy. The government prosecutes, which is something in your favour ; and now, good-bye to you ; for my part, I neither advise you to hope or despair. If the worst comes to the worst, you must bear it like a man ; and if we get an acquittal, it will prove the more agreeable for its not being expected."

The unfortunate youth felt, after Cassidy's departure, the full force of that dark and fearful presentiment which arises from the approach of the mightiest calamity that can befall an innocent man—a public and ignominious death, while in the very pride of youth, strength, and those natural hopes of happiness, which existence had otherwise promised. In him this awful apprehension proceeded neither from the terror of judgment nor of hell, but from that dread of being withdrawn from life, and of passing down from the light, the enjoyments and busy intercourse of a breathing and conscious world, into the silence and corruption of the unknown grave. When this ghastly picture was brought near him by the force of his imagination, he felt for a moment as if his heart had died away in him, and his blood become congealed into ice. Should this continue, he knew that human nature could not sustain it long, and he had resolved to bear his fate with what-

reflected that he was innocent, and remembering the practice of his simple and less political forefathers, he knelt down and fervently besought the protection of that Being in whose hands are the issues of life and death.

On rising from this act of heartfelt devotion, he experienced that support which he required so much. The fear of death ceased to alarm him, and his natural fortitude returned with more than its usual power to his support. In this state of mind he was pacing his narrow room, when the door opened, and his father, with a tottering step, entered and approached him. The son was startled, if not terrified at the change which so short a time had wrought in the old man's appearance.

"Good God, father dear," he exclaimed, as the latter threw his arms with a tight and clinging grasp about him; "good heavens, what has happened to change you so much for the worse? why, if you fret this way about me, you'll soon break your heart: why will you fret, father, when you know I am innocent? Surely at the worst, it is better to die innocent than live guilty?"

"Connor," said the old man, still clinging tenaciously to him, and looking wildly into his face; "Connor, it's broke—my heart's broke at last. Oh, Connor, won't you pity me, when you hear it—wont you, Connor—oh when you hear it, Connor, wont you pity me? It's gone, it's gone, it's gone—he's off, off—to that nest of robbers, the Isle of Man, and has robbed me and half the county. P—— has; I'm a ruined man, a beggar, an' will die a dog's death."

Connor looked down keenly into his father's face, and began to entertain a surmise so terrible that the beatings of his heart were in a moment audible to his own ear.

"Father," he inquired "in the name of God what is wrong with you? what is it you spake of? Has P—— gone off with your money? Sit down, and don't look so terrified."

"He has, Connor—robbed me an' half the county—he disappeared the evenin' of the very day I left my last lodgement wid him; he's in that nest of robbers, the Isle of Man, an' I'm ruined—ruined! Oh, God! Connor, how can I stand it? all my earnins' an' my savins' an' the fruits of my industry in the market, an' upon his back, an' his pocket! My brain is reelin'—I don't know what I'll do."

To what hand now can I turn myself? who'll assist me? I dunna what I'm doin', nor scarcely what I'm sayin'. My head's all in confusion. Gone! gone! gone! Oh, see the luck that has come down upon me! Above all men, why was I singled out to be made a world's wondher of—why was I? What did I do? I robbed no one; yet it's gone—an' see the death that's afore me! oh God! oh God!"

"Well, father, let it go—you have still your health; you have still my poor mother to console you; and I hope you'll soon have myself too; between us we'll keep you comfortable, and if you'll allow us to take our own way, more so than ever you did——"

Fardorougha started, as if struck by some faint but sudden recollection. All at once he looked with amazement around the room, and afterwards, with a pause of inquiry, at his son. At length, a light of some forgotten memory appeared to flash at once across his brain; his countenance changed from the wild and unsettled expression which it bore, to one more stamped with the earnest humanity of our better nature.

"Oh, Connor," he at last exclaimed, putting his two hands into those of his son; "can you pity me, an' forgive me? You see, my poor boy, how I'm sufferin', an' you see that I can't—I wont—be able to bear up against this, long."

The tears here ran down his worn and hollow cheeks.

"Oh," he proceeded, "how could I forget you, my darlin' boy? but I hardly think my head's right. If I had you with me, an before my eyes, you'd keep my heart right, an' give me strength, which I stand sorely in need of. Saints in glory! how could I forget you, acushla, an' what now can I do for you? Not a penny have I to pay lawyer, or attorney, or any one, to defend you at your trial, and it so near!"

"Why, haven't you settled all that with Mr. Cassidy, the attorney?"

"Not a bit, achora machree, not a bit; I was wid him this day, an' had agreed, but whin I went to give him an ordher on P——, he—oh saints above, he fwhtled at me an' it—an' tould me that P—— was gone to that nest o' robbers, the Isle of Man."

Connor turned his eyes, during a long pause, on the floor, and it was evident by his features that he laboured under some powerful and profound emotion. He rose up and took a sudden turn or two across the room, then resuming his

seat, he wiped away a few bitter tears that no firmness on his part could repress.

"Noble girl—my darling, darling life, I see it all," he exclaimed, "Father, I never felt how bitter an' dark my fate is till *now*; death, death would be little to me, only for her, but to leave her—to leave *her*," he suddenly buried his face in his hands; but, by an instant effort once more rose up and added—"Well, I'll die worthy of her, if I can't live so. Like a man I'll die, if it must be—she knows I'm innocent, father; an' when others—when the world—will be talkin' of me as a villain, there will be, out of my own family at all events, one heart and one tongue, that will defend my unhappy name. If I am to come to a shameful death, I'll care little about what the world may think, but that *she* knows me to be innocent, will make me die proudly—proudly."

Whilst he thus spoke and thought, the father's eyes with a fixed gaze, steadily followed his motions; the old man's countenance altered; it first became pale as the ghastly visage of a skeleton, anon darkened with horror, which eventually shifted its hue into the workings of some passion or feeling that was new to him.

"Connor," said he, feebly, "I am unwell—unwell—come and sit down by me."

"You are too much distressed every way, father," said his son, taking his place upon the iron bedstead beside him.

"I am," said Fardorougha calmly; "I am too much distressed—sit nearer me, Connor. I wish your mother was here, but she wasn't able to come, she's unwell too; a good mother she was, Connor, and a good wife."

The son was struck, and somewhat alarmed by this sudden and extraordinary calmness of the old man.

"Father dear," said he, "don't be too much disheartened—all will be well yet, I hope—my trust in God is strong."

"I hope all will be well," replied the old man, "sit nearer me, an' Connor, let me lay my head over upon your breast. I'm thinkin' a great dale—don't the world say, Connor, that I am a bad man?"

"I don't care what the world says; no one in it ever durst say as much to me, father dear."

The old man looked up affection-

ately, but shook his head apparently in calm but rooted sorrow.

"Put your arms about me, Connor, and keep my head a little more up; I'm weak an' tired, an', someway, speakin's a throuble to me; let me think for a while."

"Do so, father," said the son, with deep compassion; "God knows but you're sufferin's enough to wear you out."

"It is," said Fardorougha, "it is."

A silence of some minutes ensued, during which, Connor perceived that the old man, overcome with care and misery, had actually fallen asleep with his head upon his bosom. This circumstance, though by no means extraordinary, affected him very much. On surveying the pallid face of his father, and the worn thread-like veins that ran along his temples, and calling to mind the love of the old man for himself, which, even avarice, in its deadliest power, failed to utterly overcome, he felt all the springs of his affection loosened, and his soul vibrated with a tenderness towards him, such as no situation in their past lives had ever before created.

"If my fate chances to be an untimely one, father dear," he slowly murmured, "we'll soon meet in another place, for I know that you will not long live after me."

He then thought with bitterness of his mother and Una, and wondered at the mystery of the trial to which he was exposed.

The old man's slumber, however, was not dreamless, nor so refreshing as the exhaustion of a frame, shattered by the havoc of contending principles required. On the contrary, it was disturbed by heavy groans, quick startings, and those twitchings of the limbs which betoken a restless mood of mind, and a nervous system highly excited. In the course of half an hour, the symptoms of his inward commotion became more apparent; from being as at first merely physical, they assumed a mental character, and passed from ejaculations and single words, to short sentences, and ultimately to those of considerable length.

"Gone," he exclaimed, "gone, oh God! my curse—starved—dog—wid my tongue out!"

This dread of starvation, which haunted him through life, appeared in his dream still to follow him like a demon.

"I'm d—," he said, "I'm d—"

hunger—will no one give me a morsel? I was robbed an' have no money—don't you see me starvin'. I'm cuttin' wid hunger—five days widout mate—bring me mate, for God's sake—mate, mate, mate!—I'm gaspin'—my tongue's out; look at me, like a dog, behind this ditch, an' my tongue out!"

The son at this period would have awoke him, but he became more composed for a time, and enjoyed apparently a refreshing sleep. Still it soon was evident that he dreamt, and as clear that a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream.

"Who'll prevent me!" he exclaimed, "isn't he my son, our only child? Let me alone—I must, I must—what's my life, take it, an' let him live."

The tears started to Connor's eyes, and he pressed his father to his heart.

"Don't hould me," he proceeded, "oh God, here I'll give all I'm worth, an' save him! Oh let me, thin—let me but kiss him once before he dies; it was I, it was myself that murdered him—all might 'a been well; ay, it was I that murdered you, Connor, my brave boy, an' have I you in my arms? Oh avick agus asthore machree, it was I that murdered you, by my ———, but they're takin' him—they're bearin' him away to——"

He started, and awoke, but so terrific had been his dream, that on opening his eyes he clasped Connor in his arms, and exclaimed—

"No, no, I'll hould him till you cut my grip. Connor, avick, avick machree, hould to me!"

"Father, father, for God's sake, think a minute, you wor only dreamin'."

"Eh—what—where am I? Oh Connor darlin', if you knew the dhramas I had—I thought you wor on the scuffle; but thanks be to the Saver, it was only a dhrame."

"Nothing more, father—nothing more; but for God's sake, keep your mind asy. Trust in God, father; every thing's in his hands; if it's his will to make us suffer, we ought to submit; and if it's not his will, he surely can bring us out of all our troubles. That's the greatest comfort I have."

Fardorougha once more became calm, but still there was on his countenance, which was mournful and full of something else than simple sorrow, some deeply fixed determination, such as is difficult to develope.

"I must go ashore," said he, "I must have a little time to be

lost. What attorney would you wish me to employ? I'll go home an' sell oats an' a cow or two. I've done you harm enough—more than you know—but now I'll spare no coat to get you out of this business. Connor, the tears that I saw a while ago run down your cheeks cut me to the heart."

The son then informed him that a friend had taken proper measures for his defence, and that any further interference on his part would only create confusion and delay. He also entreated his father to make no allusion whatsoever to *this* circumstance, and added, "that he himself actually knew not the name of the friend in question, but that, as the matter stood, he considered even a surmise to be a breach of confidence that might be indelicate and offensive. After the trial, you can and ought to pay the expenses, and not be under an obligation to any one of so solemn a kind as that." He then sent his affectionate love and duty to his mother, at whose name his eyes were again filled with tears, and begged the old man to comfort and support her with the utmost care and tenderness. As she was unwell, he requested him to dissuade her against visiting him till after the trial, lest an interview might increase her illness, and render her less capable of bearing up under an unfavourable sentence, should such be the issue of the prosecution. Having then bade farewell to, and embraced the old man, the latter departed with more calmness and fortitude than he had up to that period displayed.

When Time approaches the miserable with calamity in his train, his pinion is swifter than that of the eagle; but, alas! when carrying them towards happiness, his pace is slower than is that of the tortoise. The only three persons on earth, whose happiness was involved in that of O'Donovan, found themselves, on the eve of the assizes, overshadowed by a dreariness of heart, that was strong in proportion to the love they bore him. The dead calm which had fallen on Fardorougha was absolutely more painful to his wife, than would have been the paroxysms that resulted from his lust of wealth. Since his last interview with Connor, he never once alluded to the loss of his money, unless abruptly in his dreams, but there was stamped upon his whole manner a gloomy and mysterious composure, which, of itself wofully sank

her spirits, independently of the fate which impended over their son. The change, visible on both, and the breaking down of their strength were indeed pitiable.

As for Una, it would be difficult to describe her struggle between confidence in his innocence, and apprehension of the law, which she knew had often punished the guiltless instead of the criminal. 'Tis true she attempted to assume, in the eyes of others, a fortitude which belied her fears, and even affected to smile at the possibility of her lover's honour and character suffering any tarnish from the ordeal to which they were about to be submitted. Her smile, however, on such occasions, was a melancholy one, and the secret tears she shed might prove, as they did to her brother, who was alone privy to her grief, the extent of those terrors which, notwithstanding her disavowal of them, wrung her soul so bitterly. Day after day her spirits became more and more depressed, till, as the crisis of Connor's fate arrived, the roses had altogether flown from her cheeks.

Indeed, now that the trial was at hand, public sympathy turned rapidly and strongly in his favour ; his father had lost that wealth, the acquisition of which earned him so heavy a portion of infamy ; and, as he had been sufficiently punished *in his own person*, they did not think it just to transfer any portion of the resentment borne against him to a son who had never participated in his system of oppression. They felt for Connor now on his own account, and remembered only his amiable and excellent character. In addition to this, the history of the mutual attachment between him and Una having become the topic of general conversation, the rash act for which he stood committed was good-humouredly resolved into a foolish freak of love, for which it would be a thousand murders to take away his life. In such mood was the public, and the parties most interested in the event of our story, when the morning dawned of that awful day which was to restore Connor O'Donovan to the hearts that owed him so well, or to doom him a convicted felon, to a shameful and ignominious death.

At length the trial came on, and our unhappy prisoner, at the hour of eleven o'clock, was placed at the bar of his country to stand the brunt of a Government prosecution. Common

report had already carried abroad the story of Una's love and his, many interesting accounts of which had got into the papers of the day. When he stood forward, therefore, all eyes were eagerly rivetted upon him ; the judge glanced at him with calm dispassionate scrutiny, and the members of the bar, especially the juniors, turning round, surveyed him through their glasses with a gaze in which might be read something more than that hard indifference which familiarity with human crime and affliction ultimately produces even in dispositions the most humane and amiable. No sooner had the curiosity of the multitude been gratified, than a murmur of pity, blended slightly with surprise and approbation, ran lowly through the court-house. One of the judges whispered a few words to his brother, and the latter again surveyed Connor with a countenance in which were depicted admiration and regret. The counsel also chatted to each other in a low tone, occasionally turning round and marking his deportment and appearance with increasing interest.

Seldom, probably never, had a more striking, perhaps a more noble figure, stood at the bar of that court. His locks were rich and brown ; his forehead expansive, and his manly features remarkable for their symmetry ; his teeth were regular and white, and his dark eye full of a youthful lustre which the dread of no calamity could repress. Neither was his figure, which was of the tallest, inferior in a single point to so fine a countenance. As he stood, at his full height of six feet, it was impossible not to feel deeply influenced in his favour, especially after having witnessed the mournful but dignified composure of his manner, equally remote from indifference or dejection. He appeared indeed to view in its proper light, the danger of the position in which he stood, but he viewed it with the calm unshrinking energy of a brave man who is always prepared for the worst. Indeed there might be observed upon his broad open brow a loftiness of bearing such as is not unfrequently produced by a consciousness of innocence, and the natural elevation of mind which results from a sense of danger ; to which we may add that inward scorn which is ever felt for baseness, by those who are degraded to the necessity of defending themselves against the villany of a nant and profligate.

When called upon to plead to the indictment, he uttered the words "not guilty" in a full, firm and mellow voice that drew the eyes of the spectators once more upon him, and occasioned another slight hum of sympathy and admiration. No change of colour was observable on his countenance, nor any other expression, save the lofty composure to which we have just alluded.

The trial at length proceeded, and, after a long and able statement from the attorney-general, Bartle Flanagan was called upon the table. The prisoner, whose motions were keenly observed, betrayed, on seeing him, neither embarrassment nor agitation; all that could be perceived, was a more earnest and intense light in his eyes, as they settled upon his accuser. Flanagan detailed, with singular minuteness and accuracy, the whole progress of the crime from its first conception to its perpetration. Indeed, had he himself been in the dock, and his evidence against Connor a confession of his own guilt, it would, with some exceptions, have been literally true. He was ably cross-examined, but no tact or experience, or talent, on the part of the prisoner's counsel, could in any important degree shake his testimony. The ingenuity with which he laid and conducted the plot was astonishing, as was his foresight, and the precaution he adopted against detection. Cassidy, Connor's attorney, had ferreted out the very man from whom he purchased the tinder-box, with a hope of proving that it was not the prisoner's property but his own, yet this person, who remembered the transaction very well, assured him that Flanagan said he procured it by the desire of Fardorougha Donovan's son.

During his whole evidence, he never once raised his eye to look upon the prisoner's face, until he was desired to identify him. He then turned round, and standing with the rod in his hand, looked for some moments upon his victim. His dark brows got black as night, whilst his cheeks were blanched to the hue of ashes—the white smile as before sat upon his lips, and his eyes, in which there blazed the unsteady fire of a treacherous and cowardly heart, sparkled with the red turbid glare of triumph and vengeance. He laid the rod upon Connor's head, and they gazed at each other face to face, as if striking a contrast between them. The latter stood with his eye calmly bent

upon that of his foe, but with a spirit in it that seemed to him alone by whom it was best understood, to strike dismay into the very soul of falsehood within him. The villain's eyes could not stand the glance of Connor's—they fell, and his whole countenance assumed such a blank and guilty stamp, that an old experienced barrister who watched them both, could not avoid saying, that if he had his will they should exchange situations.

"I would not hang a dog," he whispered, "on that fellow's evidence—he has guilt in his face."

When asked why he ran away on meeting Phil Curtis, near O'Brien's house, on their return that night, while Connor held his ground, he replied that it was very natural he should run away, and not wish to be seen after having assisted at such a crime. In reply to another question, he said it was as natural that Connor should have run away also, and that he could not account for it, except by the fact that God always occasions the guilty to commit some oversight, by which they may be brought to punishment. These replies, apparently so rational and satisfactory, convinced Connor's counsel that his case was hopeless, and that no skill or ingenuity on their part could succeed in breaking down Flanagan's evidence.

The next witness called was Phil Curtis, whose testimony corroborated Bartle's in every particular, and gave to the whole trial a character of gloom and despair. The constables who applied his shoes to the foot-marks were then produced, and swore in the clearest manner as to their corresponding. They then deposed to finding the tinder-box in his pocket, according to the information received from Flanagan, every tittle of which they found to be remarkably correct.

There was only one other witness now necessary to complete the chain against him, and he was only produced because Biddy Nulty, the servant-maid, positively stated, and actually swore, when previously examined, that she was ignorant whether Connor slept in his father's house on the night in question or not. There was no alternative, therefore, but to produce the father; and Fardorougha Donovan was consequently forced to become an evidence against his own son.

The old man's appearance upon the table excited deep commiseration for both, and the more so when the spec-

tators contemplated the rooted sorrow which lay upon the wild and wasted features of the wo-worn father. Still the old man was composed and calm ; but his calmness was in an extraordinary degree mournful and touching. When he sat down after having been sworn, and feebly wiped the dew from his thin temples, many eyes were already filled with tears. When the question was put to him if he remembered the night laid in the indictment, he replied that he did.

"Did the prisoner at the bar sleep at home on that night?"

The old man looked into the face of the counsel with such an eye of deprecating entreaty, as shook the voice in which the question was repeated. He then turned about, and taking a long gaze at his son, rose up, and extending his hands to the judges, exclaimed :

"My lords, my lords, he is my only son—my only child!"

These words were followed by a pause in the business of the court, and a dead silence of more than a minute.

"If Justice," said the judge, "could on any occasion waive her claim to a subordinate link in the testimony she requires, it would certainly be in a case so painful and affecting as this. Still we cannot permit personal feeling, however amiable, or domestic attachment, however strong, to impede her progress when redressing public wrong. Although the duty be painful, and, we admit, that such a duty is one of unexampled agony, yet it must be complied with, and you consequently will answer the question which the counsel has put to you. The interests of society require such sacrifices, and they must be made."

The old man kept his eyes fixed on the judge while he spoke, but when he had ceased, he again fixed them on his son.

"My lord," he exclaimed again, with clasped hands, "I can't—I can't."

"There is nothing criminal, or improper, or sinful in it," replied the judge ; "on the contrary, it is your duty both as a Christian and a man. Remember you have this moment sworn to tell the truth, and the whole truth ; you consequently must keep your oath."

"What you say, sir, may be right, an' of coorse is ; but oh, my lord, I'm not able ; I can't get out the words to hang my only boy. If I sed any thing to hurt him, my heart 'ud break before your eyes. Maybe you don't

know the love of a father for an only son?"

"Perhaps, my lords," observed the attorney-general, "it would be desirable to send for a clergyman of his own religion, who might succeed in prevailing on him to——"

"No," interrupted Fardorougha, "my mind's made up—a word against him will never come from my lips, not for priest or friar. I'd die widout the saykermert sooner."

"This is trifling with the court," said the judge, assuming an air of severity, which, however, he did not feel. "We shall be forced to commit you to prison unless you give evidence."

"My lord," said Fardorougha, meekly but firmly, "I am willin' to go to prison. I am willin' to die wid him, if he is to die—but I neither can nor will open my lips against him. If I thought him guilty I might, but I know he is innocent—my heart knows it—an' am I to back the villian that's strivin' to swear away his life? No, Commo avourneen, whatever they do to you, your father will have no hand in it."

The court, in fact, were perplexed in the extreme. The old man was not only firm, from motives of strong attachment, but intractable from a habitual narrowness of thought which prevented him from taking that comprehensive view of justice and judicial authority, which might overcome the repugnance of men less obstinate from ignorance of legal usages.

"I ask you for the last time," said the judge, "will you give your evidence? because if you refuse, the court will feel bound to send you to prison."

"God bless you, my lord ; that's a relief to my heart—any thing, any thing, but to say a word against a boy that, since the day he was born, never vexed either his mother or myself. If he gets over this, I have much to make up to him, for indeed I wasn't the father to him that I ought. Avick machree, now I feel it, maybe whin it's too late."

These words affected all who heard them, many even to tears.

"I have no remedy," observed the judge. "Tipstaff, take away the witness to prison. It is painful to me," he added, in a broken voice, "to feel compelled thus to punish you for an act which, however I may respect the motives that dictate it, I cannot overlook. The ends of justice cannot be frustrated."

"My lord," exclaimed the prisoner.

"don't punish the old man for refusing to speak against me. His love for me is so strong, that I know he couldn't do it. I will state the truth myself, but spare him. I did *not* sleep in my own bed on the night Mr. O'Brien's haggard was burned, nor on the night before it. I slept in my father's barn with Flanagan, both times at his own request, but I did not then suspect his design in asking me."

"This admission, though creditable to your affection and filial duty, was indiscreet," observed the judge. "Whatever you think might be serviceable, suggest to your attorney, who can communicate it to your counsel."

"My lord," said Connor, "I could not see my father punished for loving me as he does; an' besides I have no wish to conceal any thing. If the whole truth could be known, I would stand but a short time where I am, nor would Flanagan be long out of it."

There is an earnest and impressive tone in truth, especially when spoken under circumstances of great difficulty, where it is rather disadvantageous to him who utters it, that in many instances produces conviction by an inherent candour which all feel without any process of reasoning or argument. There was in those few words a warmth of affection towards his father, and a manly simplicity of heart, each of which was duly appreciated by the assembly about him, who felt, without knowing why, the indignant scorn of falsehood that so emphatically pervaded his expressions. It was indeed impossible to hear them, and look upon his noble countenance and figure without forgetting the humbleness of his rank in life, and feeling for him a marked deference and respect.

The trial then proceeded, but, alas, the hopes of Connor's friends abandoned them at its conclusion; for although the judge's charge was as favourable as the nature of the evidence permitted, yet it was quite clear that the jury had only one course to pursue, and that was to bring in a conviction. After a lapse of about ten minutes, they returned to the jury-box, and as the foreman handed down their verdict, a feather might be heard falling in the court. The faces of the spectators got pale, and the hearts of strong men beat as if the verdict about to be announced were to fall upon themselves, and not upon the prisoner. It is at all times an awful and trying ceremony to witness, but on this occasion it was a much

more affecting one than had occurred in that court for many years. As the foreman handed down the verdict, Connor's eye followed the paper with the same calm resolution which he displayed during the trial. On himself there was no change visible, unless the appearance of two round spots, one on each cheek, of a somewhat deeper red than the rest. At length, in the midst of the dead silence, pronounced in a voice that reached to the remotest extremity of the court, was heard the fatal sentence—"Guilty;" and afterwards in a less distinct manner, "with our strongest and most earnest recommendation for mercy, in consequence of his youth and previous good character." The wail and loud sobbings of the female part of the crowd, and the stronger but more silent grief of the men, could not for many minutes be repressed by any efforts of the court or its officers. In the midst of this a little to the left of the dock, was an old man, whom those around him were conveying in a state of insensibility out of the court, and it was obvious that from motives of humane consideration for the prisoner, they endeavoured to prevent him from ascertaining that it was his father. In this, however, they failed; the son's eye caught a glimpse of his grey locks, and it was observed that his cheek paled for the first time, indicating by a momentary change, that the only evidence of agitation he betrayed, was occasioned by sympathy in the old man's sorrows, rather than by the contemplation of his own fate.

The tragic spirit of the day, however, was still to deepen, and a more stunning blow, though less acute in its agony, was to fall upon the prisoner. The stir of the calm and solemn jurors, as they issued out of their room—the hushed breaths of the spectators—the deadly silence that prevails—and the appalling announcement of the word "Guilty"—are circumstances that test human fortitude, more even than the passing of the fearful sentence itself. In the latter case hope is banished, and the worst that can happen known; the mind is, therefore, thrown back upon its last energies, which give it strength in the same way in which the death-struggle frequently arouses the muscular action of the body—an unconscious power of resistance that forces the culprit's heart to take refuge in the first and strongest instincts of its nature, the undying principle of self-preservation. No sooner was the

verdict returned, and silence obtained, than the judge, now deeply affected, put on the black cap, at which a low wild murmur of stifled grief and pity ran through the court-house; but no sooner was his eye bent on the prisoner, than their anxiety to hear the sentence hushed them once more into the stillness of the grave. The prisoner looked upon him with an open but melancholy gaze, which from the candid and manly character of his countenance, was touching in the extreme.

"Connor O'Donovan," said the judge, "have you any thing to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

"My lord," he replied, "I can say nothing to prevent it. I am prepared for it. I know I must bear it, and I hope I will bear it as a man ought that feels his heart free from even a thought of the crime he is to die for. I have nothing more to say."

"You have this day been found guilty," proceeded the judge, "and, in the opinion of the court, upon clear and satisfactory evidence, of a crime marked by a character of revenge, which I am bound to say must have proceeded from a very malignant spirit. It was a wanton act, for the perpetration of which your motives were so inadequate, that one must feel at a loss to ascertain the exact principle on which you committed it. It was also not only a wicked act, but one so mean, that a young man bearing the character of spirit and generosity which you have hitherto borne, as appears from the testimony of those respectable persons who this day have spoken in your favour, ought to have scorned to contemplate it even for a moment. Had the passion you entertained for the daughter of the man you so basely injured, possessed one atom of the dignity, disinterestedness, or purity of true affection, you never could have stooped to any act offensive to the object of your love, or to those even in the remotest degree related to her. The example, consequently, which you have held out to society, is equally vile and dangerous. A parent discharges the most solemn and important of all duties, when disposing of his children in marriage, because by that act he seals their happiness or misery in this life, and most probably in that which is to come. By what tie, by what duty, by what consideration, is not a parent bound to consult for the best interests of

those beloved beings whom he has brought into the world, and who, in a great measure depend upon him as their dearest relative, their guardian by the voice of nature, for the fulfilment of those expectations upon which depends the principal comforts and enjoyments of life? Reason, religion, justice, instinct, the whole economy of nature, both in man and the inferior animals, all teach him to secure for them, as far as in him lies, the greatest sum of human happiness; but if there be one duty more sacred and tender than another, it is that which a parent is called upon to exercise on behalf of a daughter. The son, impressed by that original impulse which moves him to assume a loftier place in the conduct of life, and gifted also with a stronger mind, and clearer judgment, to guide him in its varied transactions, goes abroad into society, and claims for himself a bolder right of thought and a wider range of action, while determining an event which is to exercise, as marriage does, such an important influence upon his own future condition, and all the relations that may arise out of it. From this privilege the beautiful and delicate frame-work of woman's moral nature debars her, and she is consequently forced, by the graces of her own modesty—by the finer texture of her mind—by her greater purity and gentleness—in short, by all her virtues, into a tenderer and more affecting dependence upon the judgment and love of her natural guardians, whose pleasure is made, by a wise decree of God, commensurate with their duty in providing for her wants and enjoyments. There is no point of view in which the parental character shines forth with greater beauty than that in which it appears while working for and promoting the happiness of a daughter. But you, it would seem, did not think so. You punished the father by a dastardly and unmanly act, for guarding the future peace and welfare of a child so young, and so dear to him. What would become of society if this exercise of a parent's right on behalf of his daughter were to be visited upon him as a crime, by every vindictive and disappointed man, whose affection for them he might, upon proper grounds, decline to sanction? Yet it is singular, and, I confess, almost inexplicable to me at least, why you should have rushed into the commission of such an act. The brief period of your existence

has been stained by no other crime. On the contrary, you have maintained a character far above your situation in life—a character equally remarkable for gentleness, spirit, truth, and affection—all of which your appearance and bearing have this day exhibited. Your countenance presents no feature expressive of ferocity, or of those headlong propensities which lead to outrage; and I must confess, that on no other occasion of my judicial life have I ever felt my judgment and my feelings so much at issue. I cannot doubt your guilt, but I shed those tears that it ever existed, and that a youth of so much promise should be cut down prematurely by the strong arm of necessary justice, leaving his bereaved parents bowed down with despair that can never be comforted. Had they another son, or another child to whom their affections could turn——”

Here the judge felt it necessary to pause, in consequence of his emotions. Strong feelings had, indeed, spread through the whole court, in which, while he ceased, could be heard low moanings, and other symptoms of acute sorrow.

“It is now your duty to forget every earthly object on which your heart may have been fixed, and to seek that source of consolation and mercy which can best sustain and comfort you. Go with a penitent heart to the throne of your Redeemer, who, if your repentance be sincere, will in no wise cast you out. Unhappy youth, prepare yourself, let me implore you, for infinitely a greater and more awful tribunal than this. There, should the judgment be in your favour, you will learn that the fate which has cut you off in the bloom of early life, will bring an accession of happiness to your being for which no earthly enjoyment here, however prolonged or exalted, could compensate you. The recommendation of the jury to the mercy of the crown, in consideration of your youth and previous good conduct, will not be overlooked; but in the meantime the court is bound to pronounce upon you the sentence of the law, which is, that you be taken from the prison from which you came, on the 8th of next month, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, to the front drop of the gaol, and there hanged by the neck, until you be dead, and may God have mercy on your soul!”

“My lord,” said the prisoner, unmoved in voice or in manner, unless it

might be that both expressed more decision and energy than he had shown during any other part of the trial; “my lord, I am now a condemned man, but if I stood with the rope about my neck, ready to die, I would not exchange situations with the man that has been my accuser. My lord, I can forgive him, and I ought, for I know he has yet to die, and must meet his God. As for myself, I am thankful that I have not such a conscience as his to bring before my Judge; and for *this reason I am not afraid to die.*”

He was then removed amidst a murmur of grief, as deep and sincere as was ever expressed for a human being under circumstances of a similar character. After having entered the prison, he was about to turn along a passage which led to the apartment hitherto allocated to him.

“This way,” said the turnkey, “this way; God knows I would be glad to let you stop in the room you had, but I haven’t the power. We must put you into one of the condemned cells; but by —— it’ll go hard if I don’t stretch a little to make you as comfortable as possible.”

“Take no trouble,” said Connor, “take no trouble. I care now little about my own comfort; but if you wish to oblige me, bring me my father. Oh, my mother, my mother!—you, I doubt, are struck down already!”

“She was too ill to attend the trial to-day,” replied the turnkey.

“I know it,” said Connor; “but as she’s not here, bring me my father. Send out a messenger for him, and be quick, for I won’t rest till I see him—he wants comfort—the old man’s heart will break.”

“I heard them say,” replied the turnkey, after they had entered the cell allotted to him, “that he was in a faint in Mat Corrigan’s public-house, but that he had recovered. I’ll go myself and bring him in to you.”

“Do,” said Connor, “an’ leave us the moment you bring him.”

It was more than an hour before the man returned, holding Fardorougha by the arm, and after having left him in the cell, he instantly locked it outside, and withdrew as he had been desired. Connor ran to support his tottering steps; and woefully indeed did that unfortunate parent stand in need of his assistance. In the picture presented by Fardorougha the unhappy young man forgot in a moment his own miserable and gloomy fate. There blazed

in his father's eyes an excitement at once dead and wild—a vague fire without character, yet stirred by an incomprehensible energy wholly beyond the usual manifestations of thought or suffering. The son on beholding him shuddered, and not for the first time, for he had on one or two occasions before become apprehensive that his father's mind might, if strongly pressed, be worn down by the singular conflict of which it was the scene, to that most frightful of all maladies—insanity. As the old man, however, folded him in his feeble arms, and attempted to express what he felt, the unhappy boy groaned aloud, and felt even in the depth of his cell, a blush of momentary shame suffuse his cheek and brow. His father, notwithstanding the sentence that had been so shortly before passed upon his son—that father, he perceived to be absolutely intoxicated, or to use a more appropriate expression, decidedly drunk. There was less blame, however, to be attached to Fardorougha on this occasion, than Connor imagined. When the old man swooned in the court-house, he was taken by his neighbours to a public-house, where he lay for some minutes in a state of insensibility. On his recovery he was plied with burnt whiskey, as well to restore his strength and prevent a relapse, as upon the principle that it would enable him to sustain with more firmness the dreadful and shocking destiny which awaited his son. Actuated by motives of mistaken kindness, they poured between two and three glasses of this fiery cordial down his throat, which, as he had not taken so much during the lapse of thirty years before, soon reduced the feeble old man to the condition in which we have described him when entering the gloomy cell of the prison.

"Father," said Connor, "in the name of heaven above, who or what has put you into this dreadful state, especially when we consider the hard, hard fate that is over us, and upon us?"

"Connor," returned Fardorougha, not perceiving the drift of his question, "Connor, my son, I'll hang—hang him, that's one comfort."

"Who are you spaking about?"

"The villain sentence was passed on to—to-day. He'll swing—swing for the robbery; P——e will. We got him back out of that nest of robbers, the Isle o' Man—o' Man they call it—that he made off to, the villain!"

"Father dear, I'm sorry to see you in this state on such a day—such a black day to us. For your sake I am. What will the world say of it?"

"Connor, I'm in great spirits all out, exceptin' for something that I forget, that—that—li—lies heavy upon me. That I mayn't sin, but I am—I am, indeed—for now that we've catch him, we'll hang the villain up. Ha, ha, ha, it's a pleasant sight to see such a fellow dangle from a rope!"

"Father, sit down here, sit down upon this bad and comfortless bed, and keep yourself quiet for a little. Maybe you'll be better soon. Oh, why did you drink, and us in such trouble?"

"I'll not sit down; I'm very well able to stand," said he, tottering across the room. "The villain thought to starve me, Connor, but you heard the sentence that was passed on him to-day. Where's Honour, from me? she'll be glad whin—whin she hears it, and my son, Connor, will too—but he's, he's—where is Connor?—bring me, bring me to Connor. Ah, avourneen, Honour's heart's breaking for him—'tany rate, the mother's heart—the mother's heart—she's laid low wid an achin' sorrowful head for her boy."

"Father, for God's sake, will you try and rest a little. If you could sleep, father dear, if you could sleep."

"I'll hang P——e—I'll hang him—but if he gives back my money, I'll not touch him. Who are you?"

"Father dear, I'm Connor, your own son, Connor."

"I'll marry you and Una, then I'll settle all the villain robbed me of on you, and you'll have every penny of it *after my death*. Don't be keepin' me up, I can walk very well; ay, an' I'm in right good spirits. Sure, the money's got, Connor—got back every skilleen of it. Ha, ha, ha, God be praised! God be praised! We've a right to be thankful—the world isn't so bad, *after all*."

"Father, will you try and rest?"

"It's not bad, *after all*—I won't starve, as I thought I would, now that the *arrighad* is got back from the villain. Ha, ha, ha, it's great—it's great, Connor, ahagar."

"What is it, father dear?"

"Connor, sing me a song—my heart's up—it's light—arn't you glad?—sing me a song."

"If you'll sleep first, father dear."

"The *Uligone*, Connor, or *Shin agra*, or the *Trougha*—for, avourneen, avourneen, there must be sorrow in it,

for my heart's low, and your mother's heart's in sorrow, and she's lyin' far from us, an' her boy's not near her, an' her heart's sore, sore, an' her head achin', bekase her boy's far from her, an' she can't come to him!"

The boy, whose noble fortitude was unshaken during the formidable trial it had encountered in the course of that day, now felt overcome by this simple allusion to his mother's love. He threw his arms about his father's neck, and placing his head upon his bosom, wept aloud for many, many minutes.

"Hush, Connor, hush, ashore—what makes *you* cry? Sure, all 'ill be right now that we've got back the money. Eh? Ha, ha, ha, it's great luck, Connor, isn't it great? An' you'll have it, you an' Una, *after my death*—for I won't starve for e'er a one o' yeas."

"Father, father, I wish you would rest."

"Well, I will, avick, I will—bring me to bed—you'll sleep in your own bed to-night. Your poor mother's head hasn't been off o' the place where your own lay, Connor. No, indeed; her heart's low—it's breakin', breakin'—but she won't let any body make *your* bed but herself. Oh, the mother's love, Connor—that mother's love—that mother's love—but, Connor——"

"Well, father, dear?"

"Isn't there something wrong, avick? isn't there something not right, somehow?"

This question occasioned the son to feel as if his heart would literally burst to pieces, especially when he considered the circumstances under which the old man put it. Indeed there was something so transcendantly appalling in his intoxication, and in the wild but affecting tone of his conversation, that when joined to his pallid and spectral appearance, it gave a character, for the time being, of a mood that struck the heart with an image more frightful than that of madness itself.

"Wrong, father!" he replied, "all's wrong, and I can't understand it. It's well for you that you don't know the doom that's upon us now, for I feel how it would bring you down, and how it will, too. It will kill you, my father—it will kill you."

"Connor, come home, avick, come home—I'm tired at any rate—come home to your mother—come, for her sake—I know I'm not at home, an' she'll not rest till I bring you safe back to her. Come now, I'll have no put offs—you must come, I say—I ordher

you—I can't and won't meet her wid-out you. Come, avick, an' you can sing me the song goin' home—come wid your own poor ould father, that can't live widout you—come, a *slush machree*, I don't feel right here—we won't be properly happy, till we go to your lovin' mother."

"Father, father, you don't know what you're making me suffer. What heart, blessed heaven, can bear——"

The door of his cell here opened, and the turnkey stated that some five or six of his friends were anxious to see him, and, above all things, to take charge of his father to his own home. This was a manifest relief to the young man, who then felt more deeply on his unhappy father's account than on his own.

"Some foolish friends," said he, "have given my father liquor, an' it has got into his head—indeed it overcame him the more, as I never remember him to taste a drop of spirits during his life before. I can see nobody now an' him in this state; but if they wish me well, let them take care of him, and leave him safe at his own house, and tell them I'll be glad if I can see them to-morrow, or any other time."

With considerable difficulty Fardougha was removed from Connor, whom he clung to with all his strength, attempting also to drag him away. He then wept bitterly, because he declined to accompany him home, that he might comfort his mother, and enjoy the imagined recovery of his money from P——e, and the conviction which he believed they had just succeeded in getting against that notorious defaulter.

After they had departed, Connor sat down upon his hard pallet, and, supporting his head with his hand, saw, for the first time, in all its magnitude and horror, the death to which he found himself now doomed. The excitement occasioned by his trial, and his increasing firmness, as it darkened on through all its stages to the final sentence, now had in a considerable degree abandoned him, and left his heart, at present more accessible to natural weakness than it had been, to the power of his own affections. The image of his early-loved Una had seldom since his arrest been out of his imagination. Her youth, her beauty, her wild but natural grace, and the flashing glances of her dark enthusiastic eye, when joined to her tenderness and boundless affection for himself—all caused his heart to quiver with

deadly anguish through every fibre. This produced a transition to Flanagan—the contemplation of whose perfidious vengeance made him spring from his seat in a paroxysm of indignant but intense hatred, so utterly furious that the swelling tempest which it sent through his veins caused him to reel with absolute giddiness.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "you are just, and will this be suffered?"

He then thought of his parents, and the fiery mood of his mind changed to one of melancholy and sorrow. He looked back upon his aged father's enduring struggle—upon the battle of the old man's heart against the accursed vice which had swayed its impulses so long—on the protracted conflict between the two energies, which, like contending armies in the field, had now left little but ruin and desolation behind them. His heart, when he brought all these things near him, expanded, and like a bird, folded its wings about the grey-haired martyr, to the love he bore him. But his mother—the caressing, the proud, the affectionate, whose heart, in the vivid tenderness of hope for her beloved boy, had shaped out his path in life, as that on which she could brood with the fondness of a loving and delighted spirit—that mother's image, and the idea of her sorrows prostrated his whole strength, like that of a stricken infant, to the earth.

"Mother, mother," he exclaimed, "when I think of what you reared me for, and what I am, this night, how can my heart do otherwise than break, as well on your account as my own, and for all that love us! Oh! what will become of you, my blessed mother! Hard does it go with you that you're not about your pride, as you used to call me, now that I'm in this trouble, in this fate that is soon to cut me down from your loving arms! The thought of you is dear to my heart, dear, dearer, dearer than that of any—than my own Una. What will become of *her*, too, and the old man? Oh, why, why is it that the death I am to suffer is to fall so heavily on them that love me best?"

He then returned to his bed, but the cold and dreary images of death and ruin haunted his imagination, until the night was far spent, when at length he fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

By the sympathy expressed at his trial, our readers may easily conceive the profound sorrow which was felt for him, in the district where he was

known, from the moment the knowledge of his sentence had gone abroad among the people. This was much strengthened by that which, whether in man or woman, never fails to create an amiable prejudice in its favour—I mean youth and personal beauty. His whole previous character was now canvassed with a mournful lenity that brought out his virtues into beautiful relief; and the fate of the affectionate son was deplored no less than that of the youthful, but rash and inconsiderate lover. Neither was the father without his share of compassion, for they could not forget that, despite of all his penury and extortion, the old man's heart had been fixed, with a strong but uncouth affection upon his amiable and only boy. It was, however, when they thought of his mother, in whose heart of hearts he had been enshrined as the idol of her whole affection, that their spirits became truly touched. Many a mother assumed in her own person, by the force of imagination, the sinking woman's misery, and poured forth, in unavailing tears, the undeniable proofs of the sincerity with which she participated in Honour's bereavement. As for Flanagan, a deadly weight of odium, such as is peculiar to the *Informer* in Ireland, fell upon both him and his. Nor was this all. Aided by that sagacity which is so conspicuous in Irishmen, when a vindictive or hostile feeling is excited among them, they depicted Flanagan's character with an accuracy and truth astonishingly correct and intuitive. Numerous were the instances of cowardice, treachery, and revenge remembered against him, by those who had been his close and early companions, not one of which would have ever occurred to them, were it not that their minds had been thrown back upon the scrutiny by the melancholy fate in which he had involved the unhappy Connor O'Donovan. Had he been a mere ordinary witness in the matter, he would have experienced little of this boiling indignation at their hands; but first to participate in the guilt, and afterwards, for the sake of the reward, or from a worse and more flagitious motive, to turn upon him, and become his accuser, even to the taking away of the young man's life—to *slay* against his compassion and accomplice—this was looked upon as a crime ten thousand times more black and damnable than that for which the unhappy culprit had been consigned to so shameful a death.

But, alas, of what avail was all this sympathy and indignation to the unfortunate youth himself, or to those most deeply interested in his fate? Would not the very love and sorrow felt towards her son fall upon his mother's heart with a heavier weight of bitterness and agony? Would not his Una's soul be wounded on that account with a sharper and more deadly pang of despair and misery. It would, indeed, be difficult to say whether the house of Bodagh Buie or that of Fardorougha was then in the deeper sorrow. On the morning of Connor's trial Una arose at an earlier hour than usual, and it was observed when she sat at breakfast, that her cheek was at one moment pale as death, and again flushed and feverish. These symptoms were first perceived by her affectionate brother, who, on witnessing the mistakes she made in pouring out the tea, exchanged a glance with his parents, and afterwards asked her to allow him to take her place. She laid down the teapot, and looking him mournfully in the face, attempted to smile at a request so unusual.

"Una dear," said he, "you must allow me. There is no necessity for attempting to conceal what you feel—we all know it—and if we did not, the fact of your having filled the sugar-bowl instead of the tea-cup would soon discover it."

She said nothing, but looked at him again, as if she scarcely comprehended what he said. A glance, however, at the sugar-bowl convinced her that she was incapable of performing the usual duties of the breakfast table. Hitherto she had not raised her eyes to her father or mother's face, nor spoken to them as had been her wont, when meeting at that strictly domestic meal. The unrestrained sobbings of the mother now aroused her for the first time, and on looking up, she saw her father wiping away the big tears from his eyes.

"Una, avourneen," said the worthy man, "let John make tay for us—for, God help you, you can't do it. Don't fret, achora machree, don't, don't, Una; as God is over me, I'd give all I'm worth to save him, for your sake."

She looked at her father, and smiled again; but that smile cut him to the heart.

"I will make the tea myself, father," she replied, "and I won't commit any more mistakes;" and as she spoke she

unconsciously poured the tea into the slop-bowl.

"Avourneen," said her mother, "let John do it; acushla machree, let him do it."

She then rose, and without uttering a word, passively and silently placed herself on her brother's chair—he having, at the same time, taken that on which she sat.

"Una," said her father, taking her hand, "you must be a good girl, and you must have courage; and whatever happens, my darling, you'll pluck up strength, I hope, and bear it."

"I hope so, father," said she, "I hope so."

"But, avourneen machree," said her mother, "I would rather see you cryin' fifty times over, than smilin' the way you do."

"Mother," said she, "my heart is sore—my heart is sore."

"It is, ahagur machree; and your hand is tremblin' so much that you can't bring the tay-cup to your mouth; but, then, don't smile so sorrowfully, *anein machree*."

"Why should I cry, mother?" she replied; "I know that Connor is innocent. If I knew him to be guilty, I would weep, and I ought to weep."

"At all events, Una," said her father, "you know it's the government, and not us that's prosecuting him."

To this Una made no reply, but, thrusting away her cup, she looked with the same mournful smile from one to another of the little circle about her. At length she spoke.

"Father, I have a request to ask of you."

"If it's within my power, Una darling, I'll grant it; and if it's not, it'll go hard with me but I'll bring it within my power. What is it, asthore machree?"

"In case he's found guilty, to let John put off his journey to Maynooth, and stay with me for some time—it won't be long I'll keep him."

"If it pleases you, darling, he'll never put his foot into Maynooth again."

"No," said the mother, "*dhamhno* to the step, if you don't wish him."

"Oh, no, no," said Una, "it's only for a while."

"Unless she desires it, I will never go," replied the loving brother; "nor will I ever leave you in your sorrow, my beloved and only sister—never—never—so long as a word from my lips can give you consolation."

The warm tears coursed each other down his cheeks as he spoke, and both his parents, on looking at the almost blighted flower before them, wept as if the hand of death had already been upon her.

"You, father, and John are going to his trial," she observed; "for me I like to be alone;—alone; but when you return to-night, let John break it to me. I'll go now to the garden. I'll walk about to-day—only before you go, John, I want to speak to you."

Calmly and without a tear, she then left the parlour, and proceeded to the garden, where she began to dress and ornament the hive which contained the swarm that Connor had brought back to her on the day their mutual attachment was first disclosed to each other.

"Father," said John, when she was gone, "I am afraid that Una's heart is broken, or if not broken, that she won't survive his conviction long—it's breaking fast—for my part, in her present state, I neither will nor can leave her."

The affectionate father made no reply, but putting his handkerchief to his eyes, wept, as did her mother, in silent but bitter grief.

"I cannot spake about it, nor think of it, John," said he, after some time, "but we must do what we can for her."

"If any thing happens her," said the mother, "I'd never get over it. Oh marcfiful Saviour! how could we live without her!"

"I would rather see her in tears," said John—"I would rather see her in outrageous grief a thousand times, than in the calm but ghastly resolution with which she is bearing herself up against the trial of this day. If he's condemned to death, I'm afraid that either her health or reason will sink under it, and, in that case, God pity her and us, for how, how, as you say, mother, could we afford to lose her? Still let us hope for the best. Father, it's time to prepare; get the car ready. I am going to the garden, to hear what the poor thing has to say to me, but I will be with you soon."

Her brother found her, as we have said, engaged calmly, and with a melancholy pleasure, in adorning the hive which, on Connor's account, had become her favourite. He was not at all sorry that she had proposed this short interview, for as his hopes of Connor's acquittal were but feeble, if, indeed, he could truly be said to entertain any, he resolved by delicately communicating his apprehensions, to gradually prepare her mind for the worst that might happen.

CURIOSITIES OF IRISH LITERATURE.—NO. II.

THE MERE IRISH.

"Oh!" exclaims Cox, when he comes to tell of the death of Charles the First; "*Oh, that I could say they were Irishmen that did that abominable fact!*" Until very recent times, it was meritorious for the Irish to make little of their own country; and Cox only echoes the public sentiment of those who spoke the English language in Ireland in his day, when he deplores his inability to add another reproach to that mass of contumely which he had already accumulated against his countrymen. To trace the origin and progress of this sentiment, and show the causes which have led to its decline and fall, shall be the object of this paper.

The contempt entertained by a conqueror, merely as such, for those whom he has vanquished, is subject to this limitation, that no man willingly makes little of the difficulties he has himself

overcome. The natural tendency is rather to exaggerate the power and bravery of a vanquished enemy, and so exalt ourselves. Thus, in the military character of the Irish, given by their early conquerors, we hear nothing likely to detract from the credit of subduing them; their military prowess, for example, is thus dwelt on by De la Marque:—

"They assailed us often, both in the van and rears, casting their darts with such might, as no haubergeon or coat of mail were of sufficient proof to resist their force, their darts piercing them through both sides—and they were so nimble and swift of foot, that like unto stags, they ran over mountains and valleys, whereby we received great annoy and damage."

It might safely be affirmed that, had the early invaders been strong enough to make a complete conquest of the island, as their progenitors had done

in England in the century preceding, so as to have compelled the Irish to the adoption of a uniform system of civil government and law, according to the Norman policy elsewhere, all asperities between the two races would have been at an end before the third generation, and *Merus Hibernicus* would have been a term unknown in the dictionary of nations. Such was the effect of a thorough conquest in England, where the national antipathies between Norman and Saxon did not long survive the period of the crusades. It was the misfortune of the Irish to be but half-conquered—to lose the point of honor, without participating in the strength and policy of their superiors. Thus the odium of conquest, which in other countries had been neutralized by the admission of the conquered to equal rights, remained here for many centuries, an independent cause of insolence, on the one hand, and of soreness on the other, limited only in its operation by the slight check abovementioned.

To an incomplete conquest, in the first place, most of the misfortunes of the country may be traced. The early adventurers did no more than win a title to be enforced at some future time. The submissions of the Irish kings were of little other effect than putting the title on record; and it depended on the vigour and policy of future ages, on the wisdom of British monarchs reigning four and five hundred years after, to obtain anything approaching to possession. But it was not that England was unwilling to make a final and beneficial conquest at first. She was unable; the retention of her possessions in France; the rivalry of the crown and nobility at home; the wars of the Roses; the wars in Scotland; these were objects of much more engrossing care than the improvement of so uncertain an estate as that possessed by her in the wilds of Ireland.

And the alteration of the institutions of a people can only be effected by a power able, if necessary, to enforce the change. Men do not part with native laws and manners on the mere solicitation of suspected friends; there must be force at hand to compel their acquiescence, or vain will be the most lucid exposition of the superiority of the system proposed. The plain truth is, that the great majority of the Irish beyond the Pale, would not have accepted the English law

had it been offered them, and that the English were too weak to force their laws upon them, and too wise to expose them to contempt by offering them unenforced, for the first five centuries after the conquest. Their Irish neighbours scorned their law, so long as the Pale, that boundary of the real conquest, extended between them. Independence is everywhere respectable; the odium of a partial conquest was more than counterbalanced among these dwellers beyond the limits of full subjection, by the credit they had in holding their own institutions; so that to be a mere Irishman, without the English Pale, for the first four centuries after the conquest, was not, by any means, a cause of contempt. Nay, such were the charms of a loose life among fosterers and gossips, that numbers of the English nobility voluntarily embraced the Irish mode of living, and, by their influence and countenance, so far rescued mere Irishism without the Pale, from the odium of the original conquest, that it is very questionable whether an Irish chief, or an Hibernianized noble, in those days, was not as much respected as a lord of the Pale in his own territories.

But, while the Irish *without* the Pale were thus wiping off the disgrace of conquest, by seducing into a congenial barbarism, the noblest families of the conquerors, it was very different with those who resided among the uncorrupted English *within* that boundary of order and discipline. Here they were the minority in number, engaged in servile pursuits, without pretension to independence or dignity, with the remembrance of defeat daily renewed by forced services to English authorities, and but partially and reluctantly admitted to a participation in those rights which alone could remove the odious distinction. And here indeed the policy of the English is justly blameable. We can well excuse them for not extending equal rights to those who would have spurned the offer; but we must condemn their partial enfranchisement of those who could not have refused the boon. This government of one people by two laws, within the same territory, was what first made the *Merus Hibernicus* a term of real reproach.

Of the Irish within the Pale, five septa alone were admitted to the enjoyment of English law; the Oneills of Ulster; the O'Maclaughlins of Meath (now extinct); the O'Briens of

Thomond; the O'Connors of Con-naught; and the MacMurroghs of Leinster. These were the "*quinque Sanguines*"—the five free families; and whoever was not of their blood, and had not a special charter of denization, was an alien in the Pale—liable to all the penalties, but incapable of any of the advantages of the common law of the land he lived in; a monstrous injustice that would scarcely be believed at this day were the fact not on record in numberless plea rolls of our early courts. For example, in the common plea-roll of the 28 Edward the 3rd—

"Simon Neale brings his action of trespass against William Newlagh, for breaking his close at Clondalkin, in the county of Dublin. The defendant pleads that the plaintiff is *Hibernicus*, and not of the five bloods. The plaintiff replies, that he is of the five bloods, to wit, of the Oneills of Ulster, who by grant, &c. do use the English law, and are reputed to be free men. The defendant rejoins, that he is not of the Oneills of Ulster, nor yet of the five bloods, and thereupon they are at issue," &c.

Again, at a gaol delivery before John Wogan, Lord Justice of Ireland, in the 4th of Edward the 2nd—

"William, the son of Roger, being indicted of the murder of Roger de Canteton, feloniously by him slain, appears and says, that by the said homicide he could commit no felony, inasmuch as he saith, that the said Roger was an Irishman, and not of free blood. Also, he saith that the said Roger was of the name of O'Hederiscal (O'Driscoll) and not of the name of Canteton, and thereupon he puts himself on the country, &c. And the jurors say, upon their oath, that the said Roger was an Irishman, and of the name of O'Hederiscal, and was reputed to be an Irishman all his life. Therefore the said William is acquitted of the said felony. But, inasmuch as the said Roger O'Hederiscal was the Irishman of our lord the king, the said William is recommitted to gaol until he shall find sureties for the payment of five marks to our lord the king, in quittance for his said Irishman."

Again, as an example of the case, where the party slain was of English blood, from the roll of the 29th of Edward the 1st—

"Before Walter Lenfant and his brothers, the going judges at Drogheda, in the county of Louth, John Laurens, indicted for the murder of Geoffrey Dowdall,

comes and does not deny the said homicide, but saith that the said Geoffrey was an Irishman, and not of free blood, and for good and evil he puts himself upon the country, &c. And the jurors say, upon their oath, that the said Geoffrey was an Englishman, and that, therefore, the said John is guilty of the murder of the aforesaid Geoffrey. Therefore the said John is hanged," &c. &c.

Such was the degraded condition of the mere Irish within the Pale, during the reigns of the three Edwards; but, while every assize recorded their humiliation along the eastern and southern coasts of the island, agents more powerful than even the going judges were at work through the midland counties, and among the wilds of the west and north, for their exaltation. These agents have been already hinted at in the licentiousness and pride of the Anglo-Norman nobility, who, rather than submit to the second-hand authority of a deputy governor, preferred establishing their own independence among men of a congenial temper, where scorn of English law would secure them from the impertinent intrusion of sheriffs, and the inconvenient incursions of the courts, and hereditary attachment to rank and splendor had long solicited their acceptance of so many petty thrones among the hearts of a generous people who already looked upon their conquerors as kinsmen. The latter part of the reign of Edward the Third, had seen the pale extended over two-thirds of the country on this side of the Shannon; English government paramount in all the walled towns of the kingdom; the mere Irish in every county glad to purchase charters of denization, and the pride of conquest, in full gratification, from one end of the island to the other. The commencement of the reign of his weak successor saw the Pale shrunk to four counties along the coast; English government driven out of Munster and Ulster; the English language proscribed outside the walls of a few forts and cities, and the pride of a barbaric independence amalgamating the conquered and conquerors all over the island. For two hundred years this state of things continued; a nominal allegiance; a practical independence; feuds and family wars, as in the days of Con-cead-catha; Norman lords, in the places of old Milesian kings, and mere Irishism anything but discreditable.

At length came the Reformation—a change demanded by the intelligence of England. But in Ireland there was no intelligence. The preaching of ten thousand reformers would have been scarce sufficient to have prepared the Irish for the exercise of mental liberty. Whatever learning still lingered on through the turmoil of an unlettered and contentious oligarchy, was in the hands of men the most averse to innovation. The people were incapable of forming opinions for themselves—those who formed their opinions for them, abhorred the thought of change. But the change had been effected throughout the dominant country, and uniformity, however premature in other respects, offered this advantage at least, that those who for centuries had had nothing in common with their fellow-subjects of England and the Pale, would at last possess a bond of union among themselves, and, with their neighbours, in identity of faith and religious discipline. Had the Reformation been effected in Ireland at this time, the odious distinction of mere Irishism would soon have been forgotten; but the miscarriage of the Reformation was even more signal than the former failure of the law; and it was now discovered that the readiest means of obtaining a chance of an agreement in religion, was to enforce a conformity in civil institutions.

It was then, on the impulse of the Reformation, that the first effectual efforts were made to restore the pale to its former extent. The Hibernized noble, who had dwelt in barbaric state, surrounded by brehons and bards among his vassals and kinsmen, on the land from which his ancestors had expelled the English laws two centuries before, suddenly found himself exposed to new incursions of the civil authorities—his brehon's chair usurped by the sheriff—the luxurious establishment of his neighbour Abbot broken up, and parcelled out among men, proud of their superior civilization—a more severe and less congenial discipline, in the place of that ecclesiastical pomp by which his own hollow pageantry of authority had been long countenanced—in a word, every thing to drive him either into English habits on the one hand, or rebellion on the other. The wealthier and wiser conformed: the multitude resisted. As in every contest between discipline and desultory valour, the cause of government and order prevailed. The pale

extended daily, and in proportion as that patrimony of the law embraced the remainder of the country, so did mere Irishism again come more and more within the sphere of growing contempt. What had been independence, was now a double disability. The stigma of native birth, increased by the odium of non-conformity, became an aggravated cause of reproach. The respect which men with arms in their hands claim even from their enemies, was the only check to that utter contempt in which this much tried people were presently to be held.

It is impossible adequately to express the vexation and rage of the English, on finding their efforts for the civil reformation of the Irish baffled, as they were for the next hundred years. They loaded them with reproaches; they exaggerated all their follies and vices; they denied them the possession of the ordinary virtues even of savage life; nay, of the ordinary forms of humanity; but still they could not despise men with arms in their hands. The dissolution of religious houses had removed the chief examples of domestic luxury, and the necessities of war had compelled the people generally to adopt a coarser sort of diet, and a ruder style of living. The meanness of the Irish houses, and the poverty of their tables, soon became the peculiar subjects of ridicule, while their manners, morals, and general character, were assailed by the most spiteful libels. The opinions which the English delighted to entertain of them, during the latter end of the reign of Elizabeth, may be generally gathered from all the cotemporary works; but “*Derrick's Image of Ireland*,” printed at London in 1581, and dedicated, by permission, to the accomplished Sir Philip Sidney, affords a more striking example of the prevailing taste of that day, than any other work with which we are acquainted. Derrick had been a follower of Sir Henry Sidney, during his government of Ireland, where he had doubtless seen much barbarism and poverty; but whether anything like that which he describes, and gloats over in his scurrilous production, is highly improbable. Such as his poem is, it is valuable for the plates, which will yet be of the greatest service to the historian of Irish costumes, as well as for our present purpose of showing to what a height the unnatural appetite for abuse of every thing Irish had risen in the reign of Elizabeth. He

sets out by claiming something akin to inspiration for his doggerels.

"The author," says he in a marginal note, "in this his first beginnyng, sheweth that God was the onely cause whiche moved hym to write, and set out this hys workes, helpyng and favourably supportyng hym in the same; who being otherwise insufficient, and not able of hymself to doe the same, but by the goodness, and furtherance of God, yieldeth to hym due honor therefore."

And then proceeds to shew forth the honorable estate and royalty of the kings of England, from King Arthur:

"His actes, manhoo, conquestes, magnanimitie, chivalrie, and what else in chronicles, are sufficiently set out to the greates comforte and consolation of all British and Englishmennes heartes." And King Edward the Third, "who, not abiding the malapertness of the drunken Pope of Rome, which needes would be a stickler between him and the Frenche kyng, standes at defiance bothe with Frenche kyng and Pope, and offereth to fight hand to hand with them bothe," through Henry the Eighth, "who to the admiration of the worlde unhorseth the Pope, and makes him go on foote, whereas before he spared not to ride on the neckes of Christian emperours and kyngs, farre better than himself," down to

"Our gracious sovereign queene,
That sacred virgin pure,

whose arm," as he informs us in a note, "hath given antichrist such a cut overthwaire his monkishe visayne, (physiognomy,) that his chirurguns have given hym over."

And now, having obtained the assistance of Invention, Memory, and Conveyance, the three chiefest friends, as he considers, of the chronieler, he at length gets on "that famous Irishe soile," the various commodities and delights of which occupy his pen throughout some pages, till coming to speak of the inhabitants, he institutes

1. In manners thei be rude,
And monstrous eke in fashion;
Their dealynges also thei bewray,
A crooked generation.
2. For why, thei fear not God,
Nor honor yet their prince,
Whom, by the lawes of mighty Jove,
They ought to reverence.
3. Eche thief would be a lorde,
To rule even by a becke:
4. The faithful subjects oftentimes
Thei shorten by the neckes.
And those that would be true
To God and to the crowne,
5. With fire, and sword, and deepe despyght,
Thei pluck such subjects doune.

a comparison between them and the beasts there dwelling, much to the advantage of the latter; for, says he, in one of his marginal notes, which are generally more to the purpose than his rhyming text:—

"By pollicie, brute beasts are brought to a peaceable order of living, serving and obeying man, orderly in their nature and kynde; yea, the very fowles of the ayre, and beasts of the felde, have a certain kinde of reverence and feare towards those whom they consider do work them any good; but onely these monsters of the worlde, these pernicious members of Sathan, these wretched wretches have no consideration, nor yet bear any kindly affection towards her majestie, whose mercie doth preserve them, whose gracious favour doth protect them, whose royaltie not only wisheth them good, but also doth them good, not for a day, a week, a month, a year, but continually. O ingratitude most intolerable, and blindness irrecoverable!"

And thereupon he breaks into this expostulation with Saint Patrick—

"O, holie saint, O, holy man,
O, man of God, I saie;
O, Patrick, chief of all these Karne,
If speak to thee I may.

What moved thee the wrygling snake,
And other worms to kill?

What caused thee on sillie beastes
To worke thy cruell will?

What thing incensed thee for to strike
Them with thy heavie hand,
When as thou left'st more spitefull beastes
Within this fertile lande?"

By which spiteful beasts, he informs us in the margin, that he means those "viperous wood-karne," the progenitors of our present peasantry. His further description of them is annexed, with the marginal notes, as in the original:

1. The fruit sheweth the goodness of the tree,
Approvyng all wood-karnes strong thieves for to be.
2. Irish rebells feare neither God nor man.
3. The hautie heartes of wood-karne desire ruledom, but they shall have a rope.
4. The rebell's envie towards a good subject; whereto may be joyaced the affections of a pernicious papist towards a good Christian.
5. Marke the most pestilent nature of the wild villainous wood-karne.

6. Thus they be mortal foes
Unto the commonwealth,
Maintaining rakebells at their heeles
Through detestable stealth.
Thei harpe upon one stryng,
And therein is their joye,
7. When as they find a subtille sleight,
To work true men's annoye.
For mischief is the game
Wherein thei doe delight,
8. As eke they holde a great renowne,
To burn and spoile by night.
When tyme yields true men ease,
Such rest thei pretermitte,
9. And give themselves to other artes,
For their behoof more fitte.
To wounde the harmeless sorte,
It is their knavishe guise,
And other some to stifle quight,
In slumbrynge bed that lyes.
Another sorte thei spoile,
Even naked to the skin,
And leave him nothing for to wrappe
His naked body in.
10. Thei leave no kind of thyng
That may be borne awaie ;
The potte, the pan, the horse, the cowe,
And much more maie I say, &c. &c.
11. And when thei have their lust,
The sillie captive beaste
Must presentlie be knocked down,
To make the knaves a feaste,
12. But who shall be the coke ?
It is no question here ;
13. Nor for the pantler's chipped loves,
Do thei ask once a year.
Each knave will plaie the cooke
To stand his lord in steed ;
14. But tagge and ragge will equal be,
When chiefest rebell feedes.
Well, beeves are knocked down,
The butchers plaie their parte,
Thei take eche one the intrails forthe
The liver and the harte ;
15. And being breathyng nowe
The unwashen puddyngs thei
Upon the coals or embers hotte
For want of gredyron laie,
And, scarce done half enough,
(Draffe serveth well for hogs,)
Thei take them up and fall thereto
Like ravenyng hungrie dogs,
16. Devouring gutte and limme, &c. &c.
17. No table there is spread,
They have no court-like guise,
The yearth sometimes standes them in
steede,
Whereon their victuall lyes.
Their cushions are of straw,
Of rushes, or of haye, &c. &c.
Their platters are of woode,
By cunnyng turners made,
But not of peanter (credit me)
As is our English trade.
6. Wood-karnes are as grasshoppers
and caterpillers to their country
and people.
7. The joye of rebels is in playng
of true men.
8. Spoyling and burning is the Irish
karne's renown.
9. Wood-karnes exercise when true
men take rest :
*To rob, burn, and murder,
When true men take rest,
With fire, sword, and axes
These traitors are prest.
Thei take no compassion of
Men, children, nor wives,
But joye when thei do them
Deprive of their lives.*
10. Irishe karne seldom leave any
thyng worth the bearyng awaie
behind them, but either thei take
it, or else do set it on fire.
11. The stolne poore cowe must be
knocked down, as soon as thei
come home, to make the theeves
a feaste.
12. The woodkarne's cokes.
13. Bread seldomly used among wood-
kernes.
14. Master and man all one at eat-
ing of meat.
15. A most perfect description of
Irishe horse-boys eatyng their
meate.
16. The rudeness of horse-boys,
Is herein set open,
Who fill them with driff-draffe,
Farewell the good token.
17. The very order of the wilde
Irish, their sittyng, table, dishes,
and cushens described.
O brave swinish fashion,
Found out amongst hogges ;
Deservyng for manners
To sitte emongst dogges.

18. Now, ere the lord sittes doune
With concubine or wife,
19. Whereof he often makes exchange
In compasse of his life,
Before he takes his rome,
A frier doth begin
To blesse the rebell with his wife,
The place and thieves therein.
20. Which when he blessed hath,
In highest place of all,
The chieftaine then this traitorous knave
Like honest man doth stall.
And next his surging he
Doth sette at frier's side,
And then himsele his rome enjoyeth
Adorned with his bride.
21. In fine the hellish route
Like luckie fellows mette,
Doe sitte them doune on straw or grounds,
Their victualls for to gette, &c. &c."
18. The order of woodkarne is to
have a frier blesse hym and all his
household before he sits doune.
19. Irishe karn every year once or
twice, peradventure make ex-
change of their wives; as thei
like them so will thei keepethem,
for they will not be bounde to
them.
20. Friers have chieftest and hiest
roomes at feastes among the
Irishe; and why should not we
give them like honour at the gal-
lows?
21. Like unto like, said the devill to
the collier."

This may be taken as the original model of that class of compositions, of which the Feast of O'Rourke is a modern imitation, with this difference, that here, instead of falling to blows among themselves, the company, after having their courage roused by draughts of aqua vitæ, and an after-dinner harangue from the friar, sally forth to drive a prey, and burn out certain Englishmen on the borders of the pale. We shall have occasion to give another specimen of this scurril school presently. It was well that the fugitive pieces of that day enjoyed so limited a circulation. If Derrick's poem had been generally read among the Irish, it would have kindled a more bitter animosity than even a penal act of the legislature. But, indeed, had it been likely to fall generally into their hands, no one would have ventured on publishing it. It excites surprise even now, to think how such a brutal invective could have been permitted to circulate about the English court; yet that such was the ordinary style of the English historians and topographers, when writing of Ireland, before the revolution, is but too well attested by the very work, out of which we must now draw much of the material, for whatever history of the country we can be said to possess.

Derrick is indeed a disgusting fellow, but, saying that the actuating malice is less palpably betrayed by his cotemporaries, he is not much more virulent than some of those whom we quote as our best authorities. Fynes Morison, for example, whose Itinerary through Ireland about twenty years

after, is a standard work in the Irish Historical Library, does not scruple to tell such tales of the northern Irish, on the authority of a certain Bohemian nobleman, as much outdo anything related in even his most imaginative moments by the satirical protegee of the author of Arcadia. He does not state from what port of Bohemia this western Mandeville set forth upon his travels, but tells us that he had come last from Scotland, by way of O'Kane's country, in which he experienced the hospitality of Limavady Castle.

"Here," as he relates the adventure to Fynes Morison, "he was met at the door with sixteen women, all naked, except their loose mantles; whereof eight or ten were very fair, and two seemed very nymphs; with which strange sight his eyes being dazzled, they led him into the house, and there sitting down by the fire, so as could not but offend chaste eyes, desired him to sit down with them. Soon after, O'Kane, the lord of the country came in, all naked, excepting a loose mantle and shoes which he put off as soon as he came in, and entertaining the baron after his best manner in the Latin tongue, desired him to put off his apparel, which he thought to be a burthen to him, and to sit naked by the fire with his naked company." "which courteous invitation, however," adds Sir Walter Scott, who credulously quotes the passage, "the guest thought it necessary to decline."

Nonnulla referre refutare est, there is no need to dwell on the internal contradictions of this silly story, or on the external evidence of its malevolence and falsehood. We fear we can-

not so easily dispose of Morison's own charge against the Irish mode of feeding —

“The wild, and, (as I may say) the mere Irish, inhabiting many large provinces, are barbarous and most filthy in their diet. They skum the seething pot with an handful of straw, and strain their milke taken from the cow, through a like handful of straw, none of the cleanest, and so clense, or rather more defile, the pot and milk. They devour great morsels of beefe unsalted, and they eat commonly swine's flesh, seldom mutton; and their pieces of flesh, as also the intrals of beasts unwashed, they seethe in a hollow tree, lapped in a raw cowe's hide, and set over the fire; and therewithall they swallow whole lumps of filthy butter, yea, (which is more contrary to nature) they will feed upon horses dying of themselves, not only upon small want of flesh but even for pleasure.”

There is often as much in the manner of telling a thing, as in the matter itself. When we read in the petition of the inhabitants of Cork, in Henry the Sixth's time, of the Irish lords, and their white-meats, or when Boullaye le Gouz tells us that the Irish gentlemen eat not much bread, but love to have their beef somewhat under done, we conceive no disgust at their partiality to bacon and veal, and perhaps applaud their good taste in not having their favourite dishes boiled to rags. Thus many of the revolting associations called up by Morison and others may be more the accessories of description than strictly parcel of the original fact; still even if imputed they could be imputed only to those who were well known to fare too coarsely for any pretension to elegance of living.

To go on with quotations, illustrative of the angry feelings of the writers about this period would be tedious. Stanishurst alone lays aside the Englishman in describing them :—

“Religious, frank, amorous, ireful, sufferable of infinite pains, verie glorious, (we give the quaint translation of Ralf Hollingshead,) manie sorcerers, excellent horsemen, delighted with wars, great alms givers, passing in hospitality;—greedie of praise they be, and fearful of dishonour, the men are clean of skin and hew; of stature tall; the women are well formed, cleane coloured, big, and large, suffered from their infancie to grow at will, nothing curious of their feature and proportion of bodie.—Proud they are of long crisp bushes of hair which they term

glibbs, and the same they nourishe with all their cunning. To crop the front thereof, they take it for a notable piece of villainie.”

In speaking of their diet, however, he corroborates, to a great extent, the ill report of the others—

“Watercresses, which they term sham-rocks, roots, and other herbs, they feed upon. They drink whey, milk, and beefe broth. Flesh they devour without bread, and that half raw; the rest boileth in their stomachs with aquavivæ, which they swill in after such a surfeit, by quarts and pottles. They let their cow's blood, which, grown to a gellie, they baka and overspread with butter, and so eat it in lumps. No meat they fansie so much as pork, and the fatter the better, &c.”

There is a story of one of O'Neill's clansmen who had like to have knocked an English soldier on the head, for daring to compare himself in dignity with one of that chieftain's swine. The predilection of the Irish for pork, appears a sufficiently heroical trait, when gathered from such an anecdote; but in Morison, it is a filthy appetite, and in Stanishurst, a coarse propensity at best; so much depends on the sources of information, and the manner of telling a thing!

But the angry peevishness of disappointment in effecting good intentions, was soon to be exasperated into a fiercer passion. The rebellion of 1641 broke upon the English with the unexpectedness of a thunder-clap. In the space of little more than a month they saw all their efforts at redeeming the incorrigible race, repaid by the most spiteful and universal revolt on record. They had treated the Irish like savages, and the Irish retaliated like fiends; but what lent the cruellest torture to agony, and the bitterest pang to death, was the thought of the benefits intended for these ingrates. Gratitude for benefits conferred by compulsion, is a virtue too heroic to expect from a people still smarting under the chastisement that had forced them to improve. The most romantic pedagogue must be satisfied to experience a temporary loss of affection from the pupil whom he has just corrected. The frenzy, the fury of vituperation in which the English now indulged, was hardly worthy of a philosophic and dignified people. They ransacked their language for all its modes of expressing the ideas of ingratitude, treachery, and cruelty, and heaped them by folios on these Irish monsters. Mere Irish-

ism had been successively exposed to modified contempt, and angry ridicule, it now became the object of horror and execration. The sneers of Derrick were succeeded by the curses of Borlase. Hatred and abhorrence left no room for contempt. We cannot despise those whom we hate heartily; and men would rather be held in detestation than in scorn, so that perhaps this change in the sentiments of England was on the whole more favourable to mere Irishism than the contrary. Success, however, soon gave rage sufficient confidence to indulge in new contempt. The Irish were not men but beasts; they had tails a quarter of a yard long; they were a sort of satyrs or baboons—these were the first consolations of victory!

The rebellion was suppressed, and the Irish sinking into the last stage of contempt, when the Roman Catholic religion, with which mere Irishism had now for a century been identified, once more gave signs of life, and half arose from that grave into which it had been thrust, as most men thought for ever, at the time of the Reformation. Amid the confusion of those who thought they beheld the resurrection of buried tyranny, while some viewed the ghastly appearance with horror, and some with hope, the Irish, animated by a sympathetic vigour, roused themselves to a corresponding attitude, and half-started from their trance of slavery. It was, while thus balancing themselves, as it were, on the brink of a still open sepulchre—while their conquerors, amazed at the portentous aspects which reared themselves on every side, still hesitated which way to turn themselves—that the Irish were at length to have their history compiled. A more unfavourable period for such a work, could scarcely be imagined: and our chief surprise must be that Cox should have executed his task, such as it is, without more infidelity, and with even so little bitterness.

The corporation of Kinsale, of which he was recorder, had just been dissolved with all the precipitate violence of arbitrary power, and he had found it expedient to remove from the vicinity of arrogant successors to the more congenial air of a Protestant court. Here, in looking forward to the approaching struggle between William and his father-in-law, on the issue of which his whole hopes and fortunes depended, he could not but be stirred to an animosity proportioned to that desire of

retaliation on the one hand, and dread of farther oppression on the other, which are natural to all men pending the determination of a quarrel in which they have been the parties first aggrieved. These feelings are sufficiently apparent in the body of his history, and are broadly admitted throughout the entire of his preface and Apparatus. His dislike of the Irish is, however, secondary to his antipathy to the Roman Catholics of whatever nation.

"This great concern," he truly says, i. e. the difference of religion, "has so silenced all the rest, that at this day we know no difference of nation but what is expressed by Papist and Protestant. If the most ancient natural Irishman be a Protestant, no man takes him for other than an Englishman; and if a cockney be a Papist, he is reckoned in Ireland as much an Irishman as if he was born on Slieve-logher."

Still it was his misfortune to see no hope of better times; for he lays it down, almost as an axiom, that any cessation of subordinate differences would only pave the way to a revival of the "Old Indelible National Antipathy" between the two races. In this unhappy frame of mind he sits down to write his history, and, as may be expected, lets slip no opportunity of vilifying the Irish. A remarkable instance of his unwillingness to admit anything to their advantage is his denying that they had written laws, although he was afforded the perusal of several volumes of such, by Thadeus Roddy, of Leitrim. His slighting manner of admitting facts, which any other writer would have turned to the credit of the country, is strikingly exemplified in the following passage from the Apparatus: "To this day very few of the Irish aim at any more than a little Latin, *which every cowboy pretends to*, and a smattering in logic which very few know the use of." If every cowboy of the country, at the present day, had even as much Latin as they still pretend to in Kerry, we would hear of the classic attainments of the Irish in a very different strain. As to their pretensions to a native nobility, he treats them with scorn. "He was esteemed the bravest man," says he, "that was most dexterous at the sport of plundering and cow-stealing." "The monarch himself had but what he could catch, and was rather *Dux Ducum*, or *Dux Belli* than a king;" he dwells with delight on Father Walsh's insidious lamentations over the "unna-

tural, bloody, everlasting, destructive feuds" of the Milesian Irish—"feuds continued with the greatest pride, most hellish ambition, and cruellest desires of revenge, and followed with the most horrible injustices, oppressions, extortions, rapines, desolations, perfidies, treasons, rebellions, conspiracies, treacheries, and murders, for almost two thousand years;" and after showing, to his own satisfaction, that they are half-bloods in race and hybrids in language—indebted to the ancient Britons for their knowledge even of the use of bows and arrows, to the Saxons for their rudest earthen fortresses, to the Spaniards for their commonest terms of salutation, (in so much that without the aid of that polished people they could not have had the civility to say even 'how do you do?' to a friend!) to the Latins for their terms of literature and decent living, and to the English for their knowledge of the use of coats and doublets—he concludes that Prosper had good cause to call Ireland *the Barbarous Island*, and that Campion was in the right when he declared that "the Irish are beholdinge to God for being conquered." After all, he cannot view them as objects of that unmixed compassion which is the characteristic of perfect contempt. "Their capacities," he acknowledges, "are not to be questioned at this day, since they have managed their affairs with that dexterity and courage, that they have gotten the whole kingdom of Ireland into their possession." "However, let us not be dismayed," he adds; "for they are but the same people our ancestors have so often triumphed over; and although they are not to be so contemned, but that we may expect they will make one good effort for their estates and religion, yet we may still depend upon it, that their *nature* is the same, and not to be so changed, but that they will again veil their bonnets to a victorious English army."

A short year saw Cox's prediction verified at the Boyne, and the next generation of the vanquished Irish abolished as a nation, disqualified as members of the state, proscribed in their religion, and no longer formidable in the field, sunk unresistingly into that final extreme of degradation which, while it disarms triumphant enmity of half

its malice, provokes the crowning aggravation of unmixed contempt. Mere Irishism was now at its lowest. The condition of the people during the next half century, was necessarily sordid, and their efforts at supporting former dignity, more calculated to move compassion than respect. Repeated disasters might perhaps have taught them no longer to meditate revenge in the sullen retirement of their bawns and villages, but nothing could extinguish the cherished spark of family pride, or quench the flame, however gross and earthly, of their attachment to that church which, if she had provoked, had also shared and solaced so many of their reverses. The efforts of a poor man, struggling to maintain a station incompatible with his means:—of a vulgar man attempting to support a rank above his proper grade in society; or of an over-zealous man seeking to signalize a superstitious devotion to any creed, will always be viewed by a well-regulated mind with pain; but to the coarse minded man, especially if animated by the malignity of party spirit, they supply more material of satire than perhaps any other weaknesses of our nature. Among the impoverished, half-educated, persecuted, and consequently bigoted Irish of this period, it was no difficult matter for the person so disposed, to find redundant material of this sort for ridicule. The first who laid hold of this opportunity for satire, appears to have been W. M. the author of a poem in Hudibrastic verse, known as *Gillo's Feast*, but in some editions, entitled *Hesperinesographia*, or, a description of the Western Isle. The town of Monaghan had the equivocal honor of sending forth the last edition of this coarse piece of ridicule, in 1824. The writer's wit is considerable, but by no means equal to his ill-will, and neither his humour nor his malice come up to his obscenity. Still he draws a picture that probably had many a too true prototype among the middle orders of the degraded caste he satirizes. On this account, it has now become valuable, as being perhaps the only view of the domestic manners of the mere Irish of that day. In his opening lines, he assembles most of the topics of reproach generally brought against the country—

"In Western Ire, renowned for bogs,
For tories, and for great wolf-dogs;*

* 'Tis the necessity of his rhyme, and not his inclination that makes him admit the wolf-dogs, which are the only characteristics not discreditable that he mentions.

For drawing hobbies by the tail,
And threshing corn with fiery flail ;
Where bear and curds, for truth I tell it,
Are made without a pot or skellet,—

And where, in bowels of the ground,
There are great heaps of butter found,
With which, and blood-raw flesh of beast,
The natives make a dainty feast, &c.
One Gillo lived."

W. M. now proceeds to ridicule the family pride of his hero, whose genealogy he gives with a good deal of caustic humour. "He was," says he—

—————"The son of Shane,
Who was the son of Patrick Bane
Who was the son of Teague the Tory,
Who, to his great and endless glory,
Out of a bush a shot let fly,
And killed a man was passing by,
For which he was advanced high, }
This Teague was son of Gille Chreest,
Who was the son of Hugh the Priest," &c.

And so traces up the pedigree through

"Phelim Fad,
Who on each hand six fingers had,
To one Loughlin Crone
Who in his trade had so much skill,
That he a stolen cow could kill,
For shift, with mantle and a stone,
A way to former thieves unknown ;
and thence through the loins of Manus
Roe, who

"Even in the coldest weather
Did never wear a bit of leather,"
up to one Mulrooney, a famous disputant and schoolman. He then proceeds to reiterate the charge of bad taste against our Irish cookery, in the instance of Mulrooney's father, Brian Margagh—

"Affirming that all ment was spoiled,
That either roasted was or boiled,"

where he breaks off, on the score of tediousness, telling us that as for the remaining portion of the pedigree, terminating at Noah,

"He'll leav't to be recounted by
Some tracer of antiquity."

In Gillo himself we have a character evidently drawn from the life. His liberality, pugnaciousness, and love of Latin and logic, are traits still recognisable among some of the most striking portraits of Carleton.

"For he was generous and free, }
And given to hospitality, }
As all within that island be, }

And hugely scorned it should be said
That any but his worship paid
The reckoning, though he sold a cow ;"

As a matter of course,
"He never from a barrel went,
Until he saw the sediment.

Then neither man nor beast did dread,
Nor any thing that wore a head," &c. &c.

The account of his classical attainments would have delighted Cox.

"He questions put i' the accident,
Would puzzle men of better sense ;
If you could not resolve him what
Was Latin for a civet-cat,
A ladle or a frying-pan,
A spigot, dunghole, or a fan,
He judged you no ingenious man."

Brother Francis, arguing for his bells before King Garagantua, who could only say that, although he had forgotten his reasons, they were good reasons nevertheless, and somewhere in "Baroko," would have sped better, could he have anticipated our Irish Aristotle's mode of syllogising.

"Of universals he would prate,
Of subjects, and of predicate,
And of beings which we only find
To have existence in the mind.
To shew his skill he'd undertake
To prove a duck to be a drake,
An eel to be a water-snake ;
And often smartly argued that
An owl was but a flying cat.

And when his arguments were gone
And spent, he this relied upon :
Ipse dixi—'tis true, therefore,
I've gained my point ; I'll hear no more."

The Irish enjoyed a great celebrity in logic, and are fond of the syllogism to this day. A good example of their reputation in this way, on the Continent, occurs in *Gil Blas*. "I was so much in love with dispute, that I stopped passengers, known or unknown, and proposed arguments to them ; and sometimes meeting with *Hibernian* genius, who were very glad of the occasion, it was a good jest to see us dispute. By our extravagant gestures, grimaces, contortions, our eyes full of fury, and our mouths full of foam, one would have taken us for Bedlamites, rather than philosophers." But to proceed with W. M.

In spacious plain, within a wood,
And bog, the house of Gillo stood ;
A house well built, and with much strength,
Almost two-hundred feet in length ;

At one of the ends he kept his cows,
At t'other end he kept his spouse—
Without partition or a screen,
Or spreading curtain drawn between.

* * *

In midst of th' house a mighty fire
Of black dry'd earth and swinging blocks
Was made enough to roast an ox,
From whence arose such clouds of smoke
As either you or me would choke :
But Gillo and his train, inured
'To smoke, the same with ease endured :
For sitting low on rushes spread,
The smoke still hovered overhead,
And did more good than real harm
Because it kept the long house warm,
And never made their heads to ache ;
Therefore no chimney he would make ;
And thus for smoke, although 'twas dear,
He paid four shillings every year."

Whether this merely alludes to the hearth-money, or to a direct penalty on the absence of a chimney, it is hard to say. Such, however, was the house, and such the host. The entertainment, if rough, was at least abundant. Goat's flesh, foal's flesh, three singed sheep, four swine, beef *ad libitum*, and smoke-dried veal were the principal dishes.

♣ Besides all this, vast bundles came
Of sorrel more than I can name,
And many a sheaf I hear there was }
Of shamrock and of water grass,
Which there for curious sallads pass."

Which, with "islands of curds" afloat in oceans "of hot and sweet cerulean whey, great heaps of three-cornered bannocks, a barrel of beer and good store of *aqua vitæ* completed the materials of the dinner. Neither napkin nor tablecloth is required where tables

"In his house were none that day
Save those (chess boards namely) at
which the gamesters play."

But in their stead—

"Of rushes there were benches made,
On which the meat was partly laid ;
But all the mutton that was singed
Was laid on doors that were unhinged,
So that we all may truly say
Gillo kept open house that day :
The rest were placed in stately sort
On planks which firkins did support."

Dinner being laid, seats have now to be provided :

"As for the guests, when grace was said,
And all in Latin tongue had pray'd,
Some ran to this, some ran to that,
And what they caught they thereon sat.

* * *

The brisk young sparks, with their kind
wenches

Did place themselves on rushy benches :
The rabble and the brawny kerns
Well pleased sat down on heaps of
ferns, &c."

These passages, although evidently dictated by a hostile spirit, and exhibiting perhaps a much ruder picture than the original warranted, are nevertheless valuable as records of something which cannot be very unlike the mode of living of the mere Irish when at their worst. The scene would be sufficiently picturesque on canvass. The feasters in front ; in the middle distance the fire ; and seen through its hazy light, the cattle in the back-ground, with glimpses of characteristic scenery through the open door and windows. The pipers and harpers might have conspicuous places near the hearth ; the founder of the feast himself, with his black beard and fur collar, would appear to advantage rising in the centre to propose "the King." The artist would require to take some lessons from an Irish antiquary, to represent the various sorts of horns and meathers which he would have to show rising simultaneously to ecstatic countenances, as the magical sounds echoed down the apartment. After the King, and the Prince of Wales, the other toasts proposed from the chair, were (we are informed by W. M.) the Duke of Berwick, Louis the Fourteenth, and the Pope ; after which, the host and hostess being drunk with all the honours, and Gillo being incapable of returning thanks from the desponding state into which he had fallen on the mention of his exiled monarch,

They strike up all their harps and trumps,
To drive away his doleful dumps ;

And after some music and dancing, fall to blows according to the approved programme of such a composition, and the piece terminates *More Thracum*.

We have now descended, step by step, with a sinking people, till we have sounded the lowest depth of national abasement. From this point, a more pleasing progress is before us, and we propose to accompany our countrymen in their ascent from that oblivious pool to where they now stand half-way up the steep—

Where Fame's bright temple proudly shines
afar—

in our next paper.

Invidious comparisons are the proper consolation of weak minds ; still, if

to know that other nations have been made the butts of equal obloquy, without impediment to their future reputation, will alleviate the pain that we cannot but feel in contemplating our own past condition, we can gratify that amiable weakness by the example of a neighbouring people, justly famous for all that makes a nation what we most desire to be. The perusal of "A Modern Account of Scotland," written in the year 1670, and printed in the 6th volume of the *Harleian Miscellany*, p. 135—142, ought to console the sorest. We mean the Scotch no offence; we admire and respect them; but we cannot resist making a few quotations, that sensitive minds among us may not feel companionless in contempt. They used to say that Ireland was so called from being the "land of Ire," and so sneered at our quarrelsome tempers; the author of the account of Scotland, derives the name of that country, with our Keatings and O'Flahertys from *Scota*, the daughter of Pharaoh, the king of Egypt.

"For," says he, "that the plagues of Egypt were entailed upon them, that of — (which is a judgment unrepeatd) is an ample testimony; these loving animals accompanying them from Egypt, and remaining with them to this day—the plague of boils and blains is hereditary on them—the judgment of hail and snow is naturalized and made free denizen there—and the plague of darkness is applicable to their gross and blockish understandings."

He gives them credit for a pure air, but then, says he—

"If it was not pure and well-refined by its agitation, it would be so infected with the stink of their towns, and the steams of the nasty inhabitants, that it would be pestilential and destructive; indeed, it is too thin for their gross senses, that must be fed with suitable viands; their meat not affecting their distempered palates without having a damnable hogoe; nor music their ears without loud and harsh discord."

See how open our modes of feeding are to ridicule! He thus descants on the Scotch tables:—

"King James's treat for the devil, that is, a poll of ling, a joll of sturgeon, and a pig, with a pipe of tobacco for digestion, had been very complete, if the ordering thereof had been assigned to a cook of this country, who can suit every dish with its proper hogoe, and bring corruption to your table only to mind men of mortality! Their meat is carion when it is killed, but after it has been a fortnight a perfuming with the aromatic air, strained through the clammy trunks of flesh flies, then it passes the trial of fire under the care of one of those exquisite artists, and is dished up in a sea of sweet Scotch butter, and so sent hot up to the table. To put one's head into their kitchen doors is little less than destruction."

As for the people themselves, the men "Are proud, arrogant, vain-glorious boasters; bloody, barbarous, and inhuman butchers. Cozenage and theft are in perfection among them, and they are perfect English-haters."

Their women he reproaches as unchaste. He ridicules their turf cabins, and straw seats; their rude horse furniture, "bridles, saddles, girth, stirrups, and crupper, all wood;" their barbarous music; their bare unfenced commons; their affectation of Latin; and, finally, their puritanical demeanour.

"If you crack a nut, there is a grace for that; drink a dish of coffee, ale, or wine, or what else, he presently furnishes you with a grace for the nonce; so, if you pair your nails, or any other action of like importance, he can as easily suit you with a prayer as draw on a glove; and the wonder of all this is, that the prayer shall be so admirably framed, that it may indifferently quadrate with any occasion," &c. &c.

The English themselves have not escaped the sneers of their more refined neighbours of the continent, and he who will take the trouble to read the works of Erasmus, if he should still think himself exposed too solitarily to the obloquy of so many scolding authors, will find material for retorting pretty effectually, and perhaps of carrying the war into the very houses and tables of the scorers.

SOME DOINGS LONG AGO AT CURRAGHBEG.

By the Author of "Hycinth O'Gara."

THERE was a time when I would as soon have turned play-actor, or any other out-of-the-way thing, as have myself put into a book; for, it wasn't counted credible in my young days for prudent people—women, above all—to be hawked about the world, and their names made common at every market-cross. But times are altered now. Nobody is ashamed of any thing, if they can only tell a story; and I was told, no later nor last Wednesday was eight-days, by one who knows what he says, that the grandest ladies and gentlemen, let alone them of a lower station, will print all about themselves and their friends, without the smallest concealment, and tell plenty, bad and good, as it comes into their heads, just to make divarsion for the world. Now, as to the doings of them above me, I can only give it upon hearsay, but it has come under my own knowledge, how near friends of my own, by the father's side, not counting neighbours neither kith nor kin to me, an't one bit daunted to expose themselves in very tolerable sized books, twice as grand as the primers formerly, and run off their tongues the most insignificant discourse, that one could hear every evening in the winter, from any old woman that called in to take an air of the fire. Some would try and persuade me that they make money by romancing in that way, but I never gave in to it, though I listen to them. I am too old, and made too much of my opportunities to give credit to every foolish story of that sort. Sure, my own sense tells me, if a book costs only a shilling, after it is made up by a printer, how could he ever afford to give the half of the money for nothing but the bare words? Besides, it stands to reason, that the trade, from first to last, has small profits; for I'm sure a poorer set don't walk the road nor ballad-singers; and I leave it to any man to judge, if they give value—paper, reading, and all—for the half-penny they ask. No. It is something besides money that makes all sorts so fond of printing themselves now-a-days. If the truth was known, I believe the spinning and weaving has a hand in it, for that industry is all

gone to nothing. A woman of good substance won't accomplish more nor what would keep one wheel going for the use of the house; and the poorer sort, that, when the world was what it was, made a little penny by their hanks every market-day, may just as well sit with their hands before them; for, after slaving their lives out, they won't be able to earn a pair of shoes in the half year. And now, isn't it quite plain, that when the hands has no loud employment to drown thinking, the thoughts will be flocking in thick, and the tongue will gallop right a-head, without looking before it. Take my word for it, that's the reason why mischief is so common among the poor, these idle times. They have nothing to do but plot, and scheme, and tell lies, and invent vulgar norations.

As for ladies and gentlemen, I don't know what to say in their excuse, seeing they never were given to much labour. One gentlewoman in a hundred never spun a strick of flax, worth the throw of a shuttle; and a gentleman's legs under a loom was a show that older eyes nor mine couldn't remember to hear tell of. The failing of trade, then, won't account for them scandalizing themselves and their forefathers, as I am credibly informed they do. What do you say to the life and adventures of people that nothing could be told of, being made public by their own near friends and blood relations? Wouldn't it surprise any dasent-reared body to hear that the dead can't be let rest in their graves, without them that comes after them, with friendship on their tongues, ripping up every bad story about them, and darkening their memory while the world lasts?—giving us to understand how one well-spoken man lived by tricking, and cheating, and joking—a poor story to be the inheritance of his children, if they wanted to make an honest character for themselves;—how another, with a title before his name, was ungrateful to the mother that bore him, and uncivil to the woman that joined hands with him at the altar, and unnatural to the child that expected to be reared upon his knee; and how another, born grand, that the world might be let to pity, if his memory

was spared, was little better nor a harum-scarum kind of self-willed poor creature, always getting into mischief, because only he hadn't sense to see the differ, so that the best that could happen to him was to die as soon as he could? All I say after that is, that if any of the neighbours want to shew their good-will to me after I am gone, they will make no freedom with my name, but just let the grass grow over me in peace, and leave the finding out of my sins to the One that can pardon them, and hide them out of sight for ever.

I often think, though, maybe, I'm wrong, that the reason why the people great and small, follows tattling and backbiting is, that the world has got more sense nor it knows what to do with, and so runs away with itself in that uncommon manner. Why, a child of ten years old has, at this present, more knowledge and understanding nor his grandfather, and won't put up with the treatment that satisfied them in former times. Mannerliness that, no doubt, was a pretty thing in its day, is only taught to dogs and wild beasts that get their bread by dancing. Kitchen maids won't be content without sleeves down to their wrists; footmen call themselves butlers, even with the livery lace round their collars; priests set up for gentlemen in their full shoot of black; grown up girls wear men's trousers; lumps of boys dress with women's stays; Protestants are cried down, and the other sort complimented. Policemen are ordered to be civil to the outdacious, and laws made to starve any of the ministers that hasn't the luck to be shot. Linen, and silk, and cloth, is made out of cotton; and rale young ladies learn to square their fists, so that they can box like troopers, if ever a fair match comes in their way.

But I am forgetting myself, and my own story, that isn't a bit worth hearing or telling, only a gentleman took a fancy to hear me talk of old times, and repeat stories of the doings in his grandfather's house, where I spent many a happy year, while I served them, that it would be hard to find the like in this unfortunate hour of the day. So it's just to oblige him that I make an old fool of myself this way, and he deserves more nor that from me.

I suppose I wasn't passing eighteen when I came to this country. It was an old promise that I was to go home with Miss Fanny, when she took up house-keeping, and, though I won't

say I wasn't sorry, and more besides me, for that matter, that she couldn't abide Sir Cadwallader Cruikshank, who had a house you could be lost in, but would join herself with Mr. Hasselton, who was a second son, with no family place, barring the glebe-house of Curraghbeg, yet I never once drew back, nor faulted the match, but went home with her just as cheerful as if I was follying her next sister, Miss Jane, who every body knows married the Earl of Rathmines. My station in the family was *head* housemaid — often having a girl under me, when they didn't know what to do with a poor orphan but to take her into the house, and try and make a servant of her. I might have rose higher, if I had a wish, but I never liked change, or wanted to be called "Miss," like some upsetters that I could name, since pillareens came in fashion, and pockets went out. Besides, I had as much respect paid me as the best of them — always dining in the hall, and my place waiting for me every Sunday on the jaunting car to go to church, only when Lady Rathmines's gentewoman was there, she and my aunt being a horse-load by themselves. Them Sundays I walked to church, with many other genteel people who were active on their limbs. And, sure enough, too much flesh, though a comely thing, is a great hindrance to the breath. I never coveted it, and was always remarkable for a slim carriage, so that people used to say I took after my aunt in nothing, only her little shoes.

She was the housekeeper; that is, she carried four big bunches of keys always in her pocket, when she didn't forget to leave them in every corner, and gave directions about making broth for the poor. But, to tell no lies, she did little besides; the rale business fell on Mrs. Rook, the lady's maid, who contrived to do all, and leave the credit to my aunt, seeing she liked it. To my mind, neither the master nor the mistress ever expected much from her, or judged her fit to be the head of the family; they only didn't like her to feel dependent, so they gave her a charge without much trouble. Before her misfortunes she was well known to the family, and well thought of, bein' come of people that were no discredit to the estate, where they lived longer nor the memory of man could go. Her father left his two daughters, herself and my mother, very good expectations at his death; but, I don't know

how it was, it didn't thrive with them after they got a settlement of their own. My mother, by all accounts, was an asy-going woman, who was content if she had what answered from one day to another, without troubling herself about care-keeping, or laying by; and my father had as genteel a sperrit, so, one way or other, all the substance they died possessed of wouldn't pay a quarter's lodging for the three children they left after them. It was a pity that the world went so contrary with them, for they were, one and other, of an ancient family, and spent their substance, as long as it lasted, with great credit.

My aunt was better off; she had no child to provide for, and old Archy M'Master, her husband, was a gathering man. He was not her equal by many degrees, for his father was from Scotland, but he gave her the best of good living, and left her a well stocked farm, and hundreds to boot, in bank. All went to the bad with her, in no time after his death. Cattle died; the house couldn't be kep in repair; her boy robbed her, and run off to America; and she lost three half years' rent out of her pocket, the very last gale she went to pay the agent. At last she was destroyed out and out, poor woman! without having a hand in it herself. The farm was thrown up to the landlord, racked and out of heart; but as he got a rise on it from the four and sixpence an acre, that she paid, to the five and twenty shillings that he got for it from the next tenant, he considered her case, and settled fifteen pounds a-year on her for her life. Many women could have lived like a queen on that handsome provision; but she never could make the two ends meet, or any thing near it. One half of the year she would have to stop from church, for want of shoes, and when she compassed them, it is likely she would have to keep the house as long again, with the tattering of her bonnet by the puppy dog. The family, besides providing her with fresh meat nearly every week, often fitted her out from head to foot, bran new from the shop; but there was some witchcraft over her, that wasted, and wore out, and soiled, and lost, and smashed, faster nor they could buy. After a time, they found out that there was no use in trying to make her comfortable, while she lived on her own means; so, before they were married, Mr. Hassleton and Miss

Fanny agreed together to take her home to themselves for the remainder of her life—for though she had little wit for this world, they knew she feared God, and would not tolerate sin in the house, or out of the house, among the servants.

There she lived, like the first gentlewoman in the land, only her money still galloped away, without any body knowing how or where it went. Snuff was the only thing, in the way of provision, that she had to buy, yet, the never a penny could she shew to the fore, and if the mistress and the young ladies, after they were born, hadn't often made her a handsome compliment, Peggy Anderson, the kitchen-maid, could have outdressed her any day. She never lost the friendship of her benefactors, but none of the family below stairs would have broke their hearts to see her flit any day. I, that was her own sister's daughter, came in for my share of her temper, as well as another, when there was nobody else to fix blame on; and, being young and foolish, I didn't make allowances as I ought, but would sulk, and hold my own, bytimes. Yet, after all, I will say that for myself, that I was as fond of her as any body could be of an aunt, with her oddities and ways. Once she took a thing in her head the powers of man wouldn't beat it out, and she was seldom at a loss to exercise her fancy. Meeting, as she did, with plenty of roguery, in her life-time, she could hardly be persuaded that truth or honesty was to be found any where, and would suspect her own shadow, if it looked at the key of the store-room. The most responsible couldn't escape her surmises. Even Mrs. Rook and Mr. Machonchy, the butler, not naming the rest, had often a reflection shaken upon them with her head. However, they winked at it, as they knew she couldn't help it, and that the master and mistress never gave heed to nothing that wasn't fair and open.

Being always a well-inclined woman, she laid it down for a rule in her own mind, that she never could do wrong, and she kep up to that; for, if any thing went astray that never was from under her own care, and that nobody else could ever have a hand in, she would put away the blame from herself entirely, and fix it on another, not meaning all the time to tell one word of lie, but only to come to the bottom of it. The way she did, was to sit

down and think who was likely to be unlucky, or who ever was guilty of a transgression. That was soon found out; and then she considered it was likely the fault lay at their door. For the first day or two she would only let out a whimper of a suspicion to whoever was in favour at the time, till, by rummaging in her own fancy, before the week was out, she was positive about it; and then she would swear a hole through a ladder, only she never swore, that what was impossible was true.

To shew my meaning, afraid that people might think I was over hard upon her, I will tell all about the glass sallad-bowl, that was near sending Sally Greene, the dairy-maid, away, she was so affronted, and kep me crying the whole day and night, without putting a bit into my head. Not a bit of business had my aunt to meddle with that bowl, it being in the care of James Preston, the footman; but, if she was in a hurry, she would snatch anything next her hand that was convenient, whether it would answer or no. Wanting something to hold the flour she was going to try and make paste with, she thought it too much trouble to ask for the proper vessel, and, seeing the pantry door open, and James out of the way, she carried off the sallad-bowl to her own room. How it happened nobody could ever tell; she said it only got the smallest clink with the rolling-pin; but, be that as it may, in a few minutes out she walked, with the beautiful article broke into three halves, as if you cut it with a knife. James was all of a heap with confusion. "Oh! Mrs. McMaster," says he, "what call had you at all to my charge? Haven't you plenty of things of your own to dabble about with, and not meddle with mine? at any rate, it is you will have to answer for it to the mistress." "I will do no such thing," says my aunt, sharply; "I am sure and certain it was cracked before. Any body with half an eye may see that it never would have come to pieces in my hands, if it got fair play by them that ought to be minding their business." There was no use in James clearing himself; she would have it that he cracked it, and then rummaged in her own mind to find out how it happened. Well! what did she fix on at last? That Sally, my own self, and James did it between us in a fit of roistering!! and, for no other reason, only because the day

before she heard us laughing, as well-behaved as any two girls, at him for slipping on the floor, when he was running to answer the hall-door. As I said before, Sally took it so to heart, that she was off with herself, only the mistress interfered, saying, that things would happen any day; and gave her orders steady, that nobody must cry, or rise an argument about smashes. Still my aunt was positive in her own mind, that we were the offenders; and, though she didn't speak out, she believed it to her dying day. If the word "sallad" was said before her, for many a long year after, she would give a little cough, shake her head, and look from under her eyes over at me, as much as to say, "where is the blush in your face?"

To tell the truth, she was the only cross we had; for, take us altogether, there never was a happier set, the envy of far and near. Every body was comfortable and content about the place, and, as for my aunt's contrariness, it seldom gave uneasiness to talk about. Not a loud word was heard from them up stairs from year's end to year's end, barring for lies; and not much of them was told, but by a new corner, now and then, for there was no toleration for them above or below; or when the master had to advise Briney Corigan, the turf-boy, who would go to the bad every three months, if he wasn't well threatened and fretted into his duty.

Some thought they encouraged innocence too much; but, in the end, I don't see they came to any damage by it. If Ned Ovens was not so smart a carpenter as Pat Nolan, he was an honest creature, civil and slow. The track of his tongue was never heard after him, nor the smell of sperrits seen in his company; and, if every body took advantage of him, the sin and the shame was theirs, not his. The worst didn't grudge him a good word, he was so harmless. Even my aunt always spoke largely of him, because he never cleared himself of bad gluing and nailing, when things came to damage by her means. He was so fond of us all, that he would rather do any little job at the gleebe for nothing, than work for high wages any where else; not but he was always paid cheerful, as if he was a master-builder.

I can say the same of Briney Corigan, though he wanted cheating more nor he got, and when his mind

was riz, would talk as if the house couldn't do without him. He was the wonderful Briney, sure enough! When I think of him, I cant help reflecting about consate; how it comes where it has no business; and brings foolishness and rashness in its company. But I'll say no more of Briney, now—the poor foolish boy! I'll come to him in another part of my story.

As for Hannah, the first cook we had, she was cracked, if ever woman was. She was a timrous, fidgeting creature, that could dress a dinner for the lord lieutenant, and make the loveliest gravy out of nothing; besides cutting turnips and carrots into twenty shapes. But, with all that cleverness, she didn't gain proper respect from them under her, one time being as high as the moon, and the next, playing the merryandrew for them. If they flattered her, after the place was readied up of an evening, she would take off stage dancers, hopping and jumping about the kitchen like a wild frog; or, maybe singing after an outlandish manner, between a screech and a snuffle. The very next minute she would fall to crying after somebody that was dead long ago, or that she was afraid might die before her, and usually finished all by going to bed in the dark to vex them, when she found they were laughing at her. At last they were forced to pension her off, she was getting so flighty; but she left the house with the good-will of big and little. Every body was sorry for her, only it was out of the question.

Then, there was Kitty Dove, him that was made gardener, after old Tom Fury's death. He was another creeper that the mistress took a fancy for, because he was never tired doing his business, and took directions without giving advice; though it was well known he thought there was too much curled parsley wasted in the kitchen; and morally hated old Miss Brandley for carrying away nosegays, every time she went into the garden. He had a wonderful knowledge of his trade, considering his slow speech. I believe he would know his own sollary or cabbage in America; and I doubt if he wasn't more tender of what grew out of the ground, nor many would be of their own flesh and blood. It was a common saying in the family, that if any one could make pot-herbs and flowers understand what was said to them, it was that same Kitty, he was so well acquainted with them. The young

ladies and gentlemen had their own fun with him, telling him hard names for the green-house; but the mistress wouldn't allow one word in his disparagement, after he sent in sea kale, as thick as my arm, at Christmas, and plainly confessed to Master Harry pulling the two peaches, though the poor child, that he loved nearly as well as himself, wasn't let into the garden again all the harvest.

Joe Rogers had the care of the cows; and, let them say what they pleased, and they said plenty, I never could see much to fault in him, if he wasn't so hard of hearing, and walked uneven on his legs, and his head a one side. Whoever thought much of themselves, Joe was not the man. He would take a check from any runner that had no business to put in his word, and stand parleying with them, when he ought to bid them hold their tongue. He couldn't go about any thing as if he knew how to do it, no, not what he had to do every day of his life. Then all the blame in the place might be laid on him, and if he was fending and proving from morning till night, the not a word would he know how to say for himself, being seldom sure whether he was right or wrong. The cattle knew his failing just as well as the rest of the people, and paid him no attention; one unruly cow in particular, that could be tolerable obedient to the dairy-maid, but, if he said a word of rebuke, while she was milking, her foot was in the pail that minute, to shew the little value she set on him. More nor that, I don't think the calves themselves would think it worth their while to sup their milk when he held the can, if hunger didn't make them mannerly; and he might whistle and shout his life out, before a hoof would move at his bidding, till the dogs helped him, more, I can well believe, for the sake of the gallop, and liking to see the cows kick up their heels before them, than for any feeling for Joe. What kep him in his place was his stupidity and his wife. She was a terrible woman at the tongue, with the use of her hands besides; so it was more comfortable for Joe to leave the house to herself by day. There was no resort allowed to her about the glebe, where wickedness in man or woman had little welcome. By that means he was saved many a bargeing, and many a sore back; and the master and mistress being pitiful about his infirmities and his crosses, when he

had no misdemeanour, let him shuffle on after the cows, in great peace and toleration.

The boy from the gap didn't belong to us at all. He got no footing inside the house; nothing but his dinner on Sundays and Thursdays. He was an ill thriven, sickly thing, and lazy into the bargain. Work was often laid out for him, but it wouldn't agree with him; not so much as weeding in the garden of a fine summer's day, or sweeping the yard after a hurry of potatoes. He was not the sort to bring credit to a gentleman's place, by being seen about it, and still you couldn't help pitying him. He had no friend to look to for a night's lodging, after the master that took him 'prentice out of the charter school, to learn the weaving, died. The poor man had a heavy handful of him for near thirty years, as he was fit for nothing but to sit by the fire, with a child on his lap, or carry a can of water from the well; but he shared what he had with him to the last; and it was only when death broke up the house, that he had the wide world for an inheritance—a poor portion that is for them that has nothing else—and the boy from the gap had no consolation before him but starvation, if the people at Curraghbeg, and another lady hadn't undertook to look after him. He was the very moral of what you might safely call a forlorn bird, in his way of sitting and looking; not but I often had my suspicion, that he might, of an odd turn, be more lively, if he wasn't afraid of being asked to find out if his hands were made for nothing only to carry victuals to his mouth. He was the lucky boy, any how, for he lived like an estates man, without cost or care; and, if he had more discretion, it would only be a hindrance to his ease.

As I remarked before, he had no right to be counted in the family; though many judged, by seeing him going in and out so often, that he belonged to us. And, moreover, the master gave countenance to the report; for, he often said in a joke, when herself would put him up to find fault with any of them, that it was she ought to get the reprimand, for keeping such a pack about her, and that if there was a half-witted orphan in all Ireland, they would be sure to find their way to Curraghbeg, and fix themselves there for life.

If some of the Christians deserved that character, it didn't belong to the

dumb brutes that lived under our roof. Old as I am, I will take it on me to say, that a more sensible set of cats, and dogs, and rabbits, and birds, and pigeons and sparrow-hawks couldn't be found in the three kingdoms, leaving out the ugly little cur, Cleopatter, that Miss Kate countenanced, because she was found youlling on the road, without a friend to own her.

The cats that I most favoured, in my time, was Lilla, Harriet, and Mulvy. She had her name from the woman that reared her. Of all them three, Lilla was the most fitted for a gentleman's house, never desiring to leave the hearth-rug, and not given to hunt for mice, unless, like fools, they just walked into her mouth. She was spoiled for that trade when she was a kitten; for Miss Fanny, who owned her, told myself, she was then about eight, or going on nine, that she didn't chuse a cat belonging to her to have the vulgar trick of catching rats and mice. And indeed, she was so watchful, and warned, and fed, and petted on laps, that she gave no uneasiness that way. However, she had a gentleman's taste of her own, for all the canaries went down her throat, one after the other, till the mistress's heart was broke, and she gave out her commands that no more bird-cages should come inside the house. I may as well tell the truth, though I joined in abusing Lilla, yet, when the last came to a bad end, and the cage sent a packing, I didn't feel half as sorry as I ought, for they gave me more trouble nor six grown-up people. There is no keeping a house clean where ever so little a bird has liberty to be splashing and throwing about seeds, morning, noon and night, not counting the dread of their lives when the family leaves home, and wont take the cats with them. Still, I took good care to keep my mind to myself, for afraid my aunt might say it was my doing, and not the cats, she being partial to Lilla, because she was no thief. And though she was my aunt, I may say it now, that she often left a door open after her that ought to be kept shut.

But Mulvy was the cat that didn't get her living for nothing. I never laid my eyes on such a mouser. She would lie in the same spot for the length of the day, without stirring, watching for her enemy; and, if it shewed but an inch of its snout, pop, she was on it, and there was an end of it. That cat never got the credit she

deserved, from the fashion of making free with what didn't belong to her. My aunt was too hard upon her for the leg she ran away with, the day there was so little cold meat for the company's lunch, and she trying to make the most of the turkey, by cutting it up in joints, and spreading it over the dish, garnished thick with tongue-grass. From that hour she was the worst in the world. Yet, after all, what prudence was to be expected from a cat, brought up in a cabin, where her life depended on what she could snatch? But my aunt was not the woman to make allowances. We never could rear a kitten of her's, for, do what we could, they would take to eating crickets, and died off by degrees, till, when she went, the last of the breed went with her.

Poor Harriet didn't turn out as well as she promised. There are ups and downs in the world with cats as well as with living creatures, and Harriet had her share of them. She came to our house, just weaned, in a basket lined with wool, with a bracelet of blue riband tied about her neck in a bow knot, as mild and gentle as a lamb, and a great admiration to the whole family. If I was put to my affidavit, I could declare that there was no pains spared in her education, though my aunt used to hint at me, and Master George, who claimed her as his property, often said, "*somebody*," meaning me, for he doated alive on my aunt, "was to blame." With a safe conscience I can say I did my best by her, whipping and dragging, and rubbing her nose till you thought not a bit would be left; but, at last, even her friends up stairs agreed that she could get no liberty through the house, and, beauty as she was, we had to banish her to the stables. The creature wouldn't live there; but made a lodging for herself in the scrubbery, near the hall-door; and as soon as one of the family walked out, there she was ready to attend them, like any lap-dog, never shewing the smallest jealousy for being turned out. At meal-times she would take her walk quietly to the kitchen window to ask for her share, and take it thankfully outside, when the others were served comfortable under the table. The mistress grew fonder of her every day, and gave directions to the dogs not to hunt her, which they dropped after one or two good beatings; and it's likely she

was as content, after a time, with her out-door lodging, as them that had a good fire to stretch themselves before. Any way, she had no one to blame but herself for her treatment.

Big dogs are a troublesome article to have about a house, they eat so much, and, when they are good-natured, they jump upon one's back, and leave the mark of their dirty paws upon one's clothes. The four we had I often wished far enough, for that ugly freedom, though myself and the childer cried the full of your two hands the day some venomous ruffian poisoned poor Orlando Furioso, for being watchful over the property. The others were safe enough, big as they looked, for all the world knew they were asy cowed. Most of the little dogs, from Snap to Cicero, were pleasing company when one was alone, and all wise enough for their own ends; but, of all the dogs that ever came across me, Pincher flogged. He was a clumsy, bandy-legged, yellow, sulky-looking fellow, that had no call to the family, and was not a bit like one of them, being nothing but a follower of Tim Donnybrook, the steward, where he lived entirely, only all the day he was at his master's heels; and, if Tim's business brought him into the house, Mr. Pincher would make no bones of walking in after him, and stopping as long as he stayed, without ever making free with one of us. It is as true as you are standing there, that I was three years acquainted with that dog, before he once let on to know me from the greatest stranger, and Miss Fanny, who set her heart upon making friends with him, never, in all that time, got so much as a wag of a tail from him. Even if he met the master on the avenue, and that he said "well, Pincher," which was all the notice he ever took of any of them, not being addicted to dogs, not a haporth would the dark brute do or say, but slinge by as if he had neither eye-sight nor hearing. Yet he didn't want for penetration, or proper gratitude, for he took good care of his master's things, whether left in his keeping or not; and I believe he would have died of hunger sooner nor leave a faggot belonging to him, till himself or one of the childer came to claim it. If Tim had to go to a fair, Pincher stayed at his own house, till he came back, nor would he move a foot inside the gate if every one of the dogs that he knew from the time

he was a pup, were tearing about, barking mad, and making sport for themselves in the next field to him.

People laugh at me when I say it, but I was ever of the same mind, that cabin-born curs takes after Christians in shewing their early opportunities. They get vulgar ways in their youth that no education will beat out of them. If they are distant it is all awkwardness, and, if they are agreeable inclined, they make too free. I noticed that, in Pincher, when, after a while, he got shut of his sulks. He would come half-way, as if ready to speak to you, and then turn short, with a side-long scamper, and if he barked for welcome it had a sound as if he was ashamed.

In spite of his awkward disposition he met with no persecution. The mistress rather favoured him all through, and said, in my own hearing, that he had a character of his own. Many would think that was a quare thing to say of a cur of his kind, but few had her judgment, and even my aunt, who couldn't abide Tim Donnybrook, or one belonging to him, never denied that Pincher was honest, and no flatterer for his own ends; a commendation that deserves a character for man or beast.

At last, he got himself into friendship with us all, by shewing what we thought wasn't in him. Herself and the three young ladies walked to see Ally Donnybrook while Tim was away at the market. They hardly got leave to sit down, when what should Mr. Pincher do, but welcome the four of them, by scampering through the room and putting his fore paws into every one of their laps! Miss Fanny declared to me, and she was one knew what she said, that he would have licked her face downright, if she didn't hold back her head quite stiff. From that out he was an altered dog; he never forgot the compliment paid to his owners; doing what he could to shew civility to every one of the family whenever they came in his way; and though, as I said before, it was after an ungainly manner, still it told well for his gratitude and consideration.

The only enemy he had in the house was Cedrick, the sparrow-hawk, who never coveted to see his face inside the door; but he was as evil inclined to Mr. Machonchy, and the coachman and the kitchen-maid, as well as to Pincher, and could yelp like ten if they offered to go near him. It was

no wonder that he hated Sally, for he was obstinate beyant her bearing, and she had to give him many a good slap with her rubber. No place would serve him to take up his perch but one of the windows, and a pretty condition he used to leave them in. You might hunt him forty times a day out of them, and the minute your back was turned off he was to them again, ready to yelp and roar and claw any body that offered to disturb him. I have seen the master himself try to flatter him on his wrist, when he was settled in his favourite spot, but he was as little civil to him as to Sally, and would make battle, till he was pushed, and scolded, and slapped into his own corner, where he stopped just as long as the fist was shook at him, and no longer, fighting and snarling all the time. Not a man in the country knew how to keep his own better nor that bird; and, if you once offended him, he would neither forgive nor forget. After all, he was ungrateful. He had as much liberty in and out of the house as he ought to wish for. When he was hungry, all he had to do was to sit at the larder-door till he was remarked, and, whoever wanted, his bit of fresh meat was ready for him, being well attended to by my aunt, who was like a mother to him, and he professed the greatest friendship for her. We didn't heed letting his wing grow, as he was no wanderer in general, and never was reduced to furrage for himself. But the cunning thing was only blinding our eyes all the time; for, as soon as he was able to be his own provider, he gave up the comfortable berth he had of it, without the smallest warning, and took to hunting for a livelihood.

He was the only living thing that ever left the place of his own accord, once they were tutored into the customs, barring Master Robert's pigeons, all bred and born with us, and, whatever came into their foolish heads, they chose to fly away to Jemmy Savage, and stay with him. Maybe all the blame didn't lie at their door. I wouldn't wrong the dead; but there is no use in denying it, that people said Jemmy knew what he was about.

It was just then that Briney Corrigan made the fool of himself, in earnest, besides bringing trouble on me, that might have been a sore hindrance to my poor prospects, only my part was taken by them that upheld good conduct and discretion, in spite of what

could be said to the contrary. My aunt was the very woman herself that first took him by the hand. She persuaded the mistress to try him with the turf and the post-bag, because his father died before he came to his strength, and nobody was willing to be bothered with him, at the same time answering for his tractability and honesty. It was hard for the best to keep her favour long, above all, one of his wilfulness, that would not be always at her call; so very shortly she wished to get another in his place. But, when any body got a footing in that house, it wasn't asy to ferret them out, while they could be controlled for their good. And so it was with Briney. It was hard to deal with him, for certain, for he only thrup upon correction. Nothing else would do with him. If he was a fortnight without a hurrying from the master, or herself, there was no getting him to do a hands-turn regular. Neither did commendation agree with him. It made him so proud that he didn't know whether he was standing on his head or his heels. After being well badgered, nobody was like him for duty and obedience; and then the mistress often tried to give him courage by noticing his willingness.

"Briney did that very well," she used to say, or, "Briney deserves credit for the good order he has every thing in;" or, maybe, "Briney, I am glad to see you are a good boy. I will tell your master how careful you are about the geese. That last goose did you a great deal of credit, Briney."

Well, her back would hardly be turned, when my gentleman would take his seat by the fire, and begin to give his orders like a fogleman. The never a bit of business would he look after for that day, or demean himself by throwing a sod of turf on the fire. He was so good in his consate, that he thought it was a pity to be better; and if a word was said to him by one of us, in the way of advice, we got our answer sharp and plain, that he would walk up to the drawing-room that minute, and we should soon see, to our cost, whose word would be believed first. When his foolishness was found out, good care was took, you may be sure, to pass by any little behaviour there might be in him, and to be down upon him for every trifle; and, by that means, he was saved from going to the bad entirely.

He never knew what was coming to him out of his wages. When there

was as much as fifteen shillings due to him, he would be surprised to hear that he was not in advance: nor did he care if he hadn't a penny in his pocket, only at the fair of Ballyclougharden. That day he always brought the mistress a fairing of threepenny toasting cakes, that he had the satisfaction of seeing go up on a plate by themselves, by her own orders; and, not a bit ever came down, though I believe Snap and Lilla got the best share of the treat.

As for his religion, he was no way bitter in it, so that he had his turn to go to mass; and then, little he cared about it; for he would stop at home any Sunday, if one of us flattered him properly to give us our liberty. At first, he was on his guard, as the family had a bad name with the priest for encouraging Bible-reading in the house. Any Roman servant was well watched by Tim Donnybrook, who was a spy for Father Clancy, who didn't wish one of his flock to live in so turning a place. After all, nobody, at that time, turned all-out in it, only one, and about a-half—that was John Graydon and the girl that run off to America from the persecution.

Briney got into the same danger innocent enough. The mistress, not wishing to have him without a word in his head, among a set so well read as ourselves, fixed that he should have two hours every day to go to school. That plan was soon stopped by the priest who took no notice of him before. He sent for him and told him that he was a scandal to the name of Corigan, and that he ought to beg his bread through the world sooner nor disgrace himself soul and body by going to a Protestant school. Briney was so proud of his advice, that he was ready to take the road that same hour, and said so up to her own face. Some thought he deserved to lose their favour by such ingratitude; but they didn't judge it in that way. After reasoning cases with him he got liberty to stop, provided he gave his mind to reading in the house. That satisfied him. He was prouder nor ever for having so much talk about him; and, for two whole days, the book was never out of his hand. Little good he got by all the trouble that every one of us had with him. First, the mistress began, but he fairly harrished the life out of her before he could tell the differ between *a* and *b*. Next, my aunt gave him one lesson that sickened

her of the tutorage. Then, we all took him in turn, till our hearts were broke; and at last, Mr. Machonchy tried his hand with him. He was a man fit for a college education, with words on his tongue that were no where but in books; and it was expected by the family, that if any body could make Briney a scholar, it was Mr. Machonchy. He failed. What he rehearsed to day, he forgot tomorrow, and the way he mis-called his spelling was a pity to hear. Mr. Machonchy behaved like a man of courage for ever so long; till, in the end, he confessed to us in private, that he would get more credit by one of the white ducks, if he put a book in their hand, nor ever he expected from all his trouble with that unfortunate Briney. As to writing, he never got out of pothooks and hangers; and that was the end of his learning.

Careless as he was about money, he liked to have the name of it, and to be thought one of substance; chiefly when he heard others reckoning up their earnings. To get a rise out of him—which was asy to do any day—the earl's postillion—and a little jackeen he was, in spite of the tassel of his cap—counted it up for him on a slate, that his wages only came to a halfpenny a day; while others, with not half his work, got twenty times as much. His sperrit was up in a minute. He walked stiff into the hall to the butler, gave the post-bag into his hand, and asked to get a settlement at once, as he was going to better himself in some other place where good servants would be treated with proper consideration. Them up stairs, had their own laughing when they got the message. The master lost no time to write his discharge, and had him called up to give it into his own hands. He begun very grave to say he was sorry that the place didn't answer, as he had no fault to find with him but want of sense now and again.

"But," says he, "you are under a mistake about wages. Instead of only a halfpenny a day, you have three halfpence besides perquisites; and I consider your place a very profitable one. However, since you are not content you are right to go away. Good morning to you, Briney, I hope to hear of your doing well."

Briney was softened all to nothing. He couldn't say one word for crying. Down he run to Mr. Machonchy to intrate him to stand his friend only that once, and that he would be a good boy

to the end of his days if he got leave to stop. The master seemingly made a little demur, but when the mistress and all of us—only my aunt—went bail for him, he took back the discharge; and Briney, with a light heart, buckled on the post-bag again.

If I was to go over the half of that boy's foolishness, I wouldn't have done till tomorrow night; so I will, once for all, tell the pretty scrape he brought me into, that you may judge the kind of sense he had. He was about twenty, or a thought more when he was promoted from the turf to the stable; and as his wages was raised, the master paid him off the old score, that he might be clear what was coming to him in the future. The king himself never was half so proud of his riches as Briney was when three pound fifteen was put into his hand. He thought he could buy the world with it; and would do nothing that live-long day but walk about with his hands in his pockets showing his money to every comer. Them about the stables, and—though it doesn't tell to the credit of their discretion—some, out of the very hall with ourselves, colloqued together to blow his brains out. They flattered him into the notion that he ought to set up for himself now he was so rich; and not to be content with a wife that wouldn't bring him the fortune he was well entitled to. The terrible grander believed every word they said; and nobody was thought good enough for him but myself!!! Well, now I am telling it as if I was on my oath before forty justices of the peace. They wrought so with him that his senses left him there entirely; and while he was in that blundering condition, they packed him in to my aunt to demand me in marriage, provided she portioned me with twenty pound in hand, and the six silver spoons with her own coat of arms!

I own it, I was no enemy to the boy. I never gave him a hard word when others abused him or carried stories to his disadvantage; but I can clear my conscience, that a thought of you, Briney Corrigan, never once crossed my fancy sleeping or waking. Why, I would as soon have cut off my head as matched with one of his breeding and profession, supposing he had his weight in gold: nor did one about the house, though they joked more nor was prudent, surmise so much to my discredit. But my aunt; oh, if she wasn't the woman! My aunt was fit

to be tied. She never was in a passion before; and all her anger fell upon poor pilgarlic, for bringing such an affront upon her. If I went down upon my bare knees to her she wouldn't believe me but that I was a bachelor and a low-minded disgrace to my birth and parentage. She exposed me before them all, by telling how I had a bad drop in me from my grandmother by the father, who was come of a Roman stock; and she declared how my heart was fixed upon tramping off to mass with beads in my hand and holy water in my pocket. The life left me three times, while she rated at me after that manner; for I was a well-instructed girl that knew my religion as well as many; and it went sore againe me to be accused of a leaning to the priest. As for my grandmother, I always considered her to be a good Protestant, she being dead twenty years before I was born; besides I didn't care a straw about her, so I offered to renounce her upon the spot. I offered to read my recantation before the master or the bishop, to clear my character from ever being a papist, in thought, word, or deed. I offered to lodge a complaint of Briney with the mistress; and never to look one of the name of Corigan straight in the face, or change a word with them while my name was Betty. Pooh! you might as well whistle jigs to a mile-stone as talk reason to her when her mind was properly astray. She called in Mrs. Rook and Mr. Machonchy to witness that I did not belong to her; and then brought down the mistress to have me turned off directly. At first she was started. She put her two eyes through and through me, till I thought hanging would be counted too good for me; but when I got a hearing for myself, and when Mrs. Rook backed me by telling how the boy was put up to it, I explained it so clear that I lost no ground in her favour. The master, too, took my part in a way that vexed my aunt more nor any thing; for, he said, Briney showed himself a man of sperrit to look so high.

"But, Mrs. Mc'Master," says he, "I would advise, if you give your consent and the twenty pounds, to keep your spoons. Young house-keepers can do without plate very well in the beginning."

That joke set all the house joking. From the top to the bottom, you could hear nothing but skitting and laughing at my expense, only from my aunt,

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who fell to clear-starching, to be ready to leave the country the minute I disgraced her, which she promised I would do before a week was out. I bore all pretty well till Mr. Machonchy, who was an elderly man, careful in his speech and without a bit of fun in his stiff shoulders, came into the kitchen, and as he passed me by, took off his hat with a low bow, hoping Mr. Corigan was well when I last heard from him. That finished me. If they laughed before, they roared now; and I ran out of the house from pure spite and vexation. Who was the first I met, but Briney, riding the horses from water, and whistling like the earl's groom of the chambers? I was a girl—I may say it now—that wasn't cliver at an answer, or smart with my tongue; but whatever came over me then, I was so entirely provoked with him, and them, and my aunt, that I fell to scolding at him like mad. Every minute I only got the more angry, for he looked so foolish when he began to stutter his apology, that I was beside myself at his impudence, in ever daring to think of me. I said, what I was sorry for after—slighting things that a stone wall wouldn't tolerate. I said he was more like a leprachaun nor a Christian. I said that the lame turkey had more sense and discretion; and I said that the poorest girl in Ireland wouldn't look the same side of the way with him, or touch him with a pair of tongs.

"Hould your foolishness," says he, turning on me, like a wild bull; "I'll soon show you the differ; and you'll live to be sorry that you lost your luck when it came in your way."

With that, he trotted off, and we never saw his face for two days, when the news came before him, that he was married to a widdy's daughter, as passable a girl as any in her station, and hard working and discreet in her manner. What tempted her, nobody ever could find out, if it wasn't his three pound fifteen, and his bragging of the friendship of them at Curraghbeg. Nor was he or she disappointed in their expectations. It all ended by making him gate-keeper, with labour all the year round. He was sober and industrious; and she, being clean and active, soon made things look up about them; so that, if she hadn't credit out of Briney, he had credit out of her. But, to tell the honest truth, there were worse heads to a woman in the country nor himself.

One would think I might have a quiet life with my aunt after he was out of the question; but that wasn't her way. She never stopped hinting at me, drawing down parables, and shaking her head; no, not even after I was married by the master, and gave away by Mr. Machonchy, till my husband, who was of as good a family as herself, took her up quite short, one day, that she asked me how I would

like to live in a gatehouse; and he said that he wouldn't allow the king or queen to drop a whimper again his wife. From that out she didn't venture to cast up any thing uncommon.

I have told enough now for one turn. I didn't come to the rebellion yet, for I was bid not. But, when I am called upon, I can tell more about it nor any living now.

INLAND SEA IN THE SWAN RIVER SETTLEMENT.*

OUR readers are, of course, aware that the existence of some inland sea, great lake, or mighty river traversing the Australian Continent, has been the subject of frequent conjecture. In fact, without such supposition, it is difficult to account for many of the phenomena which daily meet the eye in that remarkable country. A few of these we shall enumerate. The most striking feature, common to almost every known portion of Australia, is a chain of mountains running parallel to the sea coast, at the average distance of forty or fifty miles inland. The country within this range is, especially on the western coast, of a superior quality; the narrow stripe between the mountains and the sea being comparatively light and sandy. As yet no rivers of any magnitude have been discovered penetrating the range and falling into the sea. On the other hand, there does not appear to be any serious deficiency of springs and streams in the interior, at least on the western side; while on the eastern, a large river, the Darling, has been some time since discovered, at a considerable distance in the interior, steering its course, not towards the mountains, but *inland*, in a north-westerly direction. The coast on the eastern side of Australia has been for a great distance accurately surveyed; and no such river has anywhere been found to fall into the sea; nor is there, in fact, any gorge or valley by which it could make its way through the mountain range. It has been conjectured that this river traverses the whole continent, and disembogues itself on the N.W. coast, somewhere to the west of Dampier's Land. That it does not do so on the eastern or southern coasts, is almost

ascertained beyond question. The known accuracy of the surveys of Captain Flinders, renders it exceedingly improbable that he should have overlooked a river such as this must have become, before it could reach the Gulf of Carpentaria. The whole coast from this gulf to the point we speak of, the western extremity of Dampier's Land, has been surveyed by Captain Philip King, so recently as 1822.

So far for *negative* evidence as to the future course of the Darling, after leaving the British settlements on the S.E. coast. It is true that much light has been thrown upon the probable course of this river by the discoveries of that most able and enterprising officer, Captain Sturt, which render it not unlikely that this river may fall into the Murrumbidgee or Murray river. Still, however, the whole character of the interior as described by that officer, would rather confirm the supposition of an inland sea, surrounded by an immense swampy margin, covered with reeds, which assumes the character of lake, or coarse pasturage, according to the nature of the season. It does not appear that these swamps, if they may be so called, are unwholesome — whence it would seem likely that they are merely the overflowing of some great interior basin.

It is, perhaps, impossible to draw any inference from the similarity or difference of the language, manners, and habits of the natives on the eastern and western coasts of Australia, as it is difficult to ascertain whether the existence of an inland sea would promote or retard communication between them. We should be inclined, however, to think that they would be more likely to become acquainted with each

* Evidences of an Inland Sea, collected from the Natives of the Swan River Settlement, by the Hon. George F. Moore, Advocate-General of Western Australia. Dublin: William Curry, Jun. and Co. 1837.

other by coasting along the shores of a Mediterranean sea, than by crossing a desert of two thousand miles diameter. There exist, apparently, on the same coast, dialects so different, as to deserve the title of distinct languages. There are also tribes wholly unlike in appearance, in every respect, except the colour of the person. The hair is in many of these nations long, frequently flaxen. Some are handsome, and of Asiatic features; others like the European; while a great number are like the Africans, and inhabitants of New Guinea. There is also great variety in the size and strength of the various races of human beings inhabiting the known parts of this immense Continent.

In character and disposition there is a general resemblance. Where they have not been degraded by convict intercourse, they are a hasty, proud race, but more open and free from suspicion and treachery than most savages. They have been proved remarkably intelligent, not merely in their own pursuits, but in learning ours. At the Paramatta schools they have borne away prizes from the European children; and they have one species of talent which we should very highly estimate, namely, they learn our language much more quickly than we do theirs; and what is perhaps confined to them among all our savage acquaintances, they speak it with as much grace and correctness where they have been at all cultivated, as it could be done by our most educated classes. We have, perhaps, diverged a little from our subject, in thus dwelling on the character of the natives, but we cannot resist the desire to vindicate a much injured, and, therefore, much maligned race, from the ignorant aspersions of those who, like Messrs. Inglis, Barrow, & Co. spend three weeks in a country, and then come home and sit down to write a very pretty book, divided into nicely balanced chapters of "Manners, Habits, &c." "Religion, Politics, &c." "Climate, Antiquities, &c." "Municipal Reform, Poorlaws, Church Establishment, &c." and then are balloted for, and duly installed members of the Travellers' Club, are introduced by Lady M. to Lady N. as "Mr. Halppeer, the traveller," and strut forth to mystify the unhappy ears of their fellow theorists by the weight of their experience.

There is one principle which we think has been most mischievously

disregarded by settlers and colonial governments; namely, the necessity of preserving in the native that self-respect which in default of higher motives constitutes our material to work upon in rendering him a safe and useful neighbour. This feeling, almost without exception, falls a sacrifice to his awe at the superior power and civilization of the invader; and we appeal to experience with confidence when we assert that there has hardly been an instance where the first effect of this awe has not been to render the natives friendly and willing to learn, until we taught them only our vices, and then murdered them for becoming apt pupils. We should remember that for us to shoot the game of the native is to the full as great an injury as for him to spear our sheep; but in fact in Sydney and Van Diemen's Land, the very human beings have been shot for mere sport, and as an habitual practice; while if one of them spears a white man, he is caught and formally executed. Even the Swan River colony has been disgraced by such deeds on one or two occasions; and the ruffian settler allowed to pass on his course, instead of being hung to the highest branch of the highest tree amid a grand assembly of the native tribes, invited to witness England's justice.

One very singular peculiarity of all the natives of Australia we cannot avoid noticing. All the inhabitants of this continent, as well as those of Van Diemen's Land, make use of a weapon entirely unknown in any other country. Those on the east coast call it the "gomerah" or "boomerang;" those on the west the "kylé-ee." It consists of a curved piece of heavy wood like the knees used in shipbuilding, but flat on one side, and slightly rounded on the other. The peculiarity of this instrument consists in this, that when thrown properly it describes nearly a figure of eight, the person throwing being at the crossing or rather to the right of it. To describe its motion more exactly thus; it is thrown as if to strike the ground at the distance of thirty yards, instead of doing which, it whirls along forming a figure like a pear, turning at about 70 yards, and returning, it passes the person throwing it, on his left side; and turning again behind him at from ten to twenty yards, comes back, and after spinning a moment in the air, falls beside him.

The use of the weapon is to place

their foe between two fires, and thus overcome the quick eye which enables him to watch the direction of the spear. They throw the "kylé-ee," so that it shall come up behind their antagonist, and while he, aware of this, looks round, he receives the spear which they hold in the other hand; or if he prefer watching the latter, he is struck in the back by the double-edged instrument coming with incredible speed and force. It is also used in killing birds, who are sure to go off at the back of the tree when alarmed, and are met by this new enemy. So very singular and beautiful is the action of the "kylé-ee" that we should, with difficulty, have credited it, had we not ourselves been witnesses to its performance when thrown by a friend in this country, the brother of our author, to whom some had been sent, and who has made others on the same model, which he has frequently exhibited to the astonishment of parties of friends.

One scene between our author and some natives, has such a curious coincidence with one of the customs alluded to in Scripture that we shall extract it :—

"Whilst engaged in this conversation, one of the men in the outermost hut suddenly shouted an exclamation in a tone of surprise and alarm—*Waow Yoongar* (the term by which they designate themselves.) This started us all on our feet, when we saw the man, with his spear poised, holding at bay two figures which stood at a little distance. The strangers had a downcast, submissive, melancholy look; the alarm gradually subsided, the spears were dropped from the hands, and the men silently approached. Thinking it was merely some chance arrival, I seated myself again; but Coodenbung's attention was rivetted, and he shortly whispered me to go and ask who was dead. Dead? how? where? said I, in surprise. Do you see one with his arms about the other? I went near, and saw one sitting on the ground, and one of the strangers seated upon the thighs of that one, his legs pushed out on either side, the stranger's arms embracing the body of the other, who held his hands under the stranger's thighs—breast to breast—and cheek to cheek. Who is dead? No answer but a shake of the head. After a time, the stranger arose, and the other said, 'Now, I'll speak.' It appears that a man called 'Wango,' a relative of this family, had been killed that day by the Dyerrring tribe—this messenger had come to announce the event; whether to warn them of danger, or to arouse them to re-

venge, I could not learn. This gave occasion to Weenat to explain to me their laws, that when one dies or is killed, the relative of a certain degree is bound to avenge the death, by killing one of the same age and sex, belonging to another or to the offending tribe; that the man who was killed was a nephew of Goongal, who was bound to avenge the death—uncle of nephew—brother of brother—son of father or mother,—that he himself had an old account to settle for the death of a brother, which he would revenge on a child of the Dyerrring tribe, if he could see one; and he finished by saying, that white men did not kill one another so—that black men had no understanding.—Being desirous of having some further communication with the stranger, I found that he had already disappeared; thus proceeding on his melancholy mission with the same stealthy silence with which he had arrived. His former companion, 'Needyal,' who remained behind, had been a mere chance conductor from a neighbouring tribe."

We refer our readers to the mode of swearing described in the 24th chapter of Genesis, 2nd verse. The oath imposed upon Joseph by his father Jacob is similar; and it would appear that in the present instance the ceremony was an oath to avenge the death of the kinsman.

But to return to our subject. It is a remarkable fact that the waters of Australia, especially in the interior, frequently disappear in an unaccountable manner after running some distance. This cannot be the result, either of the heat or of the sandy nature of the soil, as both these are much more prevalent in many other portions of the globe where the same phenomenon does not occur; we would call the attention of our readers to a circumstance frequently observed to take place in our own country on the sea-coast, where little streams are often seen to prefer sinking for ever into the sand, to pursuing their course down the slope to the water's edge. This is never found to be the case unless a great body of water at a lower level is at hand, which acts as an external drain, and prevents the sand from ever becoming saturated.

We now come to those indications of a more positive nature which the pamphlet before us has for the first time afforded to the public. Before we do so, however, we must remind our readers of a fact which is already probably familiar to them, and which our author expresses thus :—

"That these collected waters discharge themselves into the ocean, somewhere on the north-west coast of the continent, has been thought probable, as well from the high tides and discoloration of the sea, as from currents running rapidly seaward and carrying driftwood, which Dampier, King, and others, have observed off that part of the coast."

It cannot, we think, be said, that the facts stated in the pamphlet of Mr. Moore amount in any degree to a distinct proof, or complete chain of evidence, as to the existence of the vast body of water which he conjectures to occupy the interior of the Australian Continent; nor do we think that they are intended as such by our author; but that they are very singular, and that they do afford strong reasons for such a supposition, cannot be denied; and we are happy to learn that Mr. Moore had made arrangements for a regular expedition of inquiry to commence about September last; for the result of which we shall wait with considerable impatience. We are also rejoiced to find that the subject has been taken up by his majesty's government at home, at the desire of the Geographical Society, and that an expedition, under Lieutenants Gray and Lushington, is shortly to sail in the *Beagle*, to explore the interior to the north-east of the Swan, and the coast to the west and north, and especially Dampier's inlet.

We shall now give a few extracts from Mr. Moore's very interesting letters. Our space limits us to such passages as bear more directly on the subject of inquiry. We must premise, by stating that the whole result of the evidence given goes to shew that the natives on the interior of the western coast appear to be acquainted with some sheet of water to the eastward, out of which they see the sun rise, and upon which large ships *could* float.—This they seem to consider as about ten days' journey from the York district behind the Darling range; and they appear to regard it as *the far, or eastern boundary* of the continent; as they cannot see across it. That it cannot be actually the east coast of Australia, is needless to state; that being nearly three thousand miles distant.

Our author thus states the motives which induced him to make the excursion, during which he obtained the first intimations on the subject of this sea or lake from the natives. He

afterwards made one or two more, but of the same semi-deliberate nature; it not being at that time in his power to undertake a regular journey of discovery.

"As no river of any magnitude flows from the north into the Swan throughout all its course, it appeared fair to presume that some drain for the waters of that district would be found at no great distance. Under this impression, I determined to make an excursion in a northerly direction, and to use the limited time of ten days, which was at my command, in seeking for amusement and interest from whatever should fall in the way, whether it was of human, of animal, of vegetable, or of mineral nature."

We regret that our limits oblige us to omit much interesting and amusing matter, shewing the character of the Australian natives in a very pleasing and encouraging light. We shall proceed to give extracts from conversations between Mr. Moore and the natives, during the excursions we have mentioned:—

"This was the first intimation I had of the extension of this valley northwards. 'But what river is there running to the north-east?' There is the water of Dyerring, which runs into the Beeloo Coombar at Wonganup.' This, I am sure, is the river running through a fine valley formerly passed by Mr. Dale and myself, in which we saw a number of cattle tracks. 'But where does the other water far away in that direction go to?' The answer is very remarkable, and deserving of serious consideration. 'The other waters far away go to the north-east, and out at *Moleyeen*, or *Molieen*;' the literal meaning of which word I believe to be, 'the other side.' This is the second occasion upon which I have heard this word used in this sense; the inference from which would be, either that they have, from communications with tribes in the interior, an idea of the eastern side of Australia, or that *there exists in the interior a water so broad that they cannot see across it*, and so speak of its western margin as 'the other side.'

"We found a pool of water; it was salt as brine from a pork cask. Whilst we were tasting it, and considering whether to fill our kettles for the purpose of boiling some meat, we heard shouts of natives, and returning immediately to our bivouac, when we found that several had arrived in the meantime. One of them came and volunteered to show us water in a pool or in a rock, which they call

'Amar,' (the â broad and full, as in father.) I began to question him immediately. His name was Dyat. Have you ever seen *Moleyeen*? Yes. Where is it? There to the east. How many sleeps to it? Here I observed some hesitation, as he looked round to Hannapwirt, and, to my surprise, he said,—*'Dtonga uada' (I do not know.)* It was evident that Hannapwirt was prompting him, and he did not wish to go further eastward. On returning to the fire, I accosted a good looking young lad—*'Tatcatgwirt,'* have you seen *Moleyeen*?—Yes. How many sleeps to it? Here Dyat's jealousy was roused, and he said, *'Friend, I'll tell you.'* Being aware that many serious doubts are entertained on this subject, and that I have exposed myself to some little goodhumoured ridicule, as being a credulous dupe of the natives, I called the particular attention of Mr. Brown and Mr. Leake to the man, that they might see I was not leading him, or suggesting answers. He then told that *there was a great water ten days' journey to the east; that it was salt; you could not drink it; that the country was good between this and the water; that there was plenty of gum (menny boola.)* He mentioned the names of the places where he slept each night; the nature of the trees, grass, and water; and it is remarkable, that out of the nine 'sleeps,' all were beside springs (gnorâh,) with one exception, on the second day, where there was only water in a rock (âmar.) That he had gone to it from behind Mr. Clarkson's; that there were no high hills. I asked him particularly about a river. He once said that there was a river on the third day's journey, and I understood him to say that it came towards Mr. Clarkson's, but he did not speak positively; so it is likely that it is but a small tributary falling into the salt river. There was much other conversation, which need not be detailed. It ended in our engagement, to this effect:—Dyat, I am going to *Moleyeen*: will you go with me? Yes, now: No; in the season 'Cambarung' (about the latter end of September and October.) In *Cambarung*; where is Dyat? Behind Mr. Clarkson's. Then I shall make fires, and call, and you will understand, and come? Yes. I hope I shall be able to keep this engagement with him."

"It is known to all who converse with the natives here, that their knowledge of the localities of the country beyond the bounds of their own immediate district is extremely limited and imperfect. A visit to some friend in a neighbouring tribe comprises, in general, the extent of their

travels; the occasions are rare and urgent when they transgress these limits.—Tomgin is a native of much shrewdness of observation, and some reflection. Having upon one occasion gone into a sort of voluntary exile for the slaying of a man, he had proceeded to a considerable distance, principally northward. On his return, nearly a year ago, I had been enquiring what strange things he had seen or heard of during his absence; and it was then that he first told me amongst other things, that he had seen a man called *'Mannar,'* who said he had gone a long way to the north-east till he had gone to *Moleyeen*; that it was very far away—'moons would be dead, (meaning more than a month,) before you would arrive at it; that you walked over a great space where there were no trees; that the ground scorched your feet, and the sun burned your head; that you came to very high hills; that, standing upon them, you would look down upon the sun rising out of the water beyond them;—that the inhabitants were of large stature; and that the women had fair hair, and long as white women's hair; that all the people's eyes were 'sick'; that they contracted the eyelids and shook their heads as they looked at you. Deeming much of this to be the mere exaggeration of a traveller's story at the time, I laughed at it; when he said, 'Well, friend, do you ask Mannar; I do not tell you that I saw these things: I tell you what Mannar told me.' From my imperfect acquaintance with the language at that time, I was not sure whether he meant that Mannar himself had seen all these wonders or only heard of them; but he frequently mentioned the word *Moleyeen*, and pointed to the north-east, in explanation of it. This word puzzled me greatly. I took an opportunity of getting Mr. Armstrong to question Tomgin as to what he meant by the word, and told him how he had used it. After some conversation with him, Mr. Armstrong said, *'the natives seem all to be aware that they are living on an island, and Tomgin appears to be speaking of the other side of the island.'* It was evident that he thought it some idle tale—but it made a great impression on my mind, and I often examined the chart, to see if any nook or bay in that direction might possibly be within their knowledge. The gulph of Carpentaria appeared to be quite beyond the reach of probability. The Governor supposed that I must have mistaken the direction, and that one of the deep indentations of Shark's Bay might have been alluded to. In this state the subject rested, until I made an excursion about two months ago, when on the bank of a river-course, at a spot distant from

one hundred miles from Perth in a N.N.E. line, it may be remembered that, in answer to my inquiry 'where the waters to the east of that river went to,' a native of that district gave this striking answer: 'The waters there go to the east, and out at Moleyeen.' Here was the word again which had puzzled me so much before, and the waters going to the east and to that place which Tomgin had so often mentioned when supposed to be speaking of the other side of the island. It appeared utterly improbable, either that the waters should run from this to the eastern side of Australia, or that the natives could have any idea of a place so distant. I came at once to the conclusion that there must exist, at no very great distance, a body of water so broad, that they could not see across it, and so they spoke of its western margin as the other side of the island. In the hope that when attention was drawn to this subject, some lucky moment might throw a light upon it, I mentioned the conjecture, and in a short time Mr. Drummond's sons were informed of an immense salt water lake lying to the eastward. About this time a native of large stature appeared at York, as a visitor, from a country which he described as being seven days' journey to the east. He said there was water plenty in his country; that York was but a little good in comparison with it. This man's name was "Bellung," and the name of his country "Cabba," which will be spoken of presently. On our recent excursion we fell in with five natives at a place, perhaps 25 or 30 miles to the east of Northam. They all spoke familiarly of Moleyeen; all had seen it; yet one of them was but a youth. They pointed eastward to it. Dyat said it was ten days' journey from Mr. Clarkson's, (we were then about 25 miles east of the meridian of Mr. Clarkson's.) He mentioned the different stages or sleeps where water was to be had at this time (the very driest, it should be borne in mind.) It may be useful to mention the resting places:—Biargading, a spring; Gwenaging, a pool in a rock; Candaning, a spring; Gnaling, ditto; Yoondaing, ditto; Yeneling, ditto; Borraling, ditto; Mordoling, ditto; Cabba, ditto; with menny boola (plenty of gum;) then Moleyeen. Here we have Cabba, the country of Bellung, on the ninth days' journey. There was also intermediate springs, which he mentioned, as Cairgarung, Damalagerry, and others; but fearing confusion, I did not note them. I think sufficient has been shewn to prove the existence of some large water, and the shortest way to it. As to the distance

to the nearest point. The best average I can make of their day's journey is about fifteen miles; this would make 150 miles from Mr. Clarkson's. It is not likely that the distance is greater: it may probably be less. The next question is not only of immediate interest to this Colony, but of public interest in a geographical point of view—what is the character of this large water? Whether a lake, an inlet of the sea, or a strait? It must be broad, for it is a commonly received opinion among the natives here, that the Dáran, or Eastern men see the spot where the sun rises from; that it is at a place where the sky and water are near one another; that they see him start at once from his bed into the sky—whereas he has got up some distance before the Swan River men see him.

"I tried the natives to the eastward with the word which is generally used here to designate a lake; they would not apply this phrase, though they seemed perfectly to understand it, but constantly used the word Moleyeen, which they seemed to think was sufficient to explain itself. As far as our present information extends, the whole question now hinges upon the precise meaning of that word. Let us consider it a little. Mr. Armstrong says he has lately learnt that it is the word by which the mountain men designate the ocean, and he appears inclined to acquiesce in the inference that they are speaking of the sea on the south coast. A little reflection will shew us that this inference cannot be correct. The 'immense lake' was mentioned as lying east of York, which is in lat. about 31, 50. Twenty miles to the north of York the Dáran-men spoke of Moleyeen as lying due east, ten days' journey; and ninety miles north of York. Binal also spoke of Moleyeen as lying due east from that point, say, for round numbers, about lat. 31. Now the surveys of Captain Flinders are held to be of acknowledged and established accuracy, and the most northern limit of any part of the southern coast, on his charts, is a point of the great Australian Bight, in lat. 31, 30., long. 131., or about 14 degs. to the east, which, allowing 58 miles to a longitudinal degree in this latitude, equal to about 67 British miles, gives between 900 and 1,000 miles distance, which is manifestly beyond ten days' journey. But it may be said, it is some part of the Southern Ocean nearer to this; but as you come to the west, the coast extends further to the south, and on the meridian of 150 miles east of Mr. Clarkson's, the nearest part of the coast is 160 miles to the south. Then how can the ocean lie ten

days' journey to the east of lat. 31. 40., or at all to the east of lat. 31.; or how can the sun be seen to rise from a water which is due south 160 miles, or due east 900 miles distant? No; *if it be the ocean*, it is not that part of it which is marked in the chart as being to the south of this coast. One point strikes me as important with reference to this word. The native, Hannapwirt, whom we met on this side of Northam, on being asked, "Where is Moleyeen?" said, "To the east far away." Now if this word meant simply *the ocean*, would it not have been more natural for him to have pointed to the ocean which was but sixty miles to the west, than to the ocean which was, by their own reckoning, twelve days' journey, or perhaps 180 miles, to the east? This, however, is by no means conclusive on the point. That to the east may have been more familiar to him; but I have a very strong impression that this word has some peculiar meaning which we have not yet arrived at. With respect to the probability of this water being connected with the sea to the south, it may be remembered, that two boys, who said they were driven by ill usage to desert from a sailing ship at Middle Island, made their way along the coast from that to King George's Sound. This negatives the idea of the existence of any broad or deep channel of communication between this and Cape Arid, in longitude about 123. 12. But whatever may be the boundary of this water to the south, or wherever may be its connexion with the sea (if it has any) to the south, I feel myself bound to say, that the whole tenor of the many conversations I have had with different natives on this subject, their looks, gesture, and manner, as well as that portion of their language which was intelligible, all lead me to the belief, that this water extends to the north, and is in all probability *connected with the sea at Shark's Bay, or, more probably still, at North West Cape*. One expression of Bingal appears to bear strongly upon this point. In endeavouring to explain the meaning of this word, he said, in his dialect, that at Moleyeen there was "*bojore waam und*" (no more land.) Surely if he was speaking of the Southern Ocean, which lies to the south of that parallel, he could not express himself in this way, when pointing eastward; nor, again, if he knew *any northern termination* to this water, is it likely that he would have used such an expression. And again, another circumstance is very important, but it must not be estimated beyond its real value. In speaking to the eastern natives, I had Tomgin beside me as a sort of interpreter, when I felt at a loss.

Having asked—Does this large water go to the north? Yes.—Far to the north? Yes, far away.—Does it go to the south far away? Yes.—Going to the north by Moleyeen, do you go to the sea? The answer was, yes, it is the sea or the same as the sea (Gaibby wotan mocoin.) I was not satisfied with this, for it seemed to prove too much; so I said to Tomgin, 'You know what a ship is—ask him if a ship could go to the north by Moleyeen and round that way by the gaibby wotan (the sea) to Freemantle.' He seemed surprised at my simplicity, but asked several questions of Dyat, which I did not thoroughly comprehend, except that he spoke of a boat or ship (*woandebery*) going north. He then turned and said something tantamount to this—and I will give the whole answer as he gave it:—'Yes, it is a truth (*boondobuc*) a ship may go to the north, then round to the south to Freemantle, (still turning and pointing,) and east to King George's Sound where Migo has been, and then north to *Sydney*—all, all, all, said he, completing a circle with his hand. He had been told that white men lived at Sydney, to the east. Now, it will be seen, that, in saying this, he has said more than Dyat could have told him, for Dyat knew nothing of King George's Sound or Sydney; but still the answer strikes me as being very material, to show what was his impression, as gleaned from the natives, and that he considers Moleyeen to bound the eastern side of the island, which, if it be true, would amount to this—that it is a strait running from north to south, and insulating a large portion of Western Australia. Now I should be sorry to be misunderstood, as if resting upon this as a position which I should defend, or even advancing it as a plausible theory, upon these slight foundations. I have merely been desirous to state, fully and candidly, all the information which I have acquired on this subject, and to leave it to others to draw whatever inference they may consider best warranted by such information."

We have already stated that we do not consider these passages as in any degree entitled to the character of a chain of evidence; but we certainly look upon them as amounting to a considerable ground for supposing the existence of some vast lake or sea in the interior of that great continent. Since the subject has been at length actively taken up, it is probable that we shall not be left much longer to conjecture. Indeed the delightful climate, the open country, and the friendly and communicative disposition of the natives re-

der expeditions of discovery in Australia rather excursions of pleasure than formidable undertakings.

Some very recent accounts from Australia, not yet published, seem to render it probable that the supposed Mediterranean is in fact a wide channel running nearly from N. to S. from Shark's bay to King George's Sound, and insulating Western Australia altogether. This, however, is as yet little more than conjecture.

We shall conclude with a short extract respecting the state of the colony appended to the pamphlet, and taken from the reports of the Western Australian Association.

"On the state and prosperity of the colony we shall merely add a few words:—

"THE NATIVES are few in number, and of friendly dispositions towards the Colonists. They have been found faithful as guides and messengers, and it is to be hoped will yield to the influence of Doctor Guistiniani, (a pious and zealous missionary,) who has lately arrived among them.

"THE CLIMATE is salubrious; it has

been compared with the south of France, but it is not so cold in winter. In summer there are no droughts, there being occasional refreshing showers in every month but one (or sometimes two) during harvest.

"THE SOIL—There is every variety of soil—much that is fertile and capable of producing all kinds of grain and garden vegetables abundantly. 'The fig, vine, and the olive grow luxuriantly, as do also such tropical fruits as have had a fair trial.' The sheep pastures are excellent and of extent unknown.

"THE HARVEST of last year (1835) was found sufficient for the supply of the colony for 18 months.

"SHEEP of purest Merino and Saxon breed are rapidly increasing.

"HORSES and BLACK CATTLE thrive well. Lately proposals have been made from India to form a company for the breeding of horses for the Indian market.

"WHALES and SEALS are abundant on the coast.

"SCHOOLS are in preparation for the education of the children of Anglo East Indians—the distance from Madras being only three weeks' sail."

IRISH TRANQUILLITY.*

THE Whigs, as was to be expected, are moving every engine to counteract the powerful impression left on the public mind by the exposé of the state of Ireland, at the great Conservative meeting in Dublin, and subsequently in the House of Commons. Appeals are made in every way, with morbid apprehension of the result; speeches, newspapers, pamphlets, are put into requisition, with unsparing profusion, and of varied character; some coarse and brutal, the gross vulgarity of the O'Connell school; some fine and flimsy, the gauzy texture of the Bulwer. Of this latter class we have seen a pamphlet, one of the best specimens of its kind, and evidently the production of a man of education and refinement: it is, with some exceptions, moderate, and written with apparent fairness, but in keeping with its kindred compositions, it is plausible and weak, like the meshes of a cobweb, capable of entangling only midges, but torn to pieces in a moment by any stronger fly.

It commences with poetry.

"To threats the stubborn rebel oft is hard
 Wrapped in his crimes against the storm prepared;
 But when the milder beams of mercy play
 He melts and throws his cumbrous cloak away."

We at once acquiesce in the judicious propriety of eulogizing a gentleman who writes novels and poetry himself in the language in which he delights, "metaphor and song;" but we greatly doubt if it be the best mode of defending the character of the chief governor of a country racked and torn by the most dangerous and desperate faction that ever destroyed a nation, or whether it will not still more expose him to the ridicule and contempt of those truculent and artful men of whom he is said to be the tool and the dupe.

The pamphlet commences its prose, if indeed that ought not still to be called poetry, which is the language of fiction by demanding "justice for Ireland," and stating her wrongs, as preparatory to asserting her rights. Not one word,

of course, is said of all the concessions that have been made, for the last forty years, since the first admission of Roman Catholics to the elective franchise, till they were placed on terms of equality, an efficient and powerful party in the assembled parliament of England. Not one word, that they are made eligible to all the offices of the state, and actually fill some of the highest and most influential situations next to the lord high chancellor himself. Not one word of the sacrifice made by the established church to gratify them, the annihilation of her bishoprics, the extinction of her parish cess, the shaking the very foundation of her noble edifice. Not one word that these concessions are unparalleled by any similar indulgences to Protestants in any Catholic country at the present day; that even in every revolutionary movement, the sufferance of the Roman Catholic religion exclusively is, in most places insisted on, and the permission of any other in the country expressly denied; and in one or two only of the most liberal, even of the revolutionists in South America, the extent of the civil liberty of Protestants is to vote, with restrictions, at an election, and their religious freedom consists in being permitted to assemble for worship in a house, provided it be *not seen*, and does not present to the public eye the abomination of a place of heretic worship.* Not one word of this, or of much more which we might enumerate, but the grievance is confined to the hackneyed theme of the tithe and corporation bills—though the rejection of these “healing measures” is the act of the Whigs themselves.

Every one of common sense, every

one but a modern Whig, knows and acknowledges that their Tithe Bill, with the appropriation clause, aimed directly at the total extinction of what remained of the property of the Established Church; that it was but a preparatory step to handing it all over to the Roman Catholics, who claimed it as their original property; that the Rev. Mr. O'Malley, at the Association, and others in similar seditious assemblies, have declared that when the appropriation of tithe was effected, they would be restored to the clergy of that church from whom they were taken.† In vain the friends of the Church proposed an equal sum from another fund, and returned the bill as the Whigs themselves had drawn it, efficient for every purpose of peace and tranquillity for which they proposed to enact it. Their dictators declared that, without the actual alienation of church property to themselves, no bill should pass, and their thralls submitted, and threw out their own bill. If any thing could mark more than another the helpless imbecility of these unfortunate men, it is their condition on this occasion. They had acknowledged that the measure, as it first stood, would be a “heavy blow to the Established Church,” yet because that heavy blow was averted, though every thing else was conceded, it is said that the petition of the people “was not only rejected but spurned,” and outrage and persecution of the unprotected clergy have every where been excited; for which the ministers owe to God and their country an awful responsibility. They, and they only, are chargeable with the result that the tithe question is not settled.

The corporation bill is a similar

* See the new constitutions of Spain, Portugal, Columbia, Chili, &c. By the constitution of Brazil, the most tolerant and liberal among them, it is enacted that those not of the religion of the state may vote at elections, but *cannot be returned as deputies*; and when permission was applied for to build an English chapel at Rio, the Pope's legate positively refused his assent, unless the Inquisition was introduced at the same time, to check the progress of heresy likely to arise from such an innovation. When permission was at length granted to the English residents to assemble in a place of worship, it was couched in these words:—“*Outras religioes serao permittidas com seu culto domestico sem forma alguma exterior de Templo.*”—Tit. I, Art. 6. When we contrast this scanty concession of popish liberality with the actual state, not of toleration and indulgence of Roman Catholics under a Protestant government, but the absolute surrender to them of the political ascendancy of Ireland, we laugh at the absurdity of those who still find prettexts to complain of—subjects for windy declamation on their comparative state of oppression.

† In the report of the proceedings at the Corn Exchange, on the introduction of poor laws for Ireland, are the following words, attributed to the Rev. Mr. O'Malley: “The proposition I have of course to make, is a proposition of charity, and whom could it better become than a Christian priest? It is a proposition, too, for the *re-transfer of tithes*, and whom could it better become, than a priest of the *old religion*, who may be said to have a sort of *de jure* in them?”

monument of weakness and folly—every reasonable concession had been made—every effective improvement substituted. But such were not the objects of the dominant faction. To transfer the whole ascendancy to themselves; to institute normal schools of agitation to keep up that ascendancy; to re-establish popery in Ireland, and separate her from England, were the ends they purposed, and which the Conservatives wished to guard against. Because they did guard against them, again the Destructives issued their mandate, and the ministry were obliged to abandon this bill also; and they, and they only are chargeable with the consequences of its rejection.

To swell the list of the grievances of Ireland, Lord Lyndhurst is, of course, introduced; his recent election to the rectorship of the University of Aberdeen, was an event for the ministry almost as untoward as that of Sir Robert Peel to Glasgow. His "anathema" against the people of Ireland is not suffered to die; and it is stated as one of the prominent causes that disturbs Ireland, and prevents pacification. The utter absurdity of charging a man with misrepresenting people, by merely repeating their own words, has been before now exposed. We all remember when the Girondists and Jacobins, the Whigs and Radicals of the French Revolution, had confounded all the established principles of right and wrong, and many wished to propagate their opinions in this country; among others, a lady of some literary celebrity, but whose name had better be buried in oblivion, defended concubinage, and ridiculed the restraints of marriage ties. Her opinions were exposed with severity, by a friend of the old religion and morality of England; for this he was charged "with brutal treatment of a lady." "If," said he, "it be brutal to repeat sentiments, I plead guilty to the charge; but if such sentiments brutalize a woman, I am sorry for it." One of the faction had stated again and again, that "the English are aliens and usurpers in the land;" that "their habits and feelings are altogether repugnant to those of his own country;" that "their men are selfish, narrow-minded, and hardly honest;" that "their wives and daughters are immodest.*" And this and

much more has been repeated by the smaller fry at seditious meetings, till the country rung with it, as a proud and distinctive characteristic, which divides the natives from the descendants of the "Sassenach and Dutch invaders;"† yet now an outcry is raised against the man who dared to repeat these words, and he is denounced as the "enemy of Ireland" for remembering them. We say, let them not be forgotten, but treasured up as an effectual reply to seditious demands, and with honest indignation cast back in the teeth of those who uttered them.

Such is the nature of the grievances that remain; the pamphlet, however, professes to shew the evils that have been actually redressed by ministers. When a large and influential class of his Majesty's subjects are, on every occasion neglected, or insulted—when a nominally Protestant government unites in an attempt to overthrow Protestant institutions—when they are incessantly trying new schemes, and making new promises—after some years' experience it is but reasonable to ask what good they have effected? To this inquiry the universal answer is, they have "tranquillized Ireland." Lord Mulgrave's tranquillity is the great and all-sufficient blessing which is to silence every objection, to confute every argument, to compensate for every violation of the established customs of the constitution; and the author has undertaken to confirm this often asserted, but still justly doubted, boast. As he writes to defend an assertion which has been repeated and dwelt upon for the last twelve months, we may fairly conclude that he has availed himself of every argument which that period and the importance of the only practical benefit the government pretend to lay claim to, could elicit or deserve.

He has thought fit to devote many pages to expatiating on the "success" of the executive in checking faction-fights. Now, we freely admit the brutalizing effect of this barbarous custom; but we cannot allow that the "judicious mercy" of Lord Mulgrave has caused its decline. The last region where it continued was Scotland, but it is near a century since the Reformation caused it to die away even in the Highlands; and the same cause produced the same

* Mr. O'Connell, *passim* meetings in Ireland, &c.

† The "Dutch invader" was a favourite *soubriquet* given to King William III. at the Catholic Association, and other meetings at that period.

effect in those parts of Ireland where Protestantism was introduced. In Ulster the practice is unknown. Not so, however, in the south;—perhaps the faction-fight in Kerry, in which some of the peasantry of Derrynane were said to be concerned, is the most savage and remorseless display of bad passions that ever was exhibited—where one faction drowned and smothered all the members of the other, whom they were able to overtake, after the fight was over. They have, however, become less frequent latterly; but it is utterly absurd to attribute this to Whig interference, or to suppose that the fierce and desperate energies of such men could be restrained by the inhibitions of one whose weakness and imbecility has become a by-word of scorn and contempt. The strongest and most determined governments could not control them. O'Connell was unable to repress them in his own country; even the priests have failed in their excommunications, and anathemas, pronounced from the altar, have been powerless. Yet there have been times in Ireland, when the indulgence of this darling passion was kept under control. When a great end was to be answered, and combined efforts were required to effect it, these feudal fights ceased in a manner so sudden and general, as to be almost discredited by those who were acquainted with their former prevalence. Such a circumstance occurred in 1797. There are many living who can attest it. The rebellion was then near its explosion. The secret instructions of revolutionary committees were implicitly obeyed, and all minor feuds were swallowed up in that one grand struggle. One of the first symptoms of insurrection was the sudden cessation of fights at fairs; and one of the first signs of returning tranquillity was their resumption. We have heard many, who remember those times, affirm that they were delighted to see a fight at a fair, for it assured them that the insurrection was over. Is there any one so sceptical as to doubt that the case is similar now? Denunciations are made at meetings, that "rivers of blood must flow"—"rebellion" is threatened if such and such demands are not complied with; and though we do not doubt that those who threaten thus would skulk away in the hour of peril, such

is not the character of the peasantry—they believe such denunciations, and *they* are preparing to support them. The plundering of fire-arms, and administering illegal oaths, are proofs that need no comment.

Another grand source which swelled the criminal calendar, was active resistance to tithe. This, too, may have ceased. When the government have positively refused to enforce the law—when the majority of the impoverished clergy are unable or unwilling to prosecute a tedious suit in Chancery or Exchequer—when the people are permitted, nay, encouraged, to commute the payment of their legal dues for the support of the ministers of the gospel, for persecution and insult—it is not extraordinary that "passive resistance" does not lead to any greater enormities than an *occasional* murder. It is not surprising that men from whom payment is not required, should fail to commit atrocities to prevent the demand of the debt. In point of fact the government have positively refused to assist in the apprehension or conviction of tithe malefactors. It would weary our readers to detail all the instances in which they have exhibited their unwillingness to protect the lives or properties of the clergy. To take an instance at random; in the county of Limerick it is not many months since the reward, offered by the lord lieutenant for the apprehension of the ruffians who attempted the murder of a clergyman,* was £50! In the same county the detection of the assailants of the lives of another clergyman's† son and nephew was encouraged by the munificent offer of £40! £20 a piece!! At the fair of Cahircolish, in the same county, the police pleaded the orders of government for refusing their protection to a process server, and had it not been for the humanity of the constable, who, at his own risk, *permitted* the man to *hide* himself in the barrack, he would undoubtedly have been murdered. On similar grounds Captain Vignolles excused himself for keeping the police a mile from the town of Rathvilly, when it was known that a riot and *raace* were intended. His answer to Baron Pennefather at the last Carlow assizes, was, "I acted in obedience to the orders of government." These last may serve

* Mr. Coote.

† The Dean of Emly.

as a comment on the following passage in this veracious pamphlet :—

“The effective employment of the constabulary force is another feature peculiar to this administration. Under former governments the Irish police had the general fault of Irish establishments, when they worked at all they worked the wrong way. The change that has taken place since the destinies of the country were in better keeping is remarkable. The police are now *under orders to attend every fair and market in their respective districts ; it is their imperative duty to interfere in all disturbances ; to apprehend the ringleaders, and give evidence against them on their trial.*”

If it be their “imperative duty to interfere,” Lord Mulgrave has exerted himself with signal success to render their interference useless. As far as lay in their power, the government have contributed to retard the execution of the law, and shelter the malefactors, either by directly interdicting the police, or by employing such means for detection, as they must have known would be ineffectual. In such circumstances, where no effort has been made to bring malefactors to justice, it would be indeed extraordinary if the criminal calendar were not lighter than when an energetic and unflinching executive spared no exertions to enforce the law.

But it is not from the number of malefactors detected that a true criterion of the state of the country is to be derived. Even under the most energetic government, aided by the most active magistracy, the difficulty

of apprehending men united in extensive and secret combinations, enlisting all the prejudices of the people to shield them from justice, must render the calendar a very fallacious test. It is from the number of atrocities committed, and of malefactors supposed or known to be implicated, that a true estimate can be formed. To apply this criterion, then, let us take as examples, the conclusion of last year and commencement of the present. When Mr. Bradshaw moved for a return of the rewards, offered for various outrages, during the six months ending the 31st January, 1837, the following awful detail was brought forward—

	Cases.
Murder and homicide,	31
Cruel assaults, and firing at persons with intent to murder,	39
Rape, and attempt to murder,	3
Abduction,	1
Burglary, and attack on houses,	19
Robbery,	4
Incendiary fires,	19
Malicious injury to property,	13
Sacrilege on places of worship,	3
Threatening notices,	7

Here there are 139 cases of the most atrocious crimes, occurring in the brief space of a few months, and the greater number of the perpetrators still at large in the country at the end of the year 1836. But crime seems to have advanced with appalling velocity in 1837. The following is a list of the number of persons concerned in various offences, from the 1st to the 20th of February, taken from government proclamations :—

Feb.	Whom.	County—where.	Nature of Offences.	No. concerned.
1	T. Nowlan,	Carlow,	Murder,	Many persons.
1	T. Ogara,	Sligo,	Assault at a wake,	One.
2	Three soldiers,	Kilkenny,	Rescue and severe wounds.	Fifty.
2	— Loeit,	Cavan,	Murder,	One.
3	Rev. S. Thackeray,	Louth,	Attack on house,	Many persons.
3	Thos. Donnelly,	Longford,	Housebreaking and cruel assault,	{ Many persons, two identified.
4	J. Carr,	Cavan,	Murder,	Eleven.
5	Sir P. Gethen,	Sligo,	Attack on house and cruel assault,	Eight.
5	Thos. Smith,	Westmeath,	Brutal murder, head crushed with stones,	One.
5	J. Finnigan,	Sligo,	Housebreaking for arms, and cruel assault,	Twelve.
5	Chapel,	Armagh,	Sacrilege,	Many persons.
6	Edward Duffy,	Meath,	Destruction of property,	Twenty.
6	J. Rooney,	Meath,	Murder,	One.
9	P. Brennan,	Monaghan,	Housebreaking for arms,	Five.
10	Occupants of a house,	Wexford,	Threatening to murder by written notice,	Many persons.
10	J. Amos,	Longford,	Attempt to murder,	Many persons.
12	Messrs Drought & Dun,	King's,	Attempt to murder,	Four.
12	Protestant clergymen,	King's,	Housebreaking for arms,	Five.
13	Thomas Brereton,	Tipperary,	Murder,	Five.
13	J. Lanigan,	Tipperary,	Church breaking and sacrilege,	Many persons.
15	Parish church,	Wexford,	Burning house,	Many persons.
15	J. Macpherson,	Monaghan,	Rescue, and cruel assault with stones,	Fourteen.
15	Police,	Roscommon,	House burning,	Many persons.
16	J. Booth,	Louth,	Supposed murder,	One.
16	P. Mc Nully,	Mayo,	Housebreaking and murder,	Sixteen.
16	E. Keating, & T. Cahil,	Limerick,	Cruel assault with stones,	Many persons.
17	Police,	Sligo,	Murder,	Many persons.
17	P. Haughey,	Trone,	Attempt to murder with fire-arms,	Many persons.
18	P. Judge,	Sligo,	Brutal murder, head crushed with stones,	Many persons.
20	Robert Lane,	Cork,		

Thus it appears, that from the first to the twentieth of February, not quite three weeks, twenty-nine capital offences have been committed in twenty different counties, sometimes three or four in the same day; and sometimes three or four in the same county. Of these, nine were murders, some perpetrated with savage ferocity; three attempts to murder; one threat to murder; two rescues from the arm of the law, and cruel assaults made on legal authorities; two arson; two sacrilege on places of public worship; one wanton destruction of property. In the perpetration of some of these offences, from one to fifty persons were known to be engaged, whose numbers were reckoned. In some, the numbers were not ascertained, but they are described as "many persons;" supposing, then, the average to be ten concerned in each outrage so designated, we have 286 malefactors known and denounced as being concerned in murder, robbery, arson, and other capital offences; and if to this, we add the "general gaol delivery" of his Excellency Lord Mulgrave, we will have 453 convicted and unconvicted felons turned loose, or not yet apprehended, all at large in this unhappy country! We will venture to say that such a state of things is unknown and unparalleled in any, even the most barbarous and ill governed, community in Europe, not in a state of actual warfare. We will go farther, and assert that in all the Protestant countries in Europe together, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and, we may add, England, Scotland, and Wales, the same number of crimes, attended with the same savage cruelty, in which so many are known to be implicated, did not take place in the same short period. Indeed we are borne out in this assertion by what has happened at home. Where are the crimes perpetrated in any Protestant county of Ireland? Where in the list is to be found an outrage in the county Down, or county Derry, the great strongholds of the reformation in Ireland?—not one; while the districts in which it has unfortunately made less progress, are stained with blood and crime. In Sligo, five offences were committed, assaults and attempts to murder, and, in the contiguous Protestant county of Fermanagh, not one; yet Sligo is

the particular object of Lord Mulgrave's tender mercy; but we do not find that it was extended to Fermanagh, which indeed did not require it.

The pamphlet triumphantly appeals to the result of the several assizes for the proof of the decrease of crime; and we are willing to take the author even on his own showing, fallacious as it is, and abide by the same test. We will take the county of Waterford, and we do so because it has been distinguished as the most moral and least disturbed of the southern counties. It is well known that formerly for a period of fifteen years, there had not been a public execution in the city, and but three in the county; and it was the usual practice to present the judge with fringed gloves, as the accustomed compliment of "maiden" assizes. Last February the Judges Foster and Crampton presided, the former in the city, the latter in the county; they both declared their great regret that they "could not compliment the grand juries as usual on the lightness of the calendar." In the city, hitherto *untainted** by crime, were eighteen cases, and these of a most serious nature, including murder, rape, robbery, house-burning, and administering unlawful oaths. In the county they were increased to the enormous and unprecedented number, *sixty-five*!† of a description, the judge said, "awful to contemplate." Eighteen homicides, of which nine were murder, and the rest so varied that there "was scarcely a crime of any kind not to be found in the calendar." This is the extorted confession of a Whig, confuting at once the flimsy statements and unfounded assertions of his own party.

But, Tipperary, the eminent in crime, the stain of modern civilization, which has never been one year quiet since the rebellion of 1641, where whiteboys and rightboys have, for time out of mind, been the executors of the law, by burying the offender up to his neck in the earth, and bowling out his brains with stones, where superstition still retains unmitigated ascendancy, and the peasant of the present day believes that his priest can cause a crow to drop down dead, by only cursing it as it flies across a field.† Tipperary, which, in the language of the pamphlet itself, is

"A name identified with brawl, the head quarters of turbulence, where the

* The motto of Waterford is *urbs intacta manet*. The corporation must change it.

† This we know to be a fact, from those who have heard the peasantry say so.

rioter and incendiary considered the interference of the law as an infringement of their vested right."

Tipperary, which boasts to contain a population of twenty Roman Catholics to one Protestant, is the bright example chosen to exhibit the success of his Excellency's system. We will not quote the revolting details of crime which the last two years of whig administration exhibited—we will not refer to the refutations, published month after month, of its growing tranquillity—we will not detail the atrocities known to have been committed, but never legally prosecuted, through the fears of the sufferers, whose lives were forfeited if they made them public. We will take the great standard of appeal, to which, erroneous as it is, we are constantly referred, we take the criminal calendar of last assizes; in March 1837, it is as follows:

Murder,	44
Aiding and abetting do.	15
Conspiring for do.	5
Manslaughter,	6
Infanticide,	1
Rape	7
Abduction,	1
Robbery,	19
Do. of arms,	1
Perjury,	1
Forgery,	2
Arson,	1
Shooting at,	5
Attacking houses,	5
Assault,	8
Cow stealing,	2
Sheep do.	5
Minor Offences,	45

In this example of Whig reformation, we find an awful catalogue of 173 offences, of which 76 are murders or attempts to murder; yet, such is the state of the country, that of these no less than 65 were discharged at last assizes for want of persons to prosecute them; and of these 65, 21 were charged with *murder*. When the system of intimidation has risen to such a pitch, that *one* county, at *one* assize, can produce 21 examples, where no friend, no relative of the victims, who had been murdered in cold blood, dared to appear in evidence against their suspected murderers, where the miserable deaths of so many fellow creatures, not to mention the wanton destruction of the profits of industry, could not elicit a complaint, lest the unhappy wretch who presumed to murmur should forfeit his life for his

hardihood, till thus, 65 hardened villains escaped unpunished, and were let loose upon the county to begin their sanguinary career anew; in such a state of things would it be wonderful if the calendar was in *reality* as light as is pretended? Can we doubt, for a moment, the truth of Baron Foster's assertion, that "the failure in the prosecutions is owing to the indisposition to give evidence, originating in a well-understood system of terror?" Yet, notwithstanding all this, at the close of Tipperary assizes, the rule of court was:

Sentenced to be hanged,	3
Sentence of death recorded against, 11	
Transported,	35
Imprisoned for various terms,	34
To give bail to abide their trial at next assizes,	13
To remain to abide their trial at next assizes,	9
Discharged by proclamation.	68

Add to this that the number of prisoners in Clonmel jail since the last assizes, was 921! And though they did not all remain to abide their trial, the awful number of committals shews the state of disturbance in which the country must be, to give occasion for series of suspicions and arrests so truly appalling. And let our readers remember this is not an example of our choosing; it is the selected specimen, put forward by Lord Mulgrave's champion, as a favourite illustration of the pacifying effects of his lordship's system.

Such is the present state of the reformed county of Tipperary. We have already alluded to the increase of crime in Waterford. We might enumerate many other counties, which have been "pacified" with equal success. The Gazette of March 26, contains notices of 14 crimes in one day, and all of an atrocious character, viz.

Murder,	1
Rape,	1
Sacrilege in Protestant Churches, 3	
Attacks on houses with cruel assault,	2
Threatening letters,	3
Attack on police,	1
Arson,	3

And this while the judges were going circuit, and in the very counties where they were sitting in assize, as if to shew an utter contempt for the manner in which crime is punished. When such is the state of the whole kingdom, it is not a very difficult, though

certainly a very painful task, to select a district illustrative of our assertion. However, there is one county which we cannot suffer to pass unnoticed, Longford. In this comparatively small county, which we remember, like Waterford, to have been one of the most peaceful in Ireland, outrages have become so frequent, that scarce a day passes in which we do not read of some atrocity arising, for the most part, from political hostility. In England, the elections are carried on with great animosity, but when they are once decided the ebullition subsides, and the part that any man has taken is no more remembered. But in Ireland, where spiritual matters are made subservient to temporal, where the priest is allowed to interfere, and the elector is ordered to vote for "the good of his soul," an undying and deadly rancour is generated, and the heretic enemy is persecuted in every possible form. This blasphemous prostitution of religion, was the watchword at many elections in Ireland, and it would be endless to detail every instance which has occurred of its excommunicating effects, where not only the offender, but all who had any intercourse with him, were marked out as victims; one example in Longford will be sufficient to shew the virulence with which the priest-driven supporters of the government candidate pursue their opponents. A Protestant, of the name of Hall, who has a mill at Clonmuckler, voted for Mr. Fox; since the election there have been several instances of violent assaults on the houses and persons of farmers and others, whose sole offence was, that they presumed to have their corn ground at Hall's mill. In one case, of a man named Lenehan, the ferocious ruffians did not hesitate to fire at their victim, and in another they committed a cruel assault, accompanying their blows with the warning, "take that for the good of your soul."

Among other instances of pacification, Lord Mulgrave's champion classes the cessation of orange meetings, or, as he terms them, "outrages," and expatiating on the signal "generosity and lenity" of the Irish executive, he takes occasion to remark that "the procession act was no longer permitted to remain a dead letter." When the funeral of the tithe rebel, Rourke, was paraded for more than ninety miles, from Dublin to Cappa-

more, when notices were posted in every town and village on the road, when proclamations were issued from the altar of every chapel, to induce the people to assemble, when the conductors of the funeral went several miles out of the direct road in order to pass through Limerick, and lose no opportunity of agitating the already over-excited peasantry, was the procession act enforced? When Mr. O'Connell is pleased to announce an intended visit to Kilkenny or Clonmel, and all the idle and disaffected pour forth with green banners to meet him, is the procession act enforced? No: for these tend to advance the darling scheme of the "just and impartial government," the subversion of the church establishment; but the professed object of orangeism, is the support of the laws and upholding the principles of the reformation, objects of perfect indifference to the present ministry, and which they do not fail to discountenance on every occasion. But how little the interference of the executive was needed to suppress Orange "outrage" in the north, and how much it is required to check the atrocities of southern agitation, may be gathered from the statement of Mr. Hamilton; he shows, that the average of convictions for various felonies, is, in Leinster, Munster, and Connaught, one in 715 of the population; in Ulster, 1 in 1351. Or, selecting a county from each, in order to contrast the comparative tranquillity of Protestant and Roman Catholic districts more fairly than can be done where the population is more mixed, we find, in Kilkenny, a favourite instance of Mulgrave tranquillity, the convictions are one in 781 of the population; in Down, one in 3190.

But we would tell Lord Mulgrave, and his panegyrist, that the cessation of Orange processions is not due to him. Delighted, as he doubtless would have been, to have had opportunities of exhibiting his "impartial lenity," the Orangemen saved him the trouble. No sooner was the wish of the legislature announced, that Orangemen should discontinue their meetings, than their own good feeling and the sense of the duty and respect which is due to every expression of the will of the legislature, however partial, as once terminated every authorized public exhibition of Orange feeling. This the author of the pamphlet cannot deny. He admits that on the following fifth of November,

an anniversary never before forgotten, there was no indecent disrespect of legal authority, no necessity for the interference of the executive. The day passed, among the orangemen of Ulster, as peaceably as if the remembrance of the Gunpowder Plot was unconnected with any association of greater importance, than a military review. Contrast this with the conduct of the Association in Dublin. Its existence has been denounced in both houses ; its dangerous character admitted by the leading ministers of the crown ; yet, while the laws are daily violated by the peasantry, excited to the excess of seditious rebellion by the harangues of these men, they are suffered to beard the government in the very capital, which is every day demoralizing under their influence.

Of course the manner in which his Excellency has exercised the prerogative of mercy is the subject of eulogium. Let us not be imagined to be the enemies of humanity, or opposed to its exercise. We believe, as firmly as the most sentimental of novel-writing Whigs, that it "becomes the sceptred monarch better than his crown," when it is duly and properly applied, when mercy *tempers* justice, and does not *subvert* it. But we believe the manner in which it has been now exerted only renders it an incentive to crime, and its exercise an object of contempt and ridicule. We happened to witness the progress of his Excellency through part of Ireland on this mission of mercy, and if it was intended to bring him and the government into contempt, and destroy that halo which should ever surround men in high authority, we think he could not have chosen a more effectual method. We saw him in the county of Kilkeenny, about to pass under a triumphal arch formed of some bushes, suspended by a cord across the road. Before him rode, furiously, half a-dozen countrymen, brandishing white bludgeons, and clearing the way, like folla-bollough rioters at a Tipperary fair: Behind, followed his Excellency, in white pantaloons, lying back in an open barouche, and when he arrived under the arch, he stood up, with profound respect took off his hat, and saluted the group of ragged rabble that lined the ditches. We remember nothing like it, except the triumphal procession of Sir Daniel Donnelly, when he returned from the ring at Mousley Hurst, the popular champion of Ireland.

The impression of this would perhaps be nothing but concern for the exquisite ridicule to which a nobleman was exposing himself, or, at worst, the painful feeling that that nobleman was the Viceroy of Ireland, and the respect and veneration to which his Majesty is entitled, and ought to inspire, were thus compromised by the manner in which his representative chose to exhibit himself. But when we consider further, that he not only compromised the respect due to the crown, but abused its highest prerogative ; that the privilege entrusted to him, to be used only with sound and cautious discretion, he scattered about with absurd profusion, till the sense of guilt and innocence, and the judgment of life and death were utterly confounded, we cannot suppress our sorrow and indignation at the consequences which must result from it. For thus did he proceed, through Meath, Longford, Cavan, Sligo, Monaghan, Westmeath, Donegal, and Cork, from one extremity of Ireland to the other, not only canvassing salutes, but *OPENING JAILS*, and letting convicts loose, till, if we are not mistaken, 150 malefactors were turned out upon the country, by this summary process. Even the common decorum of referring to the judges was neglected ; the jailer was sometimes his Excellency's only counsellor, the arbiter of the destinies of his Majesty's subjects. Thus were the judges of the law insulted, its sentences reversed, its just execution brought into suspicion, and crime encouraged by the sense and experience of impunity.

When men are at a loss to find something to praise, it is no wonder if they occasionally bring forward statements a little *mal-a-propôs*. The very next page to the eulogium on Lord Mulgrave's "clemency" is devoted to the "improvement in the system of selecting juries on criminal trials." Of course, the improvement is, that all juries are now unchallenged. We confess it was very natural that after the anticipation of the punishment of guilt, the next subject of the author's admiration should be the prevention of its conviction. But it is rather an inappropriate occasion to have lying before the public, the unblushing assertion, that "such a change in the condition of society is a signal and palpable improvement," while we have the record of the last Carlow assizes to refer to. It is a notorious fact, that the

"unchallenged and unsuspected juries," though summoned to try cases of anti-tithe rioting, were, with one or two exceptions, composed exclusively of men known to approve of the system of resistance to tithe. This, of itself, is a sufficient insult to common prudence and propriety, to summon a man to sit in judgment on an offence, arising from the very political tenets to which he was avowedly attached. But this was not enough. The scrupulous delicacy of the Attorney-General, in avoiding giving offence to the tender sensibilities of the Carlow farmers, went a step further. At the trial of the Rathvilly rioters, there was a *brother* of one of the prisoners on the jury; and in the case of the disturbances at the Carlow election, the employer of another. The next step, we suppose, will be a patriarchal jurisdiction, where every murderer will be tried at his own fire-side, before a jury composed of his wife and family; and thus the expensive superfluities of jails and courts of justice, may be altogether dispensed with.*

We finally and solemnly appeal to the people of England, and ask them, will they suffer this state of things to continue, till Ireland be again severed from the empire? It is now near 700 years since it was annexed to the English crown, and Englishmen, and the descendants of Englishmen, have formed a population of millions, who do not call themselves aliens, or denounce the sassenach, but are still fondly attached to everything in their fatherland, and believe the laws, institutions and social habits of that country, from which they originally came, to be the source of everything good and valuable in the country, which is now their native land. We ask them, will they suffer this po-

pulation, endeared to them by every tie, to be exterminated, or obliged to seek shelter elsewhere, as crowds have done, and are doing every day? It is now near 300 years since the reformation was first planted in this country, and wherever it has advanced, industry, sobriety, morality, and peaceable habits have accompanied its progress; will they suffer this, their own faith to be put down, and rejected superstitions substituted in its place? There are 3000 clergymen of the established church, who do not yield to any other body of men, in talent, piety, charity and every social virtue, for whom a decent, and not more than a decent, provision has been made; will they suffer these men, in the discharge of their sacred and valuable duties, to be reduced to absolute beggary, and murdered if they dare to ask for their own? Will they deny them the protection which the humblest classes are entitled to and receive in England? Will they quietly see their houses and churches attacked—their persons assaulted—their brains scattered about the roads—their lives in such universal danger, that few will venture on the hazard of ensuring them, so that they are even deprived of the melancholy means of providing for their destitute families after their own violent and premature deaths?† We feel they will not. If the people of England be abused, and the real state of the country be shown to them, they will no longer pin their faith on the audacious mendacity of illegal associations, or the plausible inanity of flimsy pamphlets. We hold it the duty of every honest periodical, to exert itself in the cause of truth, and our efforts shall not be wanting to promote it.

* The following is a flagrant instance of the effects of the system of unchallenged juries:—A poor Protestant took a farm, from which a Roman Catholic, named M'Carron, had been ejected. He was shortly afterwards murdered in the open day by M'Carron and two associates. They were all convicted in three several trials, by eleven of the jury, on the clearest evidence, but justice was prevented by one jurymen, who always contrived to be on the panel, whom the crown would not suffer to be challenged. The murderers were not only allowed by government to go as settlers to the colonies, but it is said were actually supplied with money from the Treasury to bear their expenses!

† When this unhappy subject was before the public sometime ago, it was affirmed by Dr. M'Hale, or some other titular, that no such outrages were committed, and he asked where they were? His question was answered by a detail of twenty-one cases, where Protestant clergymen were murdered, or their lives attempted, and when, in some instances their bodies were found in ditches, crushed under a heap of stones, like those of mad dogs!

NAPOLEON IN COUNCIL.*

It is utterly impossible that any work which communicates to us any authentic information as to the most minute particulars of the life of Napoleon, should be without its interest. The volume before us contains information which, we believe, may be perfectly relied on. It is, in fact, an authentic record of the opinions delivered by Bonaparte in the Council of State, by a note-taker of unexceptionable fidelity, a member of the Council, who turned his opportunities to account, and attempted to preserve for posterity the conversations of the extraordinary man to whose councils he was admitted. Thus writes the Baron Pelet :

“At the enthusiastic age at which I became a member of the Council of State,† I watched with avidity every word Napoleon let fall, and as I recorded them at the moment, in the expectation of their proving of interest to posterity, I often thought how much we should now give to have such notices of Alexander the Greater or Julius Cæsar! Posterity, indeed, in the case of Bonaparte, has come much sooner than I had expected; and I venture to present it with a document which will aid essentially in estimating the character of one of the most extraordinary men who has ever appeared on earth, and whose catastrophe and melancholy end have placed their seal on what was wonderful in his history.”

Before we proceed to make our readers in some degree acquainted with the contents of this most interesting volume, it may perhaps be necessary to inform them of the opportunities which the author of the original enjoyed, and of the credit which we may attach to his narrations. The translator has prefixed a preface, in which he thus alludes to these points :

“From an intimate personal acquaintance with the author, Monsieur Pelet (de la Lozère), I feel thoroughly persuaded that the whole is written in good faith, and that every incident or conversation here recorded, is perfectly authentic.

“The subject, it may perhaps be thought, is well nigh worn out; but as there can

be no doubt that many parts of it have hitherto been mystified—some by design, and some unintentionally—it occurred to me that a trustworthy statement, coming from a person who has enjoyed peculiar advantages for ascertaining the truth, might still be considered acceptable.

“Mons. Pelet's means of obtaining information arose from his having occupied high and confidential situations, first under the Consulate and the Empire, afterwards during the Restoration, and more recently under the present government of France; while his rank in society, his talents, and his habits of business, enabled him to profit by the ample opportunities which a position so advantageous gave him, during these successive political epochs.

“Under Napoleon, the author was long a member of the Council of State, and Administrator of the Royal Forests of the Civil List; both of which situations brought him frequently in contact with the head of the Government.

“During the Restoration, he enjoyed the title of Councillor of State, and for four years was Prefect of the Loire and Cher, of which department he was elected a deputy in 1827, a seat which he has occupied up to this time.

“Since the accession of Louis Philippe to the throne, he has been Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies, and for some time held the important office of Minister of Public Instruction.

“Finally, by his marriage with the daughter of Mons. Otto (who, it may be remembered, negotiated the preliminaries of the Treaty of Amiens, and afterwards filled various high diplomatic situations on the continent,) Mons. Pelet came into the possession of many valuable official documents, several of which, so far as I know, are now for the first time laid before the public.”

The work is divided into two parts : the first, including fifteen chapters, all of a most pleasantly readable length, in which conversations of Napoleon are reported, in connexion with the narrative of the events to which they refer. In the second portion there are seventeen chapters, equally to be commended for their judicious brevity, which are

* *Napoleon in Council*, or the *Opinions delivered by Bonaparte in the Council of State*. Translated from the French of Baron Pelet (de la Lozère,) Member of the Chamber of Deputies, and late Minister of Public Instruction, by Captain Basil Hall, R.N. Robert Cadell, Edinburgh, Whittaker and Co. London. 1837.

† The author was then only 19 years of age.

exclusively occupied with discussions in the council of state.

In the singular constitution which, at the close of the year 1799 terminated the French republic, the Council of State was one of the bodies provided to wield the powers of the executive and legislature. The system of this new constitution required four separate bodies—the Legislative Body, the Conservative Senate, the Tribunal, and the Council of State. This clumsy working of checks and counterchecks was framed only to be inefficient, and admirably did it answer the ends for which it was designed. The Council of State, the members of which were nominated by the consuls, and which was intended to be a kind of cabinet council to submit measures to a complicated revision by the other three bodies, became very soon the governing power.

"The Council of State alone preserved its character of a deliberative assembly, and took any real share in the business of the country. It inherited the attributes of its defunct companions; and it alone could give no offence to Napoleon, for, since all its members were nominated and dismissed by him, they acted merely as his council, and their authority had no impulse or direction but in his will and pleasure.

"Napoleon, however, took the greatest pains in the formation of this Council, as it afforded him the only check on the errors of his ministers; in fact, it formed the only body whose concurrence really lent to his acts the countenance of public opinion. He called to his assistance, accordingly, all the best qualified persons he could find in every department of government, and wherever he could lay his hands upon them. In this manner, Merlin and Portalis were selected to assist in the business of legislation—Fourcroy and Chaptal in science—Fleuriot in naval affairs, and Gouvion Saint-Cyr in those relating to military matters. Besides these, there were many others whose names are well known to the world. Having formed his Council, he divided it into sections, to each of which he referred the various projects proposed to him by his ministers to be separately considered. The same matters were afterwards discussed by the assembled Council, and generally in his presence."

The Council of State was, in fact, all that stood between France and the most unlimited despotism; how slight was the barrier will be understood from the fact, that all the members were nominated and dismissed at the plea-

sure of Napoleon. He appears, however, to have treated this body with some species of deference, and to have encouraged the members to speak their sentiments freely. The entire proceedings of this body were as singular as its original constitution; it was virtually the cabinet of a despot, without one certainly essential characteristic—its secrecy; a deliberative council, without even the shadow of independence; a legislative body, without the power to pass a single law.

It is not, however, our present object to discuss the anomalies of a revolutionary constitution, but to bring before our readers a few passages illustrative of what may be termed the cabinet politics of Napoleon. We will aim at no connection either in subject or in time, but just transcribe the passages as they strike us. We extract, in the first place, a few sentences from Baron Pelet's able sketch of the Council.

"The meetings of the Council of State were held at Paris, in the palace itself—or, if Napoleon happened to be at St. Cloud, the members were summoned there. They met at least twice a week, the interval being employed by the sections in separate deliberation. The orders of the day, that is, the affairs for discussion, were divided into *lesser* and *greater orders*. Those which were of minor importance might be taken into consideration in the absence of the Emperor—the others were reserved till he was present. The different proposals were always printed and distributed to the members previously to their being considered in Council.

"Napoleon sometimes gave notice of his intention to be at the meeting; at other times he entered unexpectedly—the sound of the drum on the Tuilleries' Stairs giving the first intimation of his approach. His chamberlain went before him, while the aid-de-camp on duty followed, and both took their station behind him.

"His seat was raised one step above the floor, at the end of the room; and on his right and left sat the princes and other dignitaries. In front were placed the long tables at which the councillors of State were seated. The Emperor's seat remained always in its place, even when he was absent with the army, and on those occasions the High Chancellor (*l'Archichancelier*), seated on the right of the vacant chair, presided in his absence.

"Business proceeded but slowly when Napoleon presided—for he sometimes sunk into a profound reverie, during which the discussion of course languished—and at other times he wandered far from the subject. These political digressions,

however, were full of interest, as they often betrayed the internal state of his mind, or let out the secret of his intended projects.

"Whoever wished to speak had only to say so; and Napoleon often urged those persons to speak whose opinions he desired to learn. The style of address was simple, and without flourish; for the eloquence of the Tribune would have been considered quite ridiculous in the Council. A new member, who had gained a certain degree of reputation as a public speaker, wished to set out with the oratorical manner he had found succeed in public assemblies; but he soon discovered that he was only laughed at in the Council, and speedily lowered his tone. There was no method in that place of concealing the want of ideas under the profusion of words: what was required was substantial matter, and a mind stored with facts. Not only was every description of knowledge represented in the Council of State, but every different epoch. Napoleon's principle, indeed, in its formation, was not merely to draw into it men possessed of all kinds of information, but persons of all different shades of politics. In this spirit he called to his assistance not only those who had most distinguished themselves in the preceding assemblies, but he recalled those who, though not hostile to the revolution, had been expatriated by its early political storms, such as Malouet, Mounier, Ségur, and others. In this way the Council exhibited all the different parties of the state, fused, as it were, into one mass."

There is much that is amusing intermingled with much that is terrible and gloomy in the portrait of Bonaparte which is here presented to us. Nothing can be better adapted to excite a smile than the curious calculations by which the success of the formidable invasion of England was made a matter of expectation. An immense number of flat-bottomed boats and pinnaces were to transport the invading army across the channel.

"It has often been asked how a flotilla, consisting of such a multitude of small vessels, could, by possibility, get past the English fleet without being knocked to pieces? And this difficulty became all the greater when it was considered that several successive tides, and, consequently, different days, were required to get the whole to sea, and, consequently, that they would be attacked and demolished piecemeal before they could form into line. It was, however, hoped that, by exercising the flotilla sufficiently in the outer roads, they might acquire the habit of getting

quickly together,—and as it was farther supposed possible that they might be favoured with dark nights and calm weather, they might slip past and reach the shallow parts of the English coast without being impeded, and then the large ships could not attack them for want of water to come near enough.

"To these encouraging speculations was added the assurance that the Rochfort and Toulon fleets, starting ostensibly for India, and having drawn off the English ships, would suddenly double upon them, and return to the channel to cover our passage across. The more wonderful these wild combinations really were, the more they pleased the fancy and raised the spirits of the troops—who readily believed that the grand secret of this invasion was found out by their chief, to whose genius nothing, they firmly believed, was impossible. So that every individual soldier indulged himself confidently in anticipated glory and fortune!"

We have not room to extract the most amusing account of the manner in which the revival of a monarchical government was effected in the person of Napoleon—a proposal to this effect having been submitted to the senate, they were told by way of quickening their *deliberations*, "make up your minds, or you will be accelerated by the voice of the troops." The result of the deliberation was, that they called on the First Consul to accept the imperial crown.

The senate however accompanied their call with some stipulations for themselves—

1st, "That the office of senator might, in like manner, be made hereditary, and that they should be tried only by their peers of the Senate.

2d, "That the Senate should have the initiative in proposing laws, or that they should possess a *Veto* upon them.

3d, "That the Council of State should not be the interpreters of the '*Senatus Consultes*.'

4th, "That two commissioners should be nominated out of the Senate; one to protect the liberty of the press, the other to secure freedom of persons.

"The First Consul expressed, in the Council of State, the highest displeasure at these pretensions which the Senate had presumed to set up.

"'The day may come,' exclaimed he, 'when the Senate will take advantage of the weakness of my successors to seize the reins of government for themselves. The spirit of that body is quite well known; it stimulates them to strengthen their power

by all possible means. They would demolish the Legislative Body if they could; and if an opportunity were to present itself, they would make a compact with the Bourbons at the expense of the nation. The senators wish to be legislators, electors, and judges, all in one! But such a union of powers is monstrous. They affect, forsooth, to consider themselves as the guardians of the liberties of the country; but what better guardian can they have than the prince? Besides, should he choose to attack them, who could make head against him? The Senate are mightily mistaken if they fancy they have any national or representative character. Their authority is one which emanates from the government, like the rest, and is constituted as they are. As a body, a certain degree of power is ascribed to them; but as for the members, considered individually, they are nothing at all.

" 'These pretensions,' he continued, 'of the Senate, are merely old recollections of the English Constitution; but no two things can be more dissimilar than France and England. The Frenchman lives under a clear sky, drinks a brisk and joyous wine, and lives on food which keeps his senses in constant activity. Your Englishman, on the other hand, dwells on a damp soil, under a sun which is almost cold, swills beer or porter, and demolishes a quantity of butter and cheese, (consomme beaucoup de laitages). Accordingly, the blood of the people not being composed of the same elements, their characters are unlike. The Frenchman is vain, giddy, bold, and, above all things on earth, fond of equality: and thus we have seen them at all periods of their history declaring war against the distinctions of rank and fortune. The other, the Englishman, is rather proud than vain; he is naturally grave, and does not trouble himself with petty distinctions, but attacks serious abuses. He is far more solicitous to maintain his own rights than to invade those of others. An Englishman is at once haughty and humble, independent and submissive. What folly, then, to dream of giving the same institutions to two such different people! Moreover, I should like to ask who is to protect the French Chambers against a prince who has at his disposal an army of four hundred thousand men, whom the geographical situation of the country renders it always necessary should be kept on foot?' "

In a debate on the propriety of excluding two of his brothers from the succession, there is a most amusing concentration of the spirit of what, in

these days of nicknames, has been termed democratic liberty.

" 'I propose, for the present, to exclude from my political succession two of my brothers; one because, in spite of all his abilities, he has made a ridiculous marriage, (un mariage de carnaval). The other, because he took upon himself, and without my consent, to marry an American lady. If they agree to give up their wives, I shall give them back their political rights. As to the husbands of my sisters, they can have no pretensions on this occasion. I do not come into possession of this empire in right of succession, but by the will of the people; and I may call whom I please to share fortunes with me.' "

The conclusive reasoning of the last sentence contains, we repeat, the concentrated essence of what is called democracy: I have it by the will of the people, and I will do what I like with it. So convenient is it for those who desire arbitrary power, to receive it unshackled by any ancient prescription, and derived from an authority so unlimited in its extent as the sovereignty of the people.

The institution of the trial by jury found no great favour in Napoleon's eyes.

" 'Juries,' he exclaimed, 'almost always let off the guilty. Even the English admit this; and, if they still continue the system, it is less for judicial than political purposes—for they consider it a guarantee against the power of the crown. But is it to be supposed that a tyrant will have less power of influencing a jury than he has of influencing judges for life? What signifies, at this hour of the day, the question of its original intention? Is it not a double function, since the power of pardon given to the Sovereign enables him to soften the too great rigour of the laws in certain cases?' "

And lawyers were not much better liked:

"On this occasion, Napoleon complained bitterly of the conduct of the lawyers of Paris. 'One of these gentlemen,' said he, 'had the temerity, during the trial of Moreau, to pronounce a public eulogium on the Count d'Artois; and another, who was engaged to go to Lyons to defend a man who had killed a gendarme employed to arrest him, actually preached up the doctrine of resistance to authority! These lawyers are ever ready,' he continued, 'to intermeddle with political affairs—they attack, on all occasions, the law of divorce—and that of the national property. It is thus that they sap all

foundations of government. I shall forbid their pleading any where out of Paris without permission from the grand judge—and that shall be granted only to those who will not make a bad use of it. If that is not found to answer, I shall find still more effectual means of managing them.”

There is some truth, and more shrewdness, in the following remarks :

“ ‘There does not exist in the world,’ said he, on the 9th of January, 1808, ‘a single constitution which is acted up to. Every thing is in a state of change. The government of England, for instance, has fallen into the hands of forty or fifty great families, who found no difficulty in giving the law to the House of Brunswick, who were strangers in the land ; but that cannot last. In France, things are not a whit more firmly established. A corporal might take possession of the government at the moment of any crisis, for the constitution does not give the government power enough ; and whenever the government is feeble the army are the masters. It ought not, therefore, to be in the power of the legislature to check the march of government by stopping the supplies. The taxes, accordingly, when once fixed, ought to be collected by simple decrees, for it is absurd to suppose that in the interval between the sessions there shall not exist an authority to promulgate such laws as the circumstances of the period may require. The Court of Cassation considers my decrees as laws, and unless it were so, there would be no government at all in the country.’ ”

In penal matters, his discriminating judgment perceived the necessity of some dispensing power in the constitution. “ ‘While men,’ he said, ‘have some bowels, the laws have none.’ The maxim, however, is as old as the days of Tarquin, or at least as those of Livy. When, on the expulsion of the kings the republican sternness of the supremacy of law succeeded to the more pliant forms of monarchical administration, it was felt at Rome that there was an inconvenience in having a tribunal where there was no dispensing power—a judge to whom no palliating circumstances could be pleaded—and a sentence that could not vary with any changing modifications of guilt—“ *leges res sævæ et immutabiles*.”

In the following remarks there is a strange mixture of profound sagacity and political shrewdness, with an overweening selfishness, which seems almost

unconsciously to warp the judgments of this extraordinary mind.

“ ‘SITTING OF THE 7TH FEBRUARY, 1804.—‘The fresh plots,’ observed Napoleon, ‘which have been discovered, render it necessary that commissary generals of police be established at Lyons and other cities. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the intervention of the legislative body is required on this occasion ; on the contrary, I consider it quite out of their way to attend to matters of police ; taxation and the formation of general laws for civil affairs are their topics. A single session of a month or six weeks, once a year, is quite enough for these purposes. Every thing relating to executive business, public security, or police, is out of their beat ; and so are politics, both internal and external. Indeed, the long residence of the deputies in the country unfits them for these matters.’

“ ‘The government is no longer, as it used to be, an emanation of the legislative body, with which it has now only remote relations. The legislative body is the guardian of the public property ; and, accordingly, their office is to see to the taxes. So long as they object to laws merely local, I shall let them pursue their own way ; but if there should grow up amongst them such an opposition as might be strong enough to clog the movements of government, I shall have recourse to the senate to prorogue them ; or change them ; or dissolve them ; and, in case of need, I shall appeal to the nation which is behind all these. Various opinions will be expressed on this head, but I care not. Tomfoolery (*la badauderie*) is the characteristic of the nation ever since the days of the Gauls !’

“ ‘At the sitting of the 29th of March, 1806, he said : ‘I can see no inconvenience likely to arise from declaring the office of a legislator compatible with those of a judge and a magistrate. I should even say it is of public utility that many members of the judicial class should have seats in the legislature, in order that the government might not promulgate laws inconsistent with the established jurisprudence, which can never vary.’

“ ‘I have no desire that such a legislative body shall be got up as shall require nothing at my hands ; and care must be taken not to render it weaker than it now is, otherwise it might be unable to serve me. The legislative body ought to be composed of members who, after their time of service expires, should be able to maintain themselves on their fortunes, without having places given them. As things are now arranged, there are sixty legislators going out annually, whom one does

not know what to do with ; and such of these as have no places, carry all their ill humour down with them to the country !

“ The men I should like to see in the legislature are old landed proprietors, who should be married, as it were, to the state, by their family connexions, or by their profession, and thus be more or less attached to public life. These personages would come up to Paris once a year—would converse with the Emperor at his levee—and return home again perfectly satisfied with this little ray of glory shed on the monotony of their lives.

“ It is of use that other public functionaries, besides those who may be reckoned upon for actual business, should be members of the legislative body. As far as the good of the nation is concerned, the legislative body cannot be rendered too tractable ; (*On ne saurait, pour le bien d'une nation, rendre le corps législatif trop maniable,*) because, if it should be strong enough to inspire any wish to govern, it would in the end either destroy the government, or be itself destroyed.’ ”

To our mind, no chapter in the whole volume is more interesting than the seventeenth, which is headed, “ UPON PUBLIC INSTRUCTION AND THE UNIVERSITY.” Napoleon’s general views of education were philosophical enough. His great principle appears to have been, to educate the people to attachment to the constitution under which they were to live.

“ ‘ There never will be a fixed political state of things in this country,’ said he, ‘ till we have a corps of teachers instructed on established principles. So long as the people are not taught, from their earliest years, whether they ought to be Republicans or Royalists, Christians or Infidels, the state cannot be properly called a nation, for it must rest on a foundation which is vague and uncertain, and it will be for ever exposed to disorders and fluctuations.’ ”

We have already observed, that all the judgments of Napoleon’s mind appear to be the dictates of profound political thought, biassed and warped by the overweening selfishness of his character, and his love of despotism. Self with him was the centre round which all politics should revolve, and he calculated every thing in relation to that centre, while the national advantage and the happiness of the people appear to be subordinate elements, but still elements, in his computations. His democracy was, “ the people have given it to me, and I may do what I please with it.” His aristocratic predilections

were, “ I will be the institutor of a legion of honour, and I will distribute its honours as I please.” His military ardour was, “ the military fanaticism is useful to me, as it makes men indifferent to death,” p. 203. The same spirit may be seen running through every sentiment of his mind. With him Napoleon was the genius of the nation, the constitution, the monarchy, the democracy, the aristocracy, the state. Perhaps it was the idolatry of a mighty genius that paid this universal homage to its own greatness. But if we make allowance for this latent, and it might even be, unconscious tendency to regard all as if absorbed in his own person, we shall find many lessons of wisdom, from which those who have that form of government in which the constitution should be to them, what Napoleon was to his own political speculations, may learn much.

Well would it have been for England if her rulers had long ago perceived and acted on the truths contained in the last extract we have quoted. The people must be trained to be citizens ; they must be brought up in all the hallowed associations of their country ; they must be educated in the precepts of the constitution ; pains should be taken to adapt and mould them for the place they are to fill in the structure of the social fabric. There should be some one common principle of action to pervade the nation ; there should be some one common sentiment on which the minds of fellow-citizens can agree.—This it is that gives their value to the recollections of national glory ; this it is that gives importance as well as interest to the memorials of national pride. And that a state should be great or prosperous there must, we say, be diffused throughout her people some one sentiment of national politics which may make attachment to their constitution a law of the national heart. And this may be under any form of government. In Athens it was the love of democracy, and the noble feeling that their republic was the champion of the liberties of Greece. In America it is or was a pride in their federal union. In England it was attachment to Protestantism and the glorious revolution. But be it what it may, some national sentiment is needed to influence the people—some feeling that may be, so to speak, the religion of politics, and which may be sacredly enshrined in the recesses of the national heart.

Personal admiration of Napoleon supplied, for a time, the place of such a feeling in France. It became the chivalry of the people; and it was, perhaps, the consciousness that this was all that took the place of attachment to the constitution, that made him exclaim—

“ ‘ All this will last as long as I hold out, but when I am gone, my son may call himself a lucky fellow if he has a couple of thousands a year ! ’ ”

And it was just the desire to supply the place of a personal attachment with a veneration for the dynasty which he hoped to establish, that governed him in his schemes for the university. He wished to create in the minds of the people an attachment, not to Napoleon the general, but to the emperor—an attachment which he might bequeath with the imperial dignity to his descendants. But he saw the one great truth, that it is essential that a love and veneration for the constitution should be the leading impulse of the national mind.

We are not about to entangle our readers in a long political disquisition. The principle to which we have adverted is one upon which, in some degree, all governments have been compelled to act; and when we find that the spirit of attachment to the constitution is passing from the nation, and no other national sentiment taking its place, we may augur ill for the permanence of any institution in such a country. We do not, of course, pretend to say, that any change in the constitution, even when it is extensive enough to be entitled a revolution, involves the forfeiture of such a national sentiment: far from it. The national allegiance may be transferred from one form of government to another, the same chivalrous loyalty which caused the national heart to beat with ardour in defence of a monarch, may in time animate them to die in the cause of the stern simplicity of a republic; nay, the very revolution may become the object of the national enthusiasm and devotion—the reformation—the revolution of 1688—or the reform bill, might all be the object of the sentiment of which we speak; but this we do say, that no matter what be its object, the sentiment must exist, or there is no hope of permanence in any institution of the country in which there is nothing like a national allegiance.

“ ‘ It is my wish,’ said Napoleon, ‘ to create in France a civil order in society.

Heretofore there have existed in the world only two orders—the Military and Ecclesiastical. The barbarians who overwhelmed the Roman empire, had it not in their power to form solid establishments, because they had neither an order of priests, nor an order of civilians. The Romans had only the military order. Constantine I. indeed, established, through the medium of the priests, a kind of civil order; and Clovis founded the French monarchy by the same means, without which he could not have sustained himself against the Goths. The Prussian monarchy is the most military in Europe, because the Roman Catholic priests have been excluded from it. The monks are the natural enemies of the soldiers, and they have more than once served as a barrier against them. Julian became an apostate, because at the time he was governor of Gaul, the Emperor of Constantinople, who was afraid of him, invariably placed the civil order, of which the priests were the chiefs, in opposition to him. The monks, I suspect, are not so useless as people have believed them to be in our days. The civil order will be strengthened by the creation of a body of teachers, and still more would it be fortified by a large body of magistrates. The presidents of the higher tribunals ought to be eminent persons. The charms which belong to great authority and high consideration in society, will counteract that philosophical repugnance which, in some countries, men of easy fortunes feel for office; and where, in consequence, the government falls into the hands of blockheads and intriguers. This is not yet the case in France, it is true, where all the world is eager for place, especially since the senate was established—but it is the case in Austria. ’ ”

Napoleon, with just discrimination, rejected the idea of female boarding schools. We wish his sentiments upon this point were universal.

“ ‘ I do not think we need trouble ourselves with any plan of instruction for young females; they cannot be better brought up than by their mothers. Public education is not suitable for them, because they are never called upon to act in public. Manners are all in all to them, and marriage is all they look to. In times past the monastic life was open to the women; they espoused God, and though society gained little by that alliance, the parents gained by pocketing the dowry. All that, however is how changed ! ’ ”

Napoleon had entrusted to Fourcroy, the celebrated chemist, the task of preparing the draught of a body of statutes

for the new university. Fourcroy, however, was but little adapted to realize the political views of the Emperor: after the plan had gone through several editions in the council, it was still further changed by the Emperor himself. Baron Pelet has preserved a record of some of the changes which he thus finally made: those relating to religion are especially deserving of attention:

"The discussions, which had been interrupted by the campaigns of 1806, were resumed in February 1808, after Napoleon's return from Jena and Tilait. Fourcroy had employed the interval in arranging and methodising the points agreed upon in 1806. But when the decree of the 17th March, 1808, came out, it was easy to discover that the Emperor had made many alterations on the edition which had been adopted in council, and as some of these changes are curious, especially those which show what his system was in relation to the clergy, one or two of them may prove interesting.

"The 3d article enacted, that no establishment for instruction was to be formed beyond the walls of the university, and without the sanction of its head or principal. Napoleon added a sentence which *'exempted the seminaries and left them under the sole direction of the bishops.'*"

"The 7th article vested, for the first time, the nomination of the deans, and of the professors of theology, in the grand master, who was to choose them according to their merit. The Emperor's decree, however, required the grand master to *make his selection from amongst the candidates presented by the bishops.*

"The 38th article enumerates the bases of the instruction to be given in the university, and in the first paragraph, the precepts of the Christian religion are spoken of. Napoleon took his pen and substituted in the decree the word *Catholic* religion.

"In the 2d paragraph he erased the sentence which specified as one of the bases of instruction *the maxims and rights (libertés) of the Gallican church:* and also the paragraph which spoke of the *maxims upon which the organic laws of worship are founded.* And in place of these two expunged sentences he wrote as follows:—

"Every professor of theology shall be

required to adhere to the terms of the edict of 1682, relating to the four propositions contained in the declaration of the clergy of France at the above period."†

It may, perhaps, be necessary to apprise our readers, that the liberties of the Gallican Church was a term denoting the maintenance of the four propositions of 1682; the change which Napoleon made in the second paragraph of the 38th article was more in its form than its spirit.

It is a curious fact, that the Gallican Church continued for ages attached to the See of Rome, yet differing materially from the Catholic Church on so important an article as the authority of the Pope. The Council of Constance, which met without the authority of the Pope, and declared its independence of the Bishop of Rome, continued for its earlier sessions to act without his authority; after this it sat with the authority of the Pope, and the Gallican Church alone recognised the first sessions as having the authority of a general council, while all the rest of the Catholic world only regarded it as a general council for that period when its proceedings obtained the sanction of the Pope. The influence of these Gallican liberties upon the genius of the French Church will be readily traced by the student of history who bears their existence in mind; and it is curious to observe how cautiously they are guarded in the constitution of Napoleon's university.

While there is thus manifested an anxiety to preserve these liberties which had left the French clergy comparatively free from the baleful influence of foreign domination, there is also singularly displayed on the part of Napoleon, a wish to leave them all their just privileges. The exemption of the theological seminaries from the interference of the University, might almost seem to spring from a sincere desire to keep religion free from the latitudinarian influence which might pervade the educational body. And the provision that the selection of professors of divinity should be made from candidates presented by the bishop, is one which recent events has taught us

* These "seminaires" were houses managed by the clergy for the purpose of educating young persons destined for the church.

† The declaration above alluded to maintains that, in temporal matters, sovereigns are to be considered independent of ecclesiastical authority—and that, in spiritual matters, even the authority of the Pope is subordinate to that of the Councils.

might be applied with advantage much nearer home.

But, perhaps, the most remarkable alteration is that in the 38th article. It surprises us to find Napoleon's council recognising the necessity of basing all education on religion; "It is worthy of remark," said Napoleon himself, "that education at its commencement has always been connected with religious notions." It is still more curious to find Napoleon himself substituting for the vague and indefinite expression "Christian religion," the unequivocal term "Catholic." He had sagacity enough to feel that the latitudinarian indifference which would regard all forms of Christianity alike, could have but one intelligible result—the impartial, because indiscriminating disregard of all.

There is much that is instructive in the anxiety of Napoleon to diffuse through the people some settled principles which might become the maxims of the national creed in politics. It is a part of government too much neglected in all old and established institutions, for the very reason, that such institutions appear to have a prescriptive claim to the confidence and affections of the people, which it needs no pains or trouble to enforce. How unsafe it is to trust to this, let the experience of England tell. When that party, which perhaps, deserve the name of Tories were in power, they neglected the people; they took no pains to inform or to instruct them, and the consequence has been just what might have been anticipated, that with the very first popular commotion, the alienation of the people from the constitution was made too fatally evident; those watchwords which had been foolishly relied on as possessing some magic power of appeal to Britons, were unheeded as the wind, and all the feelings and prejudices which we had fondly hoped were permanent, without culture or care, were found to have been supplanted by idle delusions which had been circulated by the emissaries of evil, while the friends of the constitution were inactive.

The plain and simple truth is this, that the mass of mankind cannot be safely left to form their own opinions without any interference on the part of the wise and the good. It is the solemn duty of every person who loves true principles, to use his best endeavours to place those principles before the minds of the multitude. Experi-

ence testifies abundantly, that never has there been a mischievous error or a false conceit, without its missionaries, with all the zeal of propagandism to disseminate its pernicious influence. The fact may be unaccountable, but history and our own experience, prove that it is a fact. The influence of this must be counteracted; truth must be disseminated with as much activity, if not with as much zeal as error, or, if left to its unaided power, it will be overwhelmed in the unequal contest. These are truths which should now be taken to heart; the cry of "instruct the people," should now be the watchword of patriotism. Napoleon felt that, even under a despotic government, it was essential to national stability, that pains should be taken to educate the people in the principles of the national polity. How incalculably is the necessity increased in a constitution in which the people themselves direct the movements of the state, in which they must not only have the dispositions that make men fit to be governed, but much of the knowledge and the temper that qualify them to govern. We repeat, that the watchword of patriotism in Britain should now be "INSTRUCT THE PEOPLE."

This, however, is a subject too important to be incidentally discussed; we return to Napoleon and his University. The emperor's views as to the education of physicians are thus expressed:

"With respect to the degrees given by the university, that of doctor ought not to be too readily bestowed. The candidate ought to be examined on the most difficult subjects,—for example, on the comparison of languages,—and it would not be amiss were they required to converse in Latin for an hour and a half. It is by no means necessary that all the world should be rendered eligible for a doctor's degree. Nor do I approve of the condition which requires that a bachelor of medicine should first take a scientific degree; for medicine is not a positive and exact science, but one of observation and conjectures. For my part, I should have more confidence in a doctor who had not studied the exact sciences, than in him who was acquainted with them. I preferred M. Corvisart to M. Hallé, because M. Hallé belongs to the Institute, whereas M. Corvisart does not know what is meant by two triangles being equal to one another! The student of medicine ought not to be disturbed in his visits to the hospital or dissecting-room, or in his medical studies. Anatomy, though

it be the least uncertain branch of the art, is still enveloped in darkness. We know neither why we live nor how we live, nor what the living principle is. To require, therefore, that a young man shall be versed in knowledge of such different kinds, before he can enter upon his profession, is to risk losing the public services of the great men whom such a profession might turn out. For, by a strange caprice in the structure of the human mind, it may well happen that a man may be a great physician or a great jurist, who could never work a sum in compound division!"

The suggestion that the higher degrees should be bestowed with great discrimination, and not as a mere matter of form, to those who had already attained the lower ones, we would respectfully submit to the attention of our British Universities. With the exception of the medical degrees, the degree of A. B. is the only one with which the attainments of the candidate have any necessary connection. This once obtained, the others follow as a matter of course; and by waiting a few years, and paying a certain sum of money, a man becomes Master of Arts, or even a Doctor learned in both laws.

From this curious chapter we select at random a few more detached passages illustrative of Napoleon's views. We take them without any reference to subject or connection.

"At the meeting of the 29th May, 1804, Napoleon said, 'The minister of public worship must determine what classical works shall be placed in the hands of the young men; and I desire that he will print a small volume for each class, containing passages selected from ancient as well as modern writers, and which shall have a tendency to inspire the rising generation with opinions in conformity with the principles of the new empire.

"I am aware that the suppression of the Jesuits has left a great void in these matters of education; but it is not my intention to re-establish them, nor to raise up any other corporation which may be influenced by external authority; but I feel called upon to organise a system of education for the new generation, such, that both political and moral opinions may be duly regulated thereby.

"There ought to be two distinct classes of masters,—one who should teach the pupils, another who should govern them; for these matters require very different talents.

"The monks were the Pope's militia, who owned no other sovereign, and con-

sequently they were more to be dreaded than the secular clergy, who, but for the monks, would never have caused any embarrassment.

"Every one knows the scandalous excesses which were carried on by the monks; and I can myself form a good estimate upon that subject, as I was for some time brought up by them. I respect all which religion respects; but as a statesman, I cannot esteem the fanaticism of celibacy, which was a mere device adopted by the court of Rome for rivetting the chains of Europe, by preventing the religious orders from becoming citizens. The military fanaticism is the only one which is of any use to me, as it makes men indifferent to death."

In another chapter we would recommend the following passage to the serious attention of the statesmen who uphold the endowment of Maynooth.

"I am well satisfied with the Protestants,—they ask for nothing, and they recognise me as their religious head, and, in consequence, I am exempted from the necessity of superintending the doctrines taught in their schools. Moreover their numbers are only three millions. The Catholics, on the contrary, require to be watched by the government, because their head is a foreign prince. At all events, we must take care not to let the education of our young priests fall into the hands of fanatics, or of ignorant persons; for it may be truly said of the priesthood, as it has been said of the tongue, it is either the worst of things or the best."

We have been able to make but a few selections from this interesting and extraordinary book,—embracing discussions upon almost all possible topics of government and legislation, and reporting the opinions of a man whose career has influenced for centuries the course of events in Europe, it has been impossible for us even to glance at the multifarious subjects which it brings under review. It is long since we have met with any work, containing at once so much that is interesting and instructive.

But what will the reader think of Napoleon with the help to his judgment which these revelations of his council afford him? The perusal of this volume makes us more intimately acquainted with the child and champion of democracy—will the old proverb be verified in spirit—"no man was ever a hero to his valet." We will follow the example both of the author and the translator, and let these documents

speak for themselves. Every reader will form his own judgment. Baron Pelet asks the same questions that we have done—he thus ventures a vague and undecided reply.

"It may be asked, 'What impression will be produced on the reader's mind by the documents I here lay before him? What opinion will be formed of Napoleon and his system of administration, by the observations made by him in the Council of State?' The reply is, that unquestionably the same opinion which the public have already formed will be thereby confirmed. They will recognise in Napoleon's character a mixture of impetuosity and trickery, half French half Italian, but in which impetuosity predominated; while it was modified by such a decided bearing towards absolute power, that it could not fail, on the one hand, to deaden all the internal energies of his country, and, on the other, eventually to rouse foreign nations into resistance.

"He stimulated the ambition of every class of the community, by the distribution of an immense number of employments, promotions, and honorary distinctions, and thus set agoing an immoderate love of excitement, with a feverish desire of change, and he kept up these propensities by the daily exhibition of kings dethroned and dynasties overturned. Finally, he rendered the task of his successors an exceedingly difficult one for a long time to come. For a nation familiarised with wars and conquests cannot really subside into peaceful habits.—She recalls only the glory, and takes no count of the cost: she feels, as it were, humiliated, from ceasing to humiliate

others, and her restless energies, finding no employment abroad, naturally seek vent in domestic commotions.

"Napoleon, looking down from the vast height which he had reached, thought the rest of mankind smaller than they really were; and this the cause of his downfall. He raised up against himself, by the mere abuse of power, not only sovereigns and whole populations, but even his own country, in which he had nurtured the most dangerous enemies.

"It is not a little strange, that while conquerors will go every length for glory, and do any thing to gain the public applause, there should lie a thorough contempt of mankind at the bottom of their hearts. It may happen that too good an opinion of the world will prove occasionally fatal to the head of a government, while too low an opinion may become equally destructive to his authority.

"The true glory of Napoleon consists in his having suppressed anarchy, in having rallied round him all parties in the state, in having organised such a powerful administration, that France, during fifteen years, submitted to the guidance of his powerful hand, as if the whole nation had been but one man; in giving his country a code of civil laws more perfect than any which it had possessed before; and in being laborious, indefatigable, and unceasingly occupied with the cares of government.

"What might not Napoleon have effected, with all these great qualities, had he employed them for the purpose of governing France in peace, and in studying to bestow upon her a constitution and a state of manners calculated to prevent the recurrence of fresh political tempests!"

PROFESSOR BUTT'S INTRODUCTORY LECTURE.*

We have read this lecture of Mr. Butt's with much pleasure, and after having perused it carefully, can predict with confidence, that the public will not be disappointed in the expectations which they formed when he was selected to fill the office which he now holds.

It is a peculiarity of the professorship of Political Economy, not only in our University, but also, we believe, in both the great English Universities, that it can be held by the same person for no longer period than five years. In this arrangement,

connected with the peculiar state and nature of this science, there are some important advantages. It prevents the opinion of any one person from exercising (at least through the medium of the professorship) too great an influence on the public mind. The science is still in its infancy, and is daily undergoing material changes, and receiving fresh improvements. Were the same professor to continue in office during his life, he might not be very willing to adopt and disseminate those improvements. He would probably hold to the doctrines which he first

* An Introductory Lecture delivered before the University of Dublin, in Hilary Term, 1837, by Isaac Butt, Esq., LL.B., Archbishop Whately's Professor of Political Economy. 8vo. William Curry, jun. and Co. Dublin. 1837.

promulgated, and refuse to declare from the professor's chair, that any thing which he taught in preceding years from the same authoritative position, was erroneous. He would not unnaturally suppose it improbable, that after having made such an admission, his future lectures would be listened to with much reverence. The learned might esteem him more for his candid confession of past mistakes, but the unlearned (and it is to such, that his lectures must be principally addressed) would consider him merely as a man, who, in his peculiar profession, had all his life gone astray. This fleeting professorship is therefore not an unwise establishment, when the science is rather to be investigated than to be taught.

But it has this disadvantage, that it places the discrepancies between the professors of the same science in a most prominent point of view, so that to the malicious, each professor seems to do little more than to demolish the fabric raised by his predecessor, and on its ruins to erect a fragile superstructure, the subversion of which may afford occupation and triumph to his successor. Thus our lectures may appear to afford no progressive instruction, but to be "never ending, still beginning, fighting still, and still destroying."

For this sarcasm, however, Mr. Butt's lecture affords no real ground. He is careful to have the foundation sound, but he does not, therefore, reject all that has been said before. He selects, and in our opinion, with considerable judgment, the most correct and consistent opinions and definitions of the modern economists, to which he adds value, by the clearness of his explanations, and strength, by the compactness of his arguments. In other cases he boldly takes an original view of the subject, lays down his position with a clearness which cannot be mistaken, and supports it with reasoning, which, in strength and closeness, is scarcely inferior to mathematical demonstration. We shall endeavour to give the public a faint outline of his Introductory Lecture.

Mr. Butt commences with a few striking observations on the hostility which some bear to this science, and gives a very ingenious analysis of its source; and ascribes it principally to three causes, on one (the last) of which he makes the following just remarks:

"There is a class of persons, to whom

political economy, no doubt, has proved a peculiar inconvenience; and this class comprises within it the individuals best adapted by nature for making a science, especially if it be a senseless one.

"It is unfortunately true, that a certain kind of popular talent may exist, without the possession of very great reasoning powers; and those who have gained a reputation by the one, are naturally jealous of a science which unobtrusively detects their deficiency in the other. You will readily understand why some persons resent as a most unfair and unwarrantable interference, the introduction of strict reasoning into subjects which they are very willing to regard as made by long prescription, the exclusive property of the declaimer."—Page 11.

There is much force in the manner in which Mr. Butt exposes that undefined feeling which leads many to dread that the result of their investigation in political economy, or in any other science, may lead to results unfavorable to religion. He not only proves the unreasonableness of this feeling, but states and proves a proposition which it directly contradicts, viz. that "there is no moral obligation upon a rational creature to abstain from employing his faculties in any investigation to which they are adapted."

We may, however, remark, that exclusive attention to any one science has a tendency to weaken the impression which religious truths leave on the mind. But when this occurs, it ought to be attributed rather to the neglect of religion which is culpable, than to the study which but for that effect would not have led to any fatal result, nor incurred any blame. What human study is more calculated than anatomy to demonstrate the infinite power and wisdom and goodness of God, and to fill us with reverence and gratitude for their effects so wonderfully displayed in our composition? and yet too exclusive attention to that science has frequently led to atheism. In his study of the creature, man forgot the creator; he became at last so accustomed to the wonderful mechanism of the human frame, that the prospective arrangements of divine wisdom appeared to be natural and necessary combinations. Thus, a tooth formed to tear meat, or a claw to procure it, appeared to infer a stomach fitted to digest it, by the same kind of necessity that leads us to mathematical conclusions, and seemed to require neither a creator nor a cause. Still the study of anatomy is

no less useful and necessary, and such examples should teach us, not that we ought to dread any study as dangerous, but that we ought to pursue it in a proper spirit.

Mr. Butt next alludes briefly to the opinion which many entertain, that political economy is a selfish, heartless science, which, "in the sternness of its paradoxical conclusions, contradicts not only the maxims of common sense, and the lessons of experience, but every generous emotion, and every charitable sympathy of the heart." He trusts to the increasing influence of truth to dispel this illusion, without the necessity of any particular analysis of its cause. We fear, however, that this ill opinion of political economy has received no small countenance from the conduct of the English poor-law commissioners. The alteration lately made in the law was generally thought to be at best a measure of necessary harshness, but it became almost intolerable when administered by certain ultra-economists, who seemed to feel very little repugnance to stifling every generous feeling of the soul, in obedience to the dictates of a hard-hearted philosophy which pronounced to willing disciples, that it was essential to the prosperity of England that her inhabitants should be starved, and by no means should be permitted to increase and multiply. To the English labourer those commissioners appeared to be sent on earth to fulfil the prophecy of St. Paul, "In the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and to doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their consciences seared with a hot iron, *forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats.*"—1 Tim. iv.

Mr. Butt is happy in the manner in which he exhibits the phenomena which political economy is called upon to investigate, and which are so familiar, and of such constant occurrence, that, until our attention is particularly directed to them, they appear to require no investigation. He next defines and explains some of the principal terms in the science, such as "wealth," "utility," "value," "production," and gives his reasons for adopting or rejecting the divisions and definitions laid down by other writers.

We were pleased to find that he concurs with the most judicious economists in rejecting the old distinction

between productive and unproductive labour; and in our opinion, he excels them far in the clearness with which he refutes the arguments by which it was supported, and explains the nature and origin of the mistake which led to the distinction. By defining production to be the creation of utility, he abolishes this error for ever.

We extract the following passage as an excellent illustration of the importance of Mr. Butt's definition, and at the same time, a fair specimen of his style:

"You will bear in mind, that any creation of utility is production. I have already called your attention to the transfer of commodities from a place where they are not useful to the place where they are. This is a very important kind of production, and one in which, at this moment, multitudes of labourers are engaged all over the world. But this is a species of production which, except in its very great operations, we are inclined to overlook. The bringing of coals from the depths of the pits at Whitehaven to your grate, is certainly a very great creation of utility. All persons would say at once, that the raising of these coals to the mouth of the pit was production; but some, perhaps, might stop here without the slightest reason, and not concede that the conveying of them another stage of their journey, that across the sea, was productive; but I see no distinction between the nature of one and the other, or between either of them and the carting of them from the quay to the coal cellar. But if they ended their travels even here, they might just as well have remained one hundred fathoms under Whitehaven; and the act of your servant, when he carries them from the cellar to the grate, is just as much an act of production, and the same in kind, as the labour of the miners, or the services of the crew of the collier, or the drivers of the coal dray."—Pages 60, 61.

Those who regard production as the creation of value, cannot clearly apply their definition to Mr. Butt's example. How does the useful act of bringing coals to the fire improve their value, *i. e.* their power of procuring other commodities in exchange. In general, those who take value into their notion of production, are apt to regard all labour as unproductive, where a further exchange is not necessary after that labour has been performed. We think the definition given by Mr. Butt, therefore, possesses the advantage of explaining, with ease, cases which, on

the common definition, must occasion the greatest perplexity, at the same time that it is more conformable to the common idea attached to the word.

We have, however, very strong doubts whether he is equally correct in excluding the idea of value from his definition of wealth. It leads to many questions which it will be difficult to answer. We must rank wealth under the category of quantity. How is this quantity to be measured? As an article of wealth, which is a leg of mutton or a valuable diamond ring to be esteemed the greater quantity? We must not refer to their relative scarcities to remove the difficulty introduced by Mr. Butt's definition, for he supports his definition principally by this argument, that it does not ever involve the consideration of the scarcity or abundance of any article.

Besides, if the scarcity or value of any commodity must be taken into consideration in order to estimate its quantity as an article of wealth, it will follow that all the wealth in the world, which possess no value, are not equal to a single pin, and therefore it was unnecessary to alter the established definition to include such commodities within it. We see no advantage to be gained by the change. Referring to Mr. Butt's admirably accurate definition of Political Economy, page 40, we would ask, is *human agency* any way concerned in the production or distribution of those articles of wealth which possess no value?

With the above trifling exception, we concur in every proposition of Mr. Butt's, and feel assured that his lectures will do much to settle the science on a firmer and surer basis. He possesses, in an eminent degree, those qualities which are essential to an improver of the science. He evidently has a very accurate comprehension of the meaning and consequences of every proposition which he lays down, that seems to promise that he will be bold without rashness, and that he will be original without falling into paradox. His style is uncommonly clear and forcible, and well suited to philosophical investigations. His reasoning is close and powerful, and as abstract as the occasion requires, or perhaps would admit, without impairing its perspicuity.—Many of his propositions are stated in such a manner, as to make them equally capable of being applied to other subjects, so that his lectures are instructive beyond the truths of political economy contained in them. A lively and sarcastic humour frequently appears, which, while it amuses the reader, serves to expose still more clearly the errors which it encounters, and almost places them in the rank of those practical absurdities which so often form amusing anecdotes. We leave his lecture with regret, and an anxiety that we may be shortly called to notice some larger work on the same subject by the same author.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. VIII.

SHERIDAN.—PART II.

RICHARD B. SHERIDAN filled so prominent a place in the public eye, and has left an impression so combined and striking, that it is not an easy task to satisfy the expectation of the multitude by an adequate sketch of his life. We say a sketch, because it is in this the difficulty lies. To detail the particulars of a life at length, is comparatively easy. Where all is preserved, the reader may be safely left to the estimate of his own judgment. And if

his idea thus formed does not attain to much truth of resemblance, he will at least satisfy himself. Far different is his office who has to contrast, to select and generalize a vast and copious detail into a small compass, so as to present to all, that which every man is disposed to find for himself.* He has to deal with preconceptions, in which a more deliberate view of the subject will find much to correct. He will have to meet the prepossessions of party feel-

* There are two methods of representing character; by the actual detail of acts, words and circumstances, or by the tracing of moral and intellectual workings. The first is the most easy and popular, but it requires amplitude and abundance. The second is difficult and at best liable to question; yet it has at least the advantage of brevity. There is a third very common method; portraiture, much used among the writers of the last century, by the mere enumeration of mental features. But this presupposes knowledge in the reader, and, at best, is mostly empirical.

ing—the jealous pride of kindred ; and he must, if he performs his duty, discover moral peculiarities, which shall at first view seem more refined than just. Such has been the peculiar nicety of the effort we have taken upon us, in aiming to trace to their source the peculiar features of Sheridan. We may now proceed with much less precision or care. There are four distinct stages in his career ; the history of his early life—his dramatic successes—his parliamentary life—and the melancholy down-hill course of his latter days. Each of these offers the occasion which our brief space requires, to present distinctly, the different aspects in which his character may be viewed. But let us here observe that the relative interest of these is very different. We have laboured to be distinct on the first, because, if utility be regarded, it is most important. The second we shall continue with brevity, in compliance with the taste of the hour ; yet, distinctly, for it is as a dramatic writer alone that Sheridan can obtain a place in the memory of the next generation. His wit has lost its flavour, in the thousand repetitions ; his social fascination can only be conceived by those who have felt it ; his virtues and failings lose themselves in the common features of humanity ; the triumphs of the social hour are transient. The orator's memory, too, must rest on what has been preserved of his eloquence. As an orator we cannot rate him at the highest, unless by lowering the praise of eloquence. As a statesman Sheridan had no pretension ; and he who would represent in a life, the history of that eventful period in which he lived, must weigh his powers for the delineation of the mind of Burke. But it is as a dramatist that Sheridan must take his place among the illustrious of every age.

As we have in our first part taken some pains to trace with accuracy the moral features of his character, we must, before we proceed, recall to the reader's mind the sum of our inferences.

He was by nature intelligent and vivacious, social and generous, aspiring and sensitive, indolent and a lover of pleasure. He had keen observation, and ready sagacity, a lively sense of the characteristic and humorous, and a clear sound understanding. Of imagination he had little ; of ~~any~~

much ; but was little endowed with the more philosophical properties of analysis or discursive reason. All these remarks are to be illustrated in the whole of his history, without any undue refinement ; for we have aimed not to anatomise character, but to present a faithful and obvious likeness. From these dispositions the intelligent reader will trace with ease the opposite courses of his conduct. His ambition conquered his indolence, and this in turn combined with his love of pleasure, to subdue his prudence. His sensitive jealousy caused injustice and alienation, which his generosity and kindliness of nature still rectified and reconciled. Regardless of money, except as a means of present gratification, he was as willing to pay as to spend ; but improvidence led him to contract engagements beyond his means. An anecdote is related by one of his biographers (we think Dr. Watkins) very illustrative of his indolence. He had been so severely handled in a libel on the subject of his affair with Mr. Mathews, in some pamphlet or obscure provincial paper, that he resolved upon a reply. But, thinking it fair to give the same publicity to the attack as to his defence, he sent the libel to Mr. Woodfall's well-known journal, requesting its insertion, and promising his reply in a few days. It was inserted in the Public Advertiser ; Sheridan's versatility was, however, in the mean time, caught away into the whirl of some fresh excitement, and the reply became a needful but unattractive task. Day after day past in procrastinating intentions ; Mr. Woodfall made repeated and urgent applications for the meditated reply, and was as constantly assured that it should be ready on the following day. But days grew into weeks until the time was past when it could appear to any purpose.

We may regard the period at which we are now arrived, as the happiest of Sheridan's life. Adorned by the most flattering successes ; blessed in the object of his affections ; cheered on by the acclamations of the world, and acknowledged by the companionship of the great and the good. His affections were not yet impaired by the dissipations of life : he had not yet been diverted from the course which was native to his genius ; hope, ever the companion of youthful ambition, opened before him a career in which he might not unreasonably look for-

ward to the highest distinctions of genius, and hope

"To rival all but Shakespeare's name below."

Though it is easy for the thoughtful moralist to discern even among the sources of his prosperity, the fine taint of disease, and to trace the causes of reverse; yet it cannot be denied that the chances of the game of life were in his favor; and it may be permitted to the biographer to look with a subdued complacency on the splendid elevation of so many talents, and so many amiable and attractive dispositions, into their appropriate position in the world.

His means were at this time sensibly improved. His command of money increased from different sources. Of these, however, it is to be admitted, some were not consistent with prudence. With the improvidence which belonged to his temperament, he began early to draw upon the future, and to live upon those resources which his popular attractions, and his wit laid open to him. But of this we shall have too much to say. During the present interval he is thought to have partly lived by periodical writing, in which he received some assistance from the talent of his wife. Another source of income must have been still more productive. Though he had refused to permit the public exhibition of his wife as a singer; yet the freedom of his expenditure made any encrease to his means too important to be rejected; the method of private concerts was soon adopted, and as his own popularity enforced the attractions of Mrs. Sheridan's voice, beauty, and skill, it is probable that, after all, nothing was lost by the confinement of these resources to the benefit of their proprietors. The style in which they soon began to live, was, however, profuse, and Sheridan was by nature both hospitable and generous. He never, at any period of his life, had any sense of the value of money, and with his self-reliance of temper, he entertained no fear of want. He, therefore, began, as he continued to lavish such resources as he could command. The class from which both himself and his wife were just emerging, is, by all its habits, addicted to expense; revelry is its profession—dissipation its habit—its taste is festivity. With this, the ambition of genius, the temper social by nature, and the love of elegance that was native to a taste like his,

combined to add their impulses to the infatuation of splendid extravagance; a passion fairly entitled to its place among those moral diseases for which there is no cure but ruin.

The social temperament which leads to the excesses of pleasure and expence is among the most prominent dispositions of our nature, and at all times to be illustrated from every scene of human life. But if we may be understood comparatively, it was peculiarly the feature of that generation. Wit was then a passport to the heart of society, for it gave a fascination to conviviality; it usurped a wizard influence over those orgies which held a spell now happily forgotten, over the tastes of the aristocracy. Wine held its place with woman in the song, and flowing bowls were celebrated in conjunction with sparkling eyes: good fellowship was the praise and ambition of ordinary men, and to be a thoroughly good fellow was to combine a moderately fair reputation as a drunkard, a gamester and a rake. Much of the truth of this might be made to appear from the numerous memoirs of the time. But we must content ourselves with the reference we have made to its songs;—the song is always sure to contain a strong reflection of the spirit of the age. The charm in which care and the tedium of life were "drowned," was heightened by the cordial expansion of the exhilarated breast, and enlivened by the electric overflow of wit, or humour. Then were these *noctes cœnæque*, of which the faint echo does not linger in the hall, and brother wits, in the fulness of the heart, were called Dick, and Ned, and Tom, and cracked jokes, or played gay pranks on each other with the malicious pleasantry of schoolboys. It is easy to understand the adaptation of such scenes, for unfolding and illustrating the peculiar social powers of Sheridan. The refined and graceful allusion, the play of sentiment, the repartee of unrivalled pungency, the humor of comic narration, and the adroit practical humbug of which so many instances are universally known. These must of themselves have amounted to a ruling influence over the spirit of life. There was not then, as there had been in the former reign, and has since in a measure returned, the chilling *hauteur* which guards the paces of privilege and fashion. The distinctions, not of mind, while they had a higher social

value, were not yet depreciated by abundance and universal diffusion. Literature had not expanded into a wholesale manufacture of headless and heartless workhouse ware: and there was more real power in Grub-street, than is now sufficient to supply the daily wisdom of a literary nation. The gold of that gay generation has been, by a liberal alloy, multiplied into brass, and retaining its use has ceased to be ornamental. We may, indeed, aptly apply to literature of every class, and to every department of mental effort, what Mr. Moore says of poetry:

“Besides, in poetry the temptation of distinction no longer exists: the commonness of that talent in the market, at present, being such as to reduce the value of an elegant copy of verses very far below the price it was at, when Mr. Hayley enjoyed an almost exclusive monopoly of the article.”

Sheridan's house became a centre of wit, song, and gay festivity; a splendid income, dissipated without control, or providence of the future, added its substantial attractions to the fascination of elegance, beauty, and genius. His hand was not more lavish to spend, than free to give; and had a little prudence governed his life—or if events peculiarly unfortunate, had not conspired with his own imprudence, he might have been commemorated as one formed to ornament prosperity by munificence and the virtues of splendid hospitality, rather than “to point a moral” by the bright promise of his beginning, and the sad realization of his decline.

It is, indeed, a curious, but melancholy reflection in his history, that the causes of ruin, and those of advancing prosperity, were at this early period advancing with a coordinate progress; as the seed of some latent fatal disease, which must ere long destroy life, grows into strength and virulence with the growth of the living powers. And to the reflecting reader, there is a strong and feeling contrast, between the condition of pecuniary entanglement, which

was weaving its meshes round him at every advance, and the almost festal abandonment of his home circle, and his brilliant increase in reputation and influence. His house was the home of gay attraction; and those hours which were not engaged in the earnest and absorbing whirl of politics and party, were given to mirth and frolic dissipation. Drury-lane, although contracting and accumulating embarrassment not to be retrieved, was yet supplying a respectable income; and this was sunk, as it was received, in the splendour of hospitality that knew no bounds.

Of this prosperous interval Mr. Moore has amassed an interesting collection of facts and anecdotes, in the perusal of which the above reflections have been suggested. There are letters to and from his wife, which exhibit the steadiness of his domestic affections, and while they afford an occasional indication of the morbid sensitiveness to which we have already traced so much, they show the amiability and generosity of a character which there was much to corrupt and much to pervert in the habits of his life.

Besides that conversational wit which is preserved in his writings, Sheridan was, as might be imagined, equally endowed with that adroit spirit of frolic and facetious mischief which consists in practical jokes. These he was in the habit of pursuing occasionally to a very extreme length.* His biographers have preserved some amusing specimens.

We must now return to the detail of that portion of his life, by which his place among the illustrious names of British talent must be fixed. The most splendid of his dramatic successes are before us, and he was yet to produce the first comedy in any language. We cannot, with due regard to the scale on which these sketches are written, and the abundance of our subject, afford to lead the reader's mind through the anxious and interesting interval spent in the preparation of “*The Duenna*.” To do adequate justice

* Among his own immediate associates, the gaiety of his spirits amounted almost to boyishness. He delighted in all sorts of dramatic tricks and disguises; and the lively parties, with which his country-house was always filled, were kept in momentary expectation of some new device for their mystification or amusement. It was not unusual to despatch a man and horse seven or eight miles for a piece of crape or a mask, or some other such trifle for these frolics. His friends Tickell and Richardson, both men of wit and humour, and the former possessing the same degree of light animal spirits as himself, were the constant companions of all his social hours, and kept up with him that ready rebound of pleasantry, without which the play of wit languishes.—*Moore's Life of Sheridan*.

to this most important portion of literary history, requires the ample space of a voluminous work, as it can only be effected by a detail in which nothing is too minute to be important. Mr. Moore has been enabled to trace the progress of the successful dramatist by a succession of authentic documents, for which, if we had space—yet it would be a matter of doubt whether we could fairly appropriate that which gives its principal value to an able work, to which we must acknowledge our obligations. Sheridan's correspondence with Mr. Linley exhibits his judgment, his earnest anxiety, and the diligence of his preparation. He seems to have labored much under the usual embarrassment of those who have to fit their labors to the capabilities and caprices of actors. And these seem to have been aggravated by a peculiar embarrassment in this instance. Leoni, an eminent singer, who was to act Don Carlos, could not speak English well enough for the purpose of the dialogue, and it was therefore impossible to assign him that part in the dialogue which a principal part in the drama might demand. Sheridan's ingenuity conquered this obstacle. After all, on consideration, it may not appear so great. A musical drama cannot be dependant on the interest of the plot, in the degree which might be inferred from the language of the critics of this piece. Its plot is praised by some and censured by others. We shall here give our own reason for thinking it just what it should have been, for the purpose intended. The fault often found with the *Duenna* is the exaggeration of its characters, and the absurdity of its incidents, when measured by the test of nature or real life. Now, all this is in truth a consistent artifice of the design. It is not within the scope of legitimate art to attempt to excite the attention, by several *distinct interests*. This want of harmony and unity of effect could only tend to embarrass the spectator, and dissipate the attention. The intent of the *Duenna* is to delight by music, and to relieve attention by the intervals of humour and playful wit. The plot is no more than the light frame for these; and, consistently with its purpose, cannot be allowed to attract the attention from them by concentrating the mind of the spectator on the deeper sympathies of human nature. There is, in the progress of a well-wrought fiction, an accumulation

of sympathies, and an earnest suspense of interest, which soon becomes impatient of the play of fancy; the song becomes inappropriate, and the jest impertinent, while tragic terrors are yet impending, and human affections are yet writhing in the suspense of jealous doubt. Any plot not absurd enough to divert attention too forcibly, or to untune the spirits for the play of humor, and the fascination of song, is all that is to be desired to create an excuse for the elegant trifling of the comic muse; a playful and fantastic turn is given to the incidents, which thus not only do not impede, but heighten the effect of the whole.

The *Duenna* came out on the 21st of Nov., 1775, at Covent-Garden. Its success was prodigious and unprecedented; it ran for ninety-five nights. One cause contributed, it is said, (we think by Mr. Moore.) to its success; the adaptation of the songs to popular airs. The electric effect of a favourite air, on a crowded theatre, is too well known for comment; and the manner in which the effect thus produced is heightened by surprise, will occur to every one.

In the same year he entered into a treaty with Garrick, for Drury Lane. This extraordinary man, still in the vigor of his great powers, had made up his mind to retire into private life. He had, by talent and prudence, realized a fortune, which may well have excited the most golden dreams in a successor's imagination. Sheridan had been introduced to Garrick by Reynolds, at whose table, the centre of the wit and talent of the day, they had an opportunity of ripening mutual admiration into friendship. It was, therefore, probably by the advice of Garrick, that Sheridan resolved to embark in a speculation so fraught with extreme contingencies. Garrick probably found the increasing difficulty of controlling the humors and reconciling the broils of these "children of a larger growth" who "strut and fret their hour" in so figurative import, in the green room as well as on the stage. He thought, however, that the splendid powers of Sheridan as a writer, and his address as a man, would have the effect of giving renewed attraction to the stage, and governing its petty intestine broils. Sheridan was doubtless of the same opinion, and it must be admitted that their premises were specious enough. Garrick's friendship smoothed the way for an arrangement, which, consider-

ing Sheridan's means, must have otherwise been attended with serious difficulties, and when the agreement was concluded, Sheridan's £10,000 was advanced by two intimate friends of Mr. Garrick, on two mortgages of his share in the theatre.* After some negotiation the following arrangement was effected. Sheridan paid £10,000; Mr. Linley the same; Dr. Ford £15,000; the rest of the estate remaining in Mr. Lacy, who had been Mr. Garrick's partner. Sheridan's confidence in the success of this speculation is strongly expressed in the following extract of a letter to Mr. Linley:—

"The truth is, that, in all undertakings which depend principally upon ourselves, the surest way not to fail is to *determine to succeed.*"

Such determinations are, we believe, more frequent than their fulfilment; and, however essentially they may form a part of the resolution that leads to success, must depend for their entire value on the prudent and persevering activity which can alone ensure it. So far as his ambition supplied the motive, and his vanity the stimulus, no one could be more laborious or persevering; hence the anxious diligence in the elaboration of his dramas. But for money, he had no feelings; his heart could not be engaged in the commercial details of life; and, though his sagacity was prompt to seize upon an apparent advantage, and his fancy to be dazzled by the ambitious dream of realizing affluence, yet it was but the ardor of speculation which seldom follows out the dream of future splendor, into the wearisome paths by which it is to be acquired. Nothing can be more at variance, than the spirit that loves the splendor of affluence, and the spirit that acquires it. The impulse continued not long, but it was, for a while, seconded by those of a different kind. The position in which he was now placed, was one that placed him under the influences of the public, and he had yet in reserve a conservative supply of strength, in his long-projected and unfinished dramas, which lay ripening in his mind.

His first efforts were not such as to answer the very high expectations of his friends. The alteration of Van-

brugh's feeble and licentious comedy of the *Relapse*, must have given much disappointment. In pruning its licentiousness he evaporated the little humour it contained, and substituted nothing of his own.

It is Mr. Moore's opinion, and his facts support it, that the first sketch of the *School for Scandal* was among the earliest dramatic efforts of Sheridan. And the finished composition, all perfect in its kind as it is, is not more deserving of admiration than the history of its growth is worthy of the student's attention. It indeed exhibits, on a scale of unusual breadth, the secrets of the midnight lamp. In extenuation of an exposure which has given offence to the sympathies of authorship, we have already said enough. Sheridan's ambition to excel has, nevertheless, supplied very aggravated instances. But it is the property of genius to be capable of indefinite improvement, and it may be useful to ambitious mediocrity to learn this truth, that no toil or time could have achieved those excellencies which the dull may presume to attribute to any effort within their compass. The vulgar adage about "silk purse out of a sow's ear," has a justness of application that may excuse its homeliness. There cannot in truth be a surer test of high ideal excellence, than this long-continued progress of successful refining; and it will be but fair to observe and admit how small are the improvements which the toil of years can add to the first conception of the moment. They who would lessen the value of the ultimate result, by the charge of labor, would in few instances be competent to distinguish the merit of changes, which can only be appreciated by the eye of disciplined taste. A thousand years of labor could not have enabled Hayley to write "*Comus*," or Cumberland the "*School for Scandal*."

We have attributed something of the turn of Sheridan's wit to his sojourn in Bath. Mr. Moore confirms the notion by his critical history of this piece. The sketch out of which it may be said to have grown, bears strong evidence to the source. It embodies the living spirit of the scene with a force and a fidelity which leaves no room for doubt. Bath, the indiscri-

* It is fair to apprise the reader that Mr. Moore dissents from this. We, of course, adopt our own judgment. The matter is not important enough for extracts.

minate concourse of every rank, in which so much of the ordinary constraints of human character have been conventionally softened, has always been the fertile scene of satire. The human character is masked by manners and the etiquettes of social life, and the slightest relaxation of these exposes a world of follies else unnoticeable. The humbler classes assert their claim by ostentatious affectations which set off vulgarity in a broader light, and their superiors compensate themselves by laughter. The infirm are brought into contact with youth and gaiety—the adventurer with the orderly—the wit with the laughable and the simple: while the ordinary restraints of social convention are lost in the vast and indiscriminate contacts of this vast vanity-fair of England. What folly, vice, envy, diseased minds and bodies, would conceal—scandal, the child of idleness and spleen, does not fail to spy with its thousand eyes, and whisper about with the amplification of its thousand tongues.* And this is the very essence of the “School for Scandal”—the truest yet severest picture of life that ever came from mortal hand.

We cannot agree in the opinion which imputes to Sheridan the borrowing of anything from Wycherly. The assumption is unnecessary. Much of his education must be referred to his early acquaintance with the drama. And there is an involuntary and unavoidable reproduction of acquired notions, from which it is unnecessary to defend him. But his real affluence of wit, the abundance of his materials, and the industry of his observation, make it altogether unreasonable to presume that he would incur so needless and derogatory an obligation.

Mr. Moore exhibits in detail the slow steps of the progress, in which two distinct sketches, having different plots, became at length combined and moulded into one. And the still more interesting and curious process, by which point and witty satire became condensed and accumulated by study, until the whole was kindled into a dazzling excess, that pervades every sentence, and animates every character. In this Sheridan appears to have seized and treasured every hint. Every point too was turned in every

aspect and form of language, and changed from place to place, until it was placed to the best advantage. There was throughout a running attendance of stray points, which followed in the margin, for preferment to vacant speeches. Thus was worked out a comedy which, for keen and polished wit and delicate delineation of human views and follies, as well as for the consummate finish of its simple and pointed style, must place its author above all rivalry as a comic writer, unless indeed we should assign the palm to the more natural, easy and characteristic dramas of Goldsmith, in whom much that was sought with art by others, seems to be the spontaneous felicity of nature.

What we have said of the *Duenna*, is applicable to the *School for Scandal*. Its interest is not in the plot, but in the workings of character, and the inimitable satire; the moral of the piece can, however, only be defended by evasion. The best defence that can be offered is that mentioned by Mr. Moore, that there was worse before it. It was not a corruption, but an amelioration. Mr. Moore only thinks it necessary to defend “the gay charm thrown around the irregularities of Charles.” The “poetical justice exercised upon the Turtuffe of sentiment.” (Joseph Surface,) he places in the opposite scale, as “a service done to morals.” The time is past when this would be worth disputing by argument; but we must strongly record our protest against the fallacy. No one so well acquainted with life as Mr. Moore, can be ignorant that the *real effect* of Joseph Surface is far worse than that which he thinks it necessary to defend. The favorite cant of open prodigality is the charge of “hypocrisy,” and the only real effect of the character is to bring the higher decencies of life into ridicule, by painting them as the ostentatious cloak of vice, and contrasting them with the fictitious combination of virtue in the guise of airy libertinism. We are not so much concerned with the moral exaggeration of both characters, as with the illusive effect. It is enough that the dramatist has supplied the light and thoughtless with a defence of folly, and a weapon against prudence and virtue. The truth of the portraiture

* We subjoin Mr. Moore's singularly happy image, “that group of slanders who, like the Chorus of the Eumenides, searching about for their prey, with eyes that drop poison.”

will neither reform the rake or the hypocrite ; the thoughtless will always apply the lash of the satirist, or the plea of the apologist, as suits best with their inclinations.

The "School for Scandal" made its appearance, May 8th, 1777. It had the full run that the lateness of the season permitted ; and for many succeeding seasons it appears to have damped the effect of every thing else that was brought out. For a long time it was played two or three times a week, and still holds its unrivalled place at the head of British comedy. One of his biographers dwells more than we should think necessary on a doubt as to the authorship of this play, which was set on foot by some malicious person, and seemingly confirmed by his delay to publish it from an authentic copy. The imputation is, however, too absurd to be met seriously—the evidence of style of itself should have been enough to have set such a whim at rest. This witty comedy was as much the natural and perceptible emanation from Sheridan's well-known talent, as daylight from the sun ; and if any one else were competent to the same production, that person could no more have been concealed than Sheridan. Nor indeed is the revolting baseness implied in such a charge, at all reconcilable to his character, or with even the least creditable incidents of his life.*

An edition was printed in Dublin. We have it from Mr. Moore, that after its success in London, "he presented a copy of it to his eldest sister, Mrs. Le Fanu, to be disposed of for her own advantage, to the manager of the Dublin theatre." It has been translated into most languages in Europe.

In the year 1778, Sheridan made a further purchase of Drury-lane theatre, "at a price exceeding £45,000." One of the first uses which he made of his authority thus augmented, was his appointment of his father to the management—a reconciliation had some time previously taken place, as might be easily anticipated from successes of which old Tom Sheridan must have

been proud. He had been less successful than his pretensions led him to expect—having, as is natural, greatly overrated his own talents. He could not well conceive or bear the public preference for Garrick, to whom he had the vanity to fancy himself a rival ; nor did he patiently acquiesce in the little estimation of his skill in philology and declamation. It was, however, thought that his skill and experience as a manager might repair the evils which now began to be too apparent under the management of his son. There was among the players a spirit of dissension, too strong for the good-natured indolence of the wit. He had also been induced to lend the sanction of his name to "The Camp," a production of Tickell's, which Mr. Moore calls "an unworthy trifle", and which Dr. Watkins mentions as having given great offence, by unseasonable ridicule on the military profession, at a moment when it was rendered popular by the emergency of a threatened invasion.

On the 20th Jan. 1779, Garrick died, and Sheridan attended as chief mourner, at his funeral. On this occasion he wrote the most elaborate and longest of his poems. Mr. Moore justly describes it "as more remarkable for refinement and elegance, than for either novelty of thought, or depth of sentiment ;" and to this opinion, which he qualifies by some merited praise, we have nothing to add. The success of this poem, when publicly recited on the stage, was little. The solemnity of the occasion repressed all expression of discontent ; but the portentous and sullen silence of the theatre sufficiently spoke its want of power.

The disappointment of public expectation began to be sensibly felt, and it was become necessary to make some redeeming effort. Sheridan made his last in the service of the comic muse. The "Critic" appeared this season, and fully sustained the reputation of its author. This at least is true of half of it, which may be offered as the fairest specimen of its author's wit and powers of irony ; while there is in the remainder a degree of inferiority, which appears to justify the no-

* The above reflections were written during our perusal of Dr. Watkins's biography. A subsequent reference to Mr. Moore enables us to quote a good example of this wrongheaded species of acuteness, which we believe to be common enough. "Such an abstract pleasure have some persons in merely unsettling the crowns of fame, that a worthy German has written an elaborate book to prove, that the Iliad was written, not by that particular Homer the world supposes, but by some *other* Homer !"

tion that it was a joint concern between Sheridan and Tickell. The piece is a designed imitation of the Duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," written for the purpose of ridiculing Dryden. Nor was something of the same laudable inspiration wanting to the "Critic," of which the principal sufferer, Sir Fretful Plagiary, is the known representation of Cumberland. Some time before, a coolness had sprung up between this celebrated dramatist and Sheridan; and an incident which has often been repeated, is supposed to have elicited the Critic. After the "School for Scandal" had appeared, Sheridan, with the usual anxiety of an author, asked some common acquaintance what Cumberland had said of it.

"Not a syllable," answered the other.

"But did he seem amused?" said Sheridan.

"Why, faith, he might have been hung beside Uncle Oliver's picture; he had the damned disinheriting countenance: like the ladies and gentlemen on the walls, he never moved a muscle."

"Devilish ungrateful that," observed Sheridan, "for I sat out his tragedy last week, and laughed from beginning to end of it."

Cumberland declared afterwards, that he had been elsewhere at the time when the incident was said to have occurred. But the "alibi" was late to arrest the summary retribution.

The affairs of Drury-lane became now so entangled by improvidence, and so embroiled by dissension, that no skill, perhaps, could have redeemed it from the gathering cloud of confusion which threatened it. Old Sheridan found his old age feeble to resist difficulties, which, in a minor form had been too much for the vigour of his better days. He resigned the post, and theatrical ruin, the most rapid and formidable of all, began to set in, and to involve the career of his son in difficulties that never left him, until they laid him low. His splendid talents, it is true, maintained him long in a struggle, in which any one but himself would have sunk without reprieve; but he bore it like a living death, through all his brilliant successes—embittering pleasure, destroying respectability, and wearing away the loftier and finer traits of his nature, until his mind was lowered to the measure of his degradation. But the anticipation is premature, and we have a bright and gay interval before us yet.

It has been often asked why, with his dramatic power, and all the advantages of his connection with the stage, early associations, and early success, Sheridan did not take the full advantage of his opportunities, and by persevering in the course thus favourably begun, reap the full harvest of his genius. The answer must contain much of the character of his mind, and something of the incidents of his varied career. First, he was indolent, improvident, and a lover of pleasure; secondly, his fame, his success, and his pre-eminent social talent, opened for him, and absorbed him into the dazzling seductions of the world; thirdly, he was vain, and the fame he had earned was to be maintained by efforts, in the result of which he had a very reasonable distrust. He knew the secrets of his own power; but another course, far more attractive to ambition, now began to open before him.

Sheridan lived in a period favourable to his peculiar talents. As a great master of the comic drama, the stage had not yet survived its popularity—as a wit, and possessed of the first order of convivial talent, there was yet a full and brilliant scope in the light, familiar, and playful intercourse of the great men of his time, for the exercise of his fascinating control over the festal circle. A brilliant period of literature was just passing away into the dull trance of the press, which was broken by the trumpet note of Scott; but it had left its deposit on the mind and tongue, and given an intellectual cast to conversation. The throne was occupied by an amiable, virtuous, and truly British king, whose taste had led the way in dispelling the high-toned and chilling reserve, that checks the freedom of intercourse among ranks. It was easier for the gifted spirit to win its way upwards. And, lastly, the political state of the age was more favorable to the attainment of distinction by men of oratorical power, than it has been since, or is ever likely to be again.

It was the beginning of the great revolutionary period, which has since swept over the civilized world with incessant waves—the human mind had long been accumulating change—the state of society had outgrown the measure and form of existing institutions—a vast mass of new mind, of increased knowledge, and new interest, was to be taken into their scope. A long conversation with the various ques-

tions thus produced, had not yet methodized them into mere statements, or broken them into detail. Their general aspect, and, still more, their urgent nature, presented them in a more imposing and formidable character to the fancy and imagination. Instead of sects and corporations, there was the clash of striving nations, the spoliation of thrones and principalities, and the spreading conflagration of revolutionary phrenzy. Such was the material which gave to the public debate all the scope and luxuriance of poetry, and made it possible for the mere exhibition of flowery rhetoric to win political eminence; yet it must now be, in candour, allowed, that the biographer of Sheridan cannot, without great injustice to his memory, exhibit him under the character of a statesman, and that our view of the history of this stirring period must be reserved for our memoir of Burke, with whose intellectual history it is identified. This portion of our task must be limited to the bare mention of the questions which gave occasion either to the changes in which the subject of our memoir is concerned, or which gave the occasion for his appearance as a partizan and an orator. A few words will sufficiently follow up the history of his transition from the stage of fiction, to that of bustling and anxious reality, on which, however we may adjust his comparative pretensions, he soon attained no mean eminence.

His celebrity as the successful dramatist—the attractions of his wit—the romance of his history—the fascinations of his hospitality—and that undefineable charm of address, of which so many curious instances are repeated—all combined to win his way in society. His election in the Literary Club planted him at once in the first circle of contemporary talent, and made him the associate of those who could best appreciate and recommend him. It was, as we have said, the day of oratory, when eloquence had its themes of power; and it was quickly seen that his ready wit and fluent tongue were adapted for a larger and freer scope than the social board. He was not master of the extended information, the fluent logic and subtle theory of Fox—he was not possessed of the terse common sense the intuitive justness, and practical mastery of Pitt—nor had he the vast insight, massive knowledge, and copious induction of Burke; but, viewed with regard to the immediate

purposes of public eloquence, it was soon perceived that he was possessed of powers not less available than any of these gifted men, for the uses of a popular assembly. His command of language, his power over the figurative ornaments of rhetoric, and, above all, his wit, marked the popular and effective speaker. If he was not prepared with the treasures of extended knowledge, he had at least the perfect command over all he knew. He was possessed of the common rudiments of history, and had that ordinary share of constitutional knowledge, which a quick and sagacious mind can acquire by conversation, with the help of a little desultory reading. The discipline of composition had trained his mind and ear to the tricks of speech, and the artifices of representation. Nature gave him persuasion, fancy, and wit. Thus, though not qualified to lead great measures, or to instruct the house, there was no one fitter to act the assigned part—to appeal successfully to the passions—or to scatter flowers over the tedious debate. The feelings of a romantic spirit, yet unblighted by adversity, were an additional recommendation to those who were the advocates of popular rights, which had not yet transgressed their constitutional limit.

It had been long Sheridan's ambition to fill the place for which he felt himself qualified. And this feeling was warmly seconded by the admiration of those whose influence could pave the way. He was introduced to Mr. Fox by Lord John Townsend, who made a dinner for the purpose, of which an account is preserved in a letter of the noble lord's, from which the following extract will suffice to convey the impression on either side—

“Fox told me, after breaking up from dinner, that he had always thought Hare, after my uncle Charles Townsend, the wittiest man he ever met with, but that Sheridan surpassed them both in fertility; and Sheridan told me next day that he was quite lost in admiration of Fox, and that it was a puzzle to him to say what he admired most, his commanding superiority of talent and universal knowledge, or his playful fancy, artless manners, and benevolence of heart, which shewed itself in every word he uttered.”

This new connexion, perhaps, gave decision to his opinions already cast into the popular mould by temper, as well as association.

Mr. Moore tells us that his first political service "to the party with whom he now closely connected himself, was the active share which he took in a political paper called the *Englishman*, set up by the Whigs, for the purpose of seconding, out of Parliament, the crimination and invective of which they kept up such a brisk fire within." Of this the first paper was written by Sheridan. From this, and from another, Mr. Moore gives extracts, which are not without merit; yet fall far short of what might be expected from the dramatist. The language wants his terse simplicity, and the points are laboured without effect.

His first public demonstration of political opinion, placed him in a close union with Mr. Fox, having his name to a report on the state of the representation, from the Westminster Committee, for the purpose of proposing annual parliaments and universal suffrage. The inexperienced reader might be startled at finding names seemingly so authoritative, coupled with these wild abortions of political fanaticism. But a little acquaintance with party influences, will soon make him understand, that there is little sincerity in such demonstrations. The political adventurer, who looks for support in the passions and prejudices of the people must needs adopt extreme opinions; and he who would hold the first place, must leave no room for a rival, to go further in extravagance. Fox's real opinions fell far short of this unprincipled pitch, although it was necessary to preserve the favor of his constituency, by stretching his real opinions to their utmost latitude. Sheridan's subordinate course did not require this self-sophistication. His subtlety was less than that of his great master, and his sagacity much greater.* Without equal power of self-deception, he was harder to be deceived. In common

with the leading minds of the party which he espoused, he was aware that their impracticable politics were but instruments of warfare and defence in the game of opposition, and which he knew how to treat in private with the playfulness of humour.

"When any one," he would say, "proposes to you a specific plan of Reform, always answer that you are for nothing short of annual parliaments and universal suffrage—there you are safe."—*Moore's Life*.

Even in his more serious conversation, on the subject of Reform, there was a vein of irony, which pretty plainly hinted that his common sense was not the dupe of the shallow sophistry of party; and Mr. Moore, who gives a longer specimen than we can afford room for, with a candour highly praiseworthy in him, in a pointed sentence, observes—"such were the arguments by which he affected to support his cause, and it is not difficult to detect the eyes of the snake glistening from under them."

In the various authorities to which we have had recourse, we have been very much struck by one very prominent fallacy. The strange contrariety, between the general praise or blame, and the details by which it is followed. One very clever writer, (*Life of Geo. IV.*) praises Fox as an honor to human nature—and with seeming unconsciousness goes on to describe a clever profligate and debauchee in private life. With equal consistency, the same writer aggravates the natural infirmities, and misconstrues the virtues of Geo. III. while he supports his charges by facts honourable to the memory of that good man and illustrious king. In the same way Mr. Moore, whose candour and fairness uniformly preserve him from misinterpretations of fact, inadvertently blames in the abstract, while he does justice in detail. Of this, all his mo-

* Fox was the remorseless and unprincipled follower of popular feeling; but he was long supported by the adhesion of persons of equal talent and more principle. Burke was the leader of the popular party, so long as its principles were those of constitutional reform. Fox had adopted it partly from ambition—partly from a natural tendency to extreme and theoretical views; and partly, because popularity was the idol of his heart. Gifted above most men, with the faculty of ratiocinative eloquence—and capable of throwing into the merest advocacy of a party motto, all the earnestness of his sanguine temper, he could impart to the subtlest sophistry, an appearance of sincerity which is generally confined to truth. Controlled by the governing mind of Burke, and instructed by his gigantic industry and sagacity, he was, in his hand, an instrument of first-rate power, and obeyed the guiding hand with a weight of effect; a degree of popular authority that cast his master into the shade. Sheridan, won by his popular virtues, and attracted also by a strong affinity of tastes and temper, attached himself to this great man.

tices of Mr. Burke are instances ; indeed, throughout Mr. Moore's able, honest, and amiable work, there is one pervading inconsistency—Whig maxims and Tory judgments.

In the year 1780, after some efforts to be elected for Honiton, Sheridan was elected for Stafford. As this was a free borough, the influence of a well-directed appeal to the most prevalent popular sense, may perhaps be inferred without censoriousness. A petition, complaining of the undue election of himself and Mr. Monckton was brought before the House. Mr. Fox supported him, and he had the advantage of making his *coup d'essai*, in a cause which enlisted his feelings. The first impression was not such as to satisfy expectation. A nervous sense of the occasion must, in spite of indignation, have forced itself upon an apprehensive mind, and aggravated a thick and difficult articulation.

"It was on this night, as Woodfall used to relate, that Mr. Sheridan, after he had spoken, came up to him in the gallery, and asked, with much anxiety, what he thought of his first attempt. The answer of Woodfall, as he had the courage afterwards to own, was, 'I am sorry to say I do not think that this is your line—you had much better have stuck to your former pursuits.' On hearing which, Sheridan rested his head upon his hand for a few minutes, and then vehemently exclaimed, 'It is in me, however, and by G—, it shall come out.'"

Amidst the multitude of lesser questions, which are engendered by the opinions of the day or the opposition of party, one great question of absorbing interest, possessed the minds both

of parliament and people. The American war, commencing 1774, had for the last six years painfully occupied the attention of the country. An excusable impression of established right, and a laudable sense of the honour of England, had made it popular for a time ; but a series of disastrous campaigns had considerably damped the public mind ; and the opposition of the popular party seconding this reaction, soon turned the balance of feeling, in favour of the Americans. The sense of injustice weighed with some—the occasion for disseminating free principles, with others. And while the few, who really, under the true merits of this great question, decided on what was just—the popular party found itself, by the contingency of circumstances, on the right side.

The object of that party was, simply, to displace Lord North's administration. But the cause of the American war was placed on its true merits by Burke—the master-mind of that age, and the source of much in the better portion of this ; who led the Whigs with a constitutional wisdom, that throws a transient gleam over the errors and sins of that unprincipled party. With more than the eloquence of Tully, and all the inductive wisdom of Bacon, he explained from the whole course of the history of the American colonies, the impolicy and injustice of the war, and of the tyrannical measures from which it had arisen. Without drawing a line which would have offended the narrower views of his party, he excluded, by a discreet silence, the false support which the question might derive from liberalism.*

This great question had, for a long

* Whether Mr. Moore confuses political notions, or whether he speaks the language of his party, we do not quarrel with him ; a poet and a whig, he is not bound to be historically just ; but there is an eloquent mystification running through the political portion of his memoir. This is common to his party : a Whig cannot comprehend why the advocate of the American should be the opponent of the French revolution ; or why the stern resister of kingly encroachment should be the enemy of popular encroachment. Their language uniformly implies that consistency is something distinct from principle ; and that the statesman is but the creature of an untractable maxim. Such, indeed, is the keynote to the cant of 'liberty'—'the public opinion,' and other such abused phrases. But let us entreat our intelligent reader to recollect that there is a fundamental line of right and truth : to preserve which, from the aggressions on either side, is the true consistency. There is no such thing as an equity, which must invariably maintain the same side, under all possible circumstances ; and this unjust war of encroachment cannot rationally be confused with the self-preserving war against rebellious and infidel France. The difference in principle is hardly to be lost sight of, without considerable neglect of fact and principles. A colonial jurisdiction is quite distinct in character and purpose from domestic or provincial government. The distinction is analogous to that between self-government and the government of another. The rights of internal government are self-preserving rights, and must be maintained against popular excitement, or no government could subsist. The government of a colony is a needful protection, to be recognized so far as it is required ; and

period continued to agitate the public mind, and to form the debateable territory between the ministers and their opponents. Mr. Sheridan had not yet fairly exhibited the powers which were in some time to add so much to his reputation; and this question is only important here, as having afforded the field of debate, on which the Whigs struggled into a brief authority.

With the cautious tact for which he was so remarkable, he kept out of the sway of the fiercer conflicts, and the

collision of the fiercer animosities, that attended the greater question of party. On lesser occasions, and there were some of much interest, he availed himself of occasion, or exhibited his useful zeal. One of these occasions may be selected for its own interest; on the 5th March, 1781, we find him moving "for the better regulation of the police of Westminster."

There had been riots of the most alarming and mischievous nature in the metropolis, during the previous sum-

not possible to be maintained a moment longer. The question of right resolves itself thus: can one country govern *another* of equal power, against its will? The colony may throw off the yoke, when it is arrived at the maturity of independent powers and interests. The policy of the English government was quite inconsistent with the actual relations between England and America. The latter had grown to imperial dimensions, and become invested with that complexity of interests, which must attend the mature development of a national system, differently circumstanced, whose interests were not identical with those of England. Separated by half the world, they could hardly be understood with sufficient precision for the ordinary purposes of government; and what, in truth, must be plain to every one, no one government can be enough for two distinct nations, having distinct and separate interests. This truism contains the strength of the question. Separated from England by no narrow frith—and marked by position and extent, for separate interests and relations—America had grown up into national adolescence; while this country, regardless of all considerations, endeavoured to maintain over her a power, which she, in fact, does not exercise over her own provinces. Commercial regulations, which were calculated to repress the growing importance of America, and in which the interests of *this kingdom only*, were contemplated, better suited the condition of the slave, than the subject. This, although the occasion of continued remonstrance, both in England and America, was borne through a long course of years. The navigation act had fostered the infant trade of the colonies, and had helped to enrich them by investments of British capital. It had the authority of time; the stamp act was repelled by the growing spirit of the country—and its repeal gave a precedent for resistance.—This resistance was justifiable, and it should have been a warning. An extreme inconsistency was next committed by the English government. America had, from the beginning, exercised a discretion in her internal affairs. She had her own debt, and her own revenue; she had also her own council, and was not represented in England. Under these circumstances, the imposition of taxes, under whatever form and however slight, amounted to an alarming declaration of *despotism* right; and the duty on tea had the effect of kindling a flame that never subsided until America was what she should be, an independent nation. It is, indeed, strange, how false maxims possess the human mind, so as to regulate the policy of ages. An abstract idea of national parentage, raised the spirit both of the people and their rulers, into the tenacity of an arrogant claim of empire, unfounded in nature. In the relations of countries, might makes a principal ingredient in the right of supremacy; but then, its limiting principles should be the national equity which in all things, endeavours to secure the greatest sum of good to all.

Such were the general features of the great question which occupied the country, and approached its termination, when Sheridan began his parliamentary career. It was deeply injurious to the country in many respects, as it gave an impulse to the spirit of popular exaction—and a handle for the dissemination of dangerous fallacies, among those who are, by their want of constitutional knowledge, incapable of distinctions. In combating the encroachments of despotism, Mr. Fox advocated the extreme principles of democracy; and, by the splendour of his abilities, gave them a sanction which they have not yet lost. The historian of the mighty minds of that day should, however, not fail to observe, that the whole fallacy of these views, had not then been disclosed by experience. They did not then imply the whole alternative of profligacy or ignorance, which rests on their modern advocacy. The time had not yet been passed between the rights of king and people, and extreme principles had some claim to be viewed as an excess on the right side.

mer. A mob, headed by Lord George Gordon, with a view to intimidate the government, committed the most furious excesses, and filled London with conflagration and terror. Lord Mansfield's house was pulled down; property was destroyed to an immense amount; Newgate was burned down; the Fleet and the King's Bench, the Marshalsea, and all the other prisons were broken open, and all prisoners set free. The magistrates were, or pretended to be, intimidated, and it was evident that matters were proceeding to the most destructive extremity. Of necessity, the King was obliged to interfere, and the military were called into the fray, which was thus happily suppressed. The proceeding was attempted to be stigmatised by the Whigs, as unconstitutional. They admitted the necessity of the occasion—but pretended that the minister should, under these circumstances, have sought refuge in an act of indemnity. The conduct of the government was not, however, compromised by such a concession; which it must be seen claims a most unconstitutional prerogative for the mob, and removes both the constitutional self-protection of government and the right of the people to protection.* The power of the sword may be abused; but, not to say that this is the common condition of all power, it is less liable to be carried to extreme lengths, than the ferment of the dogs of democracy. An armed multitude, however ordered, may produce some cases of outrage, and must cause alarm; but it is an observable fact, that the slightest case of mischief from the hand of constituted authority is more offensive to the popular mind, than the massacre of a village, from the outrage of a lawless mob.

Another occasion may be noticed, which was, perhaps, more strictly suited to Sheridan's talents. Inconveniences had been experienced from some provisions of the marriage act. And the consideration of these had led to a further review of the act. Mr. Fox brought in a bill for its repeal, June 15, 1781; but carried his proposed measure towards the visionary extremes, to which his sanguine

temper had a strong bent. Sheridan showed the spirit and independence of his character by resisting the strange Quixotisms of his master and friend. Fox, if he followed the native impulse of his genius, would establish a republic in the nursery. His best apology was spoken by Mr. Burke, "even in that measure by which he would take away paternal power, he is influenced by filial piety; and he is led into it by a mistake natural to him, that the ordinary race of mankind advance as fast towards maturity of judgment and understanding as he does." The sentence is valuable for its general truth. Fox was the most amiable of men; and much of his latitudinarian views arose from the singleness of heart that anticipated no ill.

The strength of opposition was rapidly on the increase; and on Gen. Conway's motion to put a stop to the American war, 22d February, 1782, the ministers were saved by a single vote. Five days after the combat was renewed in another form; and the minister was beaten by nineteen votes. On the 20th Lord North signified to the house, that "the present administration was no more."

The new administration was formed by the Marquis of Rockingham, as first lord of the treasury. The Earl of Shelburne and Fox were appointed principal secretaries of state. Sheridan being one of the under secretaries.

During this period he had as yet taken no very prominent part in the debates, although the attention of the house and the country had continued to be agitated by a succession of questions of the deepest interest and importance. For this moderation he received the applause of his judicious friends. There were many reasons which must have operated on his good sense—to enforce this prudent self-restraint, a mind like his would naturally make rapid advances in the accumulation and application of knowledge of men and measures. And no man was more fitted by nature than Sheridan to seize with intuitive tact on the manner in which the general sense of the new circle into which he had found his way, might

* The reader may be gratified by the opinion of a higher authority:—"June 14th, (1780.) There has been indeed a universal panic, from which the king was the first that recovered. Without the concurrence of his ministers, or the assistance of the civil magistrates, he put the soldiers in motion, and saved the town from calamities, such as a rabble's government must naturally produce."—*Johnson's Letter to Mrs. Thrale.*

is none which can be of the social kind—
—a general tone
—unionable powers of
—the ready sympathy,
—moods—the quick
—the salient wit—the
—the tone of mind
—able of seriousness and
—reason may require. These
characters of Sheridan's ge-
meanor. His persuasiveness
fascination of his manner, can
now be judged of by the effects
they are known to have pro-
duced; and these effects fell little short
of the notion of enchantment. The
miracles of his address, are altogether
unparalleled in our recollections of
human adroitness and influence. He
could unlock the heart of thrifty avarice

to his large necessities, and convert the
anxious solicitation of the suspicious
creditor into the improvidence of a
fresh loan.

Of such a character, under favorable
circumstances, and under the influence
of controlling prudence, the influence
will grow in silence behind the scenes,
and gather breadth and depth of power.
This view, founded in the facts of
Sheridan's life, may not only illustrate
the true elevation to which he was at
this time raised, and the splendid
avenue to fame and power which
opened before him, but may account to
the reader, both for his advancement
in the political arena, and for the ob-
vious preference by which, while more
powerful men were held in a specious
alliance, he became the friend, adviser,
and confidant of the Prince of Wales.

THE WILD-FLOWER.

" Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Gray.

Flower whom the desert beareth,
And human folly spareth,
Whose fragrant wreath
No worldlings breathe
No tinsel Fashion wearth,
O! born for nature only,
They err, who call thee lonely,
Where herbs that twine
Those gems of thine,
In living green enthrone thee!
The sunbeams woo thee brightly
The showers fall o'er thee lightly
With silent love
From heaven above
Stars look upon thee nightly;
The elements that bore thee
Expand—refresh—restore thee.
With pearly light
Morn makes thee bright,
Eve's dewy smile gleams o'er thee.
The airs of heaven delaying,
And with thy sweetness playing,
Pass from thy dell
With scents which tell
The secret of their straying.
O! thou hast many lovers,
Ten myriad airy rovers,
With gay desire
The insect choir
Around thy beauty hovers;
The lark at morn doth press thee,
The loitering bee caress thee,
Sweet lips inhale
The wild sweet gale
And all lovers turn to bless thee.

J. U. U.

HINTS FROM HIGH PLACES.—NO. V.

“Ich, Ebenbild der Gottheit, das sich schon
Ganz nach gedünkt dem spiegel ew'ger Wahrheit,
Sein selbst genoss in Himmelsglanz und Klarheit,
Und abgestreift den Erdensohn;
Ich, mehr als Cherub, dessen freie Kraft
Schon durch die Adern der Natur zu fliessen,
Und schaffend ———.”

Faust.

I fell asleep as usual.

Such is the beginning of every dream. Yet mine was not all a dream. I found myself, as I thought, after some hours, rubbing my eyes in a strange place. The light was too strong for me, and yet it was not as strong as sunlight. I was lying on the softest and finest turf, by the side of a clear calm stream, and there were mountains near, with some low wood on this side of them. The effect of things can be described, negatively, in one word—*unearthly*. The landscape was as clear and distinct as day where the light struck; but the shadows were black and abrupt, and no middle tint—no *chiaro oscuro* could find room to edge itself in as a mediator between the contending principles. Black met white, sheer and sharp, and covered the scene with strong harsh lines, as if they had fortified every inch of space against each other, and were not inclined to leave a single spot of neutral ground.

The stream beside me absolutely burned in the splendour of the luminary that hung above it—a luminary which I could neither identify with sun, moon, nor star. It was a great white ball of light, far exceeding in apparent circumference any of them; and in its colour and intensity only resembled by the blue, diamond-like splendour of some of the fixed stars. If we could imagine Sirius attacked by a fit of curiosity, and advanced a few myriads of leagues to prow about in the neighbourhood of our system, such, perhaps, might be the appearance of the celestial Paul Pry. The effect was enhanced, too, by the same warfare of light and shade exhibited between it and the sky, as I have described to have tessellated the ground below. The heavens were one black varnished mass—no cloud appeared—not a breath of air stirred—no sound was heard.

I begun by saying I rubbed my

eyes; but as every one in such a situation rubs his eyes with the idea that by so doing he may make things appear in some sort, manner, or degree different from what they did before the operation, I looked round me again, to see if they had represented matters truly at first. But I could perceive no difference. Herbage and foliage were as fine, the mountains as ghostly, the river as much on fire, the sky as pitchy, and the ——— what shall I call it? the great white silver salver as large, white, and *silver salverish* as ever.

I was puzzled, I confess; and as is the case when a man is puzzled by any supernatural phenomenon, my courage began to shew decided symptoms of disaffection. Eneas, and many other worthies of old, were not too wonder-proof to tremble at miracles, so that I feel the less shame in confessing that the usual manifestations of dread began to shew themselves upon me: my hair stood up, my body sweated coldly, and above all, my tongue adhered so fast to the roof of my mouth, that I was unable to utter that wild cry which was ready at the bottom of my lungs, and with which I should certainly have made the solitude ring if I had had the power.

At last my eyes swam, my ears tingled, and ——— I don't know what became of me.

All things, however, must have an end. Accordingly, I recovered; and as every thing was quite quiet and unchanged round me, I began to be reconciled to my fate, and to get my reason once more astride upon my imagination, with the reins in its hand.

The first symptom of returning rationality I shewed was to get up on my feet. This, let me say, was an important step. When a man is on his feet, he is as different a being from the same man when on his back, as a warrior in his armour is to his image

noseless on his tombstone. Upright, he is active, independent, intellectual; floor him, and he is helpless, spiritless, and despicable—all his powers are prostrate with his body; but once he is placed at an angle of 90° to his supine self, all is restored. The man's a man again. It would be a speculation for philosophers to inquire how far intellect depends on posture, and to what extent the mechanical pressure of brain on the cranium of prostrated animals may obnubilate their faculties.

Quitting the question, however, with Sir Roger de Coverley's sage remark, that "much may be said on both sides," I content myself at present with re-asserting the fact, that when I rose up on my feet upon the grass, I felt vigorous and collected, nay, even more capable of exertion, more buoyant than usual, insomuch that I fancied myself like a feather, and imagined I could fly to any distance or soar to any height I pleased. It may be readily conceived that with such sensations I did not wait long before I put my fancied powers to the proof; and I can say with confidence that I never remember exhilaration equal to that which I experienced when I found myself fairly a going, although my progress was without object, aim, or guide. I seemed to spurn the ground, which flew beneath my feet; I imagined that a wish could lift me into the air, and I felt a corresponding exuberance of spirits and enlargement of apprehension, as if my mind were breathing a rarefied atmosphere, and swelled with thought and fancy. One occasionally has had such moments in a weaker degree in ordinary life; and if the poet, orator, or philosopher, should be lucky enough to find himself in such a mood, he would do well to take advantage of it at once, as it is then that he will make the most superhuman strides towards truth and virtue; and besides the visits possess all the other attributes of the *angelic* nature.

But my business is narrative, and I return to myself. I moved off, something between walking and *being walked*, a gait (or a flight) almost involuntary, and which reminded me forcibly of Mr. Von Tram's expedition upon his steam leg, or John Gilpin's more celebrated excursion to Ware. I laughed at the conceit; but to be on the safe side, I put my powers over myself to the test by stopping short,

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and maintaining a halt for some minutes.

It was then that I became sensible of a low and scarcely audible sound of harmony, which seemed to be so much mixed up with the silence, as to be scarcely distinguishable from it, even by the nicest ear. It seemed to take part with the rolling of the orb above, the gliding of the stream, the waving of the grass. They were all, if I may so express myself, in one key, and might be confounded with mere sound in the abstract, as all colours are undistinguishably blended in a ray of light. It seemed as if the chords of nature were strung around me on every side, stretched across the plain, and from the ground to the sky, hung from hill to hill, and from tree to tree, all tuned to perfect concord, and breathed upon by the gentlest breath of the winds. It was the vibration of gossamer in the senses of sylphs, as faint to the ear as that summer garment of creation is to the eye. I held my breath to catch the tone, and thought for one moment that it might be the chorus-hymn of creation, such as that which descended into the soul of the Psalmist as he slept in his youth on the pastures of Bethlehem.

But this was a pause, and an effort. "On, on," every muscle of my frame, every throb of my heart cried; and onward I flew once more across the turf, enjoying the extacy of motion, to me, at the time, more ravishing than the harp of *Æolus* itself.

Oh, what an exquisite thing is locomotion!

Ask the baronet of the Brighton stage; ask the Dutchman on his skates; ask the peer of Melton; ask the æronautic ex-duke or ex-lessee of the Opera; ask the veriest stoker of a steam carriage, to calculate the amount of his enjoyment when at the top of his speed, multiply the result by ten, and then, perhaps, — no, you *cannot* have an idea of my feelings as I bounded along that turf! Where I was going, or why I was going, never entered my head. I *was* going; and that was enough. I no more thought of my setting out or of my arrival than if I was a canister shot. I was a passing thing—a flux being—the essence of progress—not on it elf.

How long I might have continued in this moving condition, it is impossible for me to say. I might, no doubt, have been stopped by an intervening ocean, mountain, or bottomless preci-

piece ; but I think no physical obstacle of a less decided nature could have arrested me. On a globe progression is unlimited. A beclareted old gentleman was one night put to the rails by a friend to find his accustomed way home. This friend, however, happening to be a wag, placed him at a *circular* railing ; and the consequence was, that light and morning found the sobering sexagenarian wondering that he had not yet reached his own door. Hence I might have been as long stumping away in the exuberance of my felicity, as Milton suggests Satan might have been falling, had he not been snapped up by the jaws of that unlucky place which has never been able to digest him since.

But all this is more amusing as matter of speculation, than practically important. I was again obliged to insist upon a halt, and after much coaxing and curbing, I did actually succeed in erining in my legs.

* * * * *

"Should you not like to see my friend Dryden," said my new acquaintance, as we passed the outskirts of a little wood ; "he is in the garden at the rere of this plantation ; and I think he will set us right on the subject as soon as any one ; that is, if he does not think proper to act reserve, which he sometimes does, I assure you, most unaccountably"

"By all means, my lord," said I ; "let us seek him at once. How fortunate I have been in falling in with such company !"

"Nay, there you speak like one of the sons of earth. Recollect, you must spiritualize yourself into a complete fellowship with us, at least for the present, or you will lose most of the satisfaction you anticipate. The fact is, we of the moon are on the most perfect equality. None is greater or less than the other. Not only does it evidence some intellectual superiority to be naturalized on its surface at all, but the constitution of our society, in the exclusion of falsehood and assumption, prevents the possibility of interests clashing in any way."

"Then you are the true republic of letters ?" said I.

"Just so ; all dignities, honours, relations, and offices are literary ; connexion consists in affinity of mind, and hostility never extends farther than

difference of opinion, modestly urged, and readily accommodated."

"Happy lunatics!" exclaimed I. "In this celestial Athenæum, then, I am to find what I have long sighed for, a concentration of pure intellect, a solution of sense, in which prejudice is precipitated to the bottom, and vanity given off in vapour from the surface. But Dryden, my lord !"

"Yes, yes ; follow me, and I will explain to you by-and-by more of the mysteries of our lunar society. See ! is not earth-shine a glorious light ?" and he pointed to the silver salver.

"Glorious indeed !" exclaimed I, as I turned my eyes upwards, holding my hands over them, to enable me to endure the excess of splendour ; "you scarcely need a sun here."

"Why, this is our day ; when it is near what you of earth would call morning ; that is, when the sun is about to appear, which he will do in a few score of hours more, we begin to make ourselves ready for repose. The God stalks across us in too terrific majesty to be looked upon. We retire into caves, and make out the long lunar night as best we may."

"Then you only get the sun at second-hand from us ?"

"No more ; you have the first of him, no doubt ; but you throw him back so softened upon us, that we do not grudge you the direct darting of his fire."

"But what do they do at the far side of the moon ?"

"Oh, no one knows. It is only the *earthly* side we have anything to do with. Some of our later arrivals have proposed to undertake an expedition, it is true, in that direction ; but I augur little good from their project. An absence of sun and earth must make such regions unfit for us, and hence we have no business to meddle with them. But this is just what incites these new philosophers to explore. To be objectless and presumptuous is sufficient to throw an interest round any undertaking."

I thought to myself, this is *lunar* charity.

"The truth is," he continued ; "we of the old school, retain a little of the primitive leaven, and even here, where we are sphered in our proper world, we still stick to that part whence we have the best view of the spot we set out from, and the state we began with. See—look at old England up at yon

corner—you can just see the longish dark streak."

"Why, I protest, my lord, I can scarcely keep my eyes open at all, I am so dazzled."

"Well; try my glass;" and he unslung a small spy-glass from around his neck.

"Oh, there indeed it is!" I exclaimed; "there is the outline of land and sea, as plain as on the terrestrial globe in my study. But, what?—there near the south pole——?"

"Hush, my dear sir," said my new acquaintance, a little disconcerted, and taking the glass out of my hand; "these things are not yet to be known. By-and-by you will be instructed, but vague observation is not permitted amongst us.—Come; we have now passed the wood—and, as sure as I am a dead man, there is my friend poring over a book as usual by the fountain-side."

True enough, there was GLORIOUS JOHN! The loose gown, the long straight hair, the feeling eyes, the intellectual forehead, the sensual nose and mouth of Kneller's portrait, were not to be mistaken.

Pope considered it the highest privilege he had ever enjoyed, to have once, when a boy, seen the translator of the *Æneid* at the door of a coffee-house. What wonder, then, that a poor enthusiastic book-worm like me, still farther removed, too, from the era in which he gave light to the earth by his presence, should feel my waistcoat grow tight, as I became suddenly conscious of the poet's presence! Every thing he had written rushed into my mind at once. The inspired thoughts and expressions of years seemed concentrated and floating round his head like a halo of glory. Alexander's *fast*! Every line of that wonderful production hung like an amaranthine wreath around his brow, and seemed to encircle the brain it sprung from like the efflorescence of the immortal intellect within.

I had stopped when I first beheld him; but my companion led me on by the hand, and introduced Advena to the poet. He turned half round with a bland and good-natured smile, as he returned my profound salute, took out a dirty-looking little red pocket-handkerchief, with which he blew his nose, applying, as it appeared to me, the economised cotton convenience only at one nostril and his finger at the other, and then looking me full in the face, I

observed that he had been weeping. However, he at once laid aside the book which appeared to have affected him, and congratulated me on my lunar promotion, with all imaginable vivacity and naiveté.

"But, my good Lord Roscommon," said he, addressing my introducer, "how does it happen that I have you here at this hour, you, who are generally so late in the evening careful to keep within doors, lest the light should surprise you, and hurt your eyes?"

"Why, my friend, to say the truth, I was led to wander farther than I had intended, in consequence of my being engaged in a philological discussion with Bochart; and when I turned about, I stumbled upon this stranger, who detained me in a continuation of the subject I had set out with, until now. Indeed, we agreed to refer one point to you, my friend, as the person best qualified to decide upon it; it was the question with regard to the true Augustan age of our *language*—whether it was our own time, that of Pope, or whether it may be even yet to come; but now I recollect," continued he, turning to me, "you seemed to doubt our present means of information, and——"

"Oh, as to that," said Dryden, rising from the rustic chair, "you could not be ignorant, if you were once to hear one of our conversations. We keep pace with the foremost of you. We have an early copy of every thing entered at Stationer's Hall, and many things besides. We have tale-bearers in every club, reporters at every meeting. Nay, the secrets of the most private communications are on the market-cross of the lunar metropolis. How could we live, even in our heaven, without variety? Believe me, young man, an eternity of stagnation would not do for the restless tribe of writers. If we cannot publish any more, we can at least hear, read, think, reason, theorize. All this is permitted us, and we enter with warmth into the disputes which agitate our *posterity*, as I may call them, of the lower sphere."

"But," said I, "may it not be reasonably supposed that argument without the power of influencing circumstances, theory without the hope of reaping practical results, would, (if they could have this sort of abstracted existence at all,) rather torture than delight those who should make use of them?"

"Not as *we* have learned to argue

and theorize. When knowledge has become the sole end and object of reasoning—when truth is the goal of science—there arises a pleasure, an enthusiasm in the soul, independent of all results, which individual and narrow application even of the most successful kind could never have afforded. Minds so sublimed never seek to descend again from their height—they prefer the sun-beam which carries them straight up to the fountain of light, to the bow, which rises to the heavens only to descend again upon the plain. By whom is it that the greatest strides towards perfection in any course of natural study have been effected? Is it not by those retired, uninterested creatures, whose souls scarcely deigned to admit the application of their discoveries to the paltry concerns of society and human life? Of course I do not mean to include religious enquiries, which I leave to the cassock over the punch-bowl."

I confess all my earthly politeness was necessary to make me swallow this dose. However, I contained myself, reflecting that to convince a defunct author of impiety would be of no manner of use to him; and that if I were defeated, as I had some idea I should be, by the astute and brilliant poet, I should only carry back to earth a sufficient stock of confused scepticism to make me uncomfortable for the rest of my terrestrial journey. Accordingly, I was silent, and he resumed,

"Well, now that I have convinced you that we stand upon equal ground with regard to modern information——"

"Nay, my dear Sir," interrupted I, "according to your own account you have me at vantage—you seem to possess means of information more extended, with infinitely more leisure to make use of it, than I have ever yet attained to, or ever hope to enjoy."

"Well, well, sir, we can make allowances—but stay—you, my lord, I venture to say, as your subject was——what was it, by the bye?" said he, laughing; "I had almost forgotten to enquire."

"You can probably divine," said Roscommon, deferentially. "I have more than once had the benefit of your opinion upon the question, and its not coinciding with mine has tempted me at times to renounce that which my own observations had induced me to adopt. I had insisted, with M. Bochart, that

our own age, that of the Second Charles, was the one in which the English language had reached its utmost possible perfection, and that that age it was, consequently, which must necessarily have produced the last of the pure classic authors of England. He opposed me, and appealed to experience, as I did to the reason of the thing. Our new guest seems to incline to M. Bochart's view, and now I only want him to hear you put the matter in its proper light, as I know you will at once. You who brought to such perfection the rude materials of our language—who collected the scattered limbs of our British Orpheus into one symmetrical body of harmonious diction, ought, if any one could do so with reason, to incline to my side. You surely must allow that the debauching of our language has been unsparingly carried on, and that even the most fastidious of those who succeeded you—even Pope himself only endeavoured to harp upon the same string you had previously touched, feebly echoing with his delicate finger the thrilling force of the master-hand, and producing the same resemblance to the divine original as Sternhold and Hopkins to David's Psalter——"

"Or Tartini to the Devil's Sonata," added Dryden, with a laugh. "The truth is, it is easy to detect in you the proposer of a stop-cock upon the fluctuation of our language; nor do I wonder at your anxiety to arrest its fated change (whether that change be considered for the better or not) when I recollect how perfect a model you yourself presented to your country in the *Essay on Translated Verse*; but still I hope you will not take it ill if I speak my mind freely, as I did below there, (pointing up to the earth,) and tell you that I think the language of our quondam country is still a pure, perfect, distinct and characteristic language, and that an author of to-day—nay, of *to-morrow*—may consider himself quite safe in adopting it, without any pedantic qualms about its being effete. I will give you some of my reasons, which perhaps I never did before. Our language (beginning from the Anglo-Norman period) is composed from two sources; one a northern, the other a southern source, the Teutonic and the Roman. Recollect our language, as it now is, and has been for centuries, is composed out of these. However gradually—in however unequal proportions the mixture took

place, that it *did* take place, and transmit an united stream to us, is certain. The same source from whence was derived the northern part of our early language, also supplied other nations in still more abundant proportions, the Germans among the number; while the Latin received from the Normans was that which the French have so largely retained to the present time. Hence we are surrounded by the elements—the separated oxygen and hydrogen—of our current language; and by what pollution, let me ask, has it been defiled of late? Why, by the admixture of the very same materials out of which it was originally composed; and as Milton of old, and Johnson of late, did what they could to make the tributaries from the south flow more copiously into the main stream, so have Shakspeare, Swift, Scott, and perhaps Byron, kept the northern channels free, and allowed the blue depths of their melted snows to characterize the whole. So much for the influence of authors. But what has general communication done? Just the same thing. Will my Lord Roscommon or his friend deny this? We were, no doubt, in danger from the emasculate latinity of Gaul; but, of late years a rush of the dark strength of the German carried in upon his poor and pitiful sentiment like the Black Prince in triumph upon his sorry nag, has invigorated the taste of the nation, and once more restored the equilibrium.”

“But is there not a change, nevertheless,” said Lord Roscommon, “a vital change in the spirit of the language, since the time of our proposing a school *della crusca*?”

“Not in the *spirit*, I conceive,” replied Dryden; “and as long as that is unaltered, the only disadvantage in the change will be found in its rendering obscure, (the stranger will pardon me,) what we conceive to be works worthy of being generally read, and clearly understood.”

“But look,” said Lord Roscommon, tapping his tobacco-box with vehemence, “look at the efforts of fashion to clothe itself in foreign idiom, or even to bring in the undisguised *raw material*, as I may call it, in every possible way. Look at the lady-leaders of modern literary fops, who, poor as they may be, throw their mite into the treasury of letters, and see whether they do not aid at the work of ruin. There, for instance, take Lady ——”

“In short, my good Lord,” cried

Dryden, interrupting him, “you are not one of those gallant philologists, who would accept the fruit which they know to be ashes to the taste, if it were only offered by a fair hand. But, after all, shew me the most modernized of modern English authors, who interlards his or her style with one tenth of the foreign expressions to be met with in some of Cicero’s compositions; and yet, how long was it before Latin became barbarous?”

“I know,” said Roscommon, a little crest-fallen, “that you have, (or rather *had*.) a leaning that way yourself, and you have a scruple about casting the stone. But, nevertheless, I cannot but agree with you in thinking that we are peculiarly circumstanced in being able to admit of change without corruption.”

“If I might venture to offer an opinion, sir,” said I, endeavouring to throw deference almost religious into my manner, “I would suggest that the stream has scarcely been equally fed from common sources during late years; for although there was certainly a slight bias towards the northern tank at one time, yet it was scarcely sufficient to qualify the overwhelming force of Johnson’s previous influence and example, opposing, as it did, the avowed decision of his judgment; and whatever it was, it has now almost altogether disappeared.”

“Quite right, sir, quite right,” exclaimed Dryden; “and for that reason it is the duty of those who assume the management of the public taste, to turn it northward by every means in their power. It has all along had a hankering after the south—just as the barbarians of old were wont to pour down irresistibly upon the enticing vineyards of Italy. We must keep our tongue between our teeth, that is, within the white cliffs of our island; for if we do not, it will, like one of our touring folk of quality, lose its native purity, without reaping much benefit from its travels.”

“Our authors seem to be fully aware of this,” said I; “but the conviction generally comes too late for any practical good. The *style* is formed by school and college education, both of them calculated to give the *Roman* tendency to the language; and it is only in time to offer an ineffectual warning to others, that they are convinced they have been mistaken. A northern language, of which the most copious is the German, ought, in my

humble opinion, to be incorporated with the first rudiments of our education. Let the two contending principles, then, fight it out as they may."

"You would confer a benefit on your country, by promulgating this doctrine, young man," said Dryden; "and we, too, should thank you at second-hand."

"But then," interrupted Lord Roscommon, "another and a paramount consideration steps in. Is the literature, which the language you are speaking of opens to us, of a nature to allow of its being safely adopted? or rather, would not the evil effect upon the mind, produced by such an accession to our information, more than counterbalance the good effect it might have upon our tongue?"

Dryden smiled, and said nothing. I replied—

"I confess, my Lord, your objection would be almost insuperable, if it were not that the mischievous tendency of literature is not confined to one language, but pervades all, both ancient and modern; and, indeed, as our institutions now work, a change from the unlimited perusal of the school classics, even to German morality, would be for the better."

"I cannot entirely agree with you, sir," said Roscommon, "for we must consider how much greater weight the scepticism and licentiousness of an enlightened modern author, must have on the mind of an intelligent student, than all that the blindness of antiquity has been able to grope out. The one acts as a beacon—the other may mislead as a guide."

"Yet observe," replied I, "that the beacon will be strewn with the wrecks of those whom the irresistible fascinations of its light have drawn upon their destruction; and the guide which professes to lead to truth, may at least give a taste for its discovery, even when it proves itself inadequate to attain it. But where," I continued, "are we to go where the coast is not iron-bound? Look at France! If we fly the Charybdis of Kant, and his disciples, Fichte and Schelling, we are incident upon the Scylla of Voltaire and Rousseau, and their 'legion,' or upon the new fashionable fallacies of the economists."

"You must remember, however," replied Roscommon, "that you have run from language to literature, and from general literature to philosophy, and as to philosophy, there is but one pure school."

"And what more natural transitions could there be?" exclaimed Dryden. "The stranger has only followed in the track of the subject itself. You will find few modern works, particularly in the German, which do not haul in philosophy of some kind or other by the ears. Poets, of all men the most unlikely to deal in metaphysics, have yet for a long time been the most prominent, and, I will add, the most mischievous propagators of systems; for they have made popular those lucubrations which might otherwise have been confined to the speculative few; and within the body of their Pegasus, have introduced a host of principles, armed against truth, religion, and virtue. Politics, too —"

"Come, come, my friend," said Roscommon, laughing, "I stood religion without flinching; but to hear you inveigh against such a use of an author's pen; you who yourself —"

"Yes, sir," replied Dryden, with vehemence, "I do mean to object, and that strongly, to the present attempt of writers to clothe political objects in a poetic disguise, and to set the muse to the task of settling this or that state question. I do object to the great end of poetry being made subservient to such purposes; and if you name to me any Absalom and Achitophel, I reply that there can be no objection to a poet taking up occurring or past events, to give interest and popularity to his performances; but prospectively writing down a ministry in rhyme, or overthrowing a dynasty in blank verse, is utterly unworthy of the follower of the muses, and foreign to the great end of song."

"So much for lunar consistency," thought I; I only said—"I wish I could instil this principle into some of the modern race of authors in France, and teach them that whatever popularity such modes of proceeding may gain for them at the time, the succeeding age, to whom the juncture, whatever it may be, has no longer reference, will throw aside the performance that is not recommended by the eternal characteristics of nature and truth."

"How much do those words conjure up to the mind!" exclaimed Roscommon. "How completely immortality in works depends on generalizing, and in speaking to classes and inherent qualities of universal nature, instead of to individuals, and particular circumstances!"

"True, true," said Dryden, con-

templatively, "we must all be forced to admit that that is alone true poetry which 'is not of an age, but for all time.'"

I began to grow reconciled to my company again. The conversation had lost its angles, if I may so express myself, as the two poets relapsed into the mood most suited and most habitual to them. Dryden resumed :

"Our old poets, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, all knew this. Of your moderns, Young, Wordsworth, Byron, have followed in their path. Many, however, have been content to wedge themselves within the age in which they lived ; and such have invariably passed away with it. But the spirit of poetry must now be on the decline in England, for the materials for feeding the imagination are fast disappearing."

"Consult our modern critic, Bulwer," interrupted I, "and he will tell you that there is now a grander field opening for the nascent poet, than any that has ever yet been trod ———"

"What," exclaimed Roscommon ; "do you mean to bring that crude, flippant novelist as authority before us ?"

"Nay," said Dryden, putting his hand on the shoulder of the speaker, "you are too severe—I like his light and liberal style, although I cannot agree with him in the present instance. No doubt, a Milton might yet arise in England, as he did once before, in troublous and thinking times ; but even independent of there being scarcely an example of two great poets arising in one unchanged country and language at very distant intervals of time, I conceive that the present drift of things is from the shores of poetry. Poetry rejoices in the pomp and chivalry of old usages ; it hangs among the gothic arches of superstition, and lingers by the costly tombs of ancient institutions and observances ; it twines like ivy round what is venerable, and where the fabric is dropping, or rudely torn down, it must fall with it. Men's eyes are now cast forward ; new systems are pushing out the old ; utility treads unconcerned on the ashes men were accustomed to reverence. Contemplation, reverie, fancy, are out of fashion. Wild

speculation stares about ; much that is superficial creeps in in the garb of novelty. There is an excitement—a breathless haste ; yet, at the same time, a cold and mathematical rigidity in viewing every thing, which may be reasonable, but which is inimical to poetry. It is a race, a struggle, a contest. Mankind are rolling, as in a dense crowd, and each one is straining and elbowing, and panting after—what ? Is it knowledge ? Is it happiness ? Is it power ? They know not themselves. But poetry ! Oh, no ; there is not time for that, unless, as I said before, it be something that chimes in with the object of their pursuit. No ; from an over-refined people, gasping from repeated draughts of knowledge, which almost choke them as they swill, there is not much sentiment to be expected. The imagination and feelings have been ousted by reason and political economy, and man—an Englishman, I mean—has become a creature without poetry in the world."

"Truly and nobly said, my dear friend," exclaimed Roscommon, in a transport of admiration ; "we may thank our kind fate which sent us into the world before reform had taught it to break up the heroics of life into more convenient prose."

"Truly we may," replied Dryden ; "every thing now has become rectangular in society ; and the exploded fashion of the gardens of our day has extended itself to the moral and intellectual world in this. Nothing but straight walks, clipped elms, mathematical ponds ; no room for one stray branch. Nature is turned out of doors, as a rustic, to make room for the refinement of art. Government, war, education—nay, charity itself, are reduced to a system ; the world is hooped round with iron, like an old barrel ; the transparent purity of the sea is raked up into boiling mud by a thousand paddles, or, realizing the impious arrogance of Xerxes, is chained from promontory to promontory with bridges—and then we are expected to write poetry ! No, sir—restore nature to her throne—let your trees grow wild—your walks take the sweep, which observes the line of beauty and convenience at once*—your streams scoop

* Perhaps one of the finest images to be met with in German poetry, (and, therefore, in any poetry,) is introduced in one of the Wallenstein plays by Schiller, I forget which, where the observation of ancient ordinances is enjoined by the speaker. It might serve as a hint to our levellers. He describes the headlong rage for improvement in a country, as going forward like the cannon shot, direct to its end, but crushing and overwhelming all that intervenes, and marking its course by ruin ; and con-

out their own banks—make the world a *jardin Anglais*, in fact—and you will find the groves once more resound with song. Till then you must be content with *verse*, and do without *poetry*.”†

“Still I cannot say,” rejoined I, “that I am without hope that the extension of intellect, manifested in the way you describe, will be productive of good effect, even in the region of poesy; for, see, that if you consider such ground to be rendered unproductive by the improvement of the mental crop, the deduction must be most injurious to the dignity of verse; for it must follow that mental superiority is not necessary for its growth.”

“Come, come, sir stranger, this is a startling view of the subject. I did not mean to go so far. When I contended that the mind was too closely engaged, and too rapidly progressive for the encouragement of song, I did not mean to assert that that song is the ‘*filix*’ which grows but in neglected ground—far from it. All I intended to say was, that where the mind is directed so exclusively to particulars, it loses that generalizing power which is a necessary ingredient in the composition of a poet; and that where it becomes rigid, by constantly requiring demonstration, and pinning itself down to visible and tangible reality, it will scarcely relish, and certainly cannot hope to imitate, the immortal imaginings of an *Iliad*, *Faery Queen*, or the *Night Thoughts*. Poetry consists in an extended, enlarged, and philosophical view of things—*viz* major *imago*; and in its highest development, boils, like the *Pellæan youth*, at the narrow limits of the sensible world.”

“I confess,” said Roscommon, “I find it hard to enter into your views. There must be a deep attention—a settling down of the mind to verse, which would be effective if applied in any other direction; and I think it impossible to apply so intensely, without injecting, as it were, every particular ramification of the subject with the mind’s energies, and distending the smallest fibre to its full importance.”

“Nor do I attempt to deny it,” replied Dryden—“far from it. On the

contrary, if there is any thing which requires vigour and intendment of the mind, it is the planning and detail of a poetic work. All I mean to say is, that there must be at the bottom of this, as of every other great design, a genius for the universal, a power of generalizing, which is peculiar to the higher orders of intellect, and without which, what is *great* can never be produced. Look at Goethe, for instance. He lived in the midst of a narrow philosophy. Nay, he was early and deeply imbued with it himself; but he never rose to his ‘*pride of place*’ upon such leathern wings. On the contrary, his works are pre-eminent, just in proportion as they have avoided the peculiarities of any school, and have kept themselves clear of, and *above*, all petty system and opinions. Nature, universal, unchangeable nature, is at the bottom of all true eminence in this line; but he who treats her with the reverence due to a superior order of being, stands in at least as high a rank as he does, who affects to consider her as not a whit better than he is himself, and is eternally pursuing her into holes and corners, to examine some new beauty, or take some new liberty —”

“And who,” added I, “by making his admiration thus offensively apparent, loses the power of winning her; for nature, after all, like *Miss Cowslip*, is ‘of the feminine gender.’”

“Aye, but,” said Dryden, “observe that such gallants, when they appear to have fairly overtaken her, and got her into a corner, can do no more. As the old beau is described by one of our poets—

‘Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,
The teasing ghost of the departed man,’

Such is your trifter, who cries *Nacky-Nacky* after her; and like *that old beau*, will in all probability be scouted out of her presence with a dog-whip.”

“But how are you to grasp all her charms?” exclaimed Roscommon. “She is too ample, too vast, to be thus taken in and comprehended by the embrace of genius.”

“By no means; we had better desert an image difficult to be pursued as an

traste it with the regard for ancient observances, which takes the sinuous sweep of nature, like the winding of a river, respecting boundaries, sparing the cottage and the vineyard, and bearing the blessings of the earth with it to the ocean of its destination.

† Lamartine observes, that “la société et la civilisation sort évidemment ennemies de la beauté physique. Elles multiplient trop les impressions et les sentiments,” &c. The same remark will hold good when applied to poetic beauty; and the “multiplication” may be better expressed by *particularization*.

illustration in the present case, and turn to what Bacon says on the examination of things by the mind, to exemplify and prove what I mean. He says that we must view any science we apply to, not from the level of itself, but from something above it—some more elevated station, whence we must look down as from a tower on the plane of that science. It is just the same with any subject the poet takes in hand. He must be elevated above it. He must have gone beyond it in every branch of knowledge and conception to which it has reference, and he must look down from his intellectual height, so as to take in the whole prospect at one view, and to understand the bearings of the component parts, as well as the light and shade, the colouring, the relative position, the postures, the character of the whole. Thus commanded, the work will grow into life and reality beneath the author's hand, as from the wand of an enchanter; but place him down upon a level with his mental landscape, let him have to stand on tip-toe to look about him; and, I need scarcely say, nothing but the stones and thistles of the foreground will reach his eye. According as we elevate our minds and souls—according as we mount above the narrowing influence of low conceptions—according as we ascend towards the summit of intellectual eminence, we shall find the prospect widen—inhalé the rarified atmosphere of lofty thought—catch the breeze from purer and vaster regions—hear, feel, see things out of the ken of the herd that crawls the earth, and produce thoughts, ideas, words, and works which will raise the already exalted part of mankind as near as may be to the same elevation as ourselves, and hold the rest in upward-gazing admiration below.”

“Yes,” said Roscommon, musingly, “it is true. The great things which have been produced have been uttered with a curl of the lip, as if the sublime authors could have given the world something tenfold more magnificent—tenfold more sublime, tossed from the mighty heaving of their minds like spray from the ocean. It is when Genius plays with Nature that the most noble attitudes are exhibited.”

“Yea,” added I, “*playing*, contradistinguished from *trifling with*. You play with your inferiors or equals—thus a cat plays with a mouse, a lion with his mate; but you take liberties with your

superiors—thus a jester used to be allowed to quiz his king.”

At this moment Dryden heard a noise within the house; and when he left the little oaken table, I felt a curiosity to know what the book was which had drawn tears from the great poet; and found he had been cutting a few leaves of the life of the most eminent of modern writers of fiction, the last editor of his own works. How justly was the tear merited, and how richly did it repay the labour of love it acknowledged!

“—*Animæ, quales neque candidiores Terra tulit.*”

He returned, bearing out a flagon of what appeared to be wine, clear and bright, with two or three branches of vine in the other hand, and was about to lay them on the table, when a great light seemed to be let in at once upon us as through a door from one quarter of the heavens, and in a few minutes the whole scene became so insufferably immersed in the most intense splendour, that I was obliged to bend down, and place both my hands over my eyes, as if a sinooom had been passing by.

* * *

When I next became conscious of any thing, I found myself in a sort of cavern, unlike in its structure to any subterraneous vault I ever remembered to have seen. Its form was nearly circular, the walls tapered upwards conically on all sides, and the floor seemed to take somewhat of the same shape, approaching to that of a flattened cone. The sides did not meet at the top, but an opening seemed to be made to the upper air, as the light, which was very clear in the cave, all entered there, although a direct view of the sky was prevented by the sinuosity of the aperture. The sides of this chamber were unfurrowed by ooziings from the walls, and its floor had no inequalities produced by decay or disintegration. No stalactite depended from the roof, no stray weed, no drop of damp varied its hue or outline. All was one sheer, hard, massive rock; and I cannot describe the painful feeling which this complete circumscription by asperity produced in me, except by saying that it made the *bridge of my nose tingle*.

The light was clear, transparent, and mild. Everything was shown distinctly, and no more. It was such a light as pervades a room when the shutters are closed in strong sunshine. The same

sounds which I had heard on the surface now came to my ears from above, but deepened into one solemn chord, like the distant swell of harmony from a cathedral.

It was some minutes before I ceased to content myself with gazing round this extraordinary cave; but as soon as I did begin to collect myself a little, I became aware that I was perfectly alone, no trace being visible of either of the poets with whom I had been conversing, or of any other earthly—or rather, moonly being whatever.

It is an uncomfortable thing to feel one's-self alone in a place where no exertion can be of any use, no matter whether we would avail ourselves of the power of exertion or not. It must have been disagreeable to have been locked into a room, as our fathers were, (now grey-headed, red nosed, hale octogenarians,) even thought they had a hamper of claret imprisoned under the same writ of *ne exeat*. The buoyancy of freedom which had so elated me in the upper air, now gave place to a corresponding depression; and I felt inclined to curse my stars for having sent me to so unlucky a one. Even Daniel had lions with him. I should have considered any thing a lion in my present position.

At last, as I set about a more minute examination of what seemed to me to be a subterranean *cul de sac*, I hit upon a small, low door, which was closely fastened, and moreover concealed, so as to escape notice altogether at first, being coloured and shaped after the peculiarities of the smooth rock into which it was inserted. I endeavoured to open it, but found that it resisted my utmost force, nor was lock or staple to be seen upon it.

As I paused to consider what I should do, I thought I heard a confused sound within, as of voices and steps, attended with the peculiar humming echo which such sounds produce in a vast area. I hesitated at first; and then, my curiosity getting the better of my caution, I struck the door several times loudly with my clenched hand.

In a few moments I heard a step approach; a bolt was slowly withdrawn; I made one step, and found myself in a scene which, to describe in earthly language, would be as difficult as Tartini found it to "jot down" the strains of Beelzebub in his music-book.

The size of the place into which I

stepped was so great, that, though an interior, it partook of the appearance of an out-door scene; and the consequence was that, as my nose tingled at the confinement of the cave, now my breast begun to heave with the oppressive vastness of this overgrown chamber. The unscaleable roof might represent a nocturnal sky, the sides seemed to take the perspective of a landscape, and the extremity to be lost like the horizon of nature. No interior I had ever seen, neither St. Peter's nor the Coliseum (although the latter in its roof might vie with it) bore any comparison with it in its stupendous dimensions. If any thing could give to man an idea of it, it would be one of those nightmare ravings of Martin, in which his design has been to represent a hall for Gods. The floor was perfectly level, and swept back almost into immensity. The parts of the walls nearest me were composed of enormous pillars, with all the sublime characteristics of basaltic columns, those works in which Nature seems to have forestalled in mighty mockery the puny architectural efforts of man. The pillars were gathered into clusters like the shafts of the Gothic, and rose from the floor, a forest of rock. As I turned my eyes upward, I could scarcely discern the capitals, but they seemed to support a roof composed, like that in the Staffa Cave, of the extremities of the blocks of basalt, but more regular and symmetrical in its construction even than these. A few creatures were to be seen near the walls, some stationary, others hastily passing over the matted floor.

I had not said a word.

I now turned to my janitor. It was a man of remarkably low stature, and withal of a mean and shabby appearance. His face had a parchment hue, and was ill shaven and squalid. He wore a rusty black suit, with black cotton hose ill drawn up to meet the knee-buckle. The expression of his countenance was that in which some lingering intelligence seemed to maintain a struggle with dotage. Altogether he presented to my eyes no very inviting *cicerone* in this interesting apartment, and I felt an insuperable unwillingness to break the magic charm which the unexplained novelty threw over my senses by questioning so unworthy a tenant of such a domain.

However, the creature did not leave me long to wonder, for it began to chuckle, till its whole face looked like

a disturbed shape of jelly, and a little rheum, flowing from the corner of its closed eyes, showed that it was enjoying my surprise as much as I was the spectacle that caused it.

"Well, I protest, sir," said he, after two or three unsuccessful attempts to subdue his unseasonable hilarity; "well, I do protest it is a queer thing to see one of you earthites gaping about you at the door, before you well know what your eyes are given you for. But come along; don't stand staring there, but follow me, and I will give you a nearer view of the Academy."

So saying, he led me along the wall in which the door was inserted, to the right, shuffling over the matting with his loose and antique shoes, and looking occasionally round him and then at me, as if he were enjoying my admiration to the utmost. As we advanced, I observed that the wall began to be divided into regular compartments of greater or less dimensions, separated from each other by clustered columns of basalt such as I have described; and in these compartments there appeared to be a variety of objects of taste or instruction. Some were filled with antique sculpture, some contained costly paintings, in others were treasured scientific productions or specimens in natural history, while by far the greatest proportion of space was devoted to books. At all these compartments, men of various ages, complexions, and costumes appeared busily engaged, some in classifying, some in examining, some in extracting. As I approached the compartments of books, my little Magliabechi pulled my sleeve, and winking hard, whispered—"some clever fellows here! Look at that little old scrub with the bullet head; his back to the books and his eyes upward—Socrates. There are some of his disciples about him, you see—Phædo and Plato among them; and a long, sentimental-looking fellow near, doing his best to catch what they are saying. Come along; you will not have

time to see any thing if you loiter so. There—read those golden letters above you—BIBLIOTHEC. ALEXANDR. and a host of curious moderns ransacking it."

"Heavens above, sir!" exclaimed I, in an ecstasy, "do allow me for one moment—"

"No, no, my enthusiastic gentleman; you are expected elsewhere; and I am pledged to conduct you without delay to your friends—"

"My friends!" exclaimed I; "why, have I friends *here*?"

"You shall see by-and-by."

"But then surely you will suffer me to gaze at least a few moments on this great and unexpected sight, which—"

"Pshaw! men think they must admire everything. Our friend Horace, there in the corner, is of a different opinion."

"Horace!—where is he?"

But my impatient little guide had no notion of my indulging my curiosity at the expense of "my friends," whoever they were; and accordingly he took me rather unceremoniously by the sleeve, and half dragged, half persuaded me along until Socrates, Horace, and the Alexandrian library had been left far behind. We had evidently got into more modern times. The books were fresher, and the readers less antique in their costume.

Of these latter, I fancied that I recognized the countenances of some, although I could not call to mind under what circumstances I had seen them.

At last I passed close to a young man, and started. I knew the face, and looked round; but he had retired behind the projection of the compartment we had passed;—but that look was enough—I could not be mistaken—I had seen *Shakspeare*.*

I went on, and at length observed two or three figures advancing to meet me—they were my new acquaintances, Dryden and Roscommon, with two others, whose appearance I did not recognize. As soon as the little gentleman in rusty black had brought me up

* I may here be snapped up by some learned reader, who will say,—“what! recognize Shakspeare! when it is known to all who pretend to be informed about such matters, that what is now put forward as his likeness, is only an imaginary portrait drawn from verbal description!” However, I think I am not entirely without excuse, as all our popular ideas of Shakspeare are so intimately blended with the “counterfeit presentment,” that, like the visionary in Horace, we would scarcely wish to be reminded of the groundlessness of our impression. But there are some persons of sense and information—one I could name in particular, possessing both in a high degree—who believe, even to-day, that we have the poet's lineaments, *d'après la nature*.

to the party, he scraped a bow, and shuffled off to a shelf of books, nor did I see him again.

"Once more, welcome!" exclaimed Dryden, accompanying the words with the same kind and condescending regard he had thrown upon me when we first met in the shrubbery — "welcome to our night, as you were before welcome to our day! Here we are assembled till the sun shall think proper to allow us to ascend again —"

Superas evadere ad auras;

nor do we feel our subterranean imprisonment as irksome as you would imagine. With a dungeon so spacious and well furnished, and a company so varied and distinguished, one can manage to exist. Poor Lovelace knew no such liberty as *his* cell. But I must make you acquainted with two of our brightest ornaments, Mr. Walsh and Mr. Fenton," and he pointed to the two gentlemen who had come up along with him.

As I made my bow, I took a short survey of each; and surely never was there a greater contrast than their appearance exhibited in every possible way. Walsh was the quintessence of a gentleman of the old school. His colour was delicate, his eyes blue, his nose aristocratic, his teeth of dazzling whiteness, and his few wrinkles were disposed in the most becoming positions. His wig was enormous; it flowed in many a lengthy curl to his waist, and there seemed to struggle with common sense for a yet more unreasonable length. His lace was of the richest, displayed in profusion on his breast and in his ruffles. His coat was distinct with gold embroidery. His shoes heavy with buckles of the same costly material. His hands were those of a lady, and loaded with rings; and altogether Walsh looked as if he had walked out of one of Lely's pictures.

But poor Fenton, on the other hand — what a wretched contrast to all this! a huge, slow, cumbrous man, he seemed with difficulty to keep pace with the group as they advanced towards me. His corpulence was displayed to its full advantage by the voluminous laxity of his habit, which hung upon rather than clothed him. He supported his steps upon a cane that looked like a pocket telescope drawn out, and seemed to trust to this spare leg considerably more than to the two which nature had given him, although he appeared by no means advanced in years. Altogether

he gave me the idea of bodily and spiritual obesity so forcibly, that I was at a loss to imagine how he could ever have raised himself to a place in this "Temple of fame."

"Well," continued Dryden, after he had allowed me a couple of moments to make the observations, the results of which I have been detailing; "well, sir, what think you of *this*?"

"I have seen so little of it," replied I, "that —"

"True. I have asked before I could expect a satisfactory answer. But you shall come round this great hall with us, and examine what you see, and *then* the question shall be repeated."

"But what is it?" I inquired; — "a cave, a temple, or a world? What was the cavern I found myself in at first? How did I get there? How did you get *here*?"

Roscommon and Dryden smiled; Walsh leered; Fenton burst into a horse laugh.

"Why, if you will know everything at once," cried he, "you must be one of those enquiring spirits from earth, now arriving in shoals, which are not content with learning what they can comprehend, but must needs be, like some of your modern bards, for discovering things

"To which the heaven of heavens is but a veil!"

"Nay," said Walsh, "this stranger, with some show of reason, asks to understand what he sees. I cannot perceive the impertinence of his inquiries; and will very happily lend myself to inform him on some, at least, of the points he seeks to have explained. You behold," continued he, turning to me, and then sweeping his gold-headed cane semicircularly round with the solemnity of an augur, and the grace of a *maitre d'escrime*; — "you behold around you the great treasure of human knowledge, heaped together since the intellect of man first developed itself on earth. Whatever of this nature has been made property by possession once, is here stored up, to reward and supply the learned and curious defunct of all ages with its collected information. Here, during our long and insufferable night, we are congregated from all eras, countries, and languages, and freely partake of the boundless banquet laid before us. Every book that ever was penned, from that laboriously written on the leaves of a tree, to the newest pamphlet that has been shot through a steam press, is treasured up here, ready

for every inmate of the academy to make use of. All the natural curiosities, classified on the most approved systems, are spread out. Every instrument of science and of art forged by mechanism, here has its appointed place. The paintings of Apelles, the lost marbles of Phidias, are now around you. Every gap in the earthly chain is here filled up. It is curious, too, to look down with this sort of knowledge thus acquired, on the blindness of mankind. Do you see yonder statue, which is considered by our connoisseurs as, perhaps, the only rival to the Medicean Venus? It lies within two feet of the surface in the cellar of a needy, discontented country gentleman, near Rome; and were he to find it, he would be in an instant all he wishes. This jewel, fit for the crown of an emperor, was within the stroke of a chisel of the miners many years ago; but their operations were diverted by some accident at the time, and have ever since been, and ever will be, carried on in another direction. Here is a book, the admiration of the philosophers. It formed, with an heretical tract, part of the fuel which roasted the author of both in the fifteenth century. Every thing, in fact, on which the intellect or imagination can dwell with profit or pleasure, is here spread forth with the profusion of a banquet, for the sons of men to ———

"—— Make a *post mortem* meal of," said Fenton, interrupting the speaker with a hoarse laugh.

"A 'feast of reason,' et cetera," added Dryden.

"A mouthful of moonshine," rejoined Fenton; and both of them burst into a simultaneous shout of laughter at the expense of the dignified Walsh; who at first appeared not quite inclined to relish the joke; but at length himself joined in the obstreperous merriment he had excited.

What can they mean? said I to myself.

The creatures began to look dangerously unearthly, and I felt a little oozing "at the palms of my hands," like my old friend Bob Acres. "These fellows," thought I, "might play the deuce with me if they pleased in this outlandish place. The whole moon against one man!" I had a vague feeling that all was not right—I could not say what—as in the night-mare; and yet, there was the concave surface of the mighty cavern, the basaltic columns, the creatures walking about,

and, above all, there were the four polite, voluble, grotesque, refined—*ghosts*, close to me, appearing as much flesh and blood and voice and mind, as any of the good people I had left up there in the great silver salver.

Yet I looked as suspicious as an incurable madman.

How did I get here?

What am I doing here?

How am I to get back?

Now, that the first enthusiasm was past, I would have given all the sages of antiquity for my red-whiskered, fox-hunting neighbour, the Justice of the peace, beside me. One of the persons in the *Tempest* exclaims, as the ship is foundering, that he would give a thousand furlongs of good sea for an acre of barren land. As for me, I would have given the fee-simple of the moon for a life interest in a square mile of the bog of Allen.

There are few things more difficult than to get well out of the company of people you mistrust, and who do not expect you to quit them. To hide your real motive in the first place—then to explain, make excuses, apologise—to return thanks—to promise another visit; all this is awkward among our own natural selves; but confuse and jumble all things; throw earth and heaven together, men and spirits—take away the mind's presence by supernatural fears—illuminate with wonders, cloud with mystery, deaden with distrust, madden with excitement, and you will, perhaps, set about doing your manners as awkwardly as I did.

"I fear, my lord," said I, addressing Roscommon with a hesitating air, "I fear that I am not—for the present, at least—in my proper place, and that I am forestalling the pleasures which I may one day hope to enjoy legitimately in your company; that is, if ever——"

"Nay, my mortal friend," replied he, "there can be no need of apology when you are introduced, and under the flag, as I may say, of one of the master-spirits of the place."

"—And you," I continued, turning from Roscommon as though I heard him not, and facing Dryden—"and you most accomplished of poets, and ——"

"Pshaw, my good lump of earth," cried the poet laughing, "you are beginning, I suppose, to feel a little of the *maladie de terre*. But you must not stir yet; we have much to show you, first: and we have to seal your lips."

A hum escaped the other three, and I thought I heard a faint chorus of

laughter repeated from different parts of the hall. This was not calculated to act as a cordial; and consequently all the symptoms of alarm increased upon me.

"We will allow you to write a letter to your friends," said Walsh, leeringly, "just to say that you are not dead; but if you do, we must dictate to you the words. It is not meet that a communication from another world should be clothed in the ordinary language of mortality."

"What! sir," exclaimed I, (for on this point I am tetchy,) "do you suppose I am not capable of writing a letter?"

"If you are," replied the poet, with a sneer, "you are more fortunate than many a man *we* consider celebrated."

"My friend Roscommon," thought I, "a little overdid the thing, when he described the 'Republic of letters.'"

He now stepped up to me, and said with a lordly frown, "are you aware, sir stranger, that letter-writing is the rock on which the greatest of our literary fellows have split? You could scarcely produce an instance of good letter-writing in the whole range of English literature."

"Yes," said Dryden, "it is too true. A man's letters are to his works what his conscience is to his behaviour. Well-behaved men have often bad hearts; and you get behind the curtain of their style as well as their minds, when you unseal their correspondence."

"But why may not I, most glorious John," said I, reverentially;—"why may not I pour forth the extempore effusions of my heart in unpremeditated words, when I only address my neighbour the Justice, and only tell him that I am well, and expect *shortly* to be with him?" I laid the emphasis on the "shortly," for I was longing to be off.

"Because," retorted the person addressed, "in a letter from the moon we are all implicated. It becomes common cause. We have that sort of *esprit de lune* about us, that we could not suffer the commonest notice of an eclipse to find its way to an Almanac on earth, without having not only rectified the time and digits by observation, but actually worded, transcribed, and stopped the paragraph for publication below."

Below! thought I. Does he mean to rank a satellite above its planet? Perhaps as we have heard of "heavens' chancery," this may be earth's Court of Error, and there may be an appeal from

our little King's Bench in such matters to this last resort of learning, where the assembled judges sit to reverse or confirm the judgment pronounced there. Below! this looks like a case of *l'émancipation*. Why, who knows but Mistress Moon may think proper to sue for a separate maintenance, or perhaps even elope outright with Captain Mars, who looks so fond and fiery close by! Alas, what losers should we be in either case! What shall we do without the moon? Where will be the tides in our sea? All will become one vast stagnant Mediterranean. No ebbs or flows will ever spread a carpet of sand along the sea's margin, so as to usher land with suitable dignity into water. What will become of the proprietors of lunatic asylums? The doctors will lose a chapter out of their book; and even the Chancellor will have his duties, and consequently his power abridged.—What will *lovers* do? To say nothing of poets. But of all sufferers, the poor fairies will be most to be pitied. Their only scene of amusement was "beneath pale Hecate's beam." They were busy at every other time—full of occupation—regular little Marthas. But give them a glimpse of moonshine, and—there—you have them all a-dancing in a twinkling. Under every greenwood tree the grass is trod in a dark circle, for there the little things have been making merry last night in the uncertain, chequered ray. But all this will be at an end. With the moonbeam, the forest glade, the chain of glory weaving on the waters, the holy stillness of the churchyard, the solemn gloom of the deserted cathedral, the more touching solitude of the ivymantled ruin—all will disappear. Farewell, then, Diana, Proserpine, Hecate, Trivia,—or, as thou art better known to mortals, farewell, thou great Green-cheese! we must chew our daily bread without thee, and bid an eternal adieu to the double-Gloucesters of the skies!

All this did *not* pass through my mind at the time, but it occurred to me afterwards; so I insert it here to avoid recurring again to the subject. There was something of it certainly in my thoughts as dwelt on the last word I had heard; but it was the sketch merely of what I have now filled up. As it was, all I did was to repeat the word "below."

"Come, come, Mr. Dryden," said the courteous Walsh, as he observed the laureate meditating some further play with his visitor; "we must not perplex

the stranger too much. It is injudicious, before he is one of the initiated."

But I had taken heart once more.

"I ask no forbearance from Mr. Dryden," said I; "all I want is to know what he means by telling me that letter-writing is so deep a science?"

"Why, simply this," replied the person addressed, "that there is something in a sheet of paper that seems to communicate all its angles, with its flatness and absence of character, to the most vigorous mind. A familiar letter should not be mere tattle, and yet it must not be lecture, or essay, or oration. It is extremely hard to deviate from common-place without an appearance of turgidity. It is, perhaps, as difficult to hit the true level of a style, as it is to alter a clownish gait into dignity without assuming a theatrical strut. For my part, I have never been able to find any writer either before, after, or during my time, whose style of letter-writing I should like to take as an exact model. The lofty is, I think, the worst *general* style. But the mean is also bad,—and, strange as it may appear, I consider this objection as a death-blow to Swift, Pope, and many others, as far, I mean, as their epistolary style. Affectation I abhor in all its forms and degrees, from Cicero to Sevigné. There is too much studied force in Johnson, too much studied homeliness in Franklin, though I like him better than most of them. Steele, too, has this fault. Addison comes very near a pure style, yet he would not do for your day. Your favourite, Lord Byron, I am sure, you will not hold up as a model. I protest I think *Horace*, never yet really rendered into English, comes nearest to perfection in his Epistles, which pass between the banks of verse, with all the natural flow of prose. If I could transfuse the spirit of *Horace* into you, I should be content to let you pen your own letter to the Justice of the peace."

"And now for the billet," said Ros common, "which we must do our best to render worthy of the discussion that has been its prelude. There is a table and writing materials; I will be scribe, and take your ideas in the words of my

fellow-lunatics. Now, to begin—what is it to be?"

"My dear Jack," said I.

"Dryden," said the self-constituted secretary, "how are we to render that?"

"Come, come, my Lord," cried I, with all my courage strong at my heart, "this will not do. I will write my own letter, if you please." So saying, I took his Lordship by the collar, and twitched him off his seat into the middle of the floor.

Fenton pushed forward; but, in a moment, he was rolling on his back like an overturned tortoise. Poor little Walsh raised his cane, but fell like a knife across Fenton, nearly cutting him in two. At every blow I shouted, till the vast hall rung again.

"What?" I cried; "you would teach me to write, you collection of miserable, self-conceited, grinning shadows? 'Odds my life, I could sweep the whole dungeon clear of its prisoners in five minutes, and become a personified commission of gaol delivery."

Here Dryden approached with a severe aspect, but without evincing the slightest show of offensive or defensive preparation.—I raised my hand—but the next instant was at his feet.

"Oh, most mighty master of song," I sobbed; "behold an humble vassal prostrate before thee! Do to me as you please, but take not the lifting up of my hand for an act of rebellion!"

He stood over me, but spoke not.

"Alas, alas," I continued to ejaculate, "what will Jack the Justice say? Have I nobody here to take my part? What!" I shouted, till the very columns shook, "am I left alone—alone to combat with a world?"

I rose from the ground,—but, strange to say, I was no longer in the hall, but on the grass-plat near the stream, with the great silver salver over my head.

"I have it now!" I exclaimed, jumping into the air: "Jack and I shall have another bout of it for this tomorrow—thirsty too—and cramped confoundedly in the left calf—what? is this my arm across my chest? I thought it had been a—a—a—."

I awoke, in short.

THE LATE DOCTOR CUMMIN.

MANY of the readers of the *Dublin University Magazine* will learn with deep regret that Doctor Cummin, who received his medical education in Dublin, and has since been steadily advancing to eminence in London, died in the prime of life, on the 10th of April. We find the following notice of his death in the *London Morning Post* of the 12th of April :—

“**DEATH OF DR. CUMMIN.**—We regret to announce the death of Doctor William Cummin, of Great Russell-street, which event took place on Monday evening. He was for some years connected with the medical literature of the metropolis, and especially with the *London Medical Gazette*, in which his course of lectures on forensic medicine, delivered at the Aldersgate School of Medicine, recently appeared. He was of studious and retired habits, but his singularly blameless life, his spotless integrity, his uniform correctness, his literary accomplishments, his worth and modesty, greatly endeared him to the circle of his private friends, who have now to lament his premature decease. Dr. Cummin was M.D. of Dublin University, and a Member of the Royal College of Physicians. He was also a Fellow of the Royal Medico-Chirurgical Society, and of the Statistical Society, and Lecturer on Forensic Medicine at the Aldersgate School. Besides the lectures above adverted to, he had published, with his name, a tract on the “Proofs of Infanticide;” but his labours had been chiefly directed to medical periodical literature, an anonymous service, which is not the less useful or honourable, because it confers no individual renown; neither was it on that account to a man of Doctor Cummin’s modesty the less agreeable.—Living, he won the warm esteem of all who intimately knew him—and dead, he has the tribute of their heart-felt sorrow.”

Doctor Cummin was, during his college course, a pupil of Doctor MacDonnell, and highly distinguished himself. He sat for the science gold medal, which was gained by Doctor Longfield, the present Professor of Law. It is no evidence of demerit, that with such a competitor, Doctor Cummin should not have succeeded—his subsequent career gave witness of his strong capacity, his unwearied diligence, and his extraordinary correctness. He was, in the best and highest sense of the words, a quiet, an honourable, and an amiable man; and, as such, a credit to the country which gave him birth, and to the University in which he received his education. His death was caused by an effusion of water on the brain.

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THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. IX.

AFFAIRS OF SPAIN.

SIR H. HARDINGE'S MOTION ON BRITISH INTERVENTION.

ARE we at peace or at war? This is the question which every one asks of his neighbour, when his attention is turned to the contest at present going on in Spain. We profess not to interfere in that contest. Our relation with the Spanish government is one of amity; and we desire to have it understood, that, under no circumstances, except such as might threaten our safety as a nation, are we disposed to take any active part in either promoting or resisting those internal changes in other countries, which may be prompted by the wants or the wishes of the people. Let other nations manage their affairs as best it liketh them; we will not meddle with *them* as long as they do not meddle with *us*. This would seem to be the maxim by which we are, in theory, guided;—while yet, we have entered into a treaty which binds us to give aid, in arms and ammunition, to one of the parties at present disputing the succession to the crown of Spain; and, without any treaty, have relaxed the foreign enlistment law, for the purpose of permitting a body of troops to be raised, by whose presence upon Spanish ground, the contest may yet be decided. Under these conflicting appearances, of warlike acts and peaceful professions, what are the public to think? That we are at war? *That* is denied by the organs of the government, who maintain that Great Britain reposes, at present, in the profoundest peace. That we are at peace? *That* is contradicted by the presence of our troops upon the soil of

Vol. IX.

Spain; and, by that eager interest which we have evinced in the contest of the rival candidates; which has caused us to expend half a million, at least, in promoting the success of the party which has been deemed worthy of Whig-Radical cooperation.

Never was our position more anomalous, we had almost said, more disgraceful. We have neither the wisdom nor the honesty to hold ourselves aloof from this sanguinary civil broil, nor the manliness to proclaim ourselves openly, the propagandists of revolution. We emulate the conduct, while we fain would eschew the character of firebrands; and expect, forsooth, that Europe will take no note of the lesson which we are labouring to teach her; or, that circumstances can never arise which might render the application of it fatal to ourselves. Alas! never was political folly more profligate, more dangerous, or more short-sighted!

We do believe that the people of England are beginning to be alive to this. The late parliamentary discussion upon the subject, must have greatly helped to open their eyes to the mispolicy and the disgrace of the course that has been pursued. Never was a subject better handled by the Conservatives, or one upon which the Whigs and Radicals appeared to more miserable disadvantage. Argument, they literally had none; and the topic of declamation which was adopted by one, for the purpose of getting out of one species of difficulty, was knocked to pieces by another of the same faction, who found it necessary to take a different

line, for the purpose of accomplishing another object. In short, the defence of our disastrous intervention was characterised like the intervention itself. It aimed at one thing, and proved another. The cause of liberty all over the world was its theme. The coercing of an almost unanimous people into the adoption of a system of government which they detest, was its object.

But, perhaps there is a cause for this, by which, strange as it may appear, our conduct is justified. We shall see. In 1833 Ferdinand the Seventh died, leaving issue one daughter. By the Spanish law, the crown must, of necessity, have devolved upon his brother, Don Carlos; but, before the death of the old king, the young queen, who was his fourth wife, contrived so to manage matters, that, if the arrangements then made were suffered to take effect, the prince must be set aside, and her daughter substituted in his room, in defiance of a law regulating the succession, which had been in force for more than one hundred years, and under the guarantee of all the great powers of Europe. The manner in which this notable affair was managed, was as follows:—It was pretended that Charles the Fifth, in 1789, had altered the law of succession, upon the petition of the Cortes; which alteration had been kept a profound secret for forty years, until it was now found convenient to bring it to light, and, without reference to any other authority than the will of the reigning monarch, to publish it "for perpetual observance."

Now, into the pros and cons of the question of succession, as between Don Carlos and the present *de facto* queen, we do not enter. It appears to us that it is a matter which peculiarly concerns the Spanish people, and them alone. But, we ask any reasonable man, was there not, at least, room for some doubt on the part of the prince and his friends, as to whether they were bound to abide by the above arrangement? Was this extraordinary defeasance of his title to the crown of Spain, a matter so clear from all suspicion of court intrigue, as to command universal respect and obedience? And might not numbers of the proud and jealous people of that country, without any imputation of unreasonable recusancy, have their suspicions that all was not fair, and that the whole contrivance deserved no better name than a

plot to deprive the prince of his rights, and to swindle the people out of their constitution? Was there any thing in the moderate views, and the immaculate character of the queen mother, which forbade surmises such as these? And, did the composition of the court during the dotage of Ferdinand, afford no colour to the suspicion, that a system of disgraceful trickery and fraud had been practised by those about him, for the accomplishment of selfish personal objects? Upon these questions we pronounce no opinion. But, we gravely put it to our readers to say, whether two opinions might not fairly be entertained; and whether, if the queen regent and her partisans felt it their interest, and their duty, to give to them one answer, Don Carlos and his adherents might not be equally justified in giving them another?

It has so happened that the prince has *not* acquiesced in that decision which the queen regent hoped to be final and irrevocable, and neither have a large proportion, probably a considerable majority, of the Spanish people. They have appealed to arms for the defence of what they consider their right. And, we put it to our readers to say, whether there ever was a question, as between a people and their rulers, which it so exclusively belonged to themselves to decide, and for any active interference in which, either on the one side or the other, on the part of any foreign power, so little pretext has been afforded? Never. As well might a foreign power interfere in England, during the struggle of parties which took place when the reform bill was under discussion! As well might they interfere at the present moment, during the struggle that is going on respecting the expediency of giving municipal corporations to Ireland! The Spanish was a domestic question, in the strictest sense of the word. It was a question, which, to be satisfactorily decided, must be decided by the people themselves; and any interference which, however well intended, would have the effect of giving an undue weight to either party, must be most disastrous in its effects, both to that nation in particular, and to Europe in general, by substituting foreign compulsion, for the national will, and thus causing either a bad system to be endured, or a good system to be abhorred; and, by legitimatizing the practice of intermeddling in the domestic concerns of other states, by which the

soundest principles of international policy must be subverted.

Nor were there any persons who cried out more loudly against any such departure from sound views of the rights of other nations, than the Whigs. It constituted, during the revolutionary war, the thunder of all Mr. Fox's declamation. What! that distinguished orator said, go to war with the French because they have revolutionized their government, and beheaded their king? What right have we to interfere in such matters? Is not every nation the best judges of its own affairs? Have not we ourselves, at one period, done the very things which we now find fault with in our neighbours? Such conduct, on our part, is equally unjust and impolitic. It arrogates an authority which we do not possess, and establishes a precedent which may embroil Europe in interminable war, and lead, in the end, to the overthrow of our constitution. Nor was the reply to this strong language one that, in the slightest degree, contravened the principle for which Mr. Fox contended. It was simply maintained that he misrepresented the grounds of the war—that the French were the first aggressors—that they, by their open encouragement of domestic traitors, and by their avowed determination to be aided and assisting in bringing about, in other countries, changes such as those which had taken place in their own, made war upon us before we declared war against them; and that, although the restoration of the Bourbons might be an event exceedingly desirable, as furnishing the securest basis for a lasting amicable arrangement between the countries, yet, that it would be by no means insisted on as a "*sine qua non*;" and that, on the part of England, the contest would not be continued a single hour longer than was necessary for self-defence, against the revolutionary mania which was then epidemic, and by which her existence as a constitutional monarchy, was endangered. Thus, it was contended for on one side, and admitted on the other, that, with the mere internal arrangements of the French government, we had no right to interfere; that they were themselves the best judges of the form of government under which they would be most likely to enjoy security and happiness; and that the war in which we were engaged was only justifiable upon the principle of self-preservation. How comes it then

that these wise maxims are now to be contravened? How comes it that what was denounced as flagitious in the case of France, when, in her audacious jacobinism, she presumed to send emissaries for the purpose of disturbing our internal repose, is lauded as righteous and liberal in the case of Spain, which has never entertained the thought of meddling in the affairs of her neighbours? We cannot, we confess it with sorrow, see any explanation of this matter, which does not cover us with national disgrace; although we can, no doubt, see that there is a perfect consistency between the aims, at least, if not the principles of the opposers of interference in the one case, and the promoters of it in the other. In the case of revolutionary France, by denouncing it, jacobinism was served. Interference was distasteful to the anarchists, because it had for its object the establishment of social order. In the present contest in Spain, by lauding it, the same end is answered; as the interference which we have patronized is *in favour* of the anarchists;—its tendency being to substitute for a hoary despotism, the wildest democracy that ever, even for a brief season, obtained the authority of legitimate government in Europe; and *that*, in direct contradiction to the wishes of a majority of the Spanish people! It is thus that his modern successors justify the declamation of Fox! Such is the nature of their scrupulosity in interfering in the domestic concerns of other nations! When, by maintaining the principles of non-intervention, the revolutionary spirit may be aided, they will maintain them, even though our own existence as a nation should be the sacrifice! When, by acting upon opposite principles, in defiance of all their previous declarations, the same spirit may be made to prevail, they will act upon them, in opposition to the national interest, and at the risque of lighting up a war in Europe! Oh! most consistent Whigs!—consistent, at least in fraud and falsehood! If they be asked, why they opposed the French war, they may answer, because the cause of revolution was thereby disserved. If they be asked, why they now encourage British subjects to become parties in the contest that is raging in Spain, they may answer, because revolution may be thereby promoted; thus masking themselves by principle to support revolution in the one case, and boldly flinging the mask

aside, when, by its abandonment, a similar end may be effected in the other ! But, we have not time to dwell upon this characteristic treachery, this consistent tergiversation, as it deserves ; and, by leaving it to the unqualified admiration of the self-styled friends to "the cause of liberty all over the world," we do as much as perhaps could be done in a single sentence, to consign it to the reprobation of all honest men, and to write, at the same time, its character, its epitaph, and its condemnation.

We must, of necessity, pass over the important considerations which present themselves, as arising from the very novel attitude in which we have, of late years, thought fit to exhibit ourselves in the affairs of Europe. We cannot now dwell upon the light in which we must be regarded by foreign powers, by whom, as long as British feeling prevailed in the British cabinet, England had been so greatly respected. We cannot now afford time, to point out the danger which we have incurred by sanctioning, as towards ourselves, the very same line of conduct which we have adopted towards others. These are matters which the peculiar complexion of the times, the state of parties, and the condition of Ireland, must afford us frequent opportunities of bringing, at future periods, under the consideration of our readers ; and we shall confine ourselves, on the present occasion, to the discussion which took place upon Sir Henry Hardinge's motion respecting our interference in the affairs of Spain, as it furnishes the British public the fullest and the fairest criterion which, perhaps, any one subject could afford, for judging of the wisdom and the honesty of the Whig-Radical administration.

To our minds nothing could be more perfect than the manner in which the gallant officer introduced the consideration of the important question, which had been confided, by the Conservatives, to his ability and discretion. He did not advert to a single topic which did not bear immediately upon the matter in hand, or indulge in a single sentiment or reflection which could have the effect of drawing the attention of the house from the pressing necessity of the measure which he recommended, or of furnishing his opponents with any excuse for mystifying the subject by any irrelevant declamation. He was clear, calm, forcible

and decided ; and evinced a tenderness and a consideration for General Evans and his unfortunate companions in arms, after their recent disastrous defeat, which, we doubt not, was, to the advocates of the Palmerstonian policy, almost as mortifying as it was unexpected. Those to whom wisdom and justice are unpalatable, will only be the more enraged when these indispensable qualities of a righteous policy are recommended by an advocate whose authority is enhanced by his generosity and his moderation.

The quadripartite treaty is a treaty formed by the four powers of France, England, Portugal and Spain, the principal objects of which were, the establishment of the present queen upon the throne of Portugal, and the expulsion of Don Carlos from that kingdom, in which he had been well received by Don Miguel, and where his presence seemed to threaten the government of the adjoining kingdom, to the crown of which he had laid claim, with not a little danger. The treaty was formed when the reform mania was at its height in England, and when Louis Phillipe was still in his revolutionary swaddling clothes ; and it might be considered, on the part of those who entered into it, a kind of plighting their troth, either to other, not only for the security of the changes in government that had been already made, but as a demonstration of union and power, by which the new state of things might be protected, by anticipation, against foreign or domestic enemies.

This treaty, when Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington were last called to the councils of their sovereign, they found in force ; and although it was one which they would not themselves have advised, had they been consulted at its original formation, when the faith of England was pledged by it, they did not hesitate one moment about fulfilling, both in spirit and to the letter, its obligations. Arms were liberally furnished to the Queen of Spain, and all those friendly demonstrations of interest in her cause were exhibited, which became a power with whom she was in friendly alliance, and to whom, as her title was recognised as legitimate, her successes against the pretender must be a source of pleasure and gratulation. Further than this, the then government felt themselves uncalled upon to interfere in that contest. They never contem-

plated any thing so monstrous, as engaging England, as a principal, in the sanguinary struggle that was then raging, or of straining or enlarging the treaty, so as to render it obligatory upon us to become, either openly or covertly, active partizans of the Queen, against what might be found a vast majority of her people. By the quadripartite alliance they felt themselves bound. Its obligations were understood by them in the ordinary sense of the words in which they were expressed—for its wisdom or policy they were not responsible. But that its provisions were strictly and even liberally complied with, became manifest from the acknowledgment of their successors in office, when the brief struggle of parties, during the session of 1834, terminated in the overthrow of Sir Robert Peel's administration.

By this time, it appeared, that the Queen of Spain was not able to maintain her cause, without some foreign assistance. Don Carlos had rallied about him so considerable a force, as rendered it a matter of extreme probability that he would speedily be enabled to make a triumphant entrance into Madrid, if not checked by some more formidable enemy than any which he had, up to that period, encountered. And, accordingly, the first acts of our Whig-radical government were, the suspension of the foreign enlistment act, in favour of the *de facto* government of Spain, and the invention of a new reading of some additional articles, by which the quadripartite treaty had been enlarged, and which stipulated that while France agreed to prevent munitions of war from being conveyed to the Carlists over its frontier, England bound herself to afford the Queen her *naval* cooperation.

Well, the legion was raised, and the red coats appeared in the Peninsula. All that Evans and his men could do to stay the sinking cause of the Queen, was done, and still it appeared that something more was necessary for the successful termination of the contest. It is not our object, at present, to dilate upon the exploits of the legion; suffice it to say, that it operated, directly, as a diversion, by which a large body of the troops of Don Carlos were detained in observation, or with whom they were engaged in hostilities, and thus prevented from pushing their successes in other parts of Spain, to the manifest detriment of their cause. But this seemed rather

feet, than an advance to victory; and Lord Palmerston's ingenuity was again taxed, to give an interpretation to the additional articles, which might still cause Great Britain to be regarded as a neutral by foreign powers, while yet the sphere of her action was enlarged, and more than strictly *naval* assistance was to be afforded.

It is worthy of being remarked, that, precisely in proportion as we were getting deeper and deeper into this unfortunate business, our beloved friend and ally, Louis Philippe, was wisely withdrawing from it; and, so far from implicating himself, by any further connection with a cause, which he now saw clearly was unpopular in Spain, no dexterity of diplomacy was sufficient to prevail upon him to suffer the troops of France to enter that country in the character of friendly invaders.

Our wise and honest government was, however, nothing daunted by this, and having decided that, by naval co-operation was meant, the employment of *field artillery*, and an *unlimited number* of marines, in *any operations by land*, which General Evans might consider useful, we despatched a number of vessels, containing, probably, ten times the *usual* number of such troops, and to their countenance it was chiefly owing that the disastrous defeat, sustained by the legion at Hernani, was prevented from amounting to total destruction.

Under these circumstances, Sir Henry Hardinge thought it high time to bring the whole subject under the consideration of Parliament. It was time at length, that the nation should understand in what relation we really stood, with respect to the Spanish contest. He wisely forbore to enter into the policy of the treaties under which we professed to act—waving any discussion respecting which, he fully admitted that they ought to be fairly carried into effect. But he deprecated the despicable chicanery of entering into them in one sense, and acting upon them in another. The employment of marines as *land forces*, he boldly maintained was contrary both to the letter and the spirit of the articles by which Great Britain was bound to furnish *naval* aid; and the encouragement of our misguided countrymen to enter into the service of the Queen of Spain, while it brought unspeakable calamities upon them, could not but be regarded as some measure, compromising the

neutrality of the country, and as being of most pernicious example.

One of the principal objects of the Duke of Wellington's policy, when he was last in power, Sir Henry stated to be, the mitigation of the horrors of war, as it was at that time carried on in Spain. It was with that view that Lord Elliot was sent to that country; and the convention which he succeeded in concluding, was, for some time, strictly observed on both sides, and was the means, as Captain Henningsen stated, of saving not less than 5000 lives. But as soon as the legion entered upon the theatre of war, the spirit of inhumanity again returned, and both parties became again remarkable for the most revolting barbarities.

"The first instance that occurred of the disastrous effects of his (Lord Palmerston's) policy, was in the first operation in which the legion was engaged, when General Evans made a reconnaissance in the direction of Hernani. He approached the walls of the town with a body of chapelgories, (a species of troops that the Carlists viewed with the greatest dislike), and the regiment of Fernando. This first reconnaissance was made on a Sunday evening. The enemy was driven to the walls of the town, and, after some skirmishing, it became necessary, or it entered into General Evans' plan, to retreat; which was accordingly done—the regiment of Fernando having lost seven or eight men, prisoners by the hands of the Carlists, of whom that regiment had captured twelve or fourteen. Now, on this first opportunity, did the Carlists and the Christinos observe the Elliot convention? Up to that period they had, undoubtedly, done so; but now, so jealous were the Spaniards of the interference of foreigners, so exasperated were they with the 10,000 mercenaries who were hired to attack them, that they put their seven or eight prisoners to death; and the regiment of Fernando also butchered the twelve or fourteen Carlist prisoners they had captured. *This was the first effect of the noble Lord's policy.*"

This statement Sir Henry supported by a publication of Major Richardson, who was an eye-witness of what he narrated; nor can there be a doubt that our unfortunate interference caused the war to assume a character of ten-fold horror, and produced a destruction of life, in cold blood, that is almost unexampled!

We here omit the consideration of the right of foreigners thus to interfere in the domestic struggles of another na-

tion, with which their own is not at war. This subject is too awfully important to be disposed of in the parenthetical manner in which alone we could allude to it at present. War is one of the most dreadful scourges to which humanity can be exposed, and is only to be justified upon the principle of self-preservation; and we leave it to our readers to say, if, unhappily, a domestic strife should at any time arise in the British empire, similar to that which at present rages in Spain, how they would regard the interference of Swedes, or Russians, or Spaniards, who should volunteer to act in this country precisely as the legion are acting in the Peninsula? We have very little doubt that they would look upon them as freebooters, who disintitiled themselves, by their own act, to the usages of honourable war, and that they would be treated like men who made trade of rapine and murder. Let us suppose that a party existed in England wicked enough to seek, by violent means, the overthrow of the constitution, as established by the reform bill, and the revival of the rotten boroughs, and the oligarchical system, which was, by that act, done away, and that, for that purpose, they scrupled not to call in the aid of Austrian or Prussian mercenaries, what would our Whig-radicals say to such interference, or how would they treat such interlopers, when they found them in the field, in arms against their liberties? We greatly doubt whether such unfortunates, when they once fell into their hands, would have much to calculate upon in their tender mercies. And how does the case differ, as between General Evans's legion, and the people of Spain? Have we any right to dictate to that people the form of their government, or to interfere, by force of arms, in the struggle which has arisen amongst them, respecting the succession to the throne? Just as little as Austrian or Prussian mercenaries would have in the case above supposed. Britons have no more right to impose their notions of liberty on the people of Spain, than Austrians or Prussians would have to impose their notions of slavery on the people of England. And the very same national indignation and resentment which would, certainly be generated in the one case, ought, naturally, to be expected in the other. When, therefore, we hear of the severities of the Carlists, we should judge of them as we would ourselves be judged, if we were

circumstanced as they are, and we should also hold in mind, that while the policy of the Duke of Wellington had a tendency to mitigate, that of Lord Palmerston has only served to envenom the contest.

Having detailed, in a striking manner, and from authentic sources, the sufferings, the insubordination, and the mutiny of the legion, and thus shown the demoralizing effects of permitting British subjects to be thus employed, Sir Henry observes, that,

"He felt called upon to notice these circumstances, because he and his right honourable friend near him, had always protested against the impolicy of allowing the legion to serve in Spain; and last year the Earl of Aberdeen had urged the ministry not to allow the legion to serve in Spain. The jealousy of the Spaniards with regard to intervention, was well known. General San Miguel had declared against the interference of foreigners, and his sentiments were openly repeated by many Christinos officers. The expediency of withdrawing the legion was urged by Lord Aberdeen. What was Lord Melbourne's answer? He learned from the usual sources of information, that Lord Melbourne's reply to that humane proposition was as follows: 'It is undoubtedly desirable that those who are in the possession of arms, should avail themselves of the means of educating themselves in other parts of the world. Young officers should not be forbidden from seeking crosses, and unemployed persons, of the lower classes, be prevented from gaining an honest livelihood.' And, 'that these men are receiving, I believe, much the same sort of education that all soldiers received in time of war, at least all soldiers placed under similar circumstances.' He (Sir H. Hardinge) had been a long time in the army, but he never witnessed or heard of such acts of insubordination, mutiny, and ferocity, as had been committed by the soldiers of the legion; and yet it was to Spain that British officers were to go, according to the prime minister, in order to learn proficiency in their profession! The same opinion had been expressed by the writer on Spanish policy, whose opinions were adopted by the noble Lord opposite. That writer observed, 'Why should our officers be forbid from obtaining crosses, and honours, and practice in their profession? And why should the unemployed men of the lower classes be prevented from gaining an honest livelihood? The noble Lord opposite would not, surely, contend that the mode in which the war was carried on, was creditable to the profession of a soldier, or calculated

to be of advantage to an officer, anxious to become a proficient in his art. It was hardly necessary for him to allude to the cruelty of which Espartero was guilty, outside the gates of Vittoria, in ordering, one morning, ten chapelgories, (who were probably, innocent men,) to be shot; for it was his object to shew the great exasperation which had been excited, not only among the common soldiers, but also among the officers at St. Sebastian. He would read to the house the address made by one commanding officer to his regiment, previously to the assault on the Carlist lines, on the fifth of May; but he would, beforehand, state how he ascertained the authenticity of that address. He first read it in a paper called the *Monthly Repository*, and he wrote to know whether the individual, who caused it to be inserted, would give his name. The editor replied, that he was a gentleman whose authority might be safely relied on. He was not satisfied with the answer, for he was determined never to mention as facts, statements which proceeded from doubtful or anonymous sources. Happening, however, to mention the circumstance to the honourable member for Oxford, (Mr. M'Lean), he ascertained that there was an officer in London, belonging to the rifles, who had heard the address, to which he alluded, delivered. That officer, who had given him permission to communicate his name to the noble Lord opposite, assured him that the account he had seen was perfectly correct, and that account he would now read to the house. "The spirit with which the British legion entered into action on the 5th of May, may be gathered from the *verbatim* address of some of the commanding officers to the regiments under their command. 'Rifles,' said the major, 'we are going to be engaged to-morrow; the enemy shows no quarter, neither shall we. *Shiver every man you catch. Take no prisoners; show no pity to the wounded. Shiver every man you meet!*' That order was given in cold blood, and how was it carried into execution? He regretted to say, on unimpeachable authority, that it was strictly and ferociously obeyed. Major Richardson said, 'a heavy cannonade was opened by the Phoenix, upon the enemy's battery, on the left of their position, which the first brigade had attempted, ineffectually, to carry. By this fire a breach was effected; and the 4th and 8th (reserve) companies coming up, the left of the position was stormed and gained. The Carlists, thunder-struck, saw that the day was lost, and sought safety in flight; but no mercy was shown to them, for they had savagely bayoneted several

wounded officers and men in the early repulses. Numbers fell beneath the steel of the enraged assailants, burning for revenge; and not a Carlist, who could be reached, lived to recount to his comrades, that the English auxiliaries, in imitation of the example set by themselves, gave no quarter. The other brigades, cheered by the example of their comrades, who had come fresh into action, once more moved to the assault. The Irish, like the first brigade, bayoneted all that came near them. We had seventy-eight officers, and nearly eight hundred men killed and wounded.' That was enough, he thought, to show what sort of education would be received by officers who went to Spain to learn their profession. It was with extreme pain he stated these things; and he was only induced to bring them before the public notice, because the ministry had obstinately refused to recall the unhappy legion from Spain."

Such is the atrocious character of the contest, in which our Whig-radical government have encouraged our deluded fellow subjects to embark! Such are the scenes in which English officers are to learn their profession! Gracious God! that we should live to hear such a course of policy so defended! Britons encouraged to take part in a sanguinary civil war, and to murder the unoffending people of another nation—a people who did them no wrong—merely that they may learn their profession! We would marvel at the ingenuity which could establish a clear distinction between this case and the case of Burke and Hare. The worst that could be said of them was, that murder was their profession. What an invaluable accession to "the legion" they would have made! and how they would have rejoiced to know that the period was so near at hand, when, by transferring their practice from England to Spain, they might look forward to crosses and pensions, instead of dreading the ignominy of the gallows! Well may ruffians of every grade and caste now cry "hurrah for reform, and the cause of liberty all over the world." If they are at liberty to go into another country, and maim and massacre men whose faces they never saw before, merely because these men prefer a form of government different from that of which such intruding miscreants might approve, we do not well know what liberty they would not take themselves, or what liberty they would allow to

others. But language fails to express our abhorrence of the conduct of those who defend such practices, merely upon the ground, that our unemployed military might have an opportunity of learning their profession! Oh, how dreadful is the responsibility of those by whom human life is thus recklessly sacrificed, and public morality thus flagrantly outraged! by whom a whole people, with whom we have no just cause of quarrel, are regarded as fit subjects for experiments of wholesale massacre! and who consider the blessing of a long peace so great a grievance, in impairing the vigour and the discipline of our troops, that they feel themselves justified in crying "havock," and letting "slip the dogs of war," merely to give them employment!—words utterly fail us in expressing our horror at language and conduct like this!—language which is calculated to draw down a divine judgment upon the country, and conduct which would justify a combination against us, of every power by which justice and humanity is revered, as the men-tigers of civilized Europe!

We now advert to another part of the subject. Our readers are aware that Lord Palmerston, not finding the quadripartite treaty strong enough to give the jacobinism of Spain all the aid which it required, contrived that additional articles should be annexed to it, by which England was still further bound to supply the Queen with arms and ammunition, "and, if necessary, to assist her with a *naval force*." Now, it was under the colour of this article, that the *field* artillery was supplied, and that the marines were furnished in such unusually large numbers, and employed, to all intents and purposes, as a *land force*!

"It was evident," said Sir Henry, "that the article was solely intended to enforce a blockade. That was the interpretation put on it by the French government. That government had not allowed its troops to fire on the Basques. That government had not made war on an inoffensive people; but that government had adhered to the strict and literal meaning of the treaty by which it was bound. But what has the British government done? It has permitted the royal land artillery, under Colonel Colquhoun, to take part with the Queen's troops. The royal artillery had brought four guns into the field, on the late disastrous occasion of the 16th. It had acted distinctly from the legion. It had

been detached to a position on the left; and it had acted in concert with the legion. He could prove that Captain Bassett had received orders from General Evans to support the movement on Astigarraga; but that officer had interfered too late; the panic having already taken place; and that he was obliged to fall back with his men, on the Royal Marines, who did not participate in the panic. Now, then, the soldiers of the British artillery had been used as if they composed a portion of the Spanish force; and yet, they were at a distance of seven, perhaps he would be less inaccurate if he said nine miles from the coast. The noble lord opposite had once given a definition of naval co-operation. Before he again ventured on doing so, it might not be improper to remind the noble lord of what that definition had been. The noble lord had then contended, that that was strictly a naval force, which was under the command of naval officers, and relied on ships as their chief support, and which formed the main feature of the operation! Had ships then been relied on, or used before Hernani? Had the troops there fallen back on their ships, or on the fortress of St. Sebastian? Were the ships at hand to protect them; or rather, were they not nine miles distant from the scene of the operations? The noble lord had further stated, that the reason that a naval force had been employed, was, that, from its very nature, it was impossible to employ it in the interior of a country! Why, surely the spot in which the King's troops had been employed, was in the interior of the country. And a piece of great good fortune it was, owing, perhaps, to the weary legs of the Carlists, that the artillery and the marines had been saved on the occasion to which he alluded. *He could not understand why the King's soldiers, NO WAR BEING DECLARED, should be allowed to slaughter the Basque peasants. He could not understand why they should be allowed to do this; while no message had been sent to that house, accounting for their being so employed. The mode of making war, adopted by the noble lord, was an anomaly in warfare. He could state to the house, how the noble lord had acted in the case of Gomez. That commander, after having threatened Madrid, and traversed a great portion of Spain, arrived in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar. English military officers, some, perhaps, of the royal artillery, visited him and inspected his army. ON THE VERY SAME DAY ON WHICH THEY HAD DONE SO, ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S SLOOPS OF WAR, IN THE BAY OF ALGESIRAS, FIRED ON THE COLUMNS OF GOMEZ, IT BEING WELL KNOWN THAT HE HAD NOT*

ARTILLERY, AND KILLED AN OFFICER! Good God, was that the way in which England was to make war? Was that the construction of the law of nations, which the noble lord put on the term 'naval cooperation?'

Yes! Thus it is, that our Whig-radical government goes to war! We lull an unoffending people into a deceitful security, that we may mingle their blood with their banquets! Thus it is, that the good faith of England is compromised, and its honour tarnished, by an imbecile and a guilty administration. And how is it that the employment of our marines, in the manner in which they were employed at the rout at Hernani, was justified by the only speaker on the part of the ministers, who attempted any justification! Why, truly, that we, ourselves, on several occasions, employed our marines as land soldiers! This is Mr. C. Wood's defence, for giving assistance *by land* under the sanction of an article which limits our aid to *naval co-operation*! The confidence with which the poor gentleman uttered this nonsense, makes us believe that he really considered it sound argument; and that, instead of seeking to deceive others, he was himself deceived. Indeed it is probable that he was mystified, before he entered the house, by some more knowing associate, who would not, willingly, become responsible for the absurdity of which he made him the mouth-piece, while yet he was desirous that it should serve as a tub to the whale, and was not without an expectation that it would pass for a great deal more than it was worth, in an assembly, a majority of whom were more desirous of pretexts by which ministers might be excused, than hopeful of reasons by which they could be justified. But let us bestow upon it a moment's attention.

Great Britain binds herself to afford the Queen of Spain naval cooperation. She, therefore, *strictly limits* herself to such cooperation. When she is at war on her own account, there is no reason whatever, why she should not use *all* her forces just as she judges most expedient, and cause her soldiers to serve as sailors on one occasion, or, her sailors to serve as soldiers on another. But, does that confound the nature of the two services, or justify her in giving aid by land, to a power to whom she is only authorised to afford aid by sea? As well might a man, who agreed to fight another with his left hand, at-

tempt to justify the use of both his hands, because both his hands had been used in a former pugilistic encounter, when he was under no such express agreement. It would have become the advocates of ministers to show *what treaties were violated*, in those instances, in which we marched our marines across a desert, or even employed them as squadrons of dragoons. Could they have alleged any instance, in which, having pledged ourselves to co-operation of one kind, by an express article of treaty, we nevertheless employed the troops destined for that purpose, in cooperation of another, it would have been a case in point; and, could it have been shown, that such a latitude of interpretation was allowed, the conduct of ministers would have had some colour of justification. But, to allege the freedom with which *we* may employ our soldiers and sailors indiscriminately, in services alien to their ordinary duties, but, in which, we may deem them occasionally useful, as a ground for giving the words, *naval cooperation*," to which we are strictly confined by express treaty, such a latitude of interpretation as would include within it *almost any amount of aid by land*, is such an instance of outrageous absurdity, as never, we believe, before was dreamed of in parliament! Well was it asked, where the limit could be placed, if marines might be thus employed to do the business of land soldiers? But we cannot withhold from our readers the powerful manner in which, by Sir W. Pollet, this feature of the ministerial defence was exposed.

"The secretary for the admiralty," observed the honourable baronet, "says, that this was a naval operation, for this reason, that, in the last war, there were instances, without end, of sailors marching across deserts, and taking forts and cities; and, of marines being landed from the fleet, and taking a part in land operations. Why nobody doubted the fact; and I think I could have added other instances. I think I could have shown him more than one example, in which the land artillery was worked by the marines. And, if I am not much mistaken, there was a battalion of marines attached to the army which the Duke of Wellington commanded in the Peninsula. Surely the honourable gentleman does not mean to say, that what was done, when we were waging a war of life and death against the power of France, could be quoted as a precedent in this case; or, that when the

officers and soldiers were thus employed, they were acting as a naval force. They did what became them as British soldiers and subjects. They were seeking the enemies of their country wherever they were to be found; but they did not fight in their character as naval officers, nor as a part of the naval force. They were only desirous of seizing every opportunity that presented itself, of distinguishing themselves against the enemies of their country. And shall it be said, that, because sea officers, in time of war, were ready to fight at any time, whether on land or sea, that they were acting as sea officers? But does the honourable gentleman not recollect, that soldiers have also fought at sea? I think I can recollect, that the first person who boarded a ship in the action off Cape St. Vincent, was a private soldier of a detachment that was on board. But, is it because English seamen or marines have been ready to fight whenever they had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, that it is a fair construction, when you are entering into a treaty with regard to the insurgent subjects of the Queen of Spain, to apply the same rule to this treaty, and insist, that naval cooperation means that the sailors and marines are to be landed, and fight on shore? Is it a fair construction of that treaty to say, that because a battalion of marines served under the command of the Duke of Wellington, within the lines of Torres Vedras, a battalion of marines is to be sent to serve in Spain? It is not a *naval* cooperation, but of a different character, and they act as a land force. The honourable secretary of the admiralty had spoken of sailors being marched across a desert. But they were merely the complement of the ships. But the forces employed here were not merely the crews of the vessels; the government had sent out a battalion of marines. He asked, where would the distinction have been, if, instead of marines, they had sent a regiment of foot, or a battalion of guards? Where was the distinction? Because the marines were not attached to the vessels; but went for the purpose of acting against the forces of Don Carlos on land. He would observe, however, that, whatever interpretation they put upon the words '*naval cooperation*,' they had gone further, and employed a corps of the royal artillery, and of sappers and miners."

The truth is, that our conduct on this occasion was not only a departure from the letter and the spirit of the quadripartite treaty, as it must be understood by all intelligent and honest men, but even from the interpretation

put upon it by ministers themselves, before they were betrayed into the acts for which they now endeavour to extort from it a justification. Lord Palmerston frequently and fully acknowledged that the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel most honourably fulfilled *all* the conditions of that treaty, while they were in power. They, therefore must have understood its provisions, and been tolerable well able to judge of the nature and the degree of the co-operation to which they were pledged, *and respecting which they had had communications with the other powers of Europe.* To these communications the Duke of Wellington referred the government, when the subject came before the House of Lords, and no one ventured to question the accuracy of his reference, or to hint that the least objection had been made to the sense in which he pledged Great Britain as to the meaning of the words, "naval cooperation." We cannot, therefore, doubt, that ministers were, at that time, of the mind of the noble duke; and their own admissions and acknowledgments are sufficient to convict them, in the eyes of any unprejudiced man, of entering into the treaty in one sense, and acting upon it in another. If the duke were wrong in limiting, as he did, the words "naval cooperation," in his explanation to the allied powers, would ministers have been justified in praising him for the frankness and the sincerity with which he carried the treaty into effect; or, rather would they not have been inexcusable in not promptly undeceiving both their own country and the rest of Europe? And if he were right, as undoubtedly he was, where shall we find an excuse for them, in transgressing the limits of that treaty, breaking faith with our allies, and, without any declaration of hostilities, making war upon an unoffending people?

But, we must not lightly estimate a decision which has been ratified by a majority of the present House of Commons. They have, by their vote, approved of conduct, which we should, else, have considered, to the last degree, reprehensible and disgraceful. We wait, with some degree of interest, for the time when that majority shall have to render an account of their stewardship to the people. We trust there is still sufficient sense and honour left even amongst the deluded Radicals, to lead them to form, upon such a

subject, a sound and a righteous judgment; and that they will not sanction the men, by whom the character of the country, both for wisdom and honesty, has been so basely compromised. But, if the people in general should approve of the course which ministers have pursued, we must only conclude that either they have changed their character or we have lost our reason.

We come now to the historical instances which were adduced, to justify the permission given to Evans and his associates, to hire themselves in the service of the Queen of Spain.

1st, William the Third introduced Dutch troops into England at the time of the revolution, and employed them in his wars in Ireland. But this is not a case in point; for the question is not, whether an individual, contending for the sovereignty of one country, may not introduce into that country, for the maintenance of his cause, soldiers being his own subjects in another; *but, whether the people of a third country, their government professing to remain at peace, may volunteer to embroil themselves in such a contest.* Neither the Queen nor Don Carlos had any legitimate claim upon the services of Evans and his legion; nor had these men, personally, any interest in the quarrel which could justify, on their part, the shedding of Spanish blood. As the case stands, it is impossible to draw a clear distinction between them, and any Italian banditti, whose bloodthirsty propensities, or whose love of gain, might prompt, or propel them to engage in that contest. The analogy of the case of William the Third, therefore, is all a joke, and if the individual who adduced it must not be considered as having plainly stultified himself, could have been no otherwise intended.

2ndly, Elizabeth interfered in the domestic broils of other countries; and undertook to be the great patroness of Protestantism in Europe. Elizabeth was a princess who had a price set upon her head by the pope; who was declared, by the same authority, illegitimate; against whom every foreign *popish* power was encouraged to enter upon a crusade; and whose own subjects were encouraged to believe, that, by contributing to the overthrow of her authority, they would be doing God a service. Was she, therefore, not to take care of herself, and employ against others the very same weapons which they employed against her?

Her existence was at stake, the tranquillity of her kingdom was threatened, the religion and the liberties of her people were assailed; and if popery, at home and abroad, was the engine set at work, for accomplishing the designs which were entertained against her person and government, was not she to avail herself of the principle of Protestantism, wherever it existed, and wherever it might be beneficially acted upon, for the purpose of averting such formidable dangers? No. There is no analogy between the two cases. The case of Elizabeth is that of an heroic princess, standing almost alone as the championess of a sacred cause, and confounding, by the wisdom and the vigour of her councils, the devices of cruel and perfidious enemies. The case of Evans and his legion, is that of adventurers, interfering in a strictly domestic quarrel, and seeking to force a sovereign whom they detest upon a reluctant people.

3dly. The German princes were alluded to, who used to hire out their subjects to foreign powers. Oh! foul disgrace, when, what should be regarded as a warning, is cited as an example! But England does *not* hire out Evans and his legion. They have hired out themselves. What right had they, *as individuals*, to make peace or war? Or how, we ask again, is their case to be distinguished from that of common pirates? England has not as yet entered into any degrading competition with German princes, by setting up a human shambles. She does not profess at least to trade in the blood of her subjects. How soon Jacobinism may become so far ascendent as to cause such a forgetfulness of her own true interest, of honour and humanity, as might lead to such a practice, we cannot say; but the introduction of such a topic in the debate, indicates, already, a degree of reckless degeneracy, that leads us to fear that day may not be very distant. If, however, the German princes are the example which our government chose to follow, they should imitate them in their provident carefulness as well as in their unscrupulous cupidity. The German princes take care to enter into express stipulations, by which the comforts of their hired troops are provided for. Has the legion experienced, on our part, any such protection? Let their present deplorable condition, half naked, half starved, and unpaid, answer that question. While it is a disgrace to England to be likened to the

German princes, it is, perhaps, a still greater disgrace to consider, that our miserable and misguided fellow subjects in Spain would be but too happy, if it was to those powers, and not to their mother country, they owed their allegiance!

The feature of the debate, to which we are now about to advert, is not a little curious and instructive. O'Connell and his tail supported the cause of the Queen. They were thus at issue with the popish principle, which is identified with the cause of Don Carlos; and seemed to reverse in the case of Spain, the policy which they so vehemently recommend in the case of Ireland. The variance, however, was more apparent than real; and is only one of the many proofs that may be furnished, that Jacobinism is not resorted to for its subserviency to popery, but that popery is cherished, because of its subserviency to Jacobinism. It is our belief, that, if the political views of the demagogue could be answered, by crushing popery in Ireland, as the political views of Spanish democrats are answered by crushing it in Spain, he would as unhesitatingly lend his assistance to put it down in the one case, as he has in the other. But here it is the great agent by which British influence may be overthrown; here it is the great instrument by which democratic ambition may be promoted; it is the antagonist of the Church, that hated establishment, by which British dominion has been secured, and, as it were consecrated; and it furnishes the readiest and the most effectual means for accomplishing a repeal of the union. These are the recommendations of Irish popery; and, as long as they exist, it will be valued and supported, by the daring infidel, and the reckless innovator, as the most powerful element of destruction that could be employed to defeat the objects of the Conservative statesman. In Spain this is not so. There it is identified with the stability of ancient establishments; and, accordingly, it is an object of detestation and abhorrence to those who seek to build upon their ruins democratic institutions. Let not, therefore, any one be surprised, that O'Connell and his gang should cry, "Down with Popery in Spain," whilst they are, at the same time, crying, "Hurrah for Popery in Ireland."

This is a view of the case, which we are the more anxious to impress

upon our readers, because there are many who suppose that O'Connell's radicalism is subservient to his popery, instead of his popery being subservient to his radicalism. The mistake might lead to serious inconvenience, and cannot be too speedily corrected. That there are many of his deluded followers, who are actuated by a desire for the exaltation of their church, is most true; but that the leaders, without whom they would be a headless trunk, are thus minded, cannot be for one moment believed by those who, with any ordinary intelligence, examine their characters or observe their conduct. Popery is the steam-engine which they willingly employ to navigate the good ship, Revolution. It is the only power by which the machinery of faction could be brought to bear, with effect, upon our monarchical constitution. Therefore, it is to be exalted, at any expense, and by every means. Its priests are to be favored and flattered as paragons of excellence, because they are willing to act the part of demons of discord; and all who would expose its errors, or counteract its mal-practices, are to be overborne by clamour and intimidation. But let it once range itself on the side of Conservative policy, and see how soon it will be exploded.

This appears from the fact, that in England, many enlightened and loyal Roman Catholic gentlemen, who are friends to peace and order, have joined the Conservatives, and taken an active part against the O'Connell-Melbourne administration. It also appears from the fact, that, in Upper Canada, during the late election struggle, the loyal Roman Catholics and the loyal Orangemen made common cause against the partizans of discord and sedition. In one place the Roman Catholic candidate was supported by the Orangemen; in another, the Orangemen were supported by Roman Catholics; and this union has led to a triumph of constitutional principles, which has stricken dismay into the heart of the Roebuck faction, and postponed, at least, if not prevented, the dismemberment of the empire.

But we must not further digress. Our object in calling the attention of our readers to this subject, is, to point out to them the error of those, who imagine that the only remedy for the evils at present afflicting the country, is to be found in the repeal of the act

of emancipation. They are wrong. That act has affected us, by augmenting radicalism, more than by exalting popery; and the remedy should consist in curbing the one, rather than in proscribing the other. We will not say more at present, than that we are persuaded the threatening aspect which affairs have assumed at the present moment, would rapidly disappear, if the elective franchise qualification were only raised a *very* little above its present low level in Ireland. We now return to our proper subject.

It was curious, and at the same time disgusting, to see the shifts to which the ministerial party were driven, to meet the very strong case which had been made against them by Sir Henry Hardinge. Of General Evans he had spoken with respect. He avoided all hostile criticism upon his military operations. He even suggested excuses for the disasters and the disgrace at Hernani, which must serve to soothe the wounded feelings of that discomfited officer, and to recognise in Sir Henry, if not a kind friend, at least a generous enemy. But the speeches of some of the ministerial members had been prepared upon the supposition that General Evans and the legion were to be violently attacked; and, as their good things were not to be thrown away, attacked they were resolved to consider him. Accordingly, much of their declamation consisted in denouncing the cruelty of aspersing the absent, and the want of proper feeling exhibited in making the sufferings and humiliation of our fellow-subjects in Spain, a ground of party triumph. It was in vain that Sir Henry protested that this was not the case; that, on the contrary, he had been ready to do the brave unfortunates every justice; that he had not given utterance to a word which could justify such misrepresentations. All this was in vain. His honourable adversaries would have it, that he cruelly disparaged General Evans and the legion; and he was assailed with a violence of language, and an insolence of demeanour, which caused a brief interruption of the courtesies of debate, and might, had he not treated it with the quiet scorn which it deserved, have led to consequences that might have been fatal. But this was but one of the many weak devices of the enemy, by which the ministerial party were discreditably signalized.

When pressed by the objection, that by interfering as we have done, we

are dictating to an independent nation the form of its government, and seeking to impose upon it a hated sovereign, Lord John Russell exclaimed, "What an absurdity! Who could think that the national will of a people like the Spaniards, could be coerced by the handful of men composing the British legion?" When urged to withdraw this handful of men, who can be of so little use in determining the issue of the struggle, we are met by the exclamation, from Sir R. Fergusson, and Mr. Sheil, "What, withdraw the legion! That would be to place one foot of Don Carlos on the throne! That would be to re-establish the inquisition, in all its horrors, and to consign to its racks and dungeons the brave men who are at present fighting for their liberties!" In the one case, Evans, and his ten thousand, are as nothing; in the other case they are as everything. In the one case their withdrawal would be ruin to the Queen's cause; in the other, their aid is scarcely an advantage! What, we ask, is to be thought of a cause thus depended, where the adversaries cannot maintain one point, without destroying the only ground upon which they could stand in maintaining another? Where, if interference is to be advocated, is it by declaring that it is nugatory; and if the discontinuance of that interference is to be resisted, it is by declaring, that, without it, the Queen cannot be maintained upon the throne of Spain! And these are the contradictions which are to be forced down the throat of the people of England, by a tyrannical Whig-radical majority in Parliament!

How wise and how righteous, but, alas! how contrasted with our unprincipled and miserable mispolicy, is the conduct of the United States, in their intercourse with other nations! The following extract from the late message of the President to Congress, which was quoted by Sir William Follet in his admirable and unanswerable speech, will be read by the Briton who is jealous for the honour of his country, with feelings of mingled shame and admiration:—

"We endeavour to conduct our intercourse with foreign nations, with openness and sincerity; promptly avowing our objects, and seeking to establish that mutual frankness which is as beneficial in the dealings of nations as of men. We have no disposition, and we disclaim all right to meddle in disputes, whether

national or foreign, that may subvert other countries—regarding them in their actual state as social communities, and preserving a strict neutrality in all their controversies. Well knowing the tried valor of our people, and our exhaustless resources, we neither anticipate nor fear any designed aggression; and in the consciousness of our own just conduct, we feel a security that we shall never be called upon to exert our determination never to permit an invasion on our right, without punishment or redress."

And what is the form of government, for the imposing of which upon a foreign country, the honour and the interest of England are thus compromised? A wild and unmitigated democracy! A system of anarchical misrule, that would seem constructed for the purpose of rendering Spain an Ishmael amongst the nations of Europe! A single chamber, universal suffrage, annual elections—these are the leading features of the representative system, which our liberal Whig-radical government would, in its beneficence, confer upon a country which exulted in its absolute monarchy for more than a thousand years; and which we seek to establish, by force of arms, against the almost universal reclamation of the Spanish people! If it were a blessing, as it is a curse, we would have no right to impose it upon them against their will; but, seeing that it is regarded with aversion, if not abhorrence, by all the best of those for whose behoof it was contrived, nothing can exceed our iniquity in inflicting it upon them, but, alone, our infatuation! We would be glad to know why Russia, Austria, and Prussia might not conspire to impose a despotic form of government upon us, with just as much show of right and reason as we can lay claim to, in our interference in the Spanish contest. They are not less interested in propagating opinions of one kind, than we may fancy ourselves to be in propagating opinions of another. Besides, the very fact of our assisting in revolutionizing Spain, may lead them to think that we would be equally ready to lend a helping hand to any infidels or anarchists by whom their own governments might be endangered. We thus give them both the motive and the justification for making open or secret war upon our institutions; and, if any traitors, in any part of our extended dominions, should receive countenance or assistance in any efforts which they may make for

the overthrow of British authority, we have no one to blame for it but ourselves.

And is there, on the habitable globe, a country that has more to dread from the left-handed policy that we are now pursuing in the Peninsula, than our own? With an empire extending to the extremities of the earth, upon which it may be literally said the sun never sets, we are vulnerable on all sides, in our foreign settlements, while even in the very heart of our dominions we cannot be said to be free from danger. Russia, with a wily ferocity, lies in watch for our possessions in the east; America, in the west, would have no objection, at our expense, to enlarge her borders; and can any one contemplate the condition of Ireland, and say that we are wholly secure against foreign or domestic enemies? Such is the condition of the country, the rulers of which have, as it were, given the initiative to a system of revolutionary intervention, which must excite the alarm, and provoke the indignation of every legitimate government in Europe. We leave the intelligent reader to consider the probable consequences of this, and to say whether, circumstanced as we are, in grasping at the shadow of a free constitution in Spain, we are not taking the most effectual means of destroying the substance of one in the British empire.

And has our interference been effectual in bringing the present contest to a speedy termination? Alas! no. We have only served to protract the miseries of this barbarous and unnatural contest. Our entrance upon the theatre of war, was a signal for repudiating the humanity by which its atrocities were beginning to be tempered; and, without being able to gain any decisive advantage for one party, we have just retarded the complete triumph of the other—a triumph which would have given the Spanish people a sovereign of their choice, who, whatever may be his character, could not, by possibility, be worse than the thousand vulgar scheming tyrants who are at present trampling upon their ancient institutions, and exhibiting, wherever an opportunity presents itself, the insolence of despots, the cupidity of stock jobbers, the manners of profligates, and the ferocity of barbarians.

But it is even doubtful how far the cause of the Queen has been served by our influence, and there are individuals of no mean authority by whom it is

considered positively injurious. The following passage from the triumphant speech of Sir Robert Peel, is well worthy, on the part of the advocates of interference, of the most grave consideration:—

“The noble lord opposite said that if the Spanish government had shown half the energy and activity which had been exhibited by General Evans, the war would long since have been brought to an end. But what was the cause of that inactivity on behalf of the Spanish generals? It might arise from the reliance placed by a nation like Spain, in the aid of a neighbour when that neighbour began to interfere, or it might arise from a jealousy of that interference. If either of these were the ruling causes of the inactivity on the part of the Spanish generals, it was clear that this country, by her intervention, obstructed the successful termination of this contest, and would preclude the satisfactory establishment of constitutional liberty in Spain. While he would adhere with the most perfect good faith to every obligation—while he would give the assistance of a more effective naval force if it could be supplied, yet he would shrink from the extension of the treaty beyond its legitimate object—he was to contend against the commencement of a system which would bring his Majesty's troops, marine or infantry, into collision with the Spanish people. It was on these grounds that he should support the resolution proposed by his right hon. and gallant friend, and he hoped that those hon. gentlemen who were averse to the ravages of war would well consider what the effect would be if they lent the sanction of their high authority to the extension of the principle. Men of different political opinions might well on this occasion combine in support of the resolution of his right hon. and gallant friend. Those who thought that when a great country like England interfered, it ought to do so by the application of military forces immediately under its own orders and control, and responsible to the government, might protest against the continuance of the British Legion; those who think with the highest military authority in England that the cause of liberty in Spain never will be promoted by foreign interference, may agree to that resolution; those who concur in deprecating the employment of an ill-disciplined army, not subject to the military rules of their own country, may object to the continuance of the British Legion in Spain; those who took higher views and who thought that the subjects of one nation were not justified in destroying the lives of another people to raise a single name, and who

held that warfare should be limited to cases of extreme peril, or the necessity for vindicating the national honour, might unite in support of the resolution of his right hon. and gallant friend; those, also, who hesitated as to the justice of this country interfering to correct political errors, and to punish the unfortunate inhabitants of the Basque provinces for their fidelity, which all admired—all these might combine in deprecating the continuance of this species of armed interference with the affairs of Spain, and the extension of the treaty beyond its legitimate objects. There were other powerful reasons for discouraging and terminating this warfare. The violation of a principle hitherto held sacred, which forbade one nation dictating to other countries their legitimate governor or the form of constitution under which they should live. Again, the signal failure of the experiment as to the promotion of the object for which it was intended, and the probable excitation of the jealousies of the Spanish nation, and their fears lest the constitution should be unstable because it was not created by native hands—all these were considerations in favour of the resolution now before the house. Depend upon it the public gorge was rising against the continuance of this system. The people of England saw men returning without pay, in distress and destitution; visible appeals to the sympathies of their countrymen, appeals much more powerful than any argument that could be offered, and calculated by such an exhibition of the British uniform to raise a prejudice. It would, therefore, be no shame to discontinue a system which could only bring discredit on this nation, and would terminate with no benefit to Spain. The house had been told that there would be bonfires at St. Petersburg, and rejoicings in the camp of Don Carlos; but let not the house be scared by such considerations. Better that those bonfires should be seen,

and those acclamations heard, than that hon. members should be upbraided by the remorse of their own consciences for lending themselves to a course of policy, which experiment had proved futile beyond the possibility of a doubt."

And now, we, for the present, take our leave of this important subject. To the vulgar cant, of advocating the cause of despotism, because we freely express our objections to the course that has been pursued for the purpose of giving a foreign and factious support to a revolutionary throne that is merely a masque to cover a sanguinary democracy, we deign no reply. Suffice it to say, it is known, by those who utter it, to be utterly and absolutely false, and can now impose upon no one who is not desirous of being deceived. We enter not into the domestic concerns of a country with whose internal regulations we have nothing to do. We would rigidly practise towards others the same rule which we desire to be observed towards ourselves; and as long as our neighbours continued peaceably disposed towards us, and as long as their form of government did not threaten us with any immediate peril, so long we would hold ourselves unjustifiable in preventing them from moulding and fashioning their institutions in the manner most agreeable to themselves. That our rulers have not done so, in the case of Spain, we deeply regret; and our regret would be the same, if, instead of interfering in support of a wild and impracticable democracy, they had interfered for the opposite purpose, and sought, by force of arms, to impose an obnoxious legitimate sovereign, upon a people ripe for and desirous of constitutional freedom.

HIGHLAND RAMBLES.*

WE believe it was Sir John Malcolm who sensibly observed that "he who desires to be well acquainted with a people, will not reject their popular stories, or local superstitions." The rude traditions which from father to son have been transmitted through, perhaps, a decade of generations, contain, we may safely assert, in every clime, some true indications of national history and character; and though encumbered with the additions of each successive narrator, obscured by the failing memory, or distorted by the patriotic vanity or superstitious ignorance of their depositaries, furnish often most valuable—and sometimes the only—guides to discovering the habits, religion, and origin of those to whom they relate, and with whose characteristic traits it is no illogical or strained inference to believe them strongly impressed. We are, therefore, well disposed to consider the wanderer, who goes about from hut to hamlet, through wilds and glades, and the less crowded haunts of mankind, noting down the ancient stories and marvellous tales of village sages, and sylvan chroniclers, as a labourer by no means contemptible in the great field of literature. The grave historiographer, it is true, who, in the dusty nook of some dimlit and antique library, pores over the *written* memorials of past times, may not as readily admit this fact as we do; and yet we believe that the man of legends will be found to furnish, upon the whole, his due quota of value in historic investigation, and like the gaze-hound, who runs upon the more obvious and rapid sense of sight, often recovers the object of their common search, when it has baffled by distance the slower sagacity of the other.

Scotland is peculiarly rich in traditional lore, more especially in relics of a comparatively recent period. She has had, in addition, the good fortune to have her tales of border warfare, and feudal chivalry, of mailed barons and kilted lairds, recorded by the ablest pens, and drest in all the attractions which the inspiration of romance and poetry could throw around them, till at the present day little of her soil is without some hallowing recollection,

and the foot of the traveller can tread no glade, or crag, or highland moor, that heroic feat, or stern revenge, or tender love-tryst has not sanctified. And yet that somewhat is still left for the sedulous gleaner to collect, even amidst the storied Highlands of Scotland, the appearance of the volumes now before us evidences.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder has already more than once solicited, and obtained, the approbation of the literary world as a philosopher, a novelist, a man of taste and erudition; and we confess the fault, if fault it be, of taking up his "*Highland Rambles*," not with a predisposition to be pleased with what we should find in them, but certainly with a presentiment that we should find much to be pleased with; and, indeed, though we can lay no claim to the second-sight of his own gifted compatriots, yet we can now assert that our presentiment has not deceived us.

To the first part of its title, our author's work can lay little claim, and in so far we are bound to admit we felt some disappointment. There are, indeed, many excellent descriptions of local scenery throughout, yet they have the impress rather of feelings which arise from the memory of past contemplation, than of present survey, and suggest not to our minds the idea of one who speaks with a full heart of what his eye is then dwelling upon. Besides, we meet few travelling incidents, or the circumstances and vitalities, if we may so say, of a real tour; so that it would not be very difficult to persuade us that the worthy baronet—as was once insinuated of Brydone—performed his "*Ramble*" within the precincts of his own study, or even upon the cushions of his easy chair, with, it may be, now and then a snatch of slumber, to suggest some romantic accident, or heighten the coloring of a ghost story—the rather as the *locale*, if our memory serves us, lies in the neighbourhood of his own mansion, and every inch of the ground well known to our intelligent author. Yet it would not be just to refuse altogether his own explanation of the matter, as "the brown heath, and black plashy bogs" that stretch away from the ro-

* *Highland Rambles, and Long Legends to shorten the Way.* By Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: Adam and Black. 1837.

mantic Valley of the Findhorn towards Grantown—for such was the extent of the tour—afford little for the pen to record, either of romantic scenery, or way-faring adventure; and we fully admit that Sir Thomas has chosen the best possible substitute for those general accessories of touring, and we give our award that the “long legends” of himself and his pleasant companions—be they fictitious or real personages—have quite reconciled *us*, as they did, or might have reconciled them to the dreariness of their moorland journey.

We have said there are many and excellent descriptive scenes in these volumes, and we will now offer one from amongst them, though it may almost seem to put in hazard the correctness of our opinion on this subject, and the propriety of the inference we have drawn from it. It is full of the true perceptive feeling of the beautiful in nature: a sweet picture of the repose of still life, with just so much animation as by contrast deepens that repose, till it sinks with double tenderness into the heart:

“The sun had not yet disappeared behind the mountains on the western side of Loch Lomond, and the unruffled surface of the lake was gleaming with his parting rays, when the Laird of Macfarlane, as he was returning from the chase, looked down from the ridge of a hill over the glorious scene that lay extended beneath him. His eyes travelled far along the calm expanse of the waters, till they lost themselves in the distance, amid the tufted and clustering islands, which lay glittering in the fleeting light like gems on the bosom of Beauty,—he then recalled them along the romantic undulations and irregularities of its shores, to dwell with peculiar pride and inward satisfaction on the wide stretch of those rich and smiling pastures which he could call his own, and on the numerous herds of cattle which his vassals were then driving to their home-grazings for the night. All was still and silent around, save when the quiet of the balmy evening air was gently broken by those rural sounds which, when blended together and softened by distance, as they then were to Macfarlane's ear, never fail to produce a musical harmony, that thrills to the very heart of the true lover of nature. The lowing of the cattle—the occasional prolonged shouts of the herdsmen—the watchful bark of their attendant dogs, careful to permit no individual of their charge to stray from the main body—the shrill and solitary scream of

the eagle, coming from the upper regions of the sky, as he soared to his place of repose amid the towering crags of Ben Lomond—and, lastly, the mingled cawing of the retreating army of rooks as they wheeled away in black battalions, to seek for undisturbed roost among the branches of that forest which then filled the whole country, from Loch Lomond to Glen Urchay, with a dark and interminable sea of foliage.”

This is really good, and, if not poetry is strongly tinged with the true poetic spirit. Why there be those we wot of—but “comparisons are odious”—who write themselves down poets and flourish in certain little gaudy, gold and satin clad tomes (whose periodic times are the same as our own planet) that would think such a morsel a valuable stock in trade. Nay, let them have such stuff for *material*, with a ten foot rule to snip it into lengths by, and Walker's Rhyming Dictionary (the blessings of unbitten nails, and unbeaten walls, rest for ever on that dear head) to set the lines a jingling, and, our life upon it, they will trick you out as pretty a piece of descriptive pastoral withal, as ever gladdened the ears of a cockney, even on a May morning, when Bow-bells were ringing.

Sir Thomas, too, is no unskilful hand at a darker scene, where suffering, and mortal anguish, and the deep despair of unflinching hearts are to be depicted. See how, with a few touches, he sketches the outline of such a picture, a youth's pencil may fill in the coloring of the piece.

“They rolled themselves into the shallow pool, and wallowed together in a knot. They gasped like dying men, and their eye-balls glared and started from their sockets with the agony they endured; and in their utter despair they sucked the muddy water of the lochan in which they lay, to cool their burning mouths and throats. Macfarlane felt as if they had been already consigned to the purifying pains of that purgatory through which, as his religion told him, these guilty souls must pass. Their bewildered brains spun round, and strange and terrific shapes seemed to pass before their eyes. Some short ejaculations for mercy were breathed, but not a groan, nor a word, nor a sound of complaint, was permitted to escape from any one of their manly breasts, even although the pool, their last frail hope, was now fast drying up from the intensity of the heat.”

The legend of "Big John the Renter" is in itself admirable, and admirably narrated, abounding in passages of unforced and felicitous humour, depicting so naturally the generous simple-mindedness of the giant highlander, that we cannot resist the temptation of epitomising some of its incidents, though we are conscious that, in so doing, we must in no small degree infringe on the excellencies to which we have alluded, and diminish the force of the whole.

Ian More Arrach, as he was called from his lofty stature and his occupation of renting cows for their milk, was a man of great symmetry and surprising strength, who led a simple homad life among the hills of his native Ross-shire, save when an occasional fair brought him to the villages to dispose of his cheeses. On one of those visits it was his fortune to be attracted by "the red, and tinsel, and silk, and wool and feather glories" of a recruiting serjeant, to whom he soon, in his turn, became an object of anxious speculation. The warrior, as might be expected, resolves on a conquest; his party are halted opposite to where Ian stood; one or two shrill shrieks of the fife and a roll of the drum are succeeded by a martial oration, and the delighted Ian is inveigled to enter a tent and drink bumpers to the king's health. All the customary allurements are put in operation, but the rustic's head is made of less excitable material than the serjeant had calculated, and, having drained the ale-can to the bottom, he quietly remarks,

"Troth she maun be goin' her ways home; she has a far gate to traivil."

"Stuff," cried the serjeant; "surely you cannot have forgotten you have taken the king's money."

Our hero, with downright simplicity and the most amusing gravity, mildly denies the inference that he has voluntarily enlisted. The man of war replies; Ian rejoins, and is making for the door when the serjeant arrests him.

"'Troth, she wudna' be wussin' to hort her,' said Ian, lifting up the serjeant like a child, before he knew where he was; 'but sit doon tere, oot o' ta way, till her nainnell reddes hersel of ta lave, and wuns awa'."

"Making two strides with his burden towards a large cask of ale that stood on end in one corner of the place, he set the gallant hero down so forcibly on the top of it, that the crazy rotten boards gave

way, and he was crammed backwards, in a doubled up position, into the yawning mouth of the profound, whilst surges of beer boiled and frothed up around him. Ian would have charitably relieved the man from so disagreeable a situation, which was by no means that which he had intended him to occupy; but, ere he wist, he was assailed by the whole party like a swarm of bees. The place of strife was sufficiently narrow, a circumstance much in favour of the light troops, who now made a simultaneous movement on him, with the intention of prostrating him on the ground, but he stood like a colossus, and nothing could budge him; whilst, at the same time, he never dealt a single blow as if at all in anger, but ever and anon, as his hands became so far liberated as to enable him to seize on one of his assailants, he wrenched him away from his own person, and tossed him from him, either forth of the tent door, or as far at least as its bounds would allow, some falling among the hampers and boxes—some falling like a shower upon the poor owners of the booth—and some falling upon the unfortunate serjeant. The red-nosed priestess of this fragile temple of Bacchus, shrieked in sweet harmony with the groans of the knock-kneed and broken down tailor, and in the midst of the melee, one unhappy recruit, who was winging his way through the air from the powerful projectile force of Ian More, came like a chain-shot against the upright poles of the tent—the equilibrium of its whole system was destroyed—down came the cross beam—the covering blankets collapsed and sank—and, in a moment, nothing appeared to the eyes of those without but a mighty heap, that heaved and groaned underneath like some volcanic mountain in labour previous to an eruption. And an eruption to be sure there was—for, to the great astonishment of the whole market people, Ian More Arrach's head suddenly appeared through a rent that took place in the rotten blanket, with his face in a red hot state of perspiration, and his mouth gasping for breath. After panting like a porpus for a few seconds, he made a violent effort, reared himself upon his legs, and thrusting his feet out at the aperture, which had served as a door to the tent, he fled away with all the effect of a fellucca under a press of sail, buffetting his way through the multitude of people and cattle, as a vessel would toss aside the opposing billows; and then shooting like a meteor up the side of the mountain that flanked the strath, he left his flowing drapery behind him in fragments and shreds adhering to every bush he passed by, bounded like a stag over its sky line,

and disappeared from the astonished eyes of the beholders."

The valorous serjeant, however, resolves on a recapture, cost what it may; he collects his whole force, and placing himself at their head, the expedition moves up the wild mountain to the sod hovel of the renter.

"John Mackay, otherwise Ian More Arrach, open to us in the name of King George," cried the serjeant, standing at the full length of his pike from the door, and poking against it with the point of the weapon.

"Fat wad King Shorge hae wi' Ian More," demanded the Highlander."

In reply the serjeant delivers himself of an oration wherein he exhorts the deserter to surrender at discretion, with a gracious promise that he shall not be exactly shot. While he spoke the back wall of the edifice was hurled outwards, the roof fell in, and a cloud of dust arose from the ruins.

"Ha! look sharp, my lads!" cried the serjeant, "be on your mettle!"

"The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when the Herculean form of Ian More arose before his eyes, from amidst the debris and dust, as did the figure of the Genii from the jar, before those of the fisherman in the eastern fable.

"There he is, by Jupiter!" cried the serjeant, involuntarily retreating a step or two. "On him—on him, and seize him, my brave boys!"

"The nature of the spot seemed to forbid all hope of escape. The party blocked up the space in front of the bothy, and the narrow strips of ground that stretched along between the lake on the one hand, and the cliffs on the other, grew more and more confined as it ran backwards, until it disappeared altogether at a point about an hundred yards distant, where the crags rose sheer up out of the water. In this direction Ian More moved slowly off, after throwing on the throng of his assailants a grim smile, which, however, had more of pity than of anger in it. Before he had taken a dozen steps, the most forward of the party were at his skirts. He turned smartly round, and suddenly catching up the first man in his arms, he sent him spinning through the air into the lake, as if he had been a puppy dog. The next in succession was seized with astonishment, but before he could shake himself free of it, he was seized by something more formidable, I mean by the iron hands of Ian More, who flung him also far amid the waters after his fellow. A whole knot of those who followed

then sprang upon him at once, but he patted them off, one after another, as if they had been so many flies, and that he had been afraid to hurt them; but, as it was impossible for him to accommodate his hits with mathematical precision to the gentleness of his intentions, some of the individuals who received them bore the marks of them for many a day afterwards. The ardour of the attack became infinitely cooled down. But still there were certain fiery spirits who coveted glory. These, as they came boldly up, successively shared the fate of those who had gone before them. Some were stretched out, as chance threw them, to measure their dimensions on the terra firma, whilst others were hurled hissing hot into the lake, where they were left at leisure to form some estimate of their own specific gravity, in a depth of water which was just shallow enough to save them from drowning."

After this specimen of his prowess, we may well conceive that any further attempt at capture would be unavailing. What force could not achieve, was, however, effected with the utmost ease by the command of the chief of the clan, and Ian yielded himself up a genuine volunteer, and was sent forward to his regiment.

Having been placed one bitter winter night to take charge of a six pounder on a battery, our hero, in the simplicity of his heart, could see nothing in the order beyond what the words literally imported, and, thinking he would best consult his own comfort, and that of his charge, by seeking a place of shelter, he quietly removed the gun from its carriage, and, poising it on his shoulder, carried it deliberately away. The sentinels whom he passed, full of highland superstitions, challenged him in succession, but he was too much absorbed in his own work to reply, and, instead of opposing such a phantom, each sentry fled before it, and the whole rampart was speedily cleared. When the visiting serjeant went his rounds, he was unchallenged at Ian's post, and discovers that both the gun and its guardian have absconded.

"Lord ha' mercy on us!" exclaimed the corporal, "I see'd the man planted here myself alongside the piece of ordnance; what can have become of them both?"

"'Tis mortal strange," said the serjeant. "Do you stand fast here till we go down the ramoad, if we can see any"

" 'Nay, with your leave, serjeant,' said the corporal, 'I see no use in leaving me here to face the devil. Had we not better go and report this strange matter to the officer of the guard?'"

" 'Nonsense,—obey my orders; and if you do see the devil, be sure you make him give you the countersign,' said the serjeant, who had had all such fears rubbed off by a long life of hard service."

"On walked the serjeant along the rampart. The other sentries were gone also. One man only he at last found, and him he dragged forth from under a gun-carriage."

" 'Why have you deserted your post, you trembling wretch?' demanded the serjeant."

" 'Did you not see it, then?' said the man, with a terrified look."

" 'See what?' asked the serjeant."

" 'The devil in the shape of Ian More Arrach, with his face like a flaming furnace, shouldering a four-and-twenty pounder,' replied the man; 'och, it was a terrible sight.'"

" 'By jingo, my boy, your back will be made a worse spectacle of before long, if I don't mistake,' said the serjeant."

Voices were now heard; the fugitive sentries had given the alarm, and the whole garrison was thrown into confusion and dismay. At length the tumult reached the commanding officer, who hurried with all speed to the battery. Having heard a thousand incredible and conflicting stories, he proceeded to the barrack-room, where Ian was found "snug in bed and sound asleep, with the piece of artillery in his arms, and his cheek close to the muzzle, which was sticking out from under the blanket that covered both of them."

" 'What made you leave your post, you rascal?' demanded the serjeant of the guard, so much provoked as to forget himself before his commanding officer."

" 'Nay, nay,' said the colonel, who already knew something of Ian, from the letter which he had received from his chief, 'you cannot say that he has left his post; for you see he has taken his post along with him.'"

" 'Is na ta wee bit gunnie as weil aside her nanesell, here,' said Ian, with an innocent smile. 'Is she na mockell better here aside her nanesell, nor wi' her nanesell stannin cauld an weet aside her yonder on ta Pattry?'"

The belief in magic influence, and the domination of supernatural beings over mankind, which, in one shape or another, has

gradually given way, in every land, before the spread of civilization, and the light of true knowledge; but the mists of that superstition which held the stoutest hearts in its debasing thrall, has hung longer over the wilds of Scotland and our own island, than, we believe, over any other country that calls itself civilized. It is not to be wondered then, that so many tales of witchery are to be found associated with the knolls and ruins of either kingdom. Our author has recorded the fatal effects of this influence on the mind of a generous and brave man in the tragic story of John Macpherson, of Invereshie.

A man of melancholy temperament increased by a life of seclusion, the charms of a lovely, accomplished, and romantic woman drew him from his retirement, and he made her his wife. Her extreme fondness for wandering "at the witching hour of night" by the light of the moon, amid the graves of a neighbouring churchyard, a casual swoon, (during which Macpherson supposed her soul had departed, and her body was reanimated by some unholy spirit,) a thousand chance expressions, which, to his distempered fancy, brought unequivocal confirmation of his suspicions, all impress the mind of the wretched husband with the conviction of his wife's intercourse with supernatural powers against which his better sense and tender affections strongly but vainly struggled. We shall not follow our author as he develops the workings of his hero's mind or depicts the progress of his feelings; though in these as well as in the conception of Scottish character, the reality of his dialogue, the felicity with which he introduces the wild superstitions of his country and the pictorial—we would say graphic but that the phrase nauseates us—power of his scenes he not unfrequently reminds us of Scott. Let him describe in his own words the husband's interview with his wife.

"It was now midnight. The revelry which had raged within its walls was silent, and the guests, wearied with the feast and the dance, and the tired servants, were alike buried in sleep. John of Invereshie stole to his lady's chamber. She, too, had retired to rest, and that deep and quiet sleep which results from purity and innocence of soul had shed its balm upon her pillow. Her lamp was extinguished, but the moonbeams shone full through the casement directly on the bed where her beautiful form was dis-

posed, and touched her lovely features with the pale polished glaze of marble. Had it not been for her long dark eye-lashes, and those raven ringlets that, escaping from their confinement, had strayed over her snowy neck, she might in very deed, have been mistaken for some exquisitely sculptured monumental figure. For one moment Invereshie's purpose was shaken. But it was for one moment only; for as memory brought back to him the lonely churchyard—her appeal to the moon—the mysterious events that followed their nocturnal meeting, and all those after circumstances which had combined to produce that awful and to him infallible judgment which accident had led him to hear his old nurse pronounce, his dread purpose became firmly restored to his mind. He stretched forth his hand and gripped the wrist of the delicately moulded arm that lay upon her bosom. The lady awoke in alarm; but instantly recognising her husband, her fears were at once tranquillized, and, springing from her recumbent posture, she threw herself on his neck. Surprised thus unexpectedly into her embrace, Invereshie stood silent and motionless. Love thrilled through every fibre with one last expiring effort. Aware of the potency of its influence over his heart, he threw his eyes upwards, and, ignorant and unhappy man! blinded by the dark and bewildering mists of the wild superstition that had dominion over him, he actually prayed to heaven to give him power to go through with his work; and then, with a fixed composure, gained from that fancied aid which he imagined he was thus experiencing, he calmly and quietly turned to the lady.

"Dost thou see yonder moon?" said he; "never was there sky so fair, or scene so glorious. The night, too, is soft and balmy.—Say, will ye wander forth with me a little while to note how the eddies of the Feshie are distilled into liquid silver by her beams?"

"Let me but wrap me in my robe and my velvet mantle, and I will forth with you with good will," replied the lady, quite overjoyed to be thus gratified by her husband in the indulgence of her romantic propensity for such walks. "How kind in you, my love, to think thus of my fancies when rest must be so needful for you." And having hastily protected her person from the night air, she slipped her arm within her husband's, and with a short light step, that but ill accorded with the solemn and funereal stride of him on whom she leaned, she tripped with him down stairs and across the dewy lawn.

"It is, indeed, a most glorious scene!" exclaimed the enraptured lady. "But, in

truth, thou saidst not well, Invereshie, in saying, that never was there sky so fair or scene so glorious." Then smiling in his face, and sportively kissing his cheek, she innocently added, "I trust thou art no traitor."

"Traitor!" exclaimed Invereshie, with a sudden start that might have betrayed him to any one less unsuspicious.

"Ay, traitor in very deed!" replied the lady laughing. "Traitor truly art thou if thou canst forget the lonely churchyard where you bound yourself to me for ever, and that broad moon which then shed over us her *magic influence*!"

"*Magic influence*!" groaned Invereshie in a deep and hollow tone of anguish.

"Alas! you are unwell, my dearest!" earnestly exclaimed his anxious and affectionate wife. "I fear you have already done too much to-day; and your kindness to me would make thee thus expose thyself when thou wouldst most need repose. See yonder dark cloud, too, pregnant with storm. Look how it careers towards the moon; might not one fancy that some demon of the air bestride it? Had we not better return to bed? Thou art not well, my love. Come, come, let us return."

"No!" replied Invereshie, in a tone calculated to disguise his feelings as much as possible. "I shall get better in the air. A sickness—a slight sickness only—a little farther walk will rid me of my malady."

"The lady said no more; and Invereshie walked onwards with a slow, firm, but somewhat convulsive step, treading, through the chequered wood by a path that wound among green knolls covered with birches of stupendous growth, and that led them to the rocky banks of the Feshie. There they reached a crag that projected over a deep and rapid part of the stream. Its waves were dancing in all the glories of that silver light which they borrowed from the bright luminary that still rode sublimely within a pure haven in the lowering sky, its brilliancy increased by contrast with the dense, and pitchy, and portentous cloud that came sailing sublimely down upon it, like a huge winged continent.

"Invereshie!" cried the lady, her feelings strongly excited by the grandeur and beauty of the scene; and bursting forth in rapturous ecstasy, "do we not seem like the beings of another world, as we stand on this giddy point, with the moon thus pouring out upon us all its potent enchantment?"

"Now God and Jesu be my guides but I will try thine enchantment!" cried Invereshie.

"Steeling up his heart to the deed, and nerving his muscular arms to the utmost, he lifted the light and sylph-like form of his lady. One piercing shriek burst from her as he poised her aloft,—a benighted traveller heard it at a distance, crossed himself, and hurried onwards with trembling limbs,—and ere the lady had uttered another scream, Invereshie had thrown her, like a breeze-borne snow-wreath, far amid the bosom of the waves. The wretched man bent forward from the rock, his fingers clenched, his teeth set together, and his eyeballs stretching after the object which his hands had but just parted with.

"*'Holy Virgin, she floats!'*" cried he as he beheld her, by the light of the moonbeam, playing on the ripple that followed her form as it was hurried down the stream, supported by her wide-spread mantle.

"*'Help! oh help!—my love!—my lord!—'twas madness!—'twas accident!—but oh! mercy and save me!—save, or I am lost for ever!'*"

"*'She floats!'*" hoarsely muttered Invereshie, drawing his breath rapidly, and with a croaking sound in his throat, that spoke the agonizing torture he was enduring. *'Ha! she floats! by Saint Mary then was the old woman right! Ha! she struggles at yonder tree!'* He sprang from the rock to the margin of the stream, and scrambled towards the spot whither the eddy had whirled the already sinking lady. She had caught with a death-grasp by one frail twig of an alder sapling, though her strength was fast failing. Invereshie's eyes glared over her face, as her head and her long dripping hair half emerged from the water.

"*'Help!—oh, save!—oh, help!'*" was now all she could faintly utter, whilst her expiring look fixed itself upon her husband.

"*'Help, saidst thou? thou canst well help thyself by thy foul enchantments!'*" cried Invereshie. *'Blessed Saint Michael be mine aid!—thou hadst well nigh taken from me my all, fiend that thou art,—thou may'st e'en take that twig with thee, too!'* and drawing from his belt his *shian dhu*, he sternly divided the sapling at its very root. As it parted from its hold, the lady disappeared amid the rough surges of the rapid stream, and the blindness which superstition had thrown over him fell at once from her distracted husband.

"*'Holy angels, she sank!'*" exclaimed Invereshie with a maddening yell that overwhelmed for a moment the very roar of the flood. *'My love!—my wife!—Oh murderer!—murderer!'*

"He rushed wildly among the waters to save her. But the impenetrable cloud which had been all this time careering onwards, at that very instant blotted out the moon from the firmament, and left his soul to the midnight darkness of remorse and despair."

This is, in truth, a melancholy tale, and however it may enlist the sympathies, has, we have little doubt, awakened the indignation of the fairer portion of our readers. As it is, however, on all occasions our advantage and especial delight to keep them in our interest and ensure their favor, we offer them the only consolation that the subject suggests to our minds in assuring them, that though the belief in woman's witcheries is as devoutly admitted at this day—*haud in experti loquimur*—as it was in that of our great grand-sires, yet it happily leads to very different results; and she who owns the mightiest spells and strongest charms need fear neither the glowing ploughshare or the watery ordeal; but is sure to command the homage of enlightened hearts whose only superstition is the belief in her divinity.

Let us now turn to a pleasant narrative of the gambols of certain squeamish hobgoblins (whose taste was outraged by the choice of an unpicturesque site for a house) told by a learned dominie with whom our author, as it would seem, consorted in his ramble. The depiction of humorous incident appears to be peculiarly congenial to the mind of Sir Thomas, and the following we think a favorable specimen of his felicity in that vein of feeling.

The walls of a mansion which the laird of Ballindalloch endeavoured to build, having been several times swept away by night, and the guards frightened from their post, he determines himself to watch and discover the secret enemy. Night arrives, the watch is set, and the laird and his henchman take post on the embryo tower. The doughty guards try to keep up their courage with the cordial flask, till at last a bull, feeding in the pastures, bellowed at a distance.

"*'Holy Mother, there it comes!'*" cried Charley. In an instant that hero and all the other heroes fled like roe-deer, utterly regardless of the volley of threats and imprecations which the enraged laird discharged after them, like a hail-storm, as they retreated, their ears being rendered deaf to them by the terror which bewildered their brains; and in the

twinkling of an eye not a man of them was to be seen."

The laird, thus left alone with Ian, vows he will find out the mystery, that nothing mortal shall move him from his post till morning.

"Whatever you do, Ballindalloch," replied his faithful henchman, "it shall never be said that Ian Grant abandoned his master. I will!"

"Jesu Maria! what sound is that?" exclaimed the laird, suddenly interrupting him, and starting into an attitude of awe and dread.

"And no marvel that he did so; for the wail of the rising whirlwind now came rushing upon them from the distant summit of Ben Rinnes. In an instant its roar was as if a tempestuous ocean had been rolling its gigantic billows over the mountain top; and on it swept so rapidly, as to give them no farther time for colloquy. A lurid glare of light shot across the sky from south to north. Shrieks,—fearful shrieks,—shrieks such as the mountain itself might have uttered, had it been an animated being, mingled with the blast. It was already upon them, and in one moment both master and man were whirled off through the air and over the bank, where they were tossed, one over the other, confounded and bruised, into the thickest part of a large and wide-spreading holly bush; and whilst they stuck there, jammed in among the boughs, and altogether unable to extricate themselves, they heard the huge granite stones, which had been that day employed in the work, whizzing through the air over their heads, as if they had been projected from one of those engines which that warlike people the ancient Romans called a balista or catapult; and ever and anon they heard them plunged into the river below, with a repetition of deep, hollow sounds, resembling the discharge of great guns. The tempest swept off towards the north, as it had done on the previous night; and a laugh, that was like the laugh of a voice of thunder, seemed to them to re-echo from the distant hills, and made the very blood freeze in their veins. But what still more appalled them, this tremendous laugh was followed by a yet more tremendous voice, as if the mountain had spoken. It filled the whole of the double valley of the Avon and the Spey, and it repeated three times successively this whimsical command.

"Build in the Cow-haugh!—Build in the Cow-haugh!—Build in the Cow-haugh!"—and again all nature returned to its former state of stillness and of silence.

"Saint Mary help me!" cried Ian

from his position, high up in the holly bush where he hung, doubled up over the fork of two boughs, with his head and his heels hanging down together like an old worsted stocking. 'Saint Mary help me!—where am I?—and where is the laird?'

"Holy St. Peter!" cried the laird, from some few feet below him, 'I rejoice to hear thy voice, Ian. Verily, I thought that the hurricane which these bellish—no—I mean these *good people* raised, had swept all mortals but myself from the face of this earth.'

"I praise the Virgin that thou art still to the fore, Ballindalloch," said Ian. 'In what sort of plight art thou, I pray thee?'

"In very sorry plight, truly," said the laird,—sorely bruised and tightly and painfully jammed into the cleft of the tree, with my nose and my toes more closely associated together than they have ever been before, since my first entrance into this weary world. Canst thou not aid me, Ian?'

"Would that I could aid thee, Ballindalloch," said Ian, mournfully; 'but thou must e'en take the will for the deed. I am hanging here over a bough, like a piece of sheep's tripe, without an atom of *fushon* in me, and confined, moreover, by as many cross branches as would cage in a black-bird. I fear there is no hope for us till day-light.'

"And in good sooth there they stork maundering in a maze of speculation for the rest of the night."

We will conclude our notice of these volumes with a scene from "The Rival Lairds of Strathspey." The incidents of the tale are neither numerous nor complicated, yet it is full of interest, and the denouement, though brought about in a manner sufficiently natural, is yet well concealed to the last.

Lewis Grant of Auchernach, and John Grant of Knockando, are rival suitors for the love of Helen Dunbar; but the heart of the maiden declares for the former. At a marriage revel the rivals quarrel in her presence, and the former is somewhat sharply chidden by her uncle, a good, and venerable priest, who retires with his niece and Knockando. The priest is shortly afterwards found murdered in his bed, and many circumstances concur to fix almost beyond suspicion, on Lewis Grant as the perpetrator of the deed. He is arrested and flung into the dungeons of the Priory of Pluscarden to await his trial before the bishop. Knockando is his accuser, and the un-

happy Helen the principal witness against her former lover.

Slowly and solemnly, but in a tone of encouragement, the prelate calls upon her for her testimony.

“ ‘My lord,’ said Helen Dunbar, looking fearfully round, whilst every fibre of her frame seemed to quiver with agitation, as she caught her first view of the wasted form and countenance of the unfortunate prisoner, and met his eye, which was now filled with a fitting fire of anxiety, which it had not before exhibited. But she seemed yet more affected by the glance of the Laird of Knockando, who stood beside him. It quite overcame her for some moments. ‘My lord!—my lord! I—I—’

“ ‘Take thine own time, daughter!’ said the Bishop, cheerfully; ‘and begin, if it so pleaseth thee, with thy recollection of what befel at the wedding at the Mill of Duthel. The prisoner Auchernach did then and there strike down John Grant of Knockando, without cause of provocation, did he not?’

“ ‘My lord, he did strike down Knockando,’ said Helen; ‘but as I chanced to watch them standing for some time, as if in talk together, I observed their looks; and, were I to judge from what I saw, I should hold that John Grant of Knockando had by his words so chafed Auchernach, and worked upon his dormant ire, as to fret it into the sudden outburst of that flame, the which blazed forth so openly to the senses of all who were then present.’

“ ‘Was he not rebuked by the good priest, thine uncle, for the outrage of which he was then guilty?’ demanded the Bishop.

“ ‘He was, my lord,’ replied Helen; ‘and in a sterner tone than he had ever heard the priest use before. But ere mine uncle went to bed, on the evening of that very night in which he was murdered, these ears did privately hear him express a doubt whether he might not have been too hasty in judging him, and he then uttered a fervent ejaculation to heaven for pardon if he had so erred.’

“ ‘Heard ye no threat from the lips of Auchernach against thine uncle?’ demanded the bishop.

“ ‘I did hear words which in mine agitation at the time I could not well interpret,’ said Helen. ‘After the murder of mine uncle, I did, in my distraction, recall and connect these words with the cruel deed which had so swiftly followed them. But certain circumstances did afterwards occur to satisfy me that the words,—*‘Old man! look that thou dost not pay dear for thy favour to that new guest of thine!’* were meant by Auchernach

as a friendly warning, and not as a threat.’

“ ‘Against whom then dost thou believe that Auchernach’s friendly warning was given? if so thou judgest it to be,’ said the bishop.

“ ‘Against him who now standeth beside the accused,’ said Helen Dunbar; and rising from her chair as she said so, she turned round, and drawing herself up to her full height, she regarded the individual she was addressing with a firm and resolute look, and added in a clear, distinct, and solemn voice,—‘The warning of Auchernach was kindly meant, and would to the holy saints that it had been taken as it was intended! The warning of Auchernach was meant to guard against the false arts of John Dhu Grant of Knockando there, whom I do here fearlessly accuse as the real murderer of mine uncle!’”

The murmurs of the astonished auditory followed this announcement. A flush of sudden joy and tenderness spreads over the face of Lewis, while that of Knockando changed alternately from the deadly white of guilty fear, to the black expression of fiend-like ferocity, as he proclaimed it “a deep compact between the murderer and his paramour.” The bishop represses the murmurs and bid her proceed.

“ ‘My lord,’ said Helen, still standing, and betraying deep agitation, as in her modest and respectful address to the bishop she recalled the appalling circumstances; ‘I was the first person who entered mine uncle’s apartment on the morning which followed the fatal night of his murder. When I did approach me to the bed I fancied that he slept; for, as was not uncommon with him, he lay with the blessed crucifix over his bosom. I lifted the holy emblem in my left hand, whilst, with my right I did remove the bed-clothes from his chin—when—when beholding, as I did, the bloody work which had been done upon him, I fell backwards on the floor in a swoon, and so firmly did I grasp the crucifix to my bosom in mine unconscious agony, that those who came to mine aid, called thither by my scream, found it so placed, and it was carried with me to mine own apartment, and I so found it when my senses were restored to me. That the crucifix had ever lain that night upon mine uncle’s breast at all, therefore, could have been known only to myself alone—and to him who, during that fatal night, removed it from his bosom for the purpose of doing the murder on him, and who replaced it there after he had wrought the cruel deed.’

"But how can this touch the Laird of Knockando?" demanded the bishop, earnestly.

"My lord," said Helen, "some days after the murder, the Laird of Knockando did force himself into my presence, under the false pretence of bearing a message from the Reverend Lord Prior. His object seemed to be to whet my vengeance against the person who then lay accused of the murder of mine uncle. It was then, that, in the presence of my friend and my servant, who are both now within the call of this tribunal, prepared to support this my testimony,—then it was, I say, that he used expressions, the which were, for greater security, taken down after he was gone.—'The wretch,' said he, 'the wretch who, lighting down like some nocturnal fiend upon the sacred person of thine uncle, and reckless of the holy emblem of Christ which lay upon his bosom, could put it aside, that he might plunge his dirk into the innocent throat of his sacred servant, must not only die the death of a felon, but he can never hope for mercy from Him whose blessed emblem he hath outraged.' None but the murderer could have so circumstantially described this most barbarous deed. John Dhu Grant of Knockando did so describe it. Therefore is John Dhu Grant of Knockando the murderer! On his head the blood of my murdered uncle doth loudly call for that justice which it doth behoove man to do upon it. And may He that died for us all, grant that mercy hereafter to his guilty soul, which

his own relentless sentence would have denied to another?"

We have so frequently expressed our opinion of these volumes, as occasion arose in the discussion of them, that we deem it scarcely necessary in a more formal manner to repeat it. The work is decidedly well executed, and the narratives sustained, for the most part, in a style of unaffected ease and propriety which we deem in chief essential to success in story-telling. It contains much to interest and admonish in the history of the dark workings of man's ignorance, and vice and passion; and not a little to amuse in the light and humorous sketches of character and incident. We could have wished, however, that the author had made his tales more subservient to the exhibition of the peculiarities of national character, and national prejudices, and the illustration of national history: indeed, as we have already remarked, these are the true uses of legendary writing, and confer on it a higher reputation than that of mere gossip. We now take leave of Sir Thomas and his legends, with a hope that he may ere long again afford us some pleasant hours, and a recommendation to our readers, especially those who meditate a ramble through the Scottish Highlands, to avail themselves of the advantages we have already enjoyed.

THE BOYHOOD OF A DREAMER.

A NARRATIVE COLLECTED FROM POSTHUMOUS MANUSCRIPTS.

SOME of my readers will remember—one or two will take the trouble of collating—the Introduction to these early fragments which was printed in the number for last July. Circumstances which I will be easily pardoned for not communicating explicitly to the public, have left until the present month their Collector without the power of commencing the fulfilment of his engagement.

Those who take any interest in a Theme which, however often approached in our modern literature, has not often been followed to its true issue, and which, even if it had, could scarcely be considered to have yet lost its mysterious claims on the attention of the contemplative, will recollect that in the introduction to which I have referred, the Personage

was described, whose inward and exterior history is noted in these autobiographical relics. He was sketched as One whose youth and life terminated together, yet whose experiences were rapidly accumulated, and whose Spring wore the hues of a sad and precocious Autumn. One of those to whom Genius was the "Voice of the secret Divinity" in a truer, because a more literal, sense that the proud common-places of poetical declamation imports; a Voice constantly whispering his spirit to its natal abode, and permitting it no rest in this. One who was led to Religion by Poetry; who entered the Temple by "the Beautiful Gate." One, in brief, who was in our lower world an Enigma with its solution in a higher; the half of a Cipher whose explaining counterpart was invisible and

to come. And his simple history—however incidental chances may interrupt the current of its moral—might, upon those who are fitted to receive such convictions, tend to impress the great deduction of all studies,—to wit, that (mysticism apart) there are in this earthly and temporary scene two classes of indications offered to the thoughtful mind; one class evidencing the wise omnipotence of God, the other the high destinies of Man;—that to the former belong all those testimonies of profound contrivance which make the great staple of Philosophy,—to the latter all those feelings of struggling aspiration which (whatever form poetry may assume, even that of satire—the bitterness of a proud discontent) are and ever will be at the bottom of all real Poetry. Both of these arts—the children of man's middle state—may indeed be grievously perverted; Philosophy may corrupt into a vain Curiosity, an idle Sophistry, a public Display, a machine of Gain—Poetry may degrade herself into a

prostitute for the licentious, a Courtier for the powerful, a Misleader for the crowd;—yet even in these Errors a mighty Truth is present. The error is indeed not theirs, but ours. Of this double radiance which unites to fill our intellectual heaven, it may be said, as of a more material lustre—that mingling the effects of our devious wanderings with the steady rectitude of its celestial beam, we visit upon it the result of our oblique march, and call that which is mainly our own aberration the Aberration of *Light*.

I am well aware how inadequately these papers will assist in illustrating the views which I have hinted. Alas! I fear they will prove acceptable only to those invaluable readers (thrice happy He who can meet with such!) of whom a beautiful thinker has said—*“vous mettez dans vos lectures mieux que ce que vous y trouvez, et donc l'esprit actif fait sur le livre un autre livre quelque fois meilleur que le premier.”*

* * *

THE BOYHOOD OF A DREAMER.

PART I.—THE FIRST FRAGMENT.*

I.

Immortal Soul of Love and Loveliness!
Creature, Creator of the enthusiast's dream!
Ah Thou, once wont my nightly hours to bless
With changeful lights, yet truer far than gleam
On the world's worse deceived idolater—
Long absent Spirit! dare the trembling voice
Be heard, of one forgotten worshipper?
Oh teach to grieve, as erewhile to rejoice,
With words that echo Soul! so from the throng
Remote, my heart shall wake a low and lonely song.

II.

A lonely song! The sleepless winds and waves,
And Thou, the Mystic Harmonist of all,
Sole Presences, shall hear me from the caves
That Memory guards, her pallid phantoms call.
A lonely song and desolate! yet the chord
Shall speak unfeared, though the hand that strays
O'er it may droop, the eye that scans each word
Weep itself dim, and Sorrow make my lays
An Iris whose unjoyous hue appears
When Fancy's rayless sun reflects from human tears.

* To the original manuscript I find appended the date, “May, 4, 1828;” and the characteristic note subjoined—“a golden summer noon, and like all such days, fitter for melancholy than for happiness!” My friend had not yet learned how unlawful are these beautiful caprices.

III.

Spirit of Beauty, hail, once more ! where'er
Thine own especial shrine of joy is placed,
In pathless fields of interlunar air,
Palaced by night amid the star-isled waste,
Where gleams the bright Atlantis of the Sky,
Meek Evening's solitary orb ! a fair
And holy paradise for Thee, and nigh
That heaven of heavens, from which thy parents were—
FANCY and TRUTH ! the latter bright but still,
A flame unquenched amid the storm of mortal will.

IV.

The former—Fancy—dazzling and enchaining,
Playing round Truth, like sunlight on a lake,
That sleeps in lustrous calmness, not detaining
One ray of all that gild it : they forsake
The glassy bed they couched on—they are past
When Night absorbs their glory ; but unmoved,
Though tenfold pall of earthly Night were cast
Round, is that waveless lake, the Truth, the Proved.
These be thy parents, Spirit ! dost thou fly
To their Elysium oft, deep in the deepest sky ?

V.

Oh loveliest Omnipresence ! of whose power
The myriad spirits of air are messengers ;
Glorious alike in Firmament or Flower,
The voluble Earth—the meanest thing that stirs !
How shall I paint thy advent on my Youth,
When, from the vernal breast undrawn the shroud
That hides the Wilderness of *worldly* truth,
Thou cam'st embosom'd in a golden cloud,
Trailing half heaven with thee ; and stooping near
Dropt'st accents charmed upon thy young adorer's ear !

VI.

And still the thrilling echo of that tone
Lives in the silent places of the heart,
As spectral shapes yet haunt those ruins lone
They filled with life's quick tumult once. This art
Hath Hope, to wrest a promise from Despair,
And wreath in sickly smiles its haggard cheek :—
Still, still, a Glory vivifies the air,
Deepens the blush of Summer, vests the bleak
With verdure, spreads a mantle o'er the sea
Of light, of sound—and whence ? a Glory born of *THEE* !

VII.

Do I not feel Thee fluttering in the breeze,
That woos me all the languid summer day ?
Wav'st Thou not in the waving of dark trees,
That make the twilight of the forest grey ?
In God's eternal pyramids, the Mountains,
Whose brows are wrapt in cloud-infolded thunder,
Smiles not thy sterner loveliness ? in fountains,
And the soft banks of green their streamlets sunder,
Thy low laugh dimples ;—oh ! what earthly spot
Lingers eclipsed of Thee, is known where Thou art *not* ?

VIII.

Poesie is thy Priesthood ! the great heart
 Of the deep-thoughted Minstrel, Home for Thee :
 Nay, in that Home more truly far Thou art
 Than in the world that circles him ! for He
 Can pour the sweetness of thine inward power
 On Earth's most earthly wretchedness, can find
 —Or plant—in every wilderness a flower,
 Whose life is in his *own* exhaustless mind.
 No—'tis not Earth that blooms, or Seas that roll,
 Which shrine Thee ! Thou art templed in thy Poet's soul !

IX.

There, like the Sage's mystic Lamp, unseen
 Yet quenchless, in his heart (that *living* tomb),*
 The undying fire of Beauty aye hath been,
 Reluming nature ; yet, by saddest doom,
 The heart consuming where it burns ! Oh Life,
 Hast thou for Him whose strains can make thee heaven,
 No *holy hill* beyond the vulgar strife,
 No gentle paradise of quiet given,
 To Beauty's canonized Choir ? Ah me !
 Their voiceless harps for aye droop on the willow tree !

X.

Then—worst of all—comes Custom, with a hand
 To chill ; and Fate with fetters ; and low Care,
 To dim the brain ; and Hatred's darker band ;
 And Envy, cursing all it cannot share ;
 And foes internal—Passions stung to wrath,
 Love, Friendship, scorned—all Life a very lie ;
 And Madness lightening o'er his evening path ;
 And Disappointment urging him to die ;
 And that quick sense (to which even bliss is pain,)
 That wrings from common slights a torture half insane.

XI.

Ah ! of the sacred band whom Nature sent
 To speak her mysteries, each (as 'twere) to be
 A starry splendour in her firmament,
 A Pharos in the world's unresting sea,
 How few are *fixed* in heaven, how few on earth !
 The starry souls die, quenched in mist and clouds,
 The beacons fade ! That stream of glorious birth,
 Whose source ancestral angel glory shrouds,
 The high blood-royal of the skies—debased,
 O'erflows the desert world, and mingles with the waste !

XII.

No, let the earth-born toil ! let those who bear
 The charter of their servitude within !
 Sworn menials of dull fame and pompous care—
 The crowd their brotherhood—their hymn its din.
 Theirs be the toil they covet ! But for *those*
 In whom the inbreathed God hath set his shrine—
 Oh Nature ! save them from their flattering foes !
 From the world's worship shroud this spark divine !
 Sink not to greatness these—thy sharpest stroke !—
 Basely to lead base men, slaves to the slaves they yoke !

* Baptista Porta, Delrio, &c. will tell the inquisitive reader all pertaining to those lamps of everlasting fire, which were set in sepulchres of old.

XIII.

The rack—the stake—the scaffold—what of these ?
 The world's worst martyrs are its *greatest* men !
 Eternal Helots of that toil to please
 Despite contempt, whose sole reward's a den
 Wider than others walk, to fret in !—friends,
 So called—the treacherous shout—the laurell'd car,
 (Where the *fruit's* poison with the *leaf's* pride blends)—
 The wish accomplished, yet the joy afar—
 The hopes of better days that mock not fill—
 The visionary peace, till death a vision still !

XIV.

Yet not the feign'd eternity of name,
 Not pride, nor pomp, nor power, can bid forget—
 Nor all the tinsel trumpery of Fame—
 One faint glow lingering on the Spirit yet !
 Those virtuous fires—the sunshine of the mind,
 Its torturers now—that touched with holier beam
 The glorious wretch, ere to true glory blind,
 He *saved* from the world's wreck but one poor dream
 Of Rest between the Council and the Tomb ;
 Vain hope ! Ambition's worm dies not till it consume !

XV.

Thus Pride, rapacious of the elect of heaven,
 Devours its annual hecatomb of souls ;
 Thus the "Lamp-Spirit" of genius, the God-given,
 Is chained to slave with Mammon's foulest gholes,
 And POETRY—which is the Smile of Truth,
 The Language of our Immortality—
 Lies buried in the sepulchre of Youth
 Where all Life's choicest flow'rets scattered be,
 With blotted hue, dead leaf, and perished scent—
 A heap of wither'd Hopes—HER meetest Monument !

XVI.

Pass we to happier men, who prize the place
 Of Peace, which these have forfeited !* Whose bliss,
 Purer than theirs, yet leaves no outward trace
 Of visual form or hue, to tell of this :—
 Whose home is in the depths of glowing thought,
 The Eden of the Soul—the mystic clime
 Where Sorrow's self celestialized, is wrought
 To Joy, and Joy to that untold Sublime
 Whose spell informing moves the troubled Soul,
 Even as the Angel's presence thrilled Bethesda's pool.

* Perhaps my Friend had in his thoughts a fine passage in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister's Lehrjahre*—"Look at men how they struggle for happiness and contentment ! Their wishes, their toil, their gold, are ever straining restlessly ; and after what ? After that, which the Poet has received from Nature ; the true enjoyment of the world ; the feeling of himself in others ; the harmonious conjunction of many things, which seldom coexist. . . . From his heart—its natal soil, springs wisdom's fairest flower ; others waking dream, and are vexed with unreal illusions from every sense ; he goes through the dream of life as one awake, and the strangest events become to him a portion alike of the past and the future," &c.—*Book II*. If I cannot grant the *full* truth of all this, I can, at least, sympathize with the illusion.

XVII.

The Life of Beauty blooming thus within,
 Poured by the Bard upon this passive earth,
 Swells through dead nature, till its Forms begin
 To flush with golden hues, as tho' a Birth
 Renewed, a principle of brighter Being
 Filled them with fresh vitality! Around
 The landscape quickens into Joy! And seeing
 This soul-wrought miracle—the holy ground
 That wastes unblest have grown beneath his hand,
 Shall not the Bard exult?—his heart and hope expand?

XVIII.

Ay, heirs of immortality, rejoice!
 Absolve your starry period! Time, of all
 The conqueror—conquer'd, shall but bid *your* voice
 Live amid dying empires. The dark thrall
 Of Death, grim Anarch! shall but franchise you.
 Even as the Angel rent the apostle's chain
 An heaven-winged Glory shall untired pursue
 Your path beyond his prison, and his pain;
 Shall burst your bonds, unseal your clouded sight,
 And loose your panting souls to Freedom, Love, and Light!

XIX.

For me—the blest prerogative, to feel,
 Is mine, and 'tis enough! to wander o'er
 Your phantom-peopled Isle—at least to kneel
 In rapturous worship on its magic shore!
 A blest abandonment of spirit,—such
 As on the margin of the lulling Stream,
 With the tall trees o'erwaving at the touch
 Of soft-enfolding winds, begets a dream
 Unslumbering—for the eyelids do not close—
 But Slumber hath no charm more still than this repose!

XX.

But to my task! for I have yet been straying
 Amid prelusive chords that only wake
 Whispers of coming thoughts—these thoughts obeying
 As Echo's scattered images, that make
 A thousand phantoms of their master-sound;
 —Dim, dimmer, dimmer still, yet still the same,
 The spectres of dead harmonies float round:
 And so these shadows of reflection claim—
 Echoes of Truth—a home upon our leaf,
 Alas! the sternly-taught Philosophy of Grief!

XXI.

Let me retrace, and by this sounding Sea
 Weave a wild tale of triumph and of woe!
 Dreams of the Past! in shadowy drapery
 And faded wreaths of visioned cypress, flow
 Round me like streams of music! Wave your wings,
 Ye thousand faerie memories! till my breast
 Swell with its world of unforgotten things,
 And the bright transport of a moment blest
 Expand into expression. Lo! I hear
 The accents of my youth—they float upon mine ear!

XXII.

I hear the one Loved Voice! the quiet tone
 That made my Boyhood's Music; I can feel
 The soft hand clasp'd in mine, when to the lone
 Thick-woven bower our noontide steps would steal,
 While dreams made up the whole wide world that lay
 Beyond that leafy palace! On they come,
 The pensive Shades of many a buried day—
 Hopes disinterred from their untimely tomb—
 The whole bright heap of sacrifices hurled
 By Youth upon that shrine whose God is of this world!

XXIII.

I look without me, and I find all cold!
 I look within, where yet—even yet—some fires
 Live dying; and I feel my heart is old,
 Though few my years. Where are the high desires—
 Boyhood's young lightning! Where the enkindled glance
 Whose flashing fervors broke from Hope and Joy?
 I have them—in my memory! They advance,
 A spirit-throng, to shadow forth the Boy
 Of gladness to the Man of grief, and shower
 A rain of radiance down—light on a withered flower!

* * * *

The visionary Sorrow pauses here!
 His *first* full melancholy breathed out,
 It seems the Mourner from his toil arose.
 Whate'er—or lassitude—or better hopes—
 Withdrew his hand from the unfinish'd page.
 —Perhaps some blessed duty of his day,
 Some gentle ministration (for he loved
 To breathe his power in love upon his kind)
 Called on his heart—such never called in vain.
 —Perhaps the young May beckoned him abroad,
 The momentary magic of the heavens,
 Some gleaming gush of light that broke in waves
 Across the fields of his Italian home,
 And soft solicited his thoughts from pain.
 —Or was it Weariness? a toil-worn breast
 O'er-wrought to feeble rest by fretting griefs—
 The tired child that cries itself to sleep?
 Alas! methinks in all our guesses still
The saddest comes the nearest to the truth!

THE FORESTS OF IRELAND.

THE present aspect of the surface of Ireland, almost everywhere denuded of trees, with scarce a relict of a natural forest, with very few plantations, whose age exceeds a century, exhibits a very unfavourable contrast, with the richly wooded and ornamented state of England. Strange as the fact may appear to our English readers, it is certain, that at no very remote period Ireland was far more abundantly furnished with natural woods than almost any European country. Noble forests once existed in every province, and even on the

western shores, so exposed to the violence of the Atlantic gales, stately pines flourished in situations, where it is now imagined that no tree can vegetate.

The most authentic evidence of the antiquity of our forests, and of the nature of the trees which composed them may be obtained from an examination of their remains which have been inhumed in the bogs. The great extent of surface covered by bog is well-known to every one, and although it would be absurd to assert that in every

case it owes its origin to the fall of forests, still, in very many instances its production can be attributed to no other cause. Bog timber occurs in every county of Ireland, and often in great abundance. In the county of Kilkenny, the remains of the oak, the fir, and the birch, are found under the bogs, and sometimes even at a depth of thirty feet from the surface. This fact clearly establishes the great antiquity of such trees, for if we allow so very rapid a rate of growth to the peat, as a foot in a century, the age of the timber in the present case, must be dated farther back than the commencement of the present era. The timber found in the bogs consists chiefly of the oak, the fir, and the yew, while the remains of the elm or the ash are of very rare occurrence. Some idea of the abundance and magnitude of the ancient timber may be inferred from the following observations. Smith, in his excellent history of Kerry, informs us that there is an immense quantity of bog fir to be found in the morasses; which inexhaustible magazine of underground timber might be sufficient to repair the loss of the noble forests which formerly covered the mountains, and supply wood enough for many houses. In Clare we are told that fir of very large dimensions is found under the bogs, and that most of the farmers' houses are roofed with it. One fir tree is mentioned which was thirty-eight inches in diameter, and which, at a length of sixty-eight feet, still retained a diameter of thirty-three inches.

The origin of many bogs, from the decay of ancient forests, is strikingly illustrated by the fact, that the roots of successive generations of trees have been found resting upon each other. A beautiful instance of a succession of forests on the same spot, occurs near Portmore, in the county of Antrim. The superficial stratum of bog timber, in this district, consists of oak, often of very great dimensions; beneath these we find another stratum of timber, consisting almost entirely of the trunks of fir trees. In the parliamentary reports concerning the bogs of Ireland, there is an account of a bog in which there is a succession of three layers of roots of firs, proving that three forests have flourished in succession on the same spot. In Westmeath, according to Archdeacon

Vignoles, three layers of trees are to be found alternating with as many beds of peat, from three to five feet in thickness. The trees in each layer appear to have arrived at maturity, and could not have been co-existent. These trees are of enormous size, and many of them bear the marks of fire. It may appear strange to some, how fir trees should be able to support themselves on the unstable surface of a bog, but at present there are many thriving plantations of fir trees in such situations, in several parts of the country. What human industry has effected, may also be accomplished without the interference of man, for fir seeds, if committed to the earth, can retain their vitality for many years, and afterwards vegetate when called forth by favourable circumstances. The following statement affords a very curious illustration of this remark. On taking in a common near Maryborough, trees were found at a depth of five or six feet. On the reclaimed portion, an infinite number of young Scotch fir sprung up. The common had been a sheep walk for several centuries, and was formerly part of the ancient manor of Dunamais, and must have been cleared of trees about the time of the first arrival of the English.* We see, therefore, that nature possesses ample resources for maintaining a succession of trees, even in the most unlikely situations.

If the bogs afford us a record of the ancient forests of the country, at a period antecedent to the commencement of authentic written traditions, we will find that in this instance the indications of natural and civil history are in strict accordance. We have but small faith in Celtic etymologies, which, as they have the property of proving everything and anything, most unfortunately establish nothing; but it may be admitted that in the present case, the names of places afford good evidence of the former wooded state of the country, especially as this evidence is in harmony with what we know from other sources to have been the case. Thus, the word *daragh*, an oak, is an element in the appellatives of many places, as Kildare, Derry, &c. obviously indicating that the places so designated were remarkable either for the abundance or magnitude of their oaks. In like manner, the word *Jur*, a yew tree, has been employed to designate

many places, as Newry Na Jur, or the yew trees, Ballynure, Killynure, &c.*

Before quitting this part of the subject, we cannot but allude to a very extraordinary passage in the Brehon laws, which have been translated by Val-lancey :—

“What are the timber trespasses?—Cutting down trees, and taking them away, as airigh timber, athar timber, fogla timber, and losa timber. Airigh timber, are the oak, hazel, holly, yew, Indian pine, and apple; five cows' penalty for cutting down those trees; yearling cow calves for cutting down the limbs; heifers for cutting down the branches. Athar wood, are willow, aldar, hawthorn, quick beam, birch, elm; penalty, a cow for each tree, and a heifer for the branches. Fogla timber, are blackthorn, elder, spindle-tree, white hazel, aspen; penalty, a heifer for each. Losa wood, fern, furze, briar, heath, ivy, reeds, thorn bush; penalty not stated.”

We can scarcely believe that such absurdities ever passed for legislation, even in the most unlettered ages. It is far more probable, that they were the fictions of some idle and inventive monk. The expression, Indian pine, is alone sufficient to detect the true source of such imaginary legislation. The penalty of a heifer for cutting down a hazel or an elder, is abundantly ridiculous, if it was not outdone by the absurdity of imposing any penalty for cutting down furze, heath, or brier. During the twelfth century, and long before it, extensive forests abounded throughout the country, affording shelter for wolves, and all kinds of wild animals; the churches were built of timber, and in short, till the commencement of the 17th century, Ireland generally had more reason to give premiums for the destruction of forests than to enact laws for their perpetuation.

Forests abounded in Ireland during the reign of Henry the Second, and

down to a much later period, Shillela, (*the fair wood*) in the county of Wicklow, was famed for its beautiful oaks. “Tradition,” says Mr. Hayes, “gives the Shillela oak the honor of roofing Westminster Hall, and other buildings of that age; the timbers which support the leads of the magnificent chapel of King's College, Cambridge, which was built in 1444, as also, the roof of Henry the Eighth's chapel, in Westminster Abbey, are said to be of oak brought from these woods. The destruction of our forests did not proceed with rapidity till the commencement of the 17th century. Dr. Boate, whose history of Ireland appeared in 1652, complains of the disappearance of the woods. Such, he says, has been the loss of timber, that in some parts of the country, you may travel whole days without seeing any woods or trees, except a few about gentlemen's houses, as, namely, from Dublin, and from some places that are farther to the south of it, and to Tredagh, Dundalk, and the Newry, and as far as Dromore, in which whole extent of land being above three score miles, one doth not come near any woods worth the speaking of, and in some parts thereof, you shall not see so much as one tree, even in many miles. Still, many extensive forests remained. According to Boate Wicklow, King's County, and Queen's County, were throughout full of woods, some whereof are many miles long and broad. At this period, there were also great forests in Donegal, in Tyrone, and along Lough Erne, and in many other places in the province of Ulster. Peter Lombard, a Roman Catholic priest, who published an account of Ireland, in the year 1632, states that wolves were so numerous, that sheep had to be penned up every night, to protect them from those ravenous animals. Wild boars abounded in the woods, which also swarmed with martins, so that the chief wealth of the country consisted in peltries. Such an

* Colgan, and other writers on the early ecclesiastical history of Ireland, have been at some pains to preserve the etymologies of the names of many of the localities in which monastic communities were established.

Kildare, in Irish *Kill-dara*, was called in Latin *cella quereus*, or the church of the oak, on account of a lofty tree of that species which grew there.

Derry derives its name from that of a monastery erected by Columba, at a place covered with oaks, called in Irish *Doire Calgaich*, which Adamnan renders in Latin by *Rohoretum*, *Calgaichi*, or the Oak Wood of Calgaich.

Durragh, in King's County, according to Adamnan, was formerly *Deir-maga*, which he translates by *Roboretum*, *Campus*, or the Plain of Oaks.

Cloneneagh, near Maryborough, was called *Cluneneduach*; in Latin *Latabulum Hederosum*, the retired spot with ivy, or the Ivy Hermitage.

abundance of wild animals required a corresponding extent of wooded country to afford them shelter. A few years later (1697) we find that wood was equally plentiful in Munster, for in that year a committee of the House of Commons estimated the injury done to Lord Kenmare's forests at £45,000, and that those of Lord Massey, in Cork, had suffered to the amount of £25,000.

The publications of the Irish Record Commission contain some curious information respecting former abundance of natural woods in Ireland. The trustees appointed for the sale of the estates forfeited in the rebellion of 1668, estimated the value of the woods standing upon such estates, at about £60,000. According to the same report, the woods upon the estate of Sir Valentine Brown, in Kerry, were cut down and wasted to the amount of £20,000; and on the late Earl of Clancarty's estate, now granted to Lord Woodstock, the waste of timber is estimated at £27,000. So hasty have several of the grantees and their agents been in the disposition of the forfeited woods, that vast numbers of trees have been cut down and sold for not above sixpence a-piece. The like waste is still continuing in many parts of this kingdom, and particularly in the lands of Pettrín, within six miles of Dublin, and the woods of Shagnessy, in the county of Galway, purchased by Toby Butler, Esq. for about £2,500, which were valued at above £12,000.*

But a better idea of the extent of the forest may be formed, when we examine the causes which lead to their destruction. Great quantities of wood were formerly exported from Ireland. When Boate published his work, the exportation of pipe staves was one of the ordinary branches of industry, so as a mighty trade was driven in them. Whole ship loads were sent into foreign countries yearly, which, as it brought great profit to the proprietaries, so the

fellings of so many thousand trees every year did make a great destruction of the forest in tract of time. In the year 1669, the Earl of Strafford furnished Lawrence Wood of London with pipe staves to a great amount, at the rate of £10 per thousand.†

The exportation of wood for pipe staves had but an insignificant effect in accelerating the destruction of the Irish forests, when compared with the vast quantities of wood which were consumed in the reduction of iron ore. Many parts of Ireland contain a great abundance of iron ore, of the very best quality, which is now a useless and unavailing treasure, as there is unfortunately no corresponding supply of mineral fuel. Formerly this want was less severely experienced, as the woods afforded a ready supply of charcoal; and when the iron works were situated near the coast, or had the advantage of water carriage, the iron trade could be conducted with great advantage. The iron trade appears to have commenced early in the seventeenth century, and to have been carried on with great spirit, till the unhappy events of 1641 suspended every branch of national industry.

On the restoration of tranquillity, the manufacture of iron was resumed with increased vigor. Sir William Petty, himself a manufacturer of iron, informs us, that there were no less than 6000 iron forges in Ireland, which gave occupation in various ways to no fewer than 25,000 persons, either in attending to the furnaces or in cutting down the trees and preparing charcoal. Before the rebellion of 1641, extensive iron works were established by the Earl of Cork in several places in the south of Ireland. Sir Charles Coote's iron works in Roscommon, Leitrim, and at Mountrath, in Queen's County, gave occupation to no fewer than twenty-five hundred people. There were similar establishments in Fermanagh, in King's County, and various

* Irish Record Commission, v. 3, p. 40.

† The following quotation will show the reckless manner in which many of the forests of Ireland were destroyed. In an inquisition for the county of Down, taken some time between 1654 and 1657, it is stated that in Shane O'Neil's country, in the county of Down, there were then standing 8,883 trees, six inches square at the but, the remains of a great oak forest, out of which one Adam Montgomery, with two or three others, took the cutting of two summers; Mr. Dallaway 60 oaks; another person 127; and others to the amount of 727 trees in all, without leave; and by the Lord of Arde's warrant, 126 do.; and that one John King did cut, upon Lisdalgan, and other inland timber tunes, (crown lands,) with sundry workmen with him, for a year and a half, great store of timber trees, cutting the same to pipe-staves, hoghead-staves, barrel-staves, bear-staves, and spokes for carts.

places throughout Ireland. Such was the spirit with which this branch of trade was carried on, that iron works were established on the sea coasts of Ulster and Munster; and as the land carriage of the ore was too expensive, when brought from the interior of the country, the necessary supplies were imported from England. The rate of profit of these undertakings varied with the locality, depending very much on the facility with which the materials could be transported by water. Boate, to whom we are indebted for most of these interesting details, states, that the manufactured iron cost Sir Charles Coote from ten to eleven pounds per ton, and was sold at the rate of seven-teen pounds per ton.

"The Earl of Cork, whose iron works being seated in Munster, afforded him very good opportunity of sending his iron out of the land by shipping, did in this particular far surpass all others, so that he gained great treasures thereby; and knowing persons, who had a particular insight into his affairs, do assure me that he had profited above one hundred thousand pounds by his said iron works."

It is easy to conceive the havoc such an extensive iron trade must have caused in our forests, and the rapid change which the aspect of the country must have suffered, and how much of what was beautiful in its mountain scenery effaced. Smith, in his history of Kerry, when speaking of the iron works of Glencara, states that all or the greater part of the hills and mountains hereabouts, were formerly covered with trees which have been destroyed by the iron works erected near the river Carra, by Sir William Petty, and carried on till a few years ago, when the workmen were obliged to stop working for want of charcoal. Such was the fate of the forests, and finally of the iron furnaces; they

ceased together, although some of the latter survived till after 1745.*

Although the iron works yielded very large profits to their owners, motives of a different but no less powerful nature operated in stimulating the trade. It was desirable to cut down the forests which afforded shelter to the turbulent, and also to bring as much land as possible under cultivation. Smith, in his history of Waterford, says, that the destruction of the woods was chiefly intended in the erecting of iron furnaces.

"The English formerly considered this kingdom much in the same light as our planters do America at present, a place overgrown with woods, although all methods were to be taken to clear the country of timber, to which these works much contributed."

The consequence of this idea was, that in those places where one was not to be had, or the amount of land carriage rendered the smelting unprofitable, the trees were cut down and allowed to rot or used as fuel. Hence in many places throughout the country, the tenant was bound by the terms of his lease to cut down a given number of trees every year. Such was the fate of the woods of Ireland; and although the destruction of a vast quantity of timber was necessary for the progress of agriculture and the general prosperity of the country, we cannot but regret that the warfare was carried on to utter extermination, and that the beauty of the scenery has suffered such injury. But mankind are ever apt to run to extremes, and the former neglect of planting in this country admitted of the same apology as has been urged in defence of the same neglect in America at present. What pleasure can those take in planting whose lives are employed in cutting down trees?

* The rapid destruction of the forests appears to have attracted the attention of the Irish parliament, and induced them to take some precautions to moderate the evil. In an act passed in 1698, we find the following statements:—"Forasmuch as by the late rebellion in this kingdom, and the several iron works formerly here, the timber is utterly destroyed, so as that at present there is not sufficient for the repairing of the houses destroyed, much less a prospect of building and improving in after-times, unless some means be used for the planting an increase of timber trees. It was enacted that persons having iron-works, should plant 500 acres every year—every person holding 500 acres to plant one acre in seven years. The same act directed that 260,600 trees should be planted in 31 years from the year 1703. This legislation produced but little effect, and in the year 1703, another act was passed, repealing all duties on the importation of unwrought iron, and foreign timber, as such duties tended to the destruction of the woods of this kingdom." This law was certainly a very judicious one, but inefficacious, because too late.

The forests of Ireland consisted chiefly of the Scotch fir, the oak, and the yew; but the ash and the elm were probably rare. A few of the ancient patriarchs of our forests still survive, whose magnitude and beauty established the fact that there is nothing in the soil or climate of Ireland unfavorable to the growth of timber. The splendid oak of Portmore in the county of Antrim, which was cut down only a few years ago, measured forty two feet in circumference. This was only six feet less than the circumference of the celebrated Cawthorpe oak, the finest tree of the kind in England.*

Ireland can boast of several magnificent specimens of the ash and the elm, the most of which still subsist, or at least did so till a very recent period. At St. Wolstans, in the county of Kildare, there was an elm, perhaps the finest of the kind in this or any country. The diameter of its head, taken from the extremities of its lower branches, exceeded 34 yards, and the stem was 38 feet 6 inches in circumference. This noble tree was prostrated by a storm in 1776. The age of this tree is unknown, but tradition supposes it to have been planted by the monks of St. Wolstans, before the dissolution of that monastery, which happened in 1538.† Several beautiful specimens of the ash occur in Ireland. The old ash of Donerey has a circumference of 42 feet. The trunk, as is the case with many old trees, is hollow, and formerly served as a school. Near Kennely church, in King's County, there is an ash, celebrated for its great dimensions, and for certain religious ceremonies, which have for many years been observed respecting it. The lower people, when passing by with a funeral, lay the corpse down for a few minutes, say a prayer, and then throw a stone to increase the number which have been accumulating for ages around the root. The circumference of this tree is nearly 22 feet. The finest tree of the kind in the empire, is the ash of Sein, in Queen's County.

"This celebrated piece of antiquity," says Mr. Hayes, "stands on the high road between Monasteriven and Portarlinton, and though it has long ceased to have any pretensions to beauty, is still

one of the most picturesque objects of the kind I have ever met with. One foot from the ground it was 40 feet 6 inches round. This massive stem is full nine feet high, and some of the branches extend full 70 feet."

The yew tree was formerly very common in Ireland, and many fine specimens of this beautiful but sombre tree still subsist. Smith informs us that it formerly grew in prodigious quantities in the south of Ireland, until they were cut down to afford fuel for the iron furnaces. One of the finest yews in the country, formerly grew near the Seven Churches, in the county of Wicklow. It had a circumference of 16 feet, and was justly esteemed one of the ornaments of that romantic spot, where its great age, and the feelings of sadness which this tree is so apt to excite, rendered it an appropriate accompaniment of the ruined buildings and gloomy solitude of the place. About fifty years ago, the principal branches were sawed off, by the agent for the see, and sold for the value of the timber.

"From that time to the present," says Mr. Hayes, "the poor remains have been in a constant state of decay, and it has scarcely put out a branch. The bark has fallen off, and a large holly has grown up through the fissures of the stem."

It is not improbable that this yew was formerly planted in the vicinity of the church-yard, in conformity with a custom which appears to have prevailed throughout the country. If we calculate its age by the number of lines in its diameter, we may infer that it was planted sometime during the ninth century, and was consequently one of the oldest trees in the country. The yew appears formerly to have been held in great estimation, from religious feelings, as well as from the uses to which it was applied. The Abbey of Newry has derived its name from the yew trees which grew in its vicinity; hence it was called, in the monkish Latin of the time, *Monasterium de viride ligno*; in Irish, *Ná Jur*, or the newrics, or yew trees—an appellation still applied to the town of Newry by the country people. The seal of the abbey was a mitred abbot, sitting in a chair, supported by two yew trees.‡

* The precise spot where this beautiful oak stood, is called Derrychrin, an abbreviation for Darragh-erin, or the Oak of Ireland.

† Hayes on Planting, from whose book most of these facts are taken.

‡ It has strangely enough been doubted whether the yew be truly indigenous to Ireland. This doubt can be very easily removed, for abundance of the trunks of

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRIOUS IRISHMEN.—NO. VIII.

SHERIDAN.—PART III.

THE scope of our subject becomes enlarged by the very complex relations with the world, in which the subject of our memoir became involved, as his career advanced. His various talents, with the vivacity and ambition which directed and animated their employment, placed him in scenes and aspects, which, without some contrivance, are not on our narrow scale to be harmonized into the unity of methodical narration.

Consistently with our plan, we shall be obliged to obtain this essential object by the selection of a few prominent topics, from which may depend the main events of the life we are engaged on, and the features of a character which we trust to have depicted at least with fidelity, though we confess with less force and skill than the subject deserves.

In conformity with this method we have not dwelt on the particulars of those party conflicts which arose out of, or gave occasion to, the varied changes, defeats and successes, disjunctions and coalitions of the parties and the persons. Deep as must be the detailed interest of those brilliant collisions of power, and their important and often affecting results, nothing of this could be preserved in the meagreness of the brief and summary notices we are compelled to offer. Every event has its history and its result; and while the uninformed reader can draw nothing from the dryness of such an abstract, the well-read in history can only feel that it adds nothing to his stock of facts. We must extricate ourself from these alternatives by the

frank declaration that we are unconcerned in statements that have no bearing on our especial and professed aim, which is not to record, but to delineate. Mr. Moore has occupied the place of the biographer; and though we have occasionally read his book with that dissent, from which we ourselves do not expect to stand exempted, we think he has not left the niche unoccupied, on which the memory of Sheridan is to survive.

With this in view, we have omitted all detail relative to the short-lived administration, which was terminated by the death of Lord Rockingham. The immediate consequences were the accession of Lord Shelburne to his place at the head of the government; the resignation of Mr. Fox and his friends; and the celebrated coalition of that eminent orator and party leader, with the object of twelve years' implacable and violent animosity, Lord North, for the purpose of forcing the king to submit to their dictation. Of this coalition some of Mr. Fox's warmest admirers have said, that it left a lasting "scar upon his reputation;"* we are not obliged to pronounce on either side. Whether it was owing to this powerful combination or not, Lord Shelburne resigned, and the friends of Mr. Fox again came into power under the Duke of Portland. This administration was short-lived as its predecessors. Mr. Fox's India bill, after passing the Commons, was rejected in the Lords, December 17, 1783; and on the following night Lord North and Mr. Fox received their dismissal by a messenger from the

yews have been imbedded in the logs, and are consequently of very ancient growth and must have flourished long before planting was thought of. The idea that the yew is not a native tree, probably originated in the acts of parliament encouraging the importation of foreign yew staves, for the purposes of archery. It was not the scarcity of yew trees, but the real or imagined superior qualities of the foreign yew staves which was the cause of such laws. By an act of the English parliament, of the eighth of Elizabeth, for regulating the price of bows, we find that those constructed of yew staves of foreign growth, were valued at three times the price of those which were made of native yew. Bows meet for men's use, being outlandish yew, 6s. 8d.; bows, being English yew, 2s. An act of Richard III. complains that bow staves had risen to the "outrageous price of eight pounds a hundred, owing to the seditious conspiracy of the Lombards;" and enacts that ten bow-staves be imported with every butt of malmsey.

* The writer of the memoir of George IV. insists, and we think with reason, that there was no change of principle on the part of Fox. Lord North came over to him.

king. To connect these changes with the topic before us, requires but few words. Sheridan's prospects rose and sunk with his friends, and as their intervals of power were thus transient, they can be supposed to have had little immediate connexion with the events of his life, further than the continued occasion which political vicissitude affords, for the exertion of talent.

The names of those great men who have stamped the opinions and controversies of the day in which they lived, with the permanency of their genius, are still standing topics of earnest and sometimes inflamed dissension among those who have occasion to revert to their period. Nor is it possible to touch its history without, in some degree, affirming the standard by which we would characterize them and their actions. However we may settle with our Whig opponents the precise limits within which the balancing powers of the constitution should be severally advanced or restrained, we must assert, that in their struggle for supremacy, the Whigs of that reign went unjustifiable lengths and maintained dangerous principles. The time also was itself pregnant with the elements of revolution; a power was abroad which demanded rather a counteraction than an impulse. At a time when kingly power was beginning to be menaced from abroad: a combination of ability such as was not known before or since was engaged in an illtimed if not unconstitutional design to reduce the power of the crown. The ambition of individuals and the spirit excited by concert and opposition precipitated their actions. And but for the firmness of George III. the sagacity of Mr. Burke, and the providential accession of the Pitt administration the crown might have been trampled under foot, and the tempest of revolution would have broken in half a century sooner over the ruins of the constitution. Such was the state of parties, when the history of the Prince of Wales becomes so intimately connected with the fortunes of the subject of this sketch, that we must enter somewhat more largely into its particulars.

The Prince of Wales had become intimately acquainted with the great Whig leaders at Devonshire house, where the Whiggism of the day appears to have established its head quarters, and doubtless to have gained proselytes by the magnificence and luxury of its attire, as well as by the splendid

concentration of its genius. He was for a time dazzled by a combination of wit, wisdom, knowledge, and genius, unparalleled in English history; and was at the same time impelled on the other side, by a harshness, which, while we pronounce it justifiable, we admit to have been extreme, and therefore doubt to have been judicious on the part of his father.

George III. an eminent example of all the domestic virtues, had devoted himself with firm and uncompromising fervor to reform the excessively libertine spirit of his reign. The most disgraceful and disgusting vices seem to have basked in the noonday, unreprieved by public feeling, and were not considered to detract from the reputation of eminent public men. It will be sufficient authority on this head to quote one sentence from a very able and we believe honest Whig writer:

"It is indisputably true, that his connection with the Whig party and its illustrious chief, which now began, favored his own bias to dissipation. They were almost all persons who indulged in horse-racing, gaming, *social pleasures*. In short, those fashionable irregularities and chartered vices of high life, which, far from *debasing* their characters, gave relief and *lustre* to their talents, public services, and patriotism."

We shall not stay to discuss the delicate question, as to the worth, sincerity, and genuineness of the public virtues and services which were set off by so portentous a lustre; we should fear to join in a part similar to that acted by the wives of a middle-aged man of whom we are told by the fabulist, that while the younger pulled out all the grey hairs, the elder, with equal industry, eradicated the black; so that between them the poor man was put to the cost of a wig. George III, whose feelings as a man, a father, and a king, were equally outraged by the conduct of the Prince, and by his friends, was zealous to arrest a course so ruinous and offensive to decency and religion, by taking a decided course of resistance and opposition. It was not merely his wish to control extravagant expenditure, or to restrain dissolute courses by the natural counteraction of the domestic affections. The compromise to the Prince's reputation; the danger to his future peace; the seeming unconstrained lavishness of his expenditure; the fatal sanction to all that was contemptible, profligate,

and ruinous; and last, not least, the revolted feelings of a parent. Such are the real and aggravated features which the assailants of George III. have sunk into specious generalities to find other less honourable reasons for the common conduct of every father who is influenced by a sense of the paternal tie.

We are far from attributing unquestionable soundness to the expedients adopted by George III. Nor do we desire to be understood to express an unqualified acquiescence in the strictures, which a cursory glance would apply to the Prince of Wales. The king was a zealot for order, decorum, and morality; and in his anxiety to isolate his young family from the profligacy of the time, he did not sufficiently calculate on the effects of a sudden transition from the austere system he adopted into the glittering and voluptuous enchantments of a circle, in which pleasure was a religion and a study, and in which the distinctions of right and wrong were refined into a specious and graceful ornament for the rim of the Circean cup. Kings and princes are but men, and subject to the laws of our nature; the Prince of Wales acted on the impulses of youth, passion, and inexperience; and the suggestions as well as examples of those on whom we still look with admiration, if not respect. He did not, and could not reasonably be expected at once to rise above such temptations as seldom try the heart; and it is not without excuse if he yielded to circumstances above human virtue to resist. It has, however, been one of our maxims that a right education so modifies the heart, that in the worst of its errors it will maintain a constitutional and conservative tendency, which will ultimately renew it in the course from which it had been led astray. And this is well illustrated in the life of George the Fourth.

The Whigs, into whose arms he had been seduced, and whose triumphs he had assisted, were pledged as a party to his personal interests. And when the Coalition came into their shortlived power their first trial of strength was on the subject of his establishment. Their efforts failed, from the refusal of the king. An allowance which, with excellent but mistaken intentions, was less than his rank entitled him to, and an extravagance which would have drained the treasures of the east, soon placed him in a state of undignified necessity. We shall not lengthen our narrative by

separately detailing the various returns of this question before the public. It was for a long time the court card in the hands of Mr. Fox's party. From time to time it was brought before parliament, and continued to attract the attention of the country, and to be a topic of mutual exasperation between the Prince and his father. For a long time the moral firmness of George III. frustrated designs which were largely alloyed with party motives and with strong apparent detriment to the Prince's better interests. It was first unsuccessfully introduced in 1786, by Sheridan, in a question on the arrears of the civil list; and continued to return, in various forms, for the next sixteen years.

After Mr. Pitt became established in the confidence of the king and the nation, beyond the power of opposition, the prince's political enthusiasm subsided, and a long interval began, in which his connection with the Whigs ceased entirely to be political. They became the counsellors, examples, and associates of dissipations and debaucheries, which human nature must look on with a conscious charity, pity, and condemnation, but over which the friendly biographer should desire to throw the veil of oblivion. They were in him excusable on the score of youth, and the total absence of sane counsel or example, but they were not more debasing than destructive.

"Carlton House," says one of our able guides, "was both the subject and the scene of profuse expenditure. The perpetual extensions and changes of design in building and decoration, consumed enormous sums; and splendid entertainments to persons of rank, wit, or reputation, alternated with the orgies of vulgar debauchery and gaming. It would seem as if, adopting the flatterers of the day, which compared his career to the Shakspearian youth of Henry V. he thought to complete the parallel, by defiling himself with the intimacy of buffoons and parasites, whose names are not worth recalling from oblivion and contempt."—*Life of George IV.*

To Mr. Fox we may concede, and for Sheridan we may claim the allowance that the personal sympathies of private friendship, may have largely entered into their conduct, so far as regards the Prince of Wales. But when the Whig historians of that period impute fickleness and hollowness to the latter, in his conduct to some of these persons, we, on our

part, think it just to remind them of that which they will not be so simple or dishonest as to deny, that the party of Fox took the prince's interests as they would have taken any other debateable topic, for its efficacy as a party weapon; and as directly consonant with their policy of subduing, controlling, and dictating to the king. Neither the king nor the prince, both eminently sagacious men, were to be duped by the hollow demonstrations of party. And while, on this score alone, we might justify the whole conduct of the king, it may also serve to show in its true aspect the conduct of the prince. While opposing, sternly opposed by a power that was exercised to his personal annoyance, it is a shallow mistake to imagine that he was so ignorant and so unprincipled as to be without some feeling for the dignity and honor of the crown which he was to wear at a future day, or to be altogether imposed on by the party sophistications of his debauched companions. The able writers on this topic seem to have disregarded the moral fact, that while men are carried away by the torrent of passion and the imposing fallacies of party, they may all through retain an impression that they are under delusive influence; and that a sense of what is true and fit, will now and then operate to check, moderate, and rectify their conduct. The prince was too much and too long behind the scenes to be the dupe of demonstrations which impose on none but historians. We trust our readers will excuse the controversial tone into which we are forced by the party statements of many of our respected authorities, from whose views we are obliged rather frequently to dissent, even while we respectfully assent to their statements.

The sincerity of George III. seems to be placed beyond question by the pertinacious consistency with which throughout the varied repetitions of this negotiation, he stipulated for the marriage of the prince, and for a pledge not to contract further debts. We shall mention one anecdote which illustrates this. In 1785, when he proposed to the prince to increase his allowance to £100,000 a year, and grant £200,000 for his debts, &c. on the condition of his marrying, and ceasing to oppose the measures of government; the prince refused, and a conversation is reported as having soon after occurred between him and

the king, which throws a clear and even sublime illustration over the conduct of that great man, even if we allow it to have been carried to the length of error. He endeavoured to impress on his son's mind that he should control his passions, and act on the principle of a due regard to his influential station.

"Pleasure," replied the Prince, "in my mind, belongs not to the man's station, but to the man; and you are yourself the victim of adopting the converse of this proposition. You have never enjoyed one pleasure, not within the reach of an affluent private gentleman, nor suffered one pain which has not proceeded from your station."

A sentence on which the apologist for George III. might build a truer exposition than that which accompanies the narrative from which we extract it.

Through the whole of these long protracted negotiations, Sheridan was a principal agent. They brought forward in the house his eloquence and party talents; in private council his tact, sagacity, and knowledge of men and affairs. Occasionally he had the opportunity to exhibit the zeal of an adherent and the devotedness of a personal friend. Nor will it be believed, that during these transactions his social fascinations were unemployed to gain the affections and confidential regard of one so much alive to the attractions of genius and wit as the Prince.

There was a natural assimilation of tastes, passions, intellect, and habits, which ripened political alliance and boon companionship into friendship—such, at least, as can be presumed to exist under terms of such inequality. Tact, taste, wit, were the talents of both—both were social and pleasure-loving in the extreme—both were destitute of prudence—both were warmed by honourable feelings and amiable sentiments—both had a constitutional recklessness of consequences—a passion for wild sallies and mischievous frolics. The Prince had of the two the firmest moral principle, and the higher prudence; but he was comparatively a boy in years, and these qualities were in abeyance. Their tastes and inclinations jumped together with a more than ordinary aptitude and consent; and it will be felt by those who read the lives of either, that there must have existed for each a charm in the other, quite independent of the ostentations or interested considerations,

which many are so lynx-eyed to perceive in the intercourse of prince and subject. Many amusing and singular stories, preserved among the numerous contemporary memoirs and critical notices of their period, are already in possession of the public, and illustrate that alliance in exploits of gaiety and practical humour which is known to have formed a bond between them. And if these outbreaks are far less equivocal in character than the nocturnal incidents of Gadshill in Henry IV. yet they do not at least fall very far deficient in spirit and mischief. In that grave play of ready-witted and specious knavery which amuses the simplicity, and turns off the attention of the devoted victim of a jest, until he is fairly lodged within the *premunire* of a ridiculous *eclat*, Sheridan was *facile princeps* among the wits.

As Sheridan has been accused of labour in the construction of his dramas, so the same comment has been, with more truth than discrimination, applied to his colloquial wit. We can afford little notice to the subject now; but may observe in passing, that the most abundant and overflowing wit must have its periods of exhaustion, and that when a man becomes professionally a wit, the excitement lessens, while the constraining demand of social expectation grows. In the beginning of life, vivacity like Sheridan's would triumph over this torpifying influence; but as he advanced in years—as he came into a more brilliant and fastidious circle, and had not only to preserve his reputation, but to maintain his superiority—it ought not to be a matter of doubt that he would lose no advantage that he could secure. There is, however, a very obvious fact overlooked by those who imagine that this species of preparation has in it any thing derogatory to the reputation of the wit. The vivacious fancy from which wit flows, is seldom at rest; and though its intensest excitements are in the social hour, yet its best material occurs in the collisions and various encounters of busy occupation. Every one who knows the reigning spirit of any circle in which gaiety has a place, is aware how the slightest hint is seized, expanded, adorned, treasured up, and brought forth at the seasonable moment—as the butterfly, with its bright expansion of many-coloured wings, bursts from the grublike state of its former existence, so comes the folly, the

blunder, or dulness of some plodding brain—so amplified with gay ridicule—so adorned with airy touches of quibbessential spirit, so harmonized into characteristic absurdity, that its first progenitor could scarce imagine the brilliant emanation to have in any way originated in any thing he ever said, did, or remotely contemplated. In his latter days, indeed, poor Sheridan must have been sadly changed; and it is but too much the common lot, that our later years throw a shade over the reputation of our better days. It is very hard to bring home to a Youth's fancy, that there ever was a day when his father was a straight, slim, bright-eyed youth, without a corporation, and able to go a foot beyond him in a running leap!—*Sic transit gloria mundi*.

If our scope were ample, or if the career of Sheridan afforded an excuse for parliamentary narration, further than the bare statement of a question, for the occasion it gave for the display of his wit or eloquence, no period would present more deep interest than that at which we are arrived. The contest between the Whig party and the crown, long carried on with vast ability, and the pretext, at least, of much constitutional wisdom and principle on the part of the former, had, as will ever be the case in the development of party purposes, essentially changed their character, and degenerated into the struggle of a faction for power, and for the victory of party. Mr. Fox, who pursued his purposes with the keen spirit of a gamester, and with an unscrupulous and fearless audacity, which was neither influenced by any regard either to principles or consequences, became the leader and the idol of the opposition. It was, however, the turning point of a strong and Conservative reaction of the antagonist principles of the constitution, under the over-pressure of popular principles—for the line between constitutional and revolutionary opposition was for a moment passed, by the able men who yet stood round the champion of the lawless constituency of Westminster, in whose favour we may paraphrase an old saying—"the nearer the legislature, the farther from law." The efforts of this party were now expended in a violent and pertinacious struggle to force Mr. Fox into power, and to wrest from the crown a prerogative which involves its very identity as a constitutional power. We are not among those who can perceive any thing unconstitutional in a

course adopted to restrain, or constrain, the exercise of prerogative. We think it as necessary as the opposite influence which the crown should be enabled to exert over the representative system—the reduction of either is, in principle, destructive. But the Whig party in the Commons seized upon the prerogative itself, and rashly asserted a negative voice over the king's choice of his ministers. The question was hotly debated, and the obnoxious minister pursued in every form, by speech, and pamphlet, and address. Mr. Pitt held out with firmness, against remonstrances unsupported by the constitutional power of the Commons,* and saved the country for better times. Such is our general view of Sheridan's party and the principles they maintained. We now pass to a topic more closely connected with our proper subject. The impeachment of Warren Hastings.

On this it is necessary to be brief. It gave occasion to the most distinguishing displays of Sheridan; but its vast and massive details were the labor of Burke. His was the digestion and arrangement of the voluminous mass of the facts—the instruction of the agents, and the statements from which can be drawn the most precise notions of the importance and evidence of the greatest cause that was ever brought before any human judicature. It is very probable that a great part of our readers may not be intimately acquainted with the history of this cause. We do not, however, think that the secondary part which it fell to Sheridan to take in it, authorises details which will more properly find their place in a future sketch. We must here endeavour to present, in general terms, a notion sufficiently accurate for our design.

The reader is aware that the government of India was vested by charter in a company of British merchants. The distance between this government and their territory, was a disadvantage remedied by provisions of great seeming efficiency and wisdom; and which, until their operation was vitiated by the interference of those corrupting influences which enter into and impair all institutions, had the most prosperous effects. The same precise and methodical system which protects

the commercial interests of mankind, were transferred from the counting-house to the sovereignty of a great empire; a regular apprenticeship secured experience in those who rose by slow degrees of subordination into trust and authority; and a system of written communication, which involved the minutest details, and gave to the most complicated and most casual occurrences, of whatever nature, the accuracy and evidence of a merchant's ledger, brought the whole and every part into actual contact with the government of Leadenhall-street. Now the accusations against Mr. Hastings were, that he violated all these provisions, and established in their place a system of corruption, of which he made use for the purposes of plunder and oppression. By infringing the regular order of service and promotion, he was alleged to have acquired a vicious patronage; by suppressing the correspondence and various written documents, which were to have submitted to the Company the proceedings of their servants, he was said to have secured the secrecy which his purposes required. The exceeding strictness of the Company's regulations, he was described as using to involve all his subordinates in the necessity of connivance and cooperation. By these alleged means, the government was converted into a tremendous engine of oppression and spoliation; the charges drawn up by Mr. Burke, accordingly, accused Mr. Hastings of crimes proportioned to such a preparation. These we cannot detail with any justice to their character, in narrow limits. Spoliation and cruelty, under all the varied forms that have ever stained the records of history, were alleged to have been exercised with a lavish power; all pretexts were seized to plunder and oppress the independent kings of India, whose power and property it was the pledge, and had been the wise and humane policy of the Company to protect. All sorts of underhand agency were employed, to entangle them into misunderstandings which might be made the excuse to seize their dominions, and confiscate their possessions; large bribes and annuities were taken for protection; and while the lowest present was illegal, a system of bribery

* We are not here disputing the right of the Commons to exert every privilege they have, whatever may be the consequence. The effort we have noticed, was to obtain a new power destructive of every other. They endeavoured to do illegally, what they might have legally effected.

which far exceeded the regular revenues of the empire, was established. Mr. Hastings was a man of reputation and talent, and soon became possessed of an influence in England, that in some measure threw a sanction over his alleged irregularities. In obtaining his own ends, he had extended and seemingly consolidated the Indian empire; he had effected further inroads on the native powers, than wisdom and equity, only using lawful means, might have done, and he had thus secured himself a defensive line of representations, the strength of which was increased by other circumstances. His haughty defiance—his private reputation—the natural tendency of party opposition, which is to carry on its incessant warfare on every question. During the protracted discussion in the Commons, and afterwards during the still more protracted trial in the House of Peers, the whole array of Mr. Burke's party was brought into action; and session after session witnessed a contention of eloquence, such as is not soon likely to grace the same stage.

In January 1787, Mr. Burke gave notice that he would renew the proceedings against Mr. Hastings, on the 1st of February; and on the 7th of that month, Mr. Sheridan opened the third charge, the subject of which was the resumption of the Zaghires, and the confiscation of the treasures of the Princesses of Oude, the mother and grandmother of the Nabob of that principality. The subject was allotted with regard to Sheridan's peculiar powers. For five hours and a half he kept the house in a state of fascination—the effects of which are said to be unparalleled. When he ceased, the whole house joined in an unusual expression of tumultuous applause; and Mr. Burke pronounced the praise of his oratory in language from which, although much is to be subducted for the warmth of the moment, the interest to himself, and the feelings of human nature, yet we may satisfactorily infer the power of the effect. He declared it to be the "most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument and wit, united, of which there is any record or tradition." In truth, if we are to estimate the worth of a speech, solely by its effect at the moment, there can be no just reason why we should dissent from this opinion; and even when we shall have reduced it to its just dimensions, there will remain enough for the just admirer of Sheridan to claim for his

praise as an orator. But let the truth be said: this praise, high as is its worth, fixes no place in the standard; the test of mere effect is uncertain,—it is composed of circumstances, of which some are extrinsic from the speaker, and some of the nature of defects. The peculiarities of the subject may be charged with the electric matter of popular excitement—the character of the man does much—glittering ornament which it is the part of disciplined taste to reject, is often the means of attracting the admiration of a popular assembly. The ear may be pleased with pointed sentences and flowery phrases, and when wit is anticipated, it will mostly be discovered by the crowd. A little aid from the matter, the manner, and the more genuine merits of the speaker, gives a specious support to language, which might, without such aid, appear nonsensical. To estimate the fame of this speech aright, these considerations should be applied with great caution, rather as illustrative than explanatory. "Mr. Fox used to ask, of a printed speech, 'does it read well?' and, if answered in the affirmative, said 'then it was a bad speech.'" The general inference of such a *dictum* tends to lower the value of eloquence as a test of intellectual power. And yet it is founded on truth; the expansion of matter, the obvious and trite evidence of conceptions necessary to secure the intelligence of a popular assembly, are not consistent with the purer, or the more profound in matter, or the more refined in style. The fewest words, and these the most exact—the closest, most compact and unencumbered chain of reason—the utmost originality of manner and conception, are merits little consistent with the flow of popular speech that admits not of pause or reflection in the hearer. It must, if regarded as composition, be either at best referred to an inferior class, or we must redeem it by another consideration which may reconcile the higher effects of oratory with the laws of perfect composition. The speeches of Demosthenes are, we think, allowed to reconcile the two seemingly opposite merits of reading well, and of having been effective in the delivery. The two principles are to be reconciled alone in that perfect simplicity of language which it only belongs to genius of the highest order to command with perfect propriety, and without sacrificing either grace or power. For, without these conditions, success is not

only common enough, but reconcilable with the most ordinary display of the vilest rhetoric of the hustings. Mr. Burke's eloquence, which may be referred to the highest place in the scale either of oratory or composition, owes its power, when read, to the impression of all-grasping knowledge and unbounded power, developed in its forward, earnest, impetuous and unlabored sweep of mingled reason and narrative. In his sentences there is a seemingly unsought grace, music, and aptness. In his rare ornaments, a sublimity of conception, and simplicity of construction never to be found out of the highest order of poetry. The strong grasp of his reason and passions is too apparent to allow of the suspicion of sentence making; while, in his periods, at once simple and elegant, there is much of that "light unseen before" which carries with it the sense and the wizard power of inspiration—the thoughts, "that voluntarily move harmonious numbers."

With all this there is a stamp of giant power in the mass, the grouping and arrangement of his matter, for which our reading furnishes no parallels; yet, it is affirmed that the effects of his speeches on the house, were far from proportioned to their admitted excellence. Instances to the contrary are on record; but the fact, as a general fact, may be admitted. Mr. Burke was too earnest in his views, and too imperious, irritable and exclusive, in maintaining them, to retain that popularity which for ten years attested the supremacy of powers like his. He was, all through, his own party, and rather a constitutionalist than a Whig. His consistency was that of principle, not party; as such his changes were never rightly understood. We are not directly engaged with him, and are unwilling to be seduced into his panegyric, but have found it hard to touch on his name, without finding in the comments of the historians and biographers of his day, too much occasion for digression. For the cause of the disproportionate effect of his speeches, we would principally assign the earnestness of mental grasp, which led him to commit the common error of thinking his subject as interesting to his hearers as to himself, and making too large an allowance both for the powers and patience of common minds. Mr. Moore, who never fails to do ample justice to the intellect of this mighty man, says—

which help to explain the difficulty. Mr. Burke threw so much of his passions into his subject as to give the air of personal feeling to everything he touched; his earnestness rose to intemperance, and his opposition carried the impression of hate. The prominence of the moral features of his character accumulated prejudice and hostility against him, among his opponents, and constraint among his friends.

Sheridan, on the other hand, had the popular recommendations of social wit and humour, strong and shrewd common sense, the most perfect freedom from even the appearance of party rancor, and a trained temper, which gave his wit an annoying ascendancy over Pitt. His virtues were of the popular character, and there was a charm in his very name, that excited pleasing associations, and prepared men to be pleased. No harsh feeling of party opposition awakened at the voice of one who rather acted with his friends, than gave his feelings to the cause; no invidious fear or constraint stood between him and those on the same side, for he dictated nothing to the conduct or feelings of his party. He was a first-rate combatant in the van; but he contested rather for party and for distinction, than from the zeal of the cause. He was not, like Mr. Burke, absorbed into the feeling, and identified with the question—he did not, like that great master, adopt the wrongs against which he spoke, so as to seem to superficial observation, excited by personal hatred and animosity—he did not, like Burke, tower above party views, and, looking on great questions with the broad scope of a legislative eye, act and think without respect to the conventional understandings of party—he, of all men, when he rose to speak, had the fullest hold on sympathy. He also spoke with a *direct view to effect*. In the selection of topics, in the choice of language, in the range of illustration, he never lost sight of the actual audience before him. He played well and dexterously with the established notions of life. He was aware that new notions are slow in reaching the common sense of mankind; and he knew that the common class of hearers cannot be easily drawn into extensive views, or profound generalizations. He therefore, like Pitt, adhered to the common sense of the subject, and drew nothing from its history or philosophy. Mr. Moore's frequent comparisons

between these eminent Irishmen, has perhaps led us a little out of our way in the same track. Having observed that the chief strength of Sheridan lay in his shrewdness and wit, he goes on to make the following comparison between these eminent orators :—

“That luxuriance of fancy, which in Burke was natural and indigenous, was in him rather a forced and exotic growth. It is a remarkable proof of this difference between them, that while, in the memorandums of speeches left behind by Burke, we find, that the points of argument and business were those which he prepared, trusting to the ever ready wardrobe of his fancy for their adornment—in Mr. Sheridan's notes it is chiefly the decorative passages that are worked up beforehand to their full polish; while on the resources of his good sense, ingenuity, and temper, he seems to have relied for the management of his reasonings and facts. Hence naturally it arises that the images of Burke, being called up on the instant, like spirits, to perform the bidding of his argument, minister to it throughout, with an almost co-ordinate agency; the figurative fancies of Sheridan, already prepared for the occasion, and brought forth to adorn, not assist, the business of the discourse, resemble rather those sprites which the magicians used to keep inclosed in phials, to be produced for a momentary enchantment, and then shut up again.”

This is very good, but we think the comment does not go to the real point of difference illustrated by the facts. Burke's imagery is the result of his fancy exercised on the current of his argument, and arising unsought out of his views of fact. Sheridan's wit is altogether independent of his reason. To him the rhetoric is the principal part of the speech; to Burke, the facts and arguments. One, therefore, looks for ornament, and the other arranges his reasons and arrays his facts. Mr. Burke's mind never wastes a thought on dress; Sheridan's tact and shrewdness, on the other hand, while they gave him infinite power in the management of single reasons, and in the use of particular points, led him more peculiarly to the study of popular effect, and the cultivation of those ornaments of wit and fancy, of which he knew the power, and excelled in the use. With him there was no great leading view—he looked not into the theory of the subject, but displayed singular dexterity in skimming over its surface, and adorning its common sense.

Without entering further into those considerations, which must, when closely applied, limit the praise due to all but the very highest efforts of human genius and skill, it may be enough for our general method, to add that Sheridan's success seems to have been unparalleled, both on this occasion, and again when the case of Mr. Hastings was brought on in the Lords.

It will complete the brief notice we can afford here to this transaction, to say that, after occupying the attention of the country for a period of nearly ten years, Mr. Hastings was honourably acquitted. When the law of the land acquits, it would be unfair, perhaps, to put him again upon his trial, before his own generation is yet quite past away; yet few have touched upon the history of the time, who have not recorded their opinion, and expressed their strong censure on either side. After an attentive perusal of the whole trial, and most of its commentators, we are inclined, like Sir Roger de Coverly, to think that “there is much to be said on both sides.” If the political interests of a nation are to be consulted, without regard to any considerations of private right, or the claims of justice and humanity, we are not unwilling to admit that Mr. Hastings had difficulties to contend with, and permanent advantages to secure, by this irrespective policy. We think that in some instances necessity, in others, political expediency, might be speciously pleaded for such inhuman resources; but we cannot, at the same time, give our consent to the distorted view which would cast a stain on the splendid combination of virtues and powers, which were arrayed on the side of humanity against a course of actions which no plea can reconcile with the higher, and, in our opinion, prior rights of humanity. If ever there was before a human tribunal any case fitted to awaken every strong sympathy, and enlist every rightly principled mind against an individual, it was this. But the acquittal was not unjust—from many causes the evidence, though sufficient for private judgment, was not absolutely equal to the strict rules which have been wisely and humanely adopted for the ends of a justice leaning to mercy. Again, it must be admitted, that in the continuation of a trial equal to the siege of Troy, Mr. Hastings must have suffered more than any British law inflicts on the worst of criminals. The *Lords*

house expressed their feeling by paying the expenses of the trial, which had run up to £70,000, and by settling some provision for life on Mr. Hastings.

Shortly after this latter occasion, an event took place, which, while it diffused a strong and anxious sensation of grief, fear, and anxious interest through the kingdom, was more especially felt in that lesser circle in which lay the fortunes of Sheridan. The health of the king had been in appearance slightly affected during the summer of this year, (1788), and by the advice of his physicians, he visited Cheltenham. The effect was seemingly beneficial; but soon after, on his return to Kew, his disorder grew worse, and from the mysterious rumours which began to circulate, the truth was soon suspected. A drawing-room, held to counteract these alarming impressions, seems rather to have had the effect of confirming them, and precipitating the progress of the disease, as his deportment was such as to warrant the inference of mental derangement; and Mr. Pitt, on attending him in his closet immediately after, found the symptoms of this malady more strongly marked. "It is supposed," says the Whig historian of Geo. IV. "that this was the third manifestation of the same infirmity, since his illness in 1765."

He went next day to Windsor with Mr. Pitt. Parliament had been prorogued to November. The Prince and the Duke of York took up their abode at Windsor; and the Prince, with Mr. Pitt, the Queen, &c. transacted the King's private affairs. Mr. Moore has expressed, in his glowing language, the interest of this anxious event among those who had any thing to fear or hope. To some, the king's natural robustness had seemed a lease of continued power; some looked with fear on the supposed liberalism and profligacy of the Prince; on the other hand, there were those who (to use Mr. Moore's expression) thought "the happy millennium of Whiggism" was come at last. The first impression produced on those about the king, was that of immediate danger. The symptoms were alarming enough to paralyse for a moment all but the common feelings of humanity, and the fever of expectation. Both parties stood in suspense, uncertain how nature might in a few hours decide their hopes and fears. During this period of agitation, a few letters preserved by Mr. Moore,

shew the place which Sheridan held in the confidence of the Prince, while they also enable us to judge of the critical state of the case. In one of these letters to Sheridan, from Admiral Payne, Comptroller of the Household to the Prince, a sentence strongly shews the real apprehension of the moment:

"The Duke of York, who is looking over me, and is just come out of the king's room, bids me add that his Majesty's situation is every moment becoming worse and worse; his pulse is weaker and weaker. The Prince has desired Dr. Warren to write an account of him, which he is now doing. His letter says, if an amendment does not take place in twenty-four hours, it is impossible for the king to support it. He adds to me, that he will answer for his never living to be declared a lunatic."

On the next day the danger apprehended seems to have passed. The result of the medicinal resources which had been tried, and of a profound sleep, had been to remove the fatal symptoms; but though the fever was abated, the signs of insanity continued with equal violence. The work of plot and counter plot presently began, and both parties were equally alert and equally disinterested. The scale of this memoir does not admit of an expanded view of proceedings, which have in them no historical importance. The most remarkable feature of this short struggle, is the exhibition of character which it offers in the respective conduct of Mr. Pitt and Fox; the latter of whom, with his usual impetuosity of judgment, asserted the extreme position of the Prince of Wales' express right to assume "the power of sovereignty," &c. An error which gave an immediate and decisive advantage to Mr. Pitt, who, availing himself of the oversight of an opponent, did not fail to magnify the effect of his error, by occupying the popular ground he had relinquished, and maintaining a doctrine which fell as far into the opposite extreme. The doctrines of either cannot be regarded as having any value otherwise than as the weapons of the moment in the contest for power. To state the particulars of this manœuvre, is not to our purpose. The appointment of the Prince of Wales to the Regency was regarded by all parties as a matter of consent. The contest was partly as to the principle, but chiefly as to the authorities with which he was to be invested.

While the Whigs would have conceded the full prerogatives of royalty, and, doubtless, clutched in expectation the sceptre, which they would have debased to their purposes, Mr. Pitt was for limiting the powers of the Regent to the mere necessities of the public business. He thus acted on a principle, which, though the wisest under the circumstances, could not yet fail to gall the spirit of the Prince, who saw something derogatory in restrictions which he felt to savor of distrust, and which his Whig friends considered unconstitutional. Many of the letters and papers on the Prince's part, were on this occasion from the pen of Sheridan; and there can be no doubt that in every act he was a principal and confidential adviser. In the parliamentary discussions to which it gave rise, he also took an active, and, in some instances, efficient part. The real feelings of the Prince were expressed by the sincere high mind of Burke, who, less fitted by genius for the manœuvres of party, was the best adapted organ for the true expression of those sentiments, which ought to be those of a prince. An able letter was drawn forth in reply to a communication from Mr. Pitt, of his plan of a Regency, accompanied by restrictions, which appeared to some of the Prince's friends to amount to an insult, and to some a dangerous assault on the prerogative of the crown.

"Among the appointments named, in contemplation of a regency," writes Mr. Moore, "the place of Treasurer of the Navy was allotted to Mr. Sheridan." But from the same authority we learn that he felt a strong doubt as to those arrangements being effected, and refused to trouble himself so far as to examine the plan of the apartments which he should have to occupy in Somerset-house.

The physicians had given up all hope of the king's recovery, when fortunately for the nation, a new method of treatment was resorted to by the skill and courage of Dr. Willis, who stood opposed to the rest of the medical attendants. His confidence was rewarded with success; and as the Whigs were confidently approaching the object of their expectations, they were shocked by intimations which they strenuously repelled, because they strongly disliked them. How far Sheridan may have participated in a feeling so much in accordance with human nature, we cannot pretend to say, but

he had the good taste at least to exhibit a nobler feeling. When the news of the king's convalescence was brought to his house:—

"There were present, besides Mr. Sheridan and his sister, Tickell, who, on the change of administration, was to have been immediately brought into Parliament—Joseph Richardson, who was to have had Tickell's place of Commissioner of the Stamp-office—Mr. Reid, and some others. Not one of the company but had cherished expectations from the approaching change—not one of them, however, had lost so much as Mr. Sheridan. With his wonted equanimity he announced the sudden turn affairs had taken, and looking round him cheerfully, as he filled a large glass, said—'Let us join in drinking his Majesty's speedy recovery.'"

Mr. Moore preserves some of the letters written by Sheridan on this occasion. One is to the Queen, pending the question—the other to the King immediately after his recovery. They exhibit the weight of Sheridan's judgments in the deliberations of the Prince, and in a very high degree go to justify it. We shall perhaps be repeating ourselves, when we add that the place of Sheridan was peculiar. It is evident, that both friendship and the disinterested feeling which actuates every high mind in delicate and difficult duties, had at least a strong share in the whole of Sheridan's conduct. To say more would be extravagant. There is a portion of self-interest in the conduct of every public man, who is qualified for the management of nice and difficult affairs. Where there is the temptation of prospective advantage, in whatever degree, the most disinterested affections may give the first impulse to action, yet such is our mingled nature, that those self-considerations, which are never far off, will throw their side-gleams on the purest course as it proceeds, and alloy what begins in virtue with no small portion of prudence at least, if not of a more debasing mixture.

We have mentioned Sheridan's love of the practical species of jest, and noticed the specimens which are found in most of the more detailed memoirs of himself, and of those with whom he was in habits of intimacy. He was also diligent in the manufacture of the squibs and crackers of epigram and pasquinade, in which Tickell was his common associate. Of these Mr. Moore gives a good specimen—too long to be transferred to our English

It may, indeed, be said, that the wit is of that personal kind which cannot survive the person it is meant for. Their mode of composition, in this instance, seems to have been, to keep on the table a string of stanzas, loosely strung together, to which a joint-stock company seem to have contributed, as wit or malice gave occasion.

"There is," says Mr. Moore, "appended to one of Sheridan's copies of them a long list, (like a table of proscription,) containing a table of other names marked out for the same fate; and it will be seen by the following specimen, that some of them had a very narrow escape."

But their wits had graver uses—"debts, bonds, judgments, writs," shared their diligence, and kept their ingenuity on the rack. They were, as Mr. Moore tells us, "serviceable to each other against duns." This species of alliance, Mr. Moore traces in various documents, some of which also prove the invincible spirit of gaiety which could extract laughing matter from their perplexities.

We should here mention the death of Mr. Sheridan's father, which occurred in August, 1788. We need not detail particulars which now have little interest, more than they derive from the testimony they offer of Mr. Sheridan's amiable feeling, which the occasion called strongly and honourably forth.

The next topic which, could we afford it, we should be tempted to notice at considerable length, is the French revolution, of which it is impossible to speak justly in a few words. It is not, however, required. Unlike some other topics of its day, it still holds a distinct place in the public mind. It occupies as yet a broad space in modern history, and even holds its place in the opinions and feelings of party. Some of the most eminent writers of our own time have also given its history in a brief and popular form. And lastly, the biographer of Sheridan has little comparative concern with it. We must, therefore, endeavour to keep ourselves as clear as we may from this vast subject. A few of its consequences may find their place as we advance in our task; but we may here trace out its immediate influences on parties and persons, as connected with our proper subject. As revolutionary principles had been already in possession of a party in England, of which Mr. Fox may (for brevity sake) be named as the ostensible representative, it might be

inferred that a strong sympathy would naturally be excited, with public movements, in such near vicinity with England, which seemed to be no more than the practical working out of Whig maxims. Neither were the first declarations of the French democracy of a nature to alarm the constitutional feelings of the many on either side. The language of the bill of rights was specious and even moderate; there seemed even to be a consent of feeling between the king and the people; nor could it be anticipated to what frantic extremes the passions and imagination of the people were to be worked up in the progress of events. It required a power of reason, and an extent of knowledge which one mind in millions does not possess to conceive the inflammatory progress of popular excitement into fanaticism, when tried on so large and so continued a scale. We say this, because it is the true justification of those who, like Sheridan, not being himself a political enthusiast, spoke and acted with his party in countenance of these principles, and in opposition to those who were rather influenced by the crimes of France and the danger of England, than by party feeling. Having said so much, we must add that Sheridan was zealous in professing his approbation of the revolutionists, and in the support of their party. Mr. Moore observes that the extreme opinions to which these events gave rise, showed themselves not as might be expected between the government and popular parties, but that they "broke out simultaneously in the very heart of the latter body." This might be supposed from the close and vital questions which then arose; they were such as to make the honest and the true principled shake off the lesser ties of party engagement, and act on the ground of the emergency alone. Such was the spirit and the conduct of Burke. This high-minded and chivalric spirit, alarmed for England, and deeply impressed with the true anticipations of his far-seeing intellect, nobly dared to step out from the ranks of his Whig friends—

"From amidst them forth he passed
Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustained
Superior."

In defiance of the malice of the small, and the resentment of the high, and, of a calumnious spirit, which has never since ceased from throwing its filth upon his tomb, he wrote and spoke

his opinions, and while they produced on the British nation an effect (we believe) quite unparalleled, they occasioned an unworthy combination of his own friends to bring him into discredit with his party. Our own opinion, formed on a deliberate review of the various statements of the Whig historians, and our sense of justice, will not allow us to acquit Sheridan of his part in the by-play of party which transferred Mr. Burke to the party to whom he should by nature have belonged. We cannot acquiesce in the opinion which would find reasons in Mr. Burke's jealousy of Sheridan; the notion is not supported by the facts or by any thing in the character of Mr. Burke. We admit that this great man's mind may have been rendered acrid by many failures in his great political struggles for the public good, and he must have been embittered to see the prevalency of party motions over public motives. We are even not unwilling to admit there was something to irritate in feeling himself "passed in the race" by an eloquent Fanatic, and a finessing Partizan; yet he was unfairly and ungenerously treated, and acted on motives to which such considerations were as nothing. Sheridan, whom it forms no part of our duty to support "through thick and thin," was by nature jealous and full of little exclusive finesses in preserving his ascendancy about the Prince; and Mr. Moore states one plain instance of it in regard to Burke.

The breach which took place on French politics between Burke and Fox, was supposed to be hurried on by the indiscretion of Sheridan, with whom Mr. Burke first had a disagreement on the subject. But in this instance, we think that Sheridan did no more than reply to charges, which he knew to be directed against himself by Mr. Burke. The whole was, in fact, a conspiracy to prevent Mr. Burke from being heard, and consisted of calls of

"question," motions for adjournment, and most disorderly calls to order, until zeal was enflamed into a natural but vindictive sense of wrong received from friendly hands. Mr. Sheridan's speech, of which we cannot coincide with Mr. Moore in calling the part he quotes "just and unanswerable," was replied to by Mr. Burke, as any person of Mr. Burke's opinions should have replied to it. He declared that "henceforth his honourable friend and he were separated in politics." Amongst other remarks he added—

"Was that a fair and candid mode of treating his arguments? or was it what he ought to have expected in the moment of departed friendship? On the contrary, was it not evident that the hon. gentleman had made a sacrifice of his friendship, for the sake of catching some momentary popularity? If the fact were such, even greatly as he should continue to admire the hon. gentleman's talents, he must tell him that his argument was chiefly an argument *ad invidiam*, and all the applause for which he could hope from clubs was scarcely worth the sacrifice which he had chosen to make for so insignificant an acquisition."

An effort was made to reconcile these distinguished men—but it failed.

On the 12th of June, parliament was dissolved, and Sheridan was re-elected for Stafford. Were we not obliged to precipitate our progress in order to conclude this memoir within a reasonable limit, we should here avail ourselves of some interesting letters from Mrs. Sheridan, strongly illustrative of the affectionate and amiable character of that most superior woman, which passed on the occasion. We shall also resist the temptation to enter into the remaining particulars of the rupture between Mr. Burke and his Whig friends.*

This year (1791) a question of some delicacy arose between the Prince and the Duke of York, which Mr. Moore

* Any notice of this deeply affecting incident, should necessarily take more room than we have at our command. We cannot pass on without a few additional remarks. Mr. Burke's conduct through the whole of a series of the most exasperating provocations, exhibits nothing of the rancorous qualities which his Whig critics seem fond of taking every occasion to impute to him. On the contrary, while it is hard to resist the impatience raised by the obviously concerted interruptions of his pretended friends, the whole scene derives much of its solemn pathos from the earnest, affecting, and almost sublime deportment and language of Burke. The best defence for Mr. Fox, is that which resolves his conduct into the expediency of the occasion. He saw the necessity of a formal separation from his party, of one whose real principles were opposed to it, in the stage of opinion to which it had now arrived. But this opposition of principle was from the change of the party, and not of Mr. Burke.

conjectures upon strong grounds, to have involved questions as to the succession to the crown, similar to that which occurred on the same subject in 1787. On this occasion Sheridan had the honor to be confidentially consulted by the Prince.

In the midst of this, the brightest period of his apparent prosperity, Sheridan was struck by the heaviest affliction incidental to mortal man, in the death of his admirable and exemplary wife, whose simple and sublime panegyric, Mr. Moore has, with great good taste and right feeling, written in a brief epitome of her actions. Mr. Moore, having first observed that the devoted affection of all her husband's family showed that "while her beauty and music enchanted the world, she had charms more intrinsic and lasting for those who came nearer to her," proceeds to notice the strenuous and devoted zeal with which she followed her husband through all his various pursuits.

"As the wife of the dramatist and manager, we find her calculating the receipts of the house, assisting in the adaptation of her husband's opera, and reading over the plays sent in by dramatic candidates. As the wife of the senator and orator, we see her, with no less zeal, making extracts from state-papers, and copying out ponderous pamphlets—entering with all her heart and soul into the details of elections, and endeavouring to fathom the mysteries of the funds. The affectionate and sensible care with which she watched over, not only her own children, but those which her beloved sister, Mrs. Tickell, confided to her, in dying, gives the finish to this picture of domestic usefulness. When it is recollected, too, that the person thus homely employed was gifted with every charm that could adorn and delight society, it would be difficult, perhaps, to find any where a more perfect example of that happy mixture of utility and ornament, in which all that is prized by the husband and the lover combines, and which renders woman what the Sacred Fire was to the Parsees—not only an object of adoration on their altars, but a source of warmth and comfort to their hearths."

In the retrospect of biography and history, when we look back on the events of a generation, these domestic calamities which fall upon the heart with a power that often blights and withers the rest of life, lose much of

their impressiveness; they are too much the common course of nature to attract serious notice afar off, when they melt into the mass of forgotten things. The intervals of the longest life seem shrunk into a few brief pages of the book, and it seems a little thing when all are gone down into the silent city of death, that one has departed a few chapters before the other. The common sympathies of mankind are more easily awakened by those incidents of fortune on which man's feelings are habitually alert; the bankruptcy in fortune, under which a brave man smiles and rallies to fresh exertion, will be more strongly met by the reader's sympathy than the bereavement which throws a long wake of desolation upon our years. Yet had it been in our power to detail at length the affecting incidents of the life, decline, and departure of this gifted and excellent woman, we should little doubt to communicate an impression which it is impossible to avoid feeling, though it may to many seem fanciful to say, that in losing her, Sheridan's life seemed abandoned by its better genius. Till now, he was watched over by a tender and devoted spirit, more pure, upright, and provident than himself. Till now there was a delicate but salutary constraint on the aberrations of eccentric impulse. He was but a child in the whirl of social dissipation; but this gentle and meek angel of his better days, threw over his heart the chain of the best affections, and kept him from the extremes to which his character and course ever tended.

The health of Mrs. Sheridan had been for some time giving way; but her last illness originated in a cold, taken the year before. It seems to have been consumptive. She was at the time near her confinement; and it was trusted that this event would relieve her from the previous complaint. The hope was vain, and the affecting circumstances of her death are mentioned at length in a letter from a female friend who was present during the whole trying scene. It would be worse than useless to abridge it, and we cannot give it entire. From it we learn that poor Sheridan omitted no affectionate care to alleviate her sufferings, sitting up night after night by her death-bed. On the night of her death, about four in the morning, her friends, who sat at her bed-side, perceived alarming symptoms and sent for her physician, Dr.

Bain.* On his arrival she begged of her husband and friend to leave the room, and desiring him to lock the door after them, she said to Dr. Bain—

“You have never deceived me; tell me truly, shall I live over this night?”

He immediately felt her pulse, and, finding she was dying, answered—

“I recommend you to take some laudanum.”

Upon which she replied,

“I understand you—then give it to me.”

“She desired, however, to see her friends before she took it, of whom she took a very affecting leave.” Sheridan, we learn from the letter of her friend, “behaved most wonderfully, though his heart was breaking; and at times his feelings were so violent, that I feared he would have been quite ungovernable at the last. Yet he summoned up courage enough to kneel by the bed-side till he felt the last pulse of expiring excellence, and then withdrew. She died at five in the morning, on the 28th of June.”†

After many changes we find him in the autumn of 1792, endeavouring to establish himself at Wanstead. We cannot afford to dwell on the detail of this portion of history. Neither shall we now detain the reader by the particulars of the death of his little daughter, which, although the child was naturally very delicate, seems to have been unexpected. It occurred rather suddenly, and affected Sheridan with peculiar severity.

These afflicting events, together with the increasing embarrassment of his theatrical affairs, had the effect of withdrawing Sheridan entirely from public affairs during this season.

To other causes of embarrassment may be added a most profuse and wasteful style of living, which now increased much by the loss of the presiding prudence and care of Mrs. Sheridan. He was at this time maintaining three establishments under circumstances which required the utmost prudence to ward off the ruin of his affairs.

It is indeed apparent, in a multitude of minute particulars, necessarily excluded here, that the absence of the more salutary constraints of domestic engagement, together with the en-

grossing and stirring excitements of business, must have combined with the natural infirmities of his character, both to encrease the entanglement of his affairs and to foster the ill habits from which he was never free, and which the decline of life tends to aggravate.

In generalizing it is difficult to retain the distinctness of character; the peculiarities of Sheridan best appear in numerous anecdotes of which the spirit evaporates in description. Wit never sits for its portrait. The indolence that can take its ease on the verge of bankruptcy, and the infinite resource that could avert the consequences of the most serious imprudence have not many parallels in common life, to make their combination intelligible. In Kelly's reminiscences many of our readers may recollect the mixture of improvidence and dexterity which constantly involved or occasionally extricated him from the most trying emergencies. His powers of persuasion seem to have produced effects that sound very like fiction now. His tongue seems to have had a gift far beyond the well-known magic of the blarney-stone—whether its fascination was exerted to wheedle the Duke of *** out of his blade-bone of mutton, or to thaw the cautious formality of Morland's banking-house into an advance of three thousand pounds. We pass many well-known anecdotes, for which our limits afford no space, to mention a specimen of his wayward indolence and persuasive eccentricity, which we shall extract in the words of Mr. Moore:—

“The death of Joseph Richardson, which took place this year, was felt as strongly by Sheridan as any thing can be felt, by those who, in the whirl of worldly pursuits, revolve too rapidly round Self, to let any thing rest long upon their surface. With a fidelity to his old habits of unpunctuality, at which the shade of Richardson might have smiled, he arrived too late at Bagshot for the funeral of his friend, but succeeded in persuading the good-natured clergyman to perform the ceremony over again. Mr. John Taylor, a gentleman, whose love of good-fellowship and wit has made him the welcome associate of some of the brightest men of

* “Then a very young man, whose friendship with Sheridan began with the mournful duty to his wife, and only ended with the performance of the same melancholy office for himself.”—*Moore*.

† From a letter quoted by Mr. Moore.

his day, was one of the assistants at this singular scene, and also joined in the party at the inn at Bedford afterwards, where Sheridan, it is said, drained the 'Cup of Memory' to his friend, till he found oblivion at the bottom."

Mr. Moore has given us from among his papers a collection of memoranda of various large bets, from a hundred to five hundred guineas on various occasions unimportant enough to show a strong turn for this species of gambling. We should also infer from other circumstances, that these ruinous transactions had to some extent their source in a folly, perhaps still more fatal in its consequences to Sheridan—that of habitual intoxication. Mr. Moore has, with a tact that never deserts him, passed over this infirmity in the life of his friend and brother wit. We lament much that we cannot follow his example, for reasons good and sufficient, which, when we shall have concluded our sketch, will not require to be specified to our intelligent reader. One may be sufficient here, that in truth the insatiation which seems to grow from stage to stage over the closing periods of Sheridan's career, is not otherwise to be understood. But without being the apologists of any vice we shall once for all premise the more lenient aspect in which we desire to exhibit Sheridan's infirmity, if we must not rather call it misfortune. In the present day, when temperance has become a public virtue, it requires so much of a depraved propensity to violate what seems to be the conventional decorum of the world, that the man who frequently exceeds to the same ruinous extent is looked on with contempt and even dislike. We have, however, in our last number, described a very different state of society. If it were still the fashion to drink beyond the limits of sobriety, and a reproach to fly the "citrean draught;" so that the term "good-fellow" and "bad-fellow" were terms of honor or disgrace to the jovial companion, or the flincher from the bottle and the flowing bowl; many a temperate water drinker of our time might be as distinguished for exploits of a different kind. But Sheridan was the prince of the race of good-fellows; high as was his dramatic fame, distinguished as he was by the *prestige* of his brilliant rhetoric, the fascination of his social powers was higher still. To be the life and spirit of the circle was his privilege, his distinction: and while it lasted,

his happiness. And every body who lives in the world can recollect some one, who, with far inferior powers to please, has been lured on from year to year to broken health and spirits, until he lingers on the shadow of what he was, repeating tales that have lost their flavor; and drawing on a wretched excitement for a faded wit, or for a sad relief from the tedium of disease and intellectual torpor. We have thus early pointed out this cause long before it becomes prominent among the distinct features of Sheridan's history, because we think it began long before to be a determining influence in his actions and fortunes, and that therefore it must be received as a feature in the portrait from which some of its expression is derived; though, like every line of portraiture, it deepens and strengthens with the advance of age. Kelly mentions among many characteristic stories of Sheridan, one very strikingly illustrative of the mode in which this fatal infirmity entered into the texture of his life.

Sheridan desired to obtain an audience of the King, on some point concerning Drury-lane, and mentioned it to the Prince, who offered to take him to Windsor. For this purpose an appointment was made for the next day but one. Sheridan requested a bed at Kelly's house, that he might be near Carleton house. The rest of the story honest Michael shall tell himself. "I had no bed to offer him but my own, which I ordered to be got in readiness for him; and he, with his brother-in-law, A. Ward, came to dinner. Amongst other things at table, there was a roast neck of mutton, which went away untouched. As the servant was taking it out, I observed—'there goes a dinner fit for a king.' The next morning I went out of town on purpose to accommodate him with my bed, and got home again about four in the afternoon next day, when I was told by my servant that Mr. S. was still fast asleep—that he had been sent for several times from Carleton house, but nothing could prevail on him to get up. It appears, that in about an hour after I had quitted town he called at the saloon, and told my servant maid, that 'he knew she had a dinner fit for a king in the house, a cold roast neck of mutton,' and asked her if she had any wine? She told him, that there were, in a closet, five bottles of port, two of madeira, and one of brandy, the whole of which I found that he, Richardson, and Ward, af-

re-creating the neck of mutton for dinner, had consumed; on hearing this, it was easy to account for his drowsiness the morning. He was not able to raise his head from the pillow, nor did he get out of bed until seven in the evening, when he had some dinner." Such was the habit which neutralized splendid talents, rendered unavailable to the friendship of the high and the noble, and by degrees caused an invisible but effective separation in feeling between its victim and his better and more refined associates.

Indolent and procrastinating by temperament, it may be seen how fatally is dreadful want (for such it ever becomes) harmonized with these native defects. And when in his old age friends who accused of neglect, it is but equitable to recollect how little can be done for one who, as honest Michael O'Connell says, "is no body's enemy but his own." We shall have to return to these reactions ere long, when their application becomes more imperatively a portion of our task. But the brilliant career of Sheridan was not yet run, though historic justice and the severer analysis of religious or moral observation, will find little to dwell on with complacency. His powers were yet in their unabated vigor. His youth was yet among the high and the proud; fascination dwelt on his voice, and influence followed his preeminent intellect and sagacity. Had he but prudence for his guide—could he but command himself, there lay before him a straight, and we might almost hold, sure path to all that human ambition looks for.

In the spring of 1795, he was again married, to Miss Esther Jane Ogle, daughter of the Dean of Winchester. Her fortune being £5000, he added £15,000 more to it by the sale of acres of Drury-lane, and investing the whole in land, settled it upon the family. The trustees to this marriage were Mr. Grey and Mr. Whitbread. He was thus at forty-four united with a young and accomplished girl, ardently devoted to him."—(*Moore*.)

This year also was productive of events which appear to have had a salutary influence on Sheridan's mind as well as Fox's, in somewhat diminishing their visionary sympathies with revolutionary France. The contagion had seized a small and unworthy, though as is usual with lawless minds, a fertile portion of the English people. The society of "the Friends of the

People" exhibited the effects of revolutionary principles, so as to deter some and moderate the enthusiasm of others. The national convention would this year have insulted these two eminent men by the questionable honor of citizenship, from which they were rescued by the discretion of its secretary. We have not time to discuss the point, but we agree with Mr. Moore in doubting that Mr. Fox ever sincerely admitted these principles. Reform was, as it has been since, a weapon of party warfare; the pursuit insincere, as the object a fiction. The enthusiasm with which many had witnessed the beginning of the French revolution had soon received some salutary lessons from the development of its natural consequences. The seemingly overcharged denunciations of Mr. Burke began to be verified with the detailed truth of prophecy, and though some persons were still found ingenious enough to separate the revolutionary principles from the realities which were but their too faithful consequences, the British public received a lesson from experience, which was of material use during the long and truly ennobling struggle in which England soon became engaged. A sound, national feeling was the appropriate and needful antecedent to efforts of national strength, wisdom, valor, and success, which will dignify the name of England among the great empires of history, when the babble of faction shall have ceased to murmur round the base of the hero's pyramid.

With the history of the war which was in 1793 declared against infidel and revolutionary France, we are not here concerned, and we turn with some reluctance away to pursue our appropriate subject. Sheridan's part in public affairs, though in general highly honorable to him both as an orator and as a man, was chiefly confined to what Mr. Moore terms the "guerilla warfare" of a party of which Mr. Fox was now the leader.

In the session of 1794, we find him still discharging the duties of an alert and efficient partizan in the ranks of opposition. And retaining the wonted supremacy of retort and repartee, but little disturbed by the sarcasms of Pitt, to whom he was to the last a constant annoyance.

It has been our constant study, from the commencement of this memoir, to avoid, to the utmost possible extent, being drawn into the wide sea of po-

litics—a precaution for which we can only expect due credit from the reader who is aware of the principal part which political events should otherwise have engrossed in our columns. It is at the same time right to guard against the false impression which the unwary reader may receive from this course. Sheridan, in whatever light posterity may have reason to regard him, was, in his pursuits, and in the ostensible place which he held in the eyes of his contemporary generation, an orator and a politician, and received at every stage some impulse from the proceedings of party and public events. Mr. Moore has preserved many specimens of his speeches, on various occasions, which fully bears out the praise which he bestows on them. They are, for the most part, terse, pointed, and vigorous, and occasionally rising into that gay flight of mingled wit, fancy, and conceit, which was, perhaps, the effective quality of Sheridan as an orator. We have, nevertheless, in our diligent perusal of these *morceaux*, found nothing which we could venture to extract, as giving a just idea of his genuine powers, as they appear, not only in the dramatic works, but even in the comic stories, of which so many are scattered in the literary history of his time.

At this period, the party to which he had adhered, began to crumble away, partly under the influence of events, and partly from the changes of prospect, which opened to individuals new avenues to preferment, and shut up old. Sheridan was among those who adhered to his party, while it can be said to have retained existence. In the year 1795, the Prince was at length compelled to yield to the pressure of debts, to the amount of more than half a million, and much against his inclination consent to take a wife selected by his father. He was married to the Princess Caroline of Brunswick; and the subject of his debts soon followed. The Prince had for some time past separated himself from the political faction who would have hurried him into lengths beyond his duty and dignity. In consequence, his wishes met with either opposition, or cold and questioning assent, from those whose names have hitherto been mentioned among the friends and supporters of his claims. Mr. Sheridan, with a consistency more true than often belongs to party, while he dealt with severity on the imprudence and extravagance of the

Prince, advocated the payment of his debts.

But we hurry on, to the omission of minor topics, to one which must always, however subtracted from by the party prejudice which is so ingenious to find a wrong reason for every act, still be admitted to throw a bright redeeming gleam over the weaknesses and the political faults of Sheridan. If he was carried far as others into the intrigues and duplicities of the courtier and the partizan, his heart was always in the right place, and he did not suffer the narrow ties of party to have the ascendant over the feelings and obligations of public duty. At a time when the country was menaced with two French fleets, an extensive or total mutiny broke out among the English seamen, in Plymouth, Portsmouth, and the Nore. The country was in a state of the most justifiable alarm, while this vast force, on which its safety depended, continued to organize itself into an independent and formidable attitude, and to advance proposals and grievances in a tone inconsistent with subordination. Admiral Duncan, by the most admirable firmness and presence of mind, contrived to awe the French fleet in the Texel, by the continuation of his usual signals; but still the cloud of invasion hung formidable and dark on the opposite coast, and the danger was imminent and alarming. In this formidable position of events, the Whigs alone seemed free from apprehension. Animated by an eagerness in strife, which reminds us of the battle of Thrasimene, in the heat of which an earthquake that destroyed twelve cities passed unobserved, they did not see in the danger of their country any thing more than a happy occasion to distress the government, and regain their waning authority over the public mind. Sheridan, with a spirit which only the most confined and narrow bigotry of faction can misrepresent, nobly revolted against this atrocious abuse of party spirit. As we have expressed ourselves thus strongly, we think it due to Mr. Moore to extract some sentences from his fair and manly notice of the affair:

“It was,” he observes, “one of the happiest instances of good feeling and good sense combined, that ever public man acted upon, in a situation demanding so much of both.”

On this occasion we have it from Mr. Moore, that he went to Mr. Dundas and said—

“My advice is, that you cut the bunyons

on the river; send Sir C. Grey down to the coast, and set a price on Parker's head. If the administration take this advice instantly, they will save the country—if not, they will lose it; and on their refusal, I will impeach them in the House of Commons this very evening."

In the House his conduct was not less manly—there he stood forth in uncompromising defiance of party: he expressed his full recognition of old ties, while he declared that in such a moment, no honourable man should be swayed by motives inferior to the consideration of the public safety. In this, while the grateful nation acknowledged almost with a single voice the true spirit by which Sheridan's conduct was ennobled, his own friends also received a foretaste of the honest intractability which afterwards had a main share in the overthrow of their political expectations.

The years 1798–9 brought out the "Stranger," and "Pizarro," which we notice thus summarily, as we do not think their history essential to our purpose.

During this period, Mr. Fox, discouraged by his prospects, or, perhaps, desirous of producing a popular reaction in his favour, had receded with his friends from the house, in which they failed to produce the smallest impression. The public mind was kept from popular aberration, by the rapid emergency of public events; it was no time for the game of faction; and the great leader finding his occupation gone, took counsel with his better nature and genius for a while, among his books and rural pursuits. Sheridan was by this absence excited to increased exertion, and took a more active part in many of the popular questions of the moment. In the year 1801, Mr. Pitt went out, having carried the union. He was succeeded by the short administration of Mr. Addington, during which Mr. Sheridan for some time took little or no part in public affairs.

We must not pass away from this period of Sheridan's history, without noticing an incident, illustrative of his promptitude, and of the generous and impulsive temperament that, where the feeling of the man or gentleman was concerned, often gained him a moment's freedom from the debasing ties of party, and placed him in the right. It was in the year 1800 that the king was fired at by a maniac of the name of Hatfield, in Drury-lane Theatre: the

audience were for some moments paralyzed with mingled astonishment and alarm for the safety of the good old king. George alone retained his presence of mind; and as the smoke cleared from the pit, he was seen with his constitutional composure of nerve, calmly satisfying those around him of his safety. Sheridan stepped into the green-room, and in a few moments the performers came forward, and sung God save the King, with this prompt addition:—

"From every latent foe,
From the assassin's blow,
Thy succour bring;
O'er him thine arm extend;
From every ill defend
Our Father, King, and Friend,
God save the King!"

In politics the mind of Sheridan was for some years passing through a natural and not dishonorable change, which has as naturally been made the subject of reproach among the historians of the party whom he left, and whose views he disconcerted. They who had no view but office, might well retain their consistency, when the experience of events had been such as to expose their fallacious politics. It was easy for Mr. Fox, and the leading Whigs of his day to continue firm to principles which they never sincerely believed. The "sovereignty of the people," and such other self-contradictory absurdities, excellent weapons as they ever were, and will be, for the trade of popular mystification, could have little weight against the mighty facts, and the grave and fearful illustrations of the age. The candor of Mr. Moore, and the inadvertency of other Whig writers, have not failed abundantly to expose the hollowness of the patriotism of those who made it their proud boast. The common sense of Sheridan could not resist the evidence of circumstances; his perspicacity had, perhaps, never been imposed on by views which were borne with a prodigate consistency, which appears to justify Johnson's well-known sarcasm on patriots. The same spirit that actuated Sheridan on the occasion of the mutiny at the Nore, was gradually detaching him from that party. We do not mean to affirm that he was not under the combined influence of private feelings; we speak not of his motives here, but of his views, which were all through (so far as he could be said to have any) based on Tory principles, like

Mr. Moore's, whose conduct under the same circumstances would, we think, have been similar. He was from taste, gratitude, and duty attached to the Prince; and, if any weight is to be attached to this, it was as good a motive for acting rightly, as the love of place was for acting factiously. He had been all through scandalously treated by his Whig friends, whose objects were advocated by his eloquence in the house, and by his still more efficient talents out of it; but in the division of the spoil he was ever all but set aside. We regret when we find some of our able and much respected Whig authorities laying aside their wonted candour, to find base motives for the best actions, and the most elevated impulses for the most degrading, according as the object of their comment is Whig or Tory. The political conduct of Sheridan, much as we have had occasion to disapprove of it on many occasions, stands honourably distinguished by a sincerity which scarcely belongs to his party.

In 1811, when the last and continued illness of the king renewed the necessity of a regent, the prince was appointed under the same offensive and unconstitutional restrictions which had been devised by Mr. Pitt in 1789. The prince committed the preparation of his answer to the Lords Grey and Grenville. The answer thus prepared was at variance with the sentiments of the prince. It was, in fact, a tissue of glaring concessions of the same principles which the prince had strongly asserted on the former occasion, in that admirable and well-known letter written by the hand of Burke. Against this most derogatory and compromising attempt, the prince had recourse to the obvious and natural expedient of suggesting such an answer as his feelings and opinions warranted. The noble lords who, if they did not choose to set their notions of what was due to their own views, or their own dignity, above the demands of the occasion, and the dignity of the prince, were yet at liberty to mend their draught, preferred to assume a tone of dictation more consistent with their real objects, and the uniform policy of the Whig leaders—that of converting the king into a mere state cipher, and holding the reins with an absolute and dictatorial grasp. The prince, of course, saw through them; nor could it be expected or desired that he was to allow himself thus, by a turn of practice, to be set aside and mis-

represented. He consulted as his private friend Sheridan, who was not slow in detecting the whole shallow artifice; one of those false moves of a party he had too long and too well known. The move was disconcerted by a very open, fair and straightforward step, which had in it no treachery; and if we are to weigh human conduct by its consequences and ostensible motives, instead of the warped scale of party historians, we would be inclined to place this, with his conduct on the mutiny of the *Nore*, to Sheridan's credit. His wit was still more felicitously applied on the occasion, in the following lines:—

"An Address to the Prince, 1811.

"In all humility we crave
Our Regent may become our slave,
And being so, we trust that He
Will thank us for our loyalty.
Then, if he'll help us to pull down
His Father's dignity and Crown,
We'll make him, in some time to come,
The greatest Prince in Christendom."

We have noticed the last circumstance out of its chronological order, that we may now proceed uninterrupted by political considerations, to the rapid close of our task. It was in the year 1803 that Mr. Moore first met Sheridan. He mentions that Sheridan was at that time furnishing a new house, and talked of a plan he had of levying contributions on his friends for a library. A set of books from each would, he calculated, amply accomplish it; and, already, the intimation of his design had begun to "breathe a soul into the silent walls."

Early in the year 1804 the receivership of the Duchy of Cornwall was bestowed on him by the Prince of Wales, "as a trifling proof of that sincere friendship His Royal Highness had always professed and felt for him for a long series of years." On this an extract from Sheridan's letter on the occasion, to Mr. Addington, is an appropriate comment:—

"I will not disguise that, at this peculiar crisis, I am greatly gratified at this event. Had it been the result of a mean and subservient devotion to the Prince's every wish and object, I could neither have respected the gift, the giver, or myself; but when I consider how recently it was my misfortune to find myself compelled by a sense of duty, stronger than my attachment to him, wholly to risk the situation I held in his confidence and favour, and that upon a

subject* on which his feelings were so eager and irritable, I cannot but regard the increased attention with which he has since honoured me, as a most gratifying demonstration that he has clearness of judgment, and firmness of spirit, to distinguish the real friends of his true glory and interests from the mean and mercenary sycophants, who fear and abhor that such friends should be near him."

In the autumn of 1807 he entered into a treaty with Mr. Jones of Dublin on the subject of Drury Lane. We notice the circumstance here, simply for the sake of a letter which will interest some of our readers, and sufficiently explain the transaction.

"One Tun, St James's Market,
May 26, 1808.

"In the presence of Messrs G. Ponsonby, R. Power, and Mr. Beecher, Mr. Jones bets Mr. Sheridan five hundred guineas that he, Mr. Sheridan, does not write, and produce under his name, a play of five acts, or a first piece of three, within the term of three years from the 15th of September next. It is distinctly to be understood that this bet is not valid, unless Mr. Jones becomes a partner in Drury-lane Theatre before the commencement of the ensuing season.

"FRED. EDW. JONES.

"R. B. SHERIDAN.

"RICHARD POWER.

"GEORGE PONSONBY.

"W. W. BECHER.

"N. B.—W. W. Becher, and Richard Power join, one fifty—the other one hundred pounds in this bet.

"R. POWER."

The theatre of Drury-lane had been the subject of embarrassment and continued annoyance to Sheridan from the first. It had passed through a series of changes, each of which added something to the accumulation of difficulties which were slowly and surely gathering over its proprietors. Controversies, negotiations and law-suits, were the vexatious accompaniments of the progress of ruin; and to this was added no small sum of private debts. On the night of 24th Feb. 1809, while Sheridan was attending a debate in the house, word came that the theatre was on fire. A motion was made for the adjournment of the debate; this Sheridan opposed; and, leaving the house,

witnessed the destruction of his property with astonishing composure.

When the measures for rebuilding the theatre were finally arranged in 1811, Sheridan was to receive 20,000*l.* out of which various claims were to be satisfied; and his son, Thomas Sheridan, was to receive 12,000*l.* for his quarter share. Among the conditions was one which Mr. Moore states to have been very painful to him—that he "should have no connexion or concern of any kind whatever, with the new undertaking." A condition strongly indicating the character of his mind and conduct in matters of business. Mr. Whitbread undertook the adjustment of the intricate and difficult details, and it would have been hard to find one more fitted for a task where industry and precision were the requisite qualifications. Mr. Moore contrasts him strongly with Sheridan; we will extract the passage, as it well brings out a feature of the latter.

"It would be difficult, indeed, to find two persons less likely to agree in a transaction of this nature—the one, in affairs of business, approaching almost as near to the extreme of rigour, as the other to that of laxity. While Sheridan, too, like those painters who endeavour to disguise their ignorance of anatomy by an indistinct and *fuzzy* outline, had an imposing method of generalizing his accounts and statements, which, to most eyes, concealed the negligence and fallacy of the details, Mr. Whitbread, on the contrary, with an unrelenting accuracy, laid open the minutiae of every transaction, and made evasion as impossible to others, as it was alien and inconceivable to himself. He was, perhaps, the only person whom Sheridan had ever found proof against his powers of persuasion; and this rigidity naturally mortified his pride full as much as it thwarted and disconcerted his views."

As might be anticipated between such minds, the collisions were frequent. On Sheridan's part they were embittered by the urgency of distress, and wounded pride. He could not comprehend the necessity of adhering to the letter of stipulations, or to the forms of business. His anxiety to interfere with the committee, in the building of the theatre, is exhibited with characteristic adroitness and wit.

* The offer made by the Prince of his personal services in 1803—on which occasion Sheridan coincided with the views of Mr. Addington, somewhat more than was agreeable to his Royal Highness.

in a long letter to Mr. Whitbread, (*Moore*, ch. xxi.) But the grievance which he most deeply felt was the refusal of an advance of 2,000*l.* on terms which must have anticipated the forms of business, and compromised the persons complying with such a request.

The object of this demand was to secure his re-election for the borough of Stafford; and to its refusal he attributed the failure of that object. This failure is to be regarded as concluding his career, and as perhaps the remote occasion of his death. Embarrassment, which had followed his steps through life, was now beginning to wreath the last crushing folds round its victim. The prospect of the 20,000*l.* had the effect of stimulating the activity of his creditors. Among his faults it was not one to be reluctant to pay; but it is the effect of imprudence, that it brings dishonesty in its train; so much of justice consists in the anticipation of a demand, that one entirely devoid of self-control and and precaution, will be unjust from mere want of care. The first fault appears only a defect in foresight, and the next, the necessity of circumstances. Such is the self-mystification which often refines away the grave responsibilities of life; yet we may add that Sheridan seems to have been so far actuated by a principle of honor that he would have paid to the full extent of his means. There is much in his position at this time, not very satisfactorily explained. It appears that there was still a balance over and above such of his debts as had been recognised by the Drury-lane committee; and there had been 20,000*l.* secured by the marriage-settlement already mentioned. The receivership of the duchy of Cornwall was a provision of itself, sufficient for moderate desires, and with this provision, it is not easy to conceive the state of total destitution which is implied in the histories of his life.

The result of this want of information is a most unwarrantable and unjust misrepresentation of the conduct and character of others. We loathe the task of recrimination and critical detection of errors in those persons for whom, in spite of dissent in politics, we entertain a friendly and respectful feeling. We shall, therefore, simply comment on the circumstances, without regard to statements and suggestions from which we disagree in no common measure.

They who pay a prudent attention to themselves are never neglected by the world or in want of that just concurrence in their objects which is given by the common sympathies of men. When a person seems rejected from the regard and assistance of those who were through life his generous and admiring friends and benefactors, some reasons of proportionable strength must be sought for; and there is nothing of this, in the vague generalities of Sheridan's historian. The whole case should be stated when the constancy, or the generosity of the Regent was to be impeached.

One of the common illusions of biography is the swiftness of transition occasioned by the crowding together on the same page, the events of years. During the latter years of Sheridan's life, changes had been taking place in his mind, which must have had the natural effect of rendering him less an object of sympathy or care, and which altogether destroyed the claims of equal and respectable friendship. He was felt to be one for whom nothing could be done—incurable in the infatuation which led him to bankruptcy, and kept him in distress. His friends had become slowly alienated from one whose habits had long ceased to be compatible with friendship, and he was but tolerated by the greater and higher portion of those who once saw reason to honor and admire him. His circumstances were not understood to be such as to make him an object of charity to the last mournful and humiliating scene of his life. And there was on the part of his noble and wealthy friends, no demand until long after the utmost term to which any feeling of friendship could have endured the degradation to which he had fallen. "The ancients, we are told," says Mr. Moore, "by a significant device, inscribed on the wreath they wore at banquets the name of Minerva. Unfortunately, from the festal wreath of Sheridan, this name was now but too often effaced." This is the melancholy truth, to which our purpose must affix less figurative language. Sheridan was degenerated into a confirmed drunkard; and, with all his amiability and talent, disqualified for the uses of life, as much by this disgusting and debasing propensity, as by his total unfitness for affairs. He could not sustain himself, and all the beneficence or friendship of romance itself could not keep him on his

legs. This is but the true comment on some score of anecdotes in Moore, Watkins, Kelly and Byron, &c. which would make a book in themselves, and constitute the whole authentic material from which any just portraiture can be drawn. Sheridan had one kind, indulgent and consistent friend, it was the Prince Regent, who never lost a reasonable occasion to serve him. But the habits of Sheridan were such as to neutralize the kind intentions of a friend whose rank made it impossible to follow into the recesses of dissipation one who had for some time ceased to have any existence beyond them—one who could not be trusted more than a child, to his own discretion, temperance or resolution for a few hours. The prince provided for him by a patent situation; he offered to bring him into parliament; he did not enter into the minutiae of his pecuniary affairs, but lie never was for a moment wanting in the will to relieve him, on the necessity becoming apparent. But poor Sheridan, while a consciousness of his own lost state made him rather avoid than seek the patronage of the prince, with the jealous inconsistency of his character, entertained a fretful and impatient sense of not being enough sought out. And this little proud sense of his former importance completed his estrangement from one who would have protected him with all his faults, for the sake of the past.

It has been with pain that we have forced ourselves to dwell thus far on a subject which it would be our natural impulse to touch with the tenderness and delicacy of Mr. Moore; but with our opinion we have no choice. It is indeed, a theme to awaken the most painful sympathy. In the strangely chequered records of genius, there is not another case of such deep and mournful contrast. The ascent of fame, fortune, public favour, and personal regard; the descent of poverty, degradation, and neglect; the mortifications which had so many high feelings to envenom them to the breast, and so many brilliant recollections to aggravate them. But the truth must not be lost sight of; there is not one to blame, but him who was an "enemy to himself."

In the year 1815, his health began to fail. We give the following extract from a letter to his wife, at this time—

"Never again let one harsh word pass between us during the period, which may

not be long, that we are in this world together, and life, however clouded in me, is mutually spared to us. I have expressed the same sentiment to my son, in a letter I wrote to him a few days since, and I had his answer—a most affecting one—and, I am sure, very sincere; and have since cordially embraced him. Don't imagine that I am expressing an interesting apprehension about myself which I do not feel."

His disorder arose from the united effect of hard drinking, which gradually impaired, and at last brought on a confirmed disease of the stomach—the progress of which was accelerated by the anxiety attendant on the embarrassed state of his circumstances. His powers of digestion decayed daily, though from natural robustness of frame, his strength long resisted the consequences of this eueebbling state.

In the spring of 1816, he was confined entirely to bed. The pain of illness was aggravated by the attacks of his creditors. The bailiffs obtained possession of his house, and in the horror and alarm of being taken from his bed, poor Sheridan was obliged to have recourse to the kindness of some of his friends. They to whom the application was thus made, did not fail to do all that could be done by money. Liberal assistance was also immediately offered through Mr. Vaughan, on the part of the Prince Regent. This was refused by the advice of Mrs. Sheridan's relations, and an answer returned that sufficient means were provided. In this, no doubt, they acted with a discreet regard to their own credit, and what was due to poor Sheridan. His distress was not of a nature to reflect much honor on any party, and still less on his own prudence; and it could not but be felt, that to one who had done so much, and endeavoured to do so much for Sheridan as the Regent, it would not be very reputable to admit the existence of a case of such total destitution. It would have been an implication of the mournful truth, that assistance and promotion were wasted on one whom they had not availed to redeem from the courses that had laid him thus low and degraded in his last moments. We say thus much, because the refusal of the Regent's kindness has been so stated, as to suggest that it arose from a spirit of most childish pride, and that it was coupled with implications of the most ungenerous and uncandid kind. Such implications can scarcely have been

thorised by Sheridan himself, but are to be attributed to the eager malice of party, for which no missile is too base to find some hand to wield it. We cannot help regretting that a fallacious view of this nature has found an echo in the credulity of respectable authorities, whom we shall not name in connection with it. Let it be enough to say that the Prince Regent never was wanting in kindness to Sheridan : but that his patronage was defeated by the infatuation of poor Sheridan. That, further, it was not to the last supposed, that pecuniary assistance was what he wanted ; nor was it imagined by any one of common sense, that he could be protected by any liberality against that imprudence which neutralized the most favourable circumstances of his whole life. Lastly, it was long felt that his character and mind had undergone the wreck of his prospects ; he was the shadow of him-

self, and had for some years ceased to be to his best friends any thing more than an object of pity and regret. In the statement of the biographer, the work of time does not always duly appear ; and when this brilliant prodigy of one day is suddenly contrasted with the melancholy ruin of the next, the reader is too apt to forget the sad gradations between.

Sheridan's state became known, and elicited the general sympathy of every rank. But no human pity could ward off the inevitable stroke of a mortal disease. A day or two before his death he was attended by the bishop of London, who read prayers at his bed-side. He died on Sunday the 7th of July, 1816, in the 65th year of his age.

His funeral was attended by persons of the highest rank ; and he was buried in Westminster Abbey, with the following simple inscription :

“ Richard Brinsley Sheridan,
Born 1751,

Died 7th July, 1816.

This marble is the tribute of an attached Friend,
Peter Moore.”

SONG.

The light breeze heaves, where the gay green leaves
With a fairy twinkling stir,
The merle's high throat pours a summer note
From the tallest silver fir ;
And far, and free, the fields rejoice
In the bright, bright noon of day,
And every greenwood hath a voice
That bids thee come away.

Thro' sun and shade, fresh bower, bright glade
And bank of tufted flowers,
Where bluebells gleam, in the glancing beam
From the noon of sunny hours—
Come fleet, and fast, and tarry not
While the summer moments flee—
To the wildwood—to the well-known spot
Come follow—follow me.

J. U. U.

I FIORELLI ITALIANI.—NO. IX.

CANZONE DI GABRIELLO CHIABRERA.

Alla bocca ridente della sua donna.

Belle rose porporine
 Che tra spine
 Sull' aurora non aprite ;
 Ma ministre degli Amori ;
 Bei testori
 Di bei denti custodite :

Dite rose preziose,
 Amoroze ;
 Dite, ond' è, che s'io m' affiso
 Nel bel guardo vivo ardente,
 Voi repente
 Discogliete un bel sorriso.

CANZONE BY GABRIELLO CHIABRERA.

To the smiling lips of his Mistress.

Beautiful roses !
 Swelling and rich and crimson dyed,
 Ye open not within your thorny bow'rs
 To the fresh morning's sunny hours,
 The treasures that ye hide :
 Ah ! no, Love's jealous guards, ye keep
 Your tireless watch for ever,
 I would your vigilance would sleep
 Sweet lips, that you would sever,
 And sometimes grant a lover's eyes the pride
 To look upon the pearly wealth ye hide.

Flowers beyond price !
 Where all day long Love basking lies,
 Say, wherefore, when my greedy sight,
 In ever sateless, ever new delight,
 Grows fixed upon the witcheries
 Of your ripe fragrant dewy charms,
 That kindle while they're swelling,
 Say wherefore when my bosom warms
 With Passion's fevered feeling—
 Sudden ye change, and with delicious wile
 Your coyness melts away into a smile.

Say do you smile
 In pity of a fond heart's pain,
 That only lives within your dimpling light,
 But droops and dies beneath the chilling blight
 Of your stern sweet disdain ?
 Haply in cruelty ye smile
 Upon the woe ye're wreaking,
 Still looking loveliest all the while
 A lover's heart is breaking.
 Unkind ! how can ye joy from day to day.
 To see my life ebb cheerlessly away.

Beautiful roses !
 Still lovely are ye in my sight,
 Albeit, I know not which the cause may be,
 Or sweet compassion, or stern cruelty,
 That makes you smile so bright.
 A poet breathes his song to ye
 In strains of new devotion,
 Culling all things that fairest be
 From heaven, and earth, and ocean,
 To shew by them how wondrous fair ye smile
 List to his lay and smile on him the while.

If shining streams

Gush o'er the bosom of some stilly vale :
If, when the eye of paly Morn is waking,
Some soft breeze, freshly from its night-thrall breaking
O'er the rustling herbage sail ;
If, in the varied colours drest
Of every bright-hued flower,
The green mead heaves her glittering breast
To the warm noontide hour—
We gaze entranced upon the scene the while
And straight exclaim, " Behold the fair earth SMILE."

When o'er the deep

The Zephyr wings his joyous flight
Now skimming the blue plains along,
He lightly bathes his foot among
The waters still and bright ;
So lightly, that along the strand
The tiny wavelets breaking
Scarce leave upon the golden sand
Their rippling sheen is shaking
The traces of their fairy footsteps flight—
Do we not cry, " How SMILES the ocean bright."

When solemn Night

Leaves the still heavens, if we behold,
Rising from out her dewy eastern bowers
Of lilies fair, and bright vermillion flowers,
The young Morn don her vest of gold ;
And borne upon her saffron car,
In ever tireless motion,
Thro' the blue dawning heavens afar
Circles o'er earth and ocean,
Lighting up countless lands, and seas, and isles,
Say we not then, that " Heaven in beauty SMILES."

Sooth it is so—

That the fair earth doth sweetly *smile*
When joy and plenty crowns her golden plains,
And *smiles* the lustrous heaven when blithful strains
Of airy birds ring through her depths the while :
Yet fair and beauteous though they be
With loveliness beguiling,
Oh ! what are they compared to ye
Sweet lips when ye are smiling—
Ah, when I gaze upon your dimples, then
Heaven, earth and sea are lustreless again.

IOTA.

NOTES OF A TOUR

BY ULYSSES O'GOMMELAK, ESQ.

NOTHING but the pressing and reiterated solicitations of practical and judicious friends, could have induced me to give publicity to these few and unpretending memoranda of a tour through the sequestered and picturesque valleys of my native ~~land~~ ^{country}. I am conscious that ably help and,

but lately I turned my mind to that difficult species of composition. I may, however, I hope, without the slightest appearance of vanity, apprise my indulgent readers, that I did not rush into this quarter of the literary arena, without preparing myself by a severe course of study, embracing not only some of the abstruse sciences, but also the poetical effusions of modern bards,

which had not heretofore engaged my attention, from causes not needful to mention in these preliminary observations. I may be peculiar in my sentiments, and the mere skimmers of literature will, no doubt, object to them, as denoting something of a morbid sensibility, but I candidly avow, that I do not consider that man fitted to be an author of any eminence, who does not prove to the satisfaction of his readers, by references, quotations, allusions, and occasional criticisms, that he has read much, thought much, and been conversant with the literature, not only of his own times, but of the æra, so far back as that denominated in Roman history, the golden age. I also consider it absolutely necessary that he should, on every fitting occasion, incidentally, as it were, introduce any matter, however extraneous to the subject in hand, by which knowledge may be increased, and the arts and sciences developed in a tangible form.

Acting upon this persuasion, I no sooner determined upon a summer's excursion, for the purpose of invigorating my mind, somewhat relaxed by the three years' labour of preparing my first publication for the press, than I began to make arrangements for its subserviency to the spread of general information. I accordingly passed the greater part of four months in my study, almost like the reverend hermit of antiquity—"unknown to public view," except when I rode out for a few hours every day, for the sake of health: or spent an odd week in the hospitable mansion of a friend, to whose kindness and liberality I am indebted for the perusal of many scarce and interesting works which my library did not afford. Delicacy to his feelings forbids me alluding to him by name, but I cannot forbear taking this opportunity of expressing my veneration for his talents, conversational powers, and public and private virtues, acknowledging also my obligations for the many valuable hints vouchsafed to me, from time to time, when I have consulted him on my literary prospectuses.

Having arranged my plan, I commenced a short course of botany, diversified with some astronomy and the rudiments of geology, conceiving those sciences to be the most improving and the best adapted to give spirit and variety to a literary composition such as I meditated. Neither, as I before hinted, did I refuse attention to the claims of poetry, remembering that a tourist

is always expected to have a poetical imagination, and must enrich his pages with either his own unpremeditated effusions in rhyme or blank verse, or with select and appropriate passages from the most celebrated Pegasus votaries, both ancient and modern. I accordingly lent a willing ear to the suggestions of a literary and accomplished female friend, whose name I am not permitted to expose to public animadversion, but whose taste, sensibility and endowments, are duly appreciated by that select circle which enjoys the gratification of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," inseparable from her society. This gifted lady earnestly recommended to my notice the works of the late great unknown—Sir Walter Scott—and with the liberality that distinguishes her every act, gave me *carte blanche* as to time, for the study of his standard performances, lent me from the shelves of her own boudoir, viz. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake." From these exquisite combinations of fiction and reality—fiction, as to the poetry: reality, as to the notes—I made copious extracts, alphabetically arranged under different heads, so that every object in nature can at once be supplied with appropriate mottoes, or illustrations, by merely referring, as in a dictionary, to the initial letters, thus simplifying, in a great degree, the difficult art of poetical quotation.

From the same beneficent source I was also indulged with the perusal of Childe Harold—a rather extraordinary production of the late Lord Byron—purporting to be a pilgrimage, though, in reality, nothing but an unconnected essay upon any thing and every thing, written in an affected style, with the appearance of great carelessness, between jest and earnest, so that it is impossible to know what it means, from beginning to end. There are certainly some noble sentiments beautifully expressed, which would lead one to suppose that he had a fine imagination, if he knew what to do with it, which, I rather suspect, he did not, poor man! He always seems to want to make himself unhappy, and it is apparent that he never quite succeeded, at least to his own satisfaction. But his *chapters* are very interesting—as a father's emphyry: and as a husband's thetic. From this noble *made few extracts, not in* rambling style suited *condensation so*

although to the cursory reader, there may appear a great difference between poetry and prose, yet the judicious and deep thinking will readily acknowledge that the difference is only apparent to the eye, not to the ear—the ear being that organ by which we judge of sounds, and sound is the very essence of both species of composition. In fact, there should be what painters call “a keeping” in everything; that is, the whole should be made up of parts corresponding one to the other, and there was so little in unison between his lordship's mode of expressing his thoughts and mine, that I conceived it most advantageous to both our characters, as candidates for posthumous fame, to be placed in *juxta* position as seldom as possible. At one time I had almost made up my mind to head that chapter of my work, entitled “The Departure” with his “Good Night,” but that intention was laid aside when I altered my plan to its present form, unshackled by chapters or divisions of any kind. Besides, as my projected tour was to be confined to *terra firma*, I conceived it might savour of affectation to introduce a sea voyage at the very outset, thereby giving an idea that I was partial to travelling by water, which, of all things, is most abhorrent to my feelings. I once took a trip, many years ago, from the Pigeon-house to Lambay, and my sufferings were of such a nature—needless here to be specified—that I resolved never again, unless under the most peculiar circumstances, to repeat the experiment.

Having thus prefaced my readers for what they are to expect, I shall at once have recourse to my notes, which were usually thrown together at random, after I retired to my sleeping apartment, and revised, corrected, and amplified, on my return to the humble roof, under which all my literary labours have been completed.

Tuesday—Stepped from my own door at Gomville, at seven o'clock in the morning, into the day-coach, bound for Dublin; no inside passenger but myself. There is something depressing to the spirits when first starting on a journey from the scene of our earliest recollections. A thousand conflicting thoughts rushed into the seat of memory, and I felt as if I were in the corner—the world forgot me, and I was soon dissipated by the wheels and the

mon to that mode of travelling. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the whole of the journey, except the rapidity with which we changed horses at one stage. In fact, I could scarcely conceive that we had stopped till we were again in motion. Weather fine; roads dusty; potato crop middling in some places, better in others; arrived in Dublin at half-past nine at night, more fatigued than if I rode the whole way, and glad, after ordering some refreshment, to get to bed in the Hibernian hotel, to which I was recommended by the friend hereafter to be mentioned, to whose hospitality, cheerfulness, and accommodating qualities I am indebted for many hours of delightful enjoyment.

Wednesday—Breakfasted in the coffee-room at half-past nine; then proceeded to Gardiner-street to transact business with my solicitor, Mr. —, the gentleman alluded to in the preceding paragraph, whose kindness, together with the affability of his amiable sister and daughter, I cannot sufficiently appreciate.

After considering the subject in all its various lights, I have at length resolved to drop the journal-style during my residence in the metropolis, where I was detained for upwards of a week, and to record my observations in one unbroken series, which, I conceive, will be most agreeable to the taste of the generality of my readers; at the same time, assuring them, that I have curtailed nothing but dates and notes of mere personal expenses.

I had not visited Dublin for many years, and I was pleased at the many great improvements and alterations since I last saw it. It is a city of great antiquity, deriving its name, according to Ptolemy, from the untimely death of a king's daughter, who was drowned in the river Liffey. It is surrounded by the Circular road, and adorned with many splendid public buildings, such as the Bank, late Parliament House; Nelson's Pillar, &c. &c. The College, a venerable pile, built by Queen Elizabeth, fronts College-green, where stands a statue of King William the Third, son-in-law to James the Second, sitting on horseback, surrounded by a neat iron railing; as you advance up Dame-street, you arrive at the Castle, inhabited by the Lord Lieutenant: it is situated exactly at the corner of Castle-street, next door to La Touche's Bank, and has two entrances, called the Upper and Lower Castle-yard, very convenient for carriages to go in at

one gate and out of the other, without danger of running foul of each other.

South of the river Liffey lies Stephen's-green, the largest square, for its size, in Europe, very neatly laid out in gravel walks and grass plats, as a play ground for children, many of whom, attended by their respective nursery-maids or other family domestics, may be seen walking or running there during a considerable part of the day. The same accommodation is afforded by Merrion-square, Fitzwilliam-square, Mountjoy-square, and the New Gardens, forming altogether an extent of promenade quite sufficient for the health and amusement of the infantine population.

Leinster House, now turned into the Dublin Society—a collection of curiosities from all parts of the world—demands particular notice. Each visitor is obliged to write his name in a book, kept by a man in livery, at the right hand of the entrance hall, but no money is demanded, the exhibition being very properly open, free of expense, to the public at large. The principal object of attraction is a fossil, that is, the skeleton of a large rein-deer, so called from its being driven in reins, like a horse, by the Laplanders, and fed upon Iceland moss, now generally ordered for pulmonary complaints. Mem—Fossil is a geological term for anything dug out of a ditch, Fosse being synonymous with ditch.

I regret that my numerous avocations did not allow of an excursion to the Zoological Gardens, in the Phoenix Park, a show of wild beasts very well worth seeing, as I am told, particularly a bear and some amusing monkeys, which last mentioned are considered by many philosophers to be the connecting link between the animal and human species, as the bat is between birds and beasts, and the sea anemone between plants and reptiles.

During my stay in this abode of the arts and sciences my time was spent most agreeably, being, by the unremitting kindness of the friend twice before mentioned, introduced to a select circle of acquaintances, many of them literary characters, some, indeed, ranking in the very first grade of talent, and all characterised by elegance of manner, propriety of deportment, and urbanity of demeanour. Under such a happy juncture of fortuitous events, I received much of that hospitality for which my countrymen are proverbial. Dinner followed dinner in

daily succession, while music and singing by the fair daughters of my hospitable entertainers, charmed away the tediousness of the evenings; and I can bear testimony, not only from my own experience, but from the account of others, that a more delightful residence than that afforded by Dublin and its environs, cannot be found on the surface of the habitable globe, whether we consider the beauty of its localities, the magnificence of its buildings, or the grace, taste, and talent of its fascinating inhabitants.

Having a good deal of unoccupied time on my hands in the mornings, I generally sauntered up and down Sackville-street, formerly called the Mall, for some hours, and in the midst of all the gaiety and bustle surrounding me, melancholy reflections would obtrude themselves on my mind, when I remembered what it was some forty years ago—the residence of our titled nobility and aristocratic commoners—*now*, alas! a heterogeneous mass of hotels, shops, and charitable institutions—the resort of hack jaunting cars, instead of the enamelled chariot and coroneted phaeton of my juvenile recollections. The same sad story may be told of all the other fashionable streets and squares. The splendid mansions of the peerage are either divided into small tenements or enlarged into spacious hotels, or left to moulder into premature decay; and birth, property, talent, and fashion, have winged their flight to the more fortunate shores of our sister island. The Union may truly be said, without any figure of speech, to have depopulated this magnificent city of its un fading beauty; and, like the Goths and Vandals of a preceding century, to have left ruin and devastation wherever it trod.

Let it not be supposed for one instant, that I am a Repealer. By no means. I have never changed my opinions, which were those of Pitt, Castlereagh, and other meteors of our political atmosphere; and though I mourned over my country's dismemberment, when it was made part and parcel of the British empire, by leaving the harp shorn of the crown; and though I did, like a third Hannibal, mutter denunciations loud and terrible against the ruthless enactment, yet, when there was no help for it, I calmly acquiesced in the measure, and am prepared to defend it with my pen, whenever called upon to come forward by the proper authorities.

Wednesday—Having concluded all my arrangements, I was ready, soon after breakfast, to accompany my friend, with his amiable sister and accomplished daughter, who, much to my gratification, had offered to be the companions of my tour, to the Rail-road, which we destined to be the first stage of our journey, the jaunting-car, with our luggage, being sent on, some hours before, to take us up at Kingstown.

The Rail-road—a modern invention, for quick travelling—is a most astonishing instance of human ingenuity. It comes as near the perpetual motion as can be conceived; nor do I see why the principle, properly followed up, should not infallibly lead to that result. It is entered by a flight of steps in a house adjoining to a large Popish Chapel, frowning with ominous blackness upon the College Park. Payment for seats is received at a counter, where you get a ticket to insure your passage, and you are scarcely fixed in the carriage when off it goes, with a noise like thunder and the swiftness of the lightning's flash, over high and low ground, through the sea, and under subterraneous passages. The rapidity of motion is so great that the most striking parts of the scenery vanish before they are observed. I was able to catch but a transient glance of one of those fortifications, built some years ago, by his Majesty's government, for protecting our coast from a French invasion. They are admirably adapted for that purpose, both by strength and situation, but I have been greatly surprised that their name has been so generally misspelt, mispronounced, and misunderstood. There are few, even among the well-informed, who do not spell the name Martilla or Martella, and fewer still, who can tell its derivation. My fellow-traveller, who, for general information, cannot be excelled by any of his cotemporaries, when pressed by me upon the etymology of the name, as pronounced by him, suggested that it might be derived from the French word *martel*, signifying a hammer, as they were intended for giving hard blows by firing cannon balls. This was ingenious, and I gave him a great deal of credit for the liveliness of his imagination, but he was amazingly delighted, and took a memorandum of it in his note-book, when I set him right on this disputed point. The substance of what I said to him, may, for the sake of brevity, be shortly summed up as follows:—The buildings in ques-

tion should be spelt and pronounced Myrtillo towers, so called from a tower at Myrtillo Point, in Corsica, taken in 1794 by the English, the model after which ours were built. It has been objected by some persons that, pronounce the name as you please, they are, and always were, very useless things. My talented fellow-traveller certainly leaned to this opinion, and, without absolutely taking up the gauntlet in their defence, I argued somewhat in their favour, particularly for the one more immediately under consideration, on, I conceive, tolerably strong grounds, viz. that in case of an invasion on the eastern coast, the most expeditious mode of reaching the capital would be employed by the invading army. The rail-road would, therefore, be their object, which, being commanded by such a fortification, might, instead of expediting their march, put a stop to it entirely.

After a drive of seventeen minutes, stoppages included, we were landed safely, in good health and spirits, at Dunleary, or Kingstown, as it is called since the reign of his late Majesty, George the Fourth. We stopped there but for a few minutes, to inspect the Pier, a kind of wall of very simple architecture, running a short way into the sea, and then ascended our vehicle, bound for the town of Bray, in the neighbourhood of which we had an invitation to spend the day and night. The road was magnificent, broad and smooth as a bowling-green in many places, while nothing could equal the surrounding scenery, for beauty, verdure, and sublimity. To our left rose the lofty summit of Killiney, crowned by an obelisk that seems to gaze with giddy rapture on the bay expanded before it, and to exclaim, with Childe Harold,

“Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll.”

I had often heard that the bay of Dublin was equal, if not superior, to the bay of Naples, but never before did I fully believe it. It is impossible to form a conception of its bold and romantic features. The Hill of Howth and Ireland's Eye, resting on the placid bosom of the sea, burst splendidly upon the view, and relieve the vast horizon, by their picturesque outlines. The only difference that I can conceive worth mentioning between it and its foreign rival, is Mount Vesuvius, which, after all, is merely a phenomenon, more curious than useful, if one may

judge by the pictures ; and, let it be remembered, that pictures always give a flattering resemblance of every object in nature. It is a burning mountain that shoots out red-hot stones to a great distance, and emits a geological substance in a liquid state, called lava, very destructive in its operations. This lava hardens after some time, and makes excellent vineyards. It is also useful in another way, having given rise to most instructive speculations concerning the age of the world, which is infinitely older than is generally supposed. Indeed, I may here incidentally remark, that geology has done more towards the development of the human understanding, by the discovery of old bones, than any other science whatsoever. Very respectable divines consider its testimony much superior to that of Moses, unless by the very probable hypothesis, that where he uses the word "day," he always means a thousand years. Yet, after all, that admission will scarcely save his credit, for, "magna est veritas," that is, "great is truth," and the truth has come out, viz. : that it would take a million of years to make some primitive rocks, and that it required a great many deluges to form the different stratifications in the bowels of the earth ! Now, this may well be called a wonderful science. To be sure it has all the freshness, and therefore, the vigour of youth, about it, being hardly advanced beyond its infancy. It likewise possesses another great advantage, that of being entirely based on theory—a very prolific source of discovery in ingenious hands. After all, it simply acts upon the principle of the great Archimedes—a very extraordinary man in his day, who invented burning glasses. "Give me," he used to say, "only a fulcrum for my lever, and I will move the world." "Give me," says geology, "only as many millions of years as I want, and I will make the world." Fulcrum and lever are terms in natural philosophy that need not here be explained ; it will be sufficient to say, that lever means a poker, and fulcrum the bar of the grate.

I confess I was greatly interested in the study of geology, and I shall most probably advert to it again in the course of my tour ; at present I shall dismiss it, by informing my readers, that two other burning mountains, called volcanoes, have been discovered by enterprising travellers, viz. : Etna, in Sicily, and Hecla, in Iceland ! in the land of

ice !! ice enough to freeze the frozen ocean !!! It is an undoubted fact, strange as it may sound. It is one of those phenomena that geology alone can account for, and I doubt not but we shall soon receive most interesting information from that quarter, respecting ante mundane strata of boiling water, each bearing the impress of its age and date. To return to the bay of Dublin.

We lost sight of this stupendous object in a short time, being shut out by the ground rising and falling in gentle undulations. The country was thickly sprinkled with villas, whose luxuriant plantations often peeped above the high stone walls surrounding them. I had not much opportunity of adding to my *hortus siccus*, or making any minute research after cryptogamic plants, as I never left the car, the day was so insufferably hot ; but I remarked many fields spangled with the lovely *Bellis perennis*, and the road-side exhibited a profusion of *Senecio vulgaris*, with some specimens of the *Digitalis purpurea*.

At length, we reached Bray, a delightful village, exhibiting many national traits, built upon a river, which is crossed by a bridge. The soil in the neighbourhood is evidently alluvial, and the inn appears to be a building of some magnitude. Brayhead, a rugged and rather shapeless mountain, rises somewhat abruptly on the left of the town. I am told that, on a clear day, there is a very fine view from it, which I can readily imagine, as it is much higher than the circumjacent country, the other mountains excepted.

Being naturally curious about derivations, I sought for information concerning the origin of the name, but in vain. I at first imagined that the neighbourhood might be famous for its breed of asses. However, that hypothesis was denied on authority that scepticism could not doubt ; so I must leave the Gordian knot to be untied by some more adventurous antiquarian.

Here, again, I experienced a recurrence of that hospitality which is so grateful to the lonely traveller. Myself and companions were sumptuously entertained by a most interesting, amiable, and accomplished family, consisting of a father, mother, three finely proportioned sons, and four lovely, syphic daughters, inhabiting a rose-embowered villa, at a short distance from the high road, but quite near enough to enjoy all the variety usual to such a

proximity. Before candles were introduced we had a splendid view from the drawing-room windows of the azure vault, thickly studded with shining gems. This naturally led to a conversation on astronomy; I pointed out to my fair audience the Great Bear, and explained to them the difference between the twinkling of a fixed star and the steady light of the planets. I was sorry not to be able to find Orion, but I repeated for them that beautiful line,

"Orion's studded belt looks dim,"

with which they were exceedingly delighted. On the whole, I seldom remember to have spent so pleasant an evening, among such a number of ingenuous young persons, all anxious to improve their minds by useful and ornamental knowledge.

Thursday—Bid adieu, after partaking of a most comfortable breakfast, to our estimable host and hostess, and their no-less-estimable scions, with many good wishes and compliments on both sides, and proceeded at once to the celebrated Dargle.

This romantic spot is a road running alongside of a tolerably steep hill, planted with stunted oaks, from which a zigzag path leads to the bottom, where a limpid stream murmurs over jutting rocks, and soothes the mind to contemplation—an exercise of the reasoning faculties very beneficial, when moderately enjoyed. We took our seat on a wooden bench in a kind of old summer-house, that seems once to have been ingeniously stuffed with moss, and after resting there for half-an-hour, enjoying the shade formed by the roof of our humble domicile, we braved the fervour of the noontide sun, and,

"with fainting steps, and slow,"

at length reached a rocky excrescence, called "the Lover's Leap."

This is, I should imagine, the highest point of the Dargle, and the leap would be considerable, but that the fall must be broken, at a few feet from the top, by the thick branches of the trees, growing immediately under. Sappho, an ancient Grecian lady, was the first to set the example of such desperate folly—for folly I esteem it—if not absolute madness. Fair and gentle, and gentle-as-you-are-fair, readers, do not mistake me. I am no enemy to love; far from it; I esteem it the purest of all our feelings, but there is reason in every thing, and where there is not, nothing reasonable can be expected. In fact, the want of that most necessary ingre-

dient in the human composition, has been the origin of all the "lover's leaps," whether situated on the verdant plains of Marathon, or the rocky glens of our own romantic island. To prove my unprejudiced opinion to my fair companions, with whom I had some interesting conversation on the subject of love, I read to them, from my commonplace book, which, by great good luck, I had in my pocket, the following exquisite lines, under the head "shepherd:"

"In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warrior's steed."

For the information of future travellers, I think it but fair to mention, that somewhere in this locality, the noblest view is to be obtained of Sugar-loaf, an appellation it well deserves, being exceedingly like its namesake, in everything but colour. As to its brother-mountain, called Little Sugar-loaf, I must take the liberty of protesting against the assumption of that title—it might just as well call itself little teachest. However, I am not one of those carping critics who quarrel with names. I agree with the Avonic bard, who observes,

"A rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet,"
and why not a mountain too.

Our route was next directed to the Waterfall, where nature may be said to stand in her most independent attitude. Several deer were running through the park, and a young man, with a straw hat, drab trowsers, and a fishing rod, was briskly ascending a rocky eminence, while, slowly and leisurely, the tiny mountain-rill pursued its even way down the sloping declivity, as if regardless of the presence of any living creature, till, in frolic mood, it dashed itself into a thousand sprayed particles, some few feet before it joined its kindred element in the streamlet beneath.

Waterfalls are among the constituent portions of the sublime and beautiful. There are many of different sizes in Europe, but the greatest in the known world is that of Niagara, in Canada. As well as I remember, a whole lake goes over at one leap, without stop or impediment. This is not so wonderful, after all, as everything is on a large scale on that continent. The rivers are large; the mountains are large; the forests are large; and the alligators, a species of crocodile, worshipped by the Egyptians, are enormous.

I had almost forgotten to mention that there is an empty banquetting house,

approached by a rustic bridge, which we were not permitted to cross, without an order, a circumstance regretted by the whole party, as we were naturally desirous so see all that was worth seeing in a place so celebrated. But, the immortal Shakspeare says—"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flow, leads on to fortune;" so, we resolved to try our fortune somewhere else, and accordingly turned our horse's head to Luggelaw.

Our journey now assumed a different aspect. We soon experienced some of the inconveniencies and hardships attendant upon the explorers of secluded scenery. The road presented a succession of hills—hill after hill—till the eye was fatigued with looking upwards. I never was partial to much walking, and, I confess, I was heartily tired before my esteemed friend, who was very careful of his horse, invited me to resume my seat on the jaunting car. Some miles of tolerably level ground succeeded this multitudinous ascent, and I was inwardly congratulating myself that my toils were over, when we were again ordered to dismount, as the road now led down a steep declivity, to which there seemed to be no end. The walk was not, however, as fatiguing as the former one, the road being shaded by thick foliage, while a gentle breeze from the lake refreshed our drooping spirits. At length, we reached the object of our wishes. It is by no means an uncomfortable house, at least for a temporary visit, like ours.

We were shown into a very respectably-sized room, where we soon made ourselves comfortable with a basket of provisions, supplied by the munificence of our Bray friends, whose kindness and hospitality I cannot sufficiently appreciate or too often acknowledge. I never enjoyed a thing of the kind so much. Our fare was excellent—cold ham and chickens, mutton pie and cream cheese, with a pint of excellent sherry and some bottled ale. I felt so thoroughly refreshed, as to enjoy a walk with the ladies, to the sandy shore of the lake, encircled by hill and dale, while their prudent relative stayed behind to see his horse fed. Our conversation was lively, though bordering on the sentimental. My fair associates were both persons of refined taste and extensive reading, and they at once detected my plagiarism, when pointing to a high rock, rising to the clouds in sublime perpendicularity, I exclaimed with enthusiasm—

"Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

This lively sally produced a mellifluous torrent of poetical quotation from all parties, till we were so wrapt in Fancy's magic mantle, that we absolutely started at the sound of my friend's loud halloo, summoning us to resume our journey. It reminded us of the horn of James Fitzjames, and at the moment we should have felt no surprise, had a man started out of the bushes, and cried "Saxon, I am Roderick Dhu."

Certainly, Luggelaw is situated most romantically lonely, and, with a little exertion, might be rendered perfectly inaccessible. It may also be well called "meet nurse for a poetic child;" for I remarked in the Album, kept to record the names of the visitors, several very spirited effusions in rhyme—the greater part well worth rescuing from their oblivious solitude. I did not add to the collection, though pressingly intreated by my fellow-pilgrims, but contented myself with merely inscribing my name, together with those of my amiable companions, adding a few simple expressions in admiration of the surrounding precipices. I cannot conclude my description of "these dark solitudes and awful cells" without assuring the botanist that he will be highly gratified by the profusion of cryptogamic plants, clothing the rocks and embellishing the shores. I gathered a very fine specimen of the *crisanthemum leucanthemum*, and one very scarce plant of the class *pentandria*, that I never met with before.

The evening shadows were extending themselves over the unruffled surface of the dimpled lake, like saddening thoughts stealing over the contemplative memory, when we prepared to mount the Alpine ascent. I had fondly entertained a hope that some other way of egress might lead from this subterraneous excavation, but I was disappointed. We had to retrace our footsteps—literally footsteps, as my worthy and philanthropic fellow-traveller was particularly desirous of saving his horse, a very strong animal, who could have trolled up the hill with a heavier load than our united weights could average—and when we arrived at a village called Roundwood—I suppose from some circular plantation in its proximity, though I was too much tired to make any inquiries after it—where we purposed remaining the night—I merely sat up till I swallowed some

mutton chops, hastily undressed, and then embraced my pillow, with a degree of comfort only known to those who, like me, and Childe Harold,

"Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome,
Drooped as a wild-born falcon with clipped wing."

Friday—Left my downy couch about seven o'clock, considerably recruited after a continuous slumber, unbroken from the moment I laid my head upon the pillow, till, roused by my active friend, whose buoyant spirits always inclined him to take time by the forelock. After "adoring the cosmetic powers," as Pope figuratively expresses the common occurrence of putting on one's clothes, I descended to the *table d'hôte*, or *salle à manger*, as the French designate the breakfast table, and found my fair *voyageurs*, each, as I assured them, the personification of "a fay in fairy land," ready equipped for prosecuting our tour. The breakfast was quickly despatched, and we again resumed our vehicle, filled with the most delightful anticipations of the pleasures awaiting us.

Our destination was the vale of Glendalough; or, as it is more appropriately designated—the Seven Churches—from the remains of seven edifices of that order of architecture occupying the space so denominated, with irregular intervals between them. Nothing can equal the Alpine effect of the first view. Mountain towers over mountain, and the vale sweetly blends with the secluded lake, that rests in the extremity of a rocky amphitheatre, like the "sorrowing sea-bird" in the peaceful covert of its mother's nest. A thousand retrospections rushed upon my memory, as I entered the precincts of this enchanted ground, all tinged with a melancholy cast of thought. I repeated, unconsciously, to myself, "Adieu, thou dreary pile!"—then, "Ye distant towers, ye antique spires!"—then, audibly and distinctly,

"If you would see fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight."

Some minutes elapsed before I could give my attention to the four guides, who offered to show us the curiosities, and, indeed, they had so much to show and tell, that it was impossible to take in all the information as quickly as it was given. A good deal of fabulous matter was mixed up with well-authenticated facts, which the judicious antiquary rejects, as unworthy a place in his memoranda. I shall, therefore, confine myself to what is instructive,

and leave the rest to be gleaned by the lovers of legendary lore.

Ireland was once the most learned, the most civilized, and the most polished nation in the known world. Various monuments of her ancient splendour remain to this day to attest the fact, if it should be questioned by sceptical ignorance. The Vale of Glendalough is, in itself, a proof that the arts and sciences were not unknown to us at a very early period of ecclesiastical history. Witness the ruins that have survived the wreck of time, rearing their heads in this most secluded nook of nature's wide domain.

The edifices are remarkable for extreme simplicity of design and a certain plainness in the architecture, quite Spartan. There is, in particular, a very curious stone roof still standing, perfectly devoid of adventitious ornament, and challenging admiration by its chaste severity. The soil, I should conceive, rather swampy in wet weather, and the proximity of so many mountains must conduce to a considerable humidity of atmosphere. But the object of greatest interest, where all is interesting, is one of those circular elevations, called round towers, which have set at defiance the researches of the most acute antiquaries, challenging investigation, and, at the same time, smiling contempt on the puny efforts that would unravel their Eleusinian mysteries. They have been the subject of ingenious and peculiarly delicate inquiry, yet nothing satisfactory has been elucidated concerning their date, or the *uses* for which they were built. I have marked the word *uses* in italics, to prepare my readers for a little hypothesis of my own, which I venture to put forward with modesty, and yet, at the same time, with that degree of boldness, such as originality of any kind is entitled to indulge in. I say, therefore, that perhaps we shall never gain the right clue to this labyrinth of conjecture, while we obstinately persist in supposing that they were intended for any *use*. Why not throw off these shackles at once, and, taking a wider range in the field of speculation, inquire whether they were not simply meant for ornament? for the picturesque termination of a vista! like Pompey's pillar, or the Wellington testimonial, or the obelisks and pillars of ancient and modern times! I candidly confess, that in my judgment, this not improbable hypothesis solves the whole difficulty; for, consider what I have

before said about Ireland at that distant period—renowned for her progress in literature and civilization, far beyond the neighbouring countries. In such circumstances, may it not be easily conceived, that she would not expend all her wealth and ingenuity on the mere cravings of necessity, but would extend her aid to the gentle call of ornamental embellishment? It is the natural process of growing prosperity in every nation under the sun. First, appears the cottage with its woodbined lattice; next, the comfortable slated house; then, the castellated tower; then, the sumptuous palace; and when all the population is provided with tenements suited to their means, ever-creative and ever-restless fancy luxuriates in the construction of all kinds of *useless* buildings, in the Grecian, Roman, Elizabethan, Gothic, and Saxon orders of architecture.

But, I would not deny that these round towers, besides being primarily intended as picturesque objects, might not also be put to some use, as occasion required. They would make excellent belfries. They might be used as lumber rooms for the friars; and might serve as places of defence against the incursions of the numerous hordes of predatory savages that swarmed all over the face of the country. Nay, I fear, that in that gloomy time, when popery reigned predominant, they might, on an emergency, be converted into a living tomb for those unhappy victims, who, "for three long years," like the unfortunate Constance de Beverly, in Marmion,

— "bowed my pride
A horse-boy in his train to ride."

I expect to raise a host of criticizing hornets about my ears by this casual disquisition, but I have made up my mind to that kind of thing. From the very first, I was resolved to set reviews and reviewers at defiance, taking example by the celebrated Horace, who on something of a similar occasion, adopted the following aphorism for his motto:—"Populus me sibilat, at mihi, plaudo ipse domi."—A sentence hard to be translated, so as to make good English and good sense, at the same time; but it means, "the people hiss me, but to me I applaud it in my own house."

As for the legends of St. Kevin—pronounced Cavan—I consider them as apocryphal, and beneath the notice of the scientific traveller, except by a

very cursory allusion. The story of his savage conduct to the interesting young woman who was fool enough to fall in love with him, stamps him as a bigot; and I think it tells badly for the magistracy of the county at that time, that such a flagrant offence—nothing short of manslaughter—should be passed by unpunished. Even in those days, when priests and friars may set the law at defiance with impunity, yet some stir would be made about so gross a violation of public decency. The newspapers would take up the cause of injured innocence; and though it would all end in smoke, and the matter be hushed up by both Houses of Parliament, still a certain degree of odium would attach to the perpetrator of such unmanly wickedness.

I did not chuse to hazard my neck by going into the hole in the rock, overhanging the lake, which he fired upon for his bed. In fact, I felt too much disgusted with his character, as developed in the foregoing anecdote, to wish to know more about him:—and I was not a little astonished to be told by the younger of my fair companions, that our national poet—Ireland's most gifted child—had eulogized his ruffianly conduct in a musical composition. But a Latin proverb says, "omnibus hoc vitium est canonicibus," that is, "this vice is in all singers,"—and whatever is so general cannot be condemned in an individual—particularly an individual so celebrated for morality, decency, and mellifluous numbers.

I must not pass over an ornithological phenomenon in this deserted vale, which is, that no sky-lark will sing within its precincts. The first intimation I ever had, that solitude affects the spirits of birds pretty much in the way it works upon the human constitution.

We were so interested with this ancient monument of sterility and gloom, that we hovered about it for upwards of an hour and a half, and then bid it adieu, with feelings of unmingled pleasure, nearly allied to what the poet must have felt when he said

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still, for ever fare thee well."

Time did not permit us to explore the, I suppose, profound abyss of the Devil's Glen; but we were pointed out the direction in which it lay; and also that of the Meeting of the Waters—a most luxuriant scene of

combinations, where the last rays of feeling and life are ready to take their departure, and mingle hearts in peace—where the purest of crystal and brightest of green, fade before the soft magic of streamlet and rill, and the presence of friends makes every dear scene of enchantment more dear—where, in short, there is always something more exquisite still to improve the best charms of nature.

I hate plagiarism in any shape ; and therefore, notify to my readers, that the preceding paragraph, beginning at "last rays," and ending with "charms of nature," is but a transposition into prose, of one of the tenderest canzonets of our lyric bard, in praise of the Vale of Ovoca, the Meeting of the Waters, and reflected looks.

These contemplations, together with the heat of a noon-tide sun, induced a kind of pleasing stupor over my senses, which made me, in a great measure, regardless of time or passing objects, till I was roused from my reverie by the cheerful voice of my hilarious friend, recommending me to inspect the Glen of the Downs, which we were just entering. The umbrageous foliage was very grateful, and the steepness of the acclivity on one side verging close upon the romantic. The village of Delgany, which I did not see, is contiguous to this agreeable spot, and is, I understand, a collection of cottages very tastefully arranged. In this place we met with an adventure, by the horse starting at a picturesque looking beggarwoman, who, with her three children, suddenly extended their hands and raised their voices in supplicating attitude. Part of the harness gave way, the horse pranced a little, and we were all obliged to alight, not a little displeased with the cause of our sudden disaster. My friend was loud in his indignation, and I said some strong things, seeing my fair companions very considerably alarmed. But, "sweet are the uses of adversity," as some poet finely remarks. The mendicant meekly offered her assistance, which was thankfully accepted, when she produced a strong piece of pack cord, and offered it to tie up the fractured leather. In a few minutes we were again in travelling order, and left the glen at a rapid pace, followed by the benedictions of the eleemosynary wanderer and her offspring, whose involuntary fault was rewarded with the gratuity of some halfpence.—Mem. The strata of rocks seem to lie in a

very confused manner, as if tumbled about by some convulsion of nature—most likely an earthquake. I forget whether it was in the Glen of the Downs or the Vale of Glendalough that I remarked mica to be the predominating geological mineral.

The road now assumed a smiling aspect. A closer approximation to my old acquaintances, the two sugar-loaves, disclosed new beauties on their verdureless summits. Hill and dale, streamlet and grove, cottage and hall swept by in tranquil succession. I refer to the well-known optical delusion which makes things at rest appear in sliding motion, as you are going in the opposite direction—till, precisely at twenty minutes before five, just in time to make some attempt at a toilet before dinner, we arrived at Lucca, the elegantly rustic seat of the amiable family, to whose hospitality we had before been so deeply indebted. A loin of the finest veal I ever saw sufficed to gratify my simple taste, without encroaching on the other delicacies of the season, which crowned the festal board. The port was excellent, and altogether I seldom made a heartier dinner. The evening was spent in improving conversation. I was drawn out by the young people, who were anxious for information upon all points connected with the sciences of astronomy, botany, and geology. I was again greatly disappointed at not being able to find Orion. However, at their particular request, I repeated "Orion's studded belt looks dim," and I explained the difference between a fixed star and a planet—the former twinkling very perceptibly, while the latter shines with a steady light.

May I be permitted here to remark, though it may make a little episode, that astronomy is a most astonishing science. Without its assistance we should never have known any thing about light or heat, and might have supposed the moon to be very unlike what it really is. To the uneducated eye she appears to be bright, but astronomy incontestably proves her to be quite dark, and to have mountains exactly like our own. The planets also are remarkable for curiosities, particularly Saturn, whose ring is a most extraordinary production. It is supposed to answer the place of an atmosphere ; but no good hypothesis has ever yet been formed for Jupiter's belts. Mercury is so near the sun that cold water is an ingredient not to be found there—

all the water is boiling hot. And Venus is remarkable for nothing but her beauty, which her name well expresses, being called after a heathen goddess, much celebrated for regular features. Very little is known of Mars, except his red colour, which proceeds from causes not yet discovered.

This, and much more I told to my interesting and interested juvenile audience; besides dissecting a splendid specimen of the *Digitalis purpurea*, which they only knew by the common name of fox-glove; and shewing the two long and two short stamens, by which I satisfactorily proved it to belong to the class called *Didynamia*, signifying two long and two short. I found they had never considered the subject of geology; so I merely gave the grand outlines of the science, in a few words, explaining the meaning of the terms primitive, secondary, antemundane and stratification; and just as the clock struck eleven, I wooed "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"—in other words, I took my candle, and went to bed.

Saturday.—Rose at half-past eight; and before breakfast, which was not on the table till ten, arranged some of my notes in methodical order—a work not without its difficulty, considering the various subjects they were intended to embrace. The gratification, however, of adding even my mite to the extension of useful knowledge, repaid the toil.

The country round Lucca abounds in natural and artificial beauties, well worth the observation of the naturalist—but we were satiated with variety, and preferred the repose of a well-furnished drawing-room, and the lively interchange of colloquial repartée to the society of the "woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom accords with my soul's sadness." We accordingly remained in the house the whole morning, and at half-past four, after partaking of an early dinner at three, bid a final adieu to Lucca and its hospitable and fascinating inhabitants; feeling very indescribably what the poet so ably expresses, when he says—"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow."

By the advice of our judicious entertainers, we returned by a different road; and by that means had the pleasure of passing through the enchanting little valetudinary village, called Enniskerry, where I remarked a very tolerably furnished butcher's stall, and a few flourishing evergreens in little courts before one or two small looking

houses, the residence, evidently, of people in a respectable line of life. There is no striking feature in its immediate neighbourhood, till you arrive at the Scalp, where nature sits arrayed in her wildest and most picturesque costume.

I cannot describe the Scalp—it is beyond my powers of portraiture. It would be presumption in me to attempt it. The effect of its bold and irregular proportions is quite stunning. While gazing at it, the mind is bewildered in a chaos of conflicting emotions—viz: surprise, terror, admiration, dismay and fear. Imagine a gigantic quarry, worked by a thousand steam engines, till the very inmost recesses of the mountain are thrown open to public view—and the mail-coach road running right through the mis-shapen mass, perfectly smooth, and defended from all accidents by a parapet wall, on the side next to the precipice. It is a splendid specimen of natural curiosities, superior, I have an idea, to the so much talked of Giant's Causeway; inasmuch as there is an appearance of design in the one, from the regular shape of the pillars, which must take off considerably from the romantic effect.

The youngest of my fair fellow-travellers, who has a very enquiring mind, asked me whether I thought the action of fire or water had caused this disruption of the mountain, and I answered, without a moment's hesitation—neither—resolving the whole into an ante-mundane formation, which must have taken millions of years to bring to its present state of perfection. I shewed her that there was not the least appearance of volcanic matter, neither lava nor cinders in its entire locality: nor is there any outlet for a body of waters capable of committing such devastation, without taking a very circuitous route to the sea where it is generally supposed all rivers have a natural tendency to empty themselves.

I therefore speak of its ante-mundane constitution with considerable decision; and if any fossil remains of carnivorous animals, such as hairy elephants, could be found there, experience would put its ipse dixit on it at once. In the mean time the millionaire hypothesis decides the matter. It is really a most beautiful system, which enables us to work in the dark with unerring certainty, "to dive," like Hotspur,

"Into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never reach the ground,
And pluck up drowned honor by the lock."

the honour of science, too long obscured by lending a credulous ear to the testimony of records, that the wisest and the best still most unaccountably persist in receiving as the only standards of truth.

Left the Scalp behind, with many a sublime recollection; and proceeded on our way metropolisward, through a country without any remarkable attraction, except the sterility of its rocky surface, and the profusion of the *Bellis perennis*, lending its aid to enliven the scene, with here and there the *Crysanthemum leucanthemum* expanding its glittering bosom to the refreshing breeze. Howth and Ireland's Eye again demanded our admiration by their abrupt appearance, and then, "like maiden coy," veiling their charms by the intervening angle of some projecting promontory, or the envious screen of a young plantation. The villages of the Golden-ball and Stepaside possess no intrinsic beauty. Their fame must depend on their locality; and I therefore leave them in their primitive simplicity, "unhousell'd, unanointed, unanealed."

After passing the latter village, we had a magnificent view of the ruined castle of Kilgobbin—a structure of massive architecture, well adapted to defend its former inhabitants from the depredations of the mountain banditti. While contemplating this venerable pile, my thoughts were in a moment hurried back to the feudal times; and I could almost fancy—fancy is a most imaginative operation of the thinking faculties—I could almost fancy that I saw the ancient lady of Kilgobbin, in her wimple and her veil, pacing the battlements, while she touched her *Æolian* harp with a fitful hand, and cast many an azure glance in the direction from which she expected the return of her armour-clad lord, with his bannered followers. I had no opportunity of examining its donjon keep, or exploring its other intricacies, for the sun was tinting the western horizon with his

golden canopy; and the horse had picked up a nail, which threatened to impede our progress very considerably.

Cullenswood, memorable for the massacre of a pic-nic party from Dublin, on black Monday, by the ambush of a large body of rebels, is a combination of various sized houses and high stone walls, presenting no interesting object to arrest the attention of the classical tourist. I therefore simply marked the name in my tablets, and hailed it with pleasure on account of its proximity to the end of our eventful journey. This was at length accomplished. I was, in due time, dropped at the *Hibernian* hotel, in tolerable health and spirits, though, I confess, somewhat fatigued, as the increasing lameness of the horse put us to the great inconvenience of walking much more than I contemplated on undertaking the excursion.

Sunday.—Went to church,—dined afterwards with my truly estimable friends, the companions of my romantic tour. Parted from them at ten o'clock.—"Sweet to the sweets, farewell"—with mutual good wishes and pleasing reminiscences on both sides, and retired to bed, after making all necessary preparations for my homeward expedition on the following morning.

Monday.—Rose early; paid my bill, and stepped into the coach, which I had again all to myself. Slept a good deal, and without any adventure worth relating, found myself, late in the evening, set down at my own door. I will not now dilate upon the flood of recollections that rolled their tumultuous waves simultaneously across my memory at that interesting moment. Suffice it to say, that I was a moral personification of the lay of the last minstrel; and I repeated with emphatic pathos, as I threw open the door of my parlour—

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

THE SCOTIC CONTROVERSY, AND THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY'S PRIZE ESSAY.*

SOME time since, the Highland Society of London offered a premium for the best history of the Highland clans. The essay of Mr. Skene, Fellow of the Society of Scottish Antiquaries, proved the successful one; and the Highland Society, deeming it worthy the attention of the public, requested that it might be printed. The essay, enlarged and improved, has accordingly issued from the press, and taken a merited place among the many ingenious and learned dissertations on early Scottish history. But while we grant the praise of ingenuity and erudition to Mr. Skene, we are compelled to say, that his essay is only the last example of partizan ingenuity, and one-sided erudition.

Some account of the Scottish controversy will not be unacceptable; for, as Pinkerton says, "to any man who, with Democritus, delights in laughing at the madness of mankind, there cannot be a greater feast than the perusal of the Scottish and Irish contest on their origins;" and, as we would add on our own account, to any man who, with ourselves, is anxious for the elucidation of truth, there can be no stronger incitement to promote a rational mode of investigation, than an exposure of the follies and contradictions of those who have hitherto pursued the irrational method of postponing the collection of materials to the formation of theories, and who, instead of giving their aid to the publication of the only records from which there remains a chance of eliciting the truth, have spent their time, and exhausted their talents in babbling and quibbling over meagre texts, and inconclusive evidences.

Before giving any account of the controversy, it will be necessary to state the case out of which the dispute arises. The Highlands of Scotland are at present inhabited by a people who speak the Irish language, retain Irish habits, and refer themselves to an Irish origin. An Irish colony is known to have passed over from Ulster to Scotland before, and about, the beginning of the sixth century. And prior to the settlement of this colony, the

greater part of Scotland is known to have been inhabited by a people called Picts or Picks, of whom we know little farther than that they were probably of the same family with a race of people inhabiting the north-east of Ulster, from a very early period. These are the facts as they stand. We now proceed to review the various deductions which national jealousies have drawn from them from time to time.

However disagreeable an Irish alliance has latterly become to our Scottish neighbours, it is certain that while both countries remained unreformed, their common hostility to England prevented any jealousy between them on the score of antiquity, and that the Scotch not only admitted, but plumed themselves on their descent from this country. The question, which is now the plaything of ingenious men, originated in a grave national controversy, arising out of the claim of Edward the First to the Scottish throne, so far back as the end of the thirteenth century. The grounds of the English king's claim may now excite a smile; but in those uncritical days, Pope Boniface the Eighth deemed them worthy the best consideration of the Holy See. They were, that Edward being lineally descended of Brutus, Lochrine, &c. was consequently of the older royal stock in Britain, and so possessed a supremacy over the Scottish crown—an argument which will remind the Irish historical reader of the preamble to that famous act of Henry the Eighth, which recites the supremacy of the English crown in this realm in right of King *Gurguntius*. "To which," says Cox, "might be added that *Bayon*, from whence the Irish pretend to come, was part of the king's dominion, so that either way his majesty was their natural prince and sovereign!" Such as the argument was, however, the Scots, as Innes says, "would not be behind hand with him in that neither, on account of the pressing occasion they had, in that juncture, not to have the Scots thought in any ways inferior to the English, in so honourable a pre-

* The Highlanders of Scotland; their Origin, History, and Antiquities; with a sketch of their Manners and Customs, and an account of the Clans into which they were divided, and of the state of society which existed among them. By William F. Skene, F.S.A. Scot. 2 vols. London: Murray. 1837.

rogative as that of an ancient monarchy." They accordingly advanced before the Pope that the Scots had also a long succession of kings from before the incarnation ; to which Baldred Bisset, their agent, adds, that of these, six-and-thirty monarchs had been Catholic, before so much as the introduction of Christianity into England. This, Innes confesses he cannot fathom, "since at that rate the Scots would have had Christian kings before the time of Christianity ;" from which he reasonably enough concludes, that the Scottish Antiquaries "knew nothing yet certain about the beginning of the monarchy or Christianity among them."

They were not, however, to be long without more particular, if not more accurate information ; for Fordun's *Scotchronicon* appearing about the year 1386, reduced this fabulous monarchy to order, and invested each imaginary potentate with a name. Instead of an uncertain epoch for the beginning of the Scottish monarchy in Britain, varying from seven to three hundred years before Christ, Fordun fixed his commencement at 330 years before the incarnation, assigned the name of Fergus Mac Ferchart to the first sovereign, and settled the succession from him to Fergus Mac Erc, (the first admitted Scottish or Irish king in Britain,) through a certain series of five and forty monarchs. Fordun is said to have been a learned and an honest man ; but that he was certainly in error, is now admitted on all hands—the blame being thrown on those fanciful genealogists whose invention had probably been called into activity by the necessities of the controversy with King Edward. Fordun was followed by Hector Boetius, (Boece, or Boyce,) a native of Dundee, who studied in the University of Paris, about the latter end of the fifteenth century. Boece clothed the skeleton which Fordun had tacked together, with flesh and muscle—gave it an air and countenance, and fitted it for humane society. Princes, who, for the most part, owed their existence to the credulity of Pope Boniface, and their names to the ingenuity of John Fordun, now stepped forth from a barbarous obscurity, invested with characters and manners, and individualized by virtues and vices. The authorities relied on for this important addition to the meagre details of Fordun, were certain manuscripts of supposed writers, called *Veremundus*, *Cornelius Historicus*, and

John Campbell, said to have been discovered in the ancient royal chartulary of Iona. The investigation of the claims of these alleged authorities by Innes, in his Critical Essay, is one of the most ingenious pieces of British criticism, and is quite conclusive as to the fact that they were forgeries—we say "were," for soon after their employment by Boece, they disappeared from history. The object of the forgery remains in some doubt, though, from the numerous examples of wicked princes dethroned by their subjects and nobles, and the general inculcation of popular principles throughout the work, it has been very plausibly conjectured, that the whole was the contrivance of some of those concerned in the factions against the monarchical authority in those days, who, "like Annius of Viterbo, another famous impostor, who lived at the same time, have in all appearance first forged, upon John Fordun's chronicle, new histories of Scotland, under the names of *Veremund*, *John Campbell*, &c. and then conveyed them so cunningly to the place where they were found, and supposed to have been long preserved, that both the nobleman who sent them, and Boece who made use of them as genuine records, were equally imposed upon."

As Fordun had furnished materials to Boece, in 1526, so did Boece to Buchanan, in 1570 ; and the elegant latinity of this last writer may be considered as investing the creatures of Bisset's imagination with their final attributes. Two and forty generations of kings, (absolute non-existences, and cousins of Garagantua,) now stood forth, in classic habits and imposing array, distinct with proper characteristics, pregnant with historical examples—their exploits vividly commemorated—their misfortunes touchingly set forth—their orations most faithfully recorded—their reality undisputed, and thought to be indisputable. National vanity, gratified by the exhibition of a royal succession, reaching back from the then possessor of the Scottish throne, in uninterrupted series through the heroes and sages of better than eighteen centuries, could afford to leave the higher antiquities of the system undisputed. The glories of forty extra kings atoned for the necessity of an Irish origin ; and since Fergus the First could not be severed from Simon Break and Milesius, the Scotch, better satisfied to have the most ancient monarchy in the world

on this condition, than not to have it at all, universally admitted the claim of Scotia Major (Ireland) as the parent state. So that, up to this period, it was not questioned that the Scottish people, almost to a man, were the descendants of an Irish colony; and, indeed, so necessary was this hypothesis to the whole scheme and fabric of their high antiquities, that a particular account of the extermination of the entire Pictish people, by these Irish colonists, formed one of the most prominent features in the whole forgery.

But "a ferment of doubt," to use the words of Pinkerton, was at length "to be thrown into the ancient history of Scotland, which was in time to make it run off clearer and clearer, while the dregs of fable sunk to the bottom." In 1639 appeared Usher's *Antiquities of the British Churches*, the noblest monument of Irish learning yet bequeathed to us. If the whole fraud was not laid open here, as fully as in after times by Innes, it was rather because such a mind as Usher's preferred the simple statement of truth to the entangled dissection of fable. Whatever more important facts have stood the test of subsequent discussion, and stand to this day, meagre it is true, and as yet insufficient for the foundation of more than a modest conjecture, these are here set forth as lucidly as they appear now after two centuries of examination by the ablest men in both islands. They are chiefly these, 1st, That whatever settlements the Dalriadic Scots may have made along the western shores of North Britain, before the time of Fergus, the son of Erc, in the beginning of the sixth century; *this* Fergus and not Fergus son of Ferchart, was the first king of the Dalriads, although so low down as forty-first on the imaginary lists of Boece and Buchanan. 2d, That in the time of Columba, the kingdom of the Dalriadic Scots embraced Iona. And, 3d, That the Scottish conquest did *not* amount to an entire extirpation of the Pictish people. Civil commotions following close on the publication of Usher's work, drew public attention from the investigation to which it had thus widely thrown open the door; and although Sir Robert Gordon of Straloch expressed his doubts of the Boetian fable pretty broadly in his letter to David Buchanan, in 1649, and Sir Robert Sibbald started the theory of the lowlanders being still a remnant of the Pictish people, in his *History*

of Fife, about 1680, it was not till 1685, upon the publication of O'Flaherty's *Ogygia*, that Usher's arguments in the hands of Lloyd and Stillingfleet, began to take effect upon the public mind.

The promulgation of opinions so derogatory to their transcendental antiquities, raised, as might be expected, a strange commotion among Scottish writers. The honor of the country was thought at stake. Truth, under such circumstances, was an affront. Sir George Mackenzie, the king's advocate, flew to arms, and hanging out his banner from "the enchanted castle of old fable," prepared to hold the fabricated bulwarks of Boece against all comers. Dalrymple, Anderson, Dr. M'Kenzie, Abercrombie, Simpson, Hay, Buchanan, Crawford, Gordon, and Scott, successively took the field, or threw themselves into the garrison of fiction. Religious discord mingled with national antipathies—Celt, Saxon—Pict, Scot—Iona, Rome—Presbyter and Bishop—the battle raged—till Innes, 1729, going to work with a clear judgment, and a love of truth superior to passion for country, raised such a battery of facts and authorities against the Boëtian blockhouse, as shortly levelled the whole fabulous fabric with the dust, and left those who had hitherto sheltered their vanity behind its imposing ramparts, without a cobweb to cover them from the arrows of Saxon scorn, on the one hand, or, what was much more afflicting, of Irish patronage on the other.

Zealous Scots were at their wits' ends. To grant a Milesian origin to their dynasty, while that dynasty was the most ancient in Europe, was no great hardship; but to admit their descent from a mere Irish colony of the sixth century, was not to be thought of. There were but two ways of escaping so dire a calamity—1st, either to adopt a hint originally thrown out in Lloyd's *Archæologia*, in 1707, and next year eagerly followed up by Dr. M'Kenzie, in his *Lives of the Scottish Writers*, and assert that the Scots had proceeded to Ireland from North Britain, and not to North Britain from Ireland; or, 2dly, to amplify the theory of Innes, and, falling back upon the long despised *Pictish* dynasty, get rid of the modern Fergus and his Irish connection altogether.

Of these two sophisms, the first was earlier and more eagerly adopted. It

exalted the Scotch, and mortified the Irish at the same time ; so that it is not surprising it should have had numerous supporters. First after Mackenzie came Maitland, 1757, "a bitter enemy of Innes, of Ireland, of the Picts, and of himself." Next came Goodal—he, in his introduction to a new edition of Fordun, 1759, amplifies the conjecture of Lloyd into the astounding proposition, that Scotland was the *Hibernia* of Strabo, and that Ireland was wholly unknown to the ancients, till the time of Vespasian !—that consequently Scotia Major was North Britain, the old Scots genuine Caledonians, and Ireland a North British colony ! No one describes this absurd fellow so well as Pinkerton :—"His book is a violent piece, fraught with contemptible scurrility, low prejudice, small reading, and gross error. He talks like a master, when he is not even a scholar, and dreams he knows every thing, when he knows nothing." This North British theory—"this favourite plant of ignorance"—to continue the strong language of the Gothic champion—"was dunged afresh by the Macphersons" in the following year. And certainly so rank a compost of falsehoods has not been applied before or since, to force the growth of an exotic in the soil of history. James Macpherson, the forger of Ossian in 1760, puts forth, in 1762, a dissertation on his own forgery ; and for the consolation of Highland pride, pining over the explosion of the Boëtian fable, proves from these evidences, fabricated by himself, this other fable which is equally absurd with, but infinitely more dishonest than, the first—a forgery upon a forgery—a lie built on an imposture—a combination of impudence and dishonesty, unparalleled in the history of literary partizanship.

And here for a while the historical question was lost sight of, in the eagerness with which the learned of Britain contended for and against the claims of Ossian as a poet. Blair, Hume, Kames, even Adam Smith, were carried away by a sublime genius, which all must acknowledge, but which is only the more dangerous for that sublimity when serving, as it does, in the ranks of falsehood. The honor of the first protest belongs to us. O'Connor's Dissertations, published in Dublin, 1766, opened the opposition. The great Dr. Johnson followed on the same side, in 1774. Macpherson bullied—the Doctor wrote him a letter,

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which is among the best of his performances :

"Mr. James Macpherson,—I have received your foolish and impudent letter. Any violence that shall be attempted upon me, I will do my best to repel, and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall do for me ; for I will not be hindered from exposing what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian. What would you have me retract ? I thought your work an imposture—I think so still ; and for my opinion I have given reasons, which I here dare you to refute. Your abilities, since your Homer, are not so formidable ; and what I hear of your morality inclines me to credit rather what you shall prove, than what you shall say.—S. JOHNSON."

Shaw next assailed the forger, 1781 ; and in 1785, appeared at Dublin the "*Ogygia Vindicated*" of O'Flaherty, in which the historical inaccuracies of the fiction are clearly exposed ; but Whitaker having adopted the poems as evidences in his *History of Manchester*, 1771, and Clarke and Smith, both Highlandmen, having published in their favour, in 1778 and 1780, the balance of public opinion could be scarcely said to have turned, until in 1786, the Enquiry of Young, bishop of Clonfert, appearing in the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*, gave a decided preponderance to the sceptical side. Campbell, in his "*Strictures*," in 1789, redoubled the blows of the bishop ; and at length John Pinkerton, falling on the battered fabricator whom he had at first supported, literally tore him limb from limb, and scattered Ossian to the winds. Still, in order to make the cheat more manifest, Laing thought it necessary to prefix to his *History of Scotland*, in 1804, a dissertation on the poems of Ossian, in which he proves, from Macpherson's own admissions, that he had no original. But this was a blow too much, and more than Highland pride could stomach ; it brought out the minister of Aberfoyle, 1807, with an essay in which the objections of Laing are sought to be refuted, and the old hoax in all its absurdity revived. Graham's reply was followed close by Sir John Sinclair's "*Poems of Ossian*," in the *Original Gaelic*," the crowning imposition, and destined to be the final proof of the imposture. The "*original Gaelic*," on examination, turns out to be no more than a *modern Gaelic translation of Macpherson's English*, palmed upon the credulous baronet by some

dexterous rival of the original forger. An Irish writer, in 1766 had had the honor of first flinging down the gauntlet to the impostor—it remained for an Irish writer in 1829, to administer the *coup de grace* to the executors of the forgery. The essay of Doctor Drummond, in the seventeenth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, has stripped the last rag of probability from the back of the Highland felon, and Macpherson now stands forth "*latro famosus*," a knave of the first magnitude, naked to the gaze of historic reprobation.

The second, or, as it may be called, the Pictish sophism, which, indeed, is to a great extent contained, although not insisted on, in the North British theory, is better grounded. It owes its origin to our own Usher, who in 1639, as we have said, first demonstrated the existence of a remnant of the Picts, so far down as the twelfth century. Sibbald, in 1680, ventured next to hint at the existence of Pictish blood in the lowlands, in his own day; and Innes, a clear and reasonable writer, in 1729, carried out Sibbald's conjecture so far as to conclude "that the bulk of the Scottish commons are as well the offspring and race of the Picts, as of the Scots;" and to this extent, (notwithstanding Henry of Huntingdon's statement, that in his time, the middle of the twelfth century, "the Picts seemed then to be so far extinct, and their language so utterly destroyed, that all that was recorded of them in ancient history, appeared a mere fable,") most reasonable men at the present day will be willing to go; for as the world grows older, and historic examples accumulate, this fact becomes every day more apparent, that to effect the extermination of a people, especially if they inhabit a mountainous country, would be almost as impracticable as it would be impious. Still, when Innes goes the length of hinting at a preponderance of Pictish blood in Scotland, we cannot help thinking that even he has been carried away by an over-anxiety for that honor of the Scottish crown, which he so frequently

protests it is an object of his essay to maintain. The more comprehensive sophism, however, which maintained that Picts and Scots were equally Caledonians, was so much better calculated to gratify national vanity, and was so long propped up by Macpherson and his advocates, that no Scottish antiquary cared to build upon the theory of Innes for many years after. Left in apparently undisputed possession of the field, the Highland party daily increased in insolence and absurdity, until in an evil hour for the cause of imposture, their folly provoked the great John Pinkerton to enter the arena. Then might be seen such a prostration of the Gael, as had not been equalled since the battle of Harlaw. Seers and Sennachie, kicked out of their misty pretensions, lay grovelling on every side—the ghosts of Lodi shrieked in their airy halls—nor could all her kilts protect Macpherson from such visitations of the Gothic foot, as sent him howling beyond the Grampians. Pinkerton believed the Highlanders to be Irish, and, therefore, he hated them with the more perfect hatred. That they were braggadocios and impostors would, indeed, have been sufficient to ensure them a reasonable amount of rough treatment at his hands, under any circumstances; but to be convicted of an Irish origin, as in Pinkerton's opinion they clearly were, filled up the measure of their condemnation, and left no room in the breast of the indignant Goth for the least effort of pity. The lash of ridicule, and the stroke of denunciation—the whip and the club alternately, lacerated and crushed them. But there is a dash of humour through Pinkerton's most bitter passages, that disarms even the sufferers—

"The Sennachie's mode of study," says Martin, in his description of the Western Isles, "is very singular. They shut their doors and windows for a day's time; and lie on their backs, with a stone upon their belly, and plaids about their heads; and their eyes being covered, they pump their brains for rhetorical encomium, or panegyric."

* This is a fact—the mode was practised in Ireland, down to the beginning of the last century.

"Whene'er he verses would compose,
Above all postures this he chose—
On's back he did extended lie,
Gazing upon the vaulted sky;
On's belly lay a poudrous stone.
Which made him pant, and puff, and groan,
And often cry ochone, ochone!"

—*Hesperinesographia*, (See also introduction to *Clairmont*)

"Surely," says Pinkerton, "Martin had the second sight; and the prophecy relates to the Macphersons. *The stone must be ignorance, the plaid prejudice.*"

As for the Highlanders,

"They are mentioned," says he, "in minuter annals and memoirs, as concerned in thefts and riots; but in solemn narration, not one name of a Highlander is to be found in the whole history of Scotland after the year 1056."

Yet he won't allow the Macphersons the sorry consolation of being even Highlanders—

"Macpherson, it is perfectly known, means the son of the *parson*, and it is probable that only the Lowland *priests*, who were sent to the Highlands, were called *parsons*—a Lowland term."

How enraging it must have been to the author of Ossian, to have his origin traced to a Saxon priest! But, it will be asked, how did Pinkerton reconcile his Irish antipathies to the admission that the Scotch Highlanders are all of Irish descent? Thus: he estimated the Highland population at 400,000; that of the Lowlands at upwards of a million; and while he made little of the Highlanders in number, he looked upon them as perfectly contemptible in intellect. But the Lowland character he revered highly, and thought that if he could rescue that part of the Scottish population from the imputation of an Irish descent, he could well afford us our pretensions to the remainder, and wish us joy of the acquisition. He, therefore, maintained that the ancient Picts, so far from being exterminated, had remained in possession of the Lowlands of Scotland, from the time of Kenneth Mac-Alpin, to his own day; that the Pictish language was the old Gothic dialect of the Lowlands; that the Picts themselves were Goths, distinct alike from the Irish Highlanders, and the Strathclyde Britons; and that whatever was respectable in Scottish history, was Gothic in origin and characteristics.

Pinkerton's work drew forth the "Caledonia" of Chalmers, a voluminous advocate of the school of Innes. Chalmers is not so unreasonable in matter as in manner. He carelessly speaks of his work as "the amusement of his winter evenings," and presumptuously proclaims that this toy of his leisure (3 vols. quarto) has left no difficulty unexplained, no obscurity unelucidated, no knot untied in Scottish history.

This indiscreet complacency threw Pinkerton into an indescribable fury.

"That a man," he exclaims, "without a shadow of learning, and whose pursuits had, even to his old age, been political and mercantile, should suddenly attempt themes only fit for the most profound erudition, is, indeed, a phenomenon. But, as ignorance is insensible of its own ignorance, it is the less wonder that a writer whose quotations show that, far from writing, he cannot even read Latin, should not only engage in a task so foreign to his little means, but should have the presumption to judge his judges. The plagiarisms are so gross that no man of any tincture of learning, or of that candour which always accompanies it—no man, sensible that he was writing in a learned age, and under the eyes of learned judges, would have ventured on the smallest of them. But the naked and unconscious impudence of real, stark, stubborn ignorance, is proverbial. The ostrich hides his head, and thinks no one sees him."

Notwithstanding this tirade, Chalmers has not sunk; and although there are difficulties in the way of identifying the Picts with the Welsh, in which he follows Camden, Lloyd, Iunes, Guthrie, and Hume, and in which he has been followed in our own day by Betham, yet we cannot but think this theory much more feasible than either the Gothic one of Pinkerton, or the Gaelic one of the Macphersons.

We have shown that to shake off the Irish connection, or at least to reduce it to the slenderest thread, has been the uniform object of Scottish writers, ever since the explosion of Boece and Buchanan. This antipathy to the Irish, so far from having been worn out by its own abortive efforts, or modified by time, continues still to actuate the Scotch. Its last and most extravagant effort is the essay before us. Pinkerton had carried it to a considerable length, in rescuing the entire Lowland population from our claims of kindred blood, and even he was satisfied to leave us our colony beyond the Grampians; but the Highland Society and Mr. Skene, not content with wiping out all remnants of an Irish descent from the plains, would now rob us of the entire Highland population also, and so extinguish every trace of Scottish blood out of the very colony and kingdom of the Scots! They are all Picts *south* of the Grampians, cried Pinkerton; they are all Picts *north* of the Grampians, cries Mr. Skene; they are all Picts, Highland and Lowland,

echoes the Highland Society ; and so, in spite of Claudian, Orosius, Isidore, Gildas, Bede, and the chronicles, the stigma of an Irish descent is wiped off from Scotland, hill and plain! We proceed to examine the arguments by which Mr. Skene endeavours to fix a Pictish origin on the Highlanders. The following summing up of the evidence in his own words, embraces all the relevant parts of his argument, and gives ample opportunity for judging of its correctness, or the contrary.

"In the first place."—He says, "it has been shown that, from the earliest period down to the end of the fifth century, that part of Scotland which extends to the north of the Friths of Forth and Clyde, was at all times inhabited by a single nation, termed by the Romans at first Caledonians, and afterward Picts.

"In the second place."—It has been proved that, in the beginning of the sixth century, an Irish colony arrived in Scotland, and obtained possession of the southern part of Argyle, and that during a period of 340 years, the territories and the relative situation of the two nations of Picts and Dalriads remained unaltered.

"In the third place."—It has been proved that, during this period, the Picts were divided into two great nations, the Dicaldonians, Cruithne or northern Picts, and the Vecturiones, Piccardach or southern Picts; that the northern Picts inhabited the whole of the mountainous part of the country, with the exception of the Dalriadic territories, consisting of southern Argyle alone, while the southern Picts occupied the plains; that, in the year 843, the Dalriadic Scots conquered the Piccardach or southern Picts, but that their conquest was confined to that branch of the Pictish nation alone; and that, while the northern Picts probably assisted the Dalriadic Scots in that conquest, their situation was, at all events, not in any respects altered by it, but, on the contrary, that they remained in full possession of the north of Scotland.

"In the fourth place."—We have proved that the northern Picts occupied the whole of the Highlands as late as the end of the ninth century. We have shown that they spoke the same language, and bore the same national name as the Highlanders did; and, lastly, we have traced the Highlanders, as in possession of the highland districts, up to the very period in which we had previously found these districts inhabited by the northern Picts.

"These facts, then, supported as they are by evidence of no ordinary description, leads us to this simple result, that the highlands of Scotland have been inhabited by the same nation from the earliest period to the present day. And that while the tribes composing that nation have uniformly styled themselves Gael or Albanich, they have been known to the numerous invaders of the country under the various appellations of Albiones, Caledonii, Picti, Dicaldones, Cruithne, northern Picts, Reddshankes, wild Scottis, and Highlanders," v. 1, p. 86, 87.

The first proposition is directly against the testimony of Bede and the Annalists, from whom it is certain that an Irish colony (whether Attacoti or not makes little difference) had settled on the western coast of north Britain before the arrival of Fergus Mac Erc.* The question is of small importance in the present enquiry, and we therefore pass the proposition over, subject only to a reservation in favor of the truth, if it should be necessary to fall back on it hereafter.

The second proposition which limits the original possessions of the Dalriadic colony to the southern part of Argyle, and denies any extension of those limits for a period of 340 years, is denied, both major and minor. Let us proceed to examine by what arguments each assertion is sought to be supported.

To determine the extent of the Dalriadic settlement, it is necessary first to ascertain the position of a certain range of mountains, called in the authorities *Drumalban*, and *Dersau Britannie*, of which the one is no more than the Latin form of the other, both signifying alike the ridge or back of Britain; perhaps the back-bone of Britain would come nearer the peculiar meaning than any other expression. This ridge of mountains is admitted, on all hands, to have been the eastern boundary of the kingdom of Fergus. It is also admitted to be the "Mons Mound" of Girald Cambrensis, to whom the tract "*De Situ Albanie quæ se in figuram hominis habet*" is ascribed. He compares Scotland to the shape of a man; Argyle being the head and neck; the "Mons Mound" the body; the rivers *Tay and Spey*, diverging from the "Mons Mound" the legs; and the mountains of

from the rest of Scotland, and which, to use the words of Mr. Skene, "must therefore have consisted of two ridges, the one branching from the south, and the other on the north." But the term *Mound* is applied to at least one of these, as well as to the ridge running between the sources of the Tay and Spey; for it is distinctly stated that the "*Mons Mound*" divides *Caitness* through the middle (*dividit Cathanensem per medium.*) We have, therefore, to enquire whether the *Dorsum Britannicæ* is to be identified with the range extending from *Caitness* on the north, to the highlands between Argyllshire and Perth on the south, or with the range of the Grampians running east and west, or with both. In the *Regiam Majestatem* it is clearly applied to the Grampians; "gif anie dwell beyond their places or bounds (i. e. betwixt Forth and Drumalban) in Murray, Ross, *Caitness*, Argyre, or in Kentyre," &c.; but, in Buchanan, Monypenny and others referred to by Mr. Skene, it as clearly belongs to that "long range of hills commencing at Loch Long, and running up the centre of the island, until it is lost among the mountains of *Caitness*," (p. 30.) because these alone fulfil the condition of separating the rivers which run into the eastern, from those which run into the western sea, the great characteristic of Drumalban according to the above writers. It is clear that the author of the tract, "*De Situ*" considered Scotland to be broader than long, or he would not have represented the body as running east and west; and, as his geographical knowledge is not likely to have been worse than that of preceding ages, it would seem fair to suppose that the same had been the opinion of the original namers of Drumalban, and that the Grampian range is the *Dorsum Britannicæ* *ναρ' εχοντι*, while the actual back of Britain, according to the true geography of the country, had received the same name, as a supposed subordinate branch. Thus the northern Pictish provinces, spoken of by Beda as those "quæ arduis atque horrentibus Montium jugis ab Australibus eorum sunt regionibus sequestratæ" had clearly for their boundary Drumalban proper, according to this distorted idea of the shape of the country; while it is equally clear that we cannot understand Drumalban as the boundary of the territory, as it would be the north of

Scotland, between the German Ocean and Irish Sea, whereas Fergus's kingdom was bounded by the Irish Sea only. We must, therefore, understand the Drumalban which bounded Dalriada to be that supposed subordinate ridge already mentioned, which, however, is the real back bone of North Britain, running north and south from *Caitness* to Loch Lomond. The kingdom of Fergus would consequently comprehend all Argyle, Western Inverness, Ross, Sutherland and the islands. An ardent Dalriad might still insist on taking the Grampians as the line, and thus extend the conquest over all *Caitness*, Inverness and Moray, subject only to the objection above; so that, in contenting ourselves with the subordinate "Mound" as our boundary, we may fairly lay claim to a degree of moderation not very common among antiquaries. But what ridge does Mr. Skene adopt? Not the Grampians, as may readily be supposed. Neither does he take the line of the Mound from *Caitness*; for his object is to preserve Inverness and Ross to the Picts, at all hazards; and to choose the boundary we have taken would be fatal to him at the first step. Does he then adopt some other mountain range more answerable to the conditions of the question? No; but he takes the *southern half* of the line we have adopted—the lower arm of the figure of Cambrensis—the only portion of the whole system which is not mentioned by name in the evidence; and which is received as a subordinate part of the system, only because it is in connection with the mound of *Caitness*; not adopting the whole from the evidence of a part; but adopting one part on the very strength of the claims of another part which he rejects. It will naturally be asked on what evidence does he ground this separation? The reader will perhaps smile when we say, by endeavouring to destroy these very claims on the evidence of Beda and Walafrid Strabo from whom he quotes, to show that the district north of the Linnhe Loch—his point of separation—had never been out of the possession of the Picts.

The passage from Beda has been so often subjected to criticism, and has in particular been so ably handled by Innes, that we are rather surprised at Mr. Skene bringing it forward as admitted evidence. It is where, speaking of Iona, about the year 731, he says, "Quæ videlicet insula ad jus

quidem Britanniae pertinet, non magno ab eâ freto discreta, sed donatione Pictorum qui illas Britanniae plagas incolunt jamdudum monachis Scotorum tradita, eo quod illis predicantibus fidem Christi perceperunt," (l. 3, c. 3,) purporting that Iona "belongs (naturally) to the dominion of Britain from which it is separated by an inconsiderable arm of the sea; but that it was long since bestowed on Irish monks by the Picts who inhabit those coasts, because by their preaching they had received Christianity." If the Picts continued to inhabit the mainland opposite Iona, in the time of Bede, it is indeed a strong argument for their freedom, so far, from any incursion of the Dalriads; and, although a quibbler might say that it was possible for some Picts to remain about the coast, while the Scottish settlers passed behind and beyond them, such a conjecture, unless supported by powerful evidence, would be unworthy of a fair enquirer, and therefore we are compelled either to admit the fact, or dispute it as it stands. Now, it is certain beyond controversy, that Bede, although followed in the assertion by Wigorn and Henry of Huntingdon, and probably referred to by Walafrid Strabo, whose testimony, as that of a foreign verifier, we hold in no account whatever, is *wrong* in point of fact, when he states that Iona was given to Columba by the Picts. He speaks generally, and does not name the donor. But Tigernach, who although a more recent, is a much more accurate annalist, and the collector of the Annales Ultonienses, and the Four Masters all agree in stating, particularly and explicitly, that the island was bestowed on him by *Conall Mac Comgall*, king of the Dalriadic Scots, his kinsman. (Vide Tigern. ad an. 574; ann. Ult. ad an. 573; Q. Magist. ad an. 572.) When we consider that the accuracy of Tigernach is so great as to correct numerous errors of Bede, for example, with regard to the eclipse of 664, the death of Columba, &c., (See O'Connor, Rer. Hib. v. l. Proleg. 11, p. 137.) it is not surprising to find Usher declaring at once in favor of the Irish version; (Eccles. Brit. Antiq. p. 703) especially as the inconsistencies of Bede's story have themselves been sufficient to raise the serious doubts of Mabillon; "Non satis constat Bedam ait Scottos in Britanniam advenientes, ad maris sinus partem septentrionalem sibi locum patriae fecisse,

l. 1, c. 1.; et tamen Hiiensem insulam a Pictis Sancto Columbæ donatam fuisse, l. 3, c. 4, (Mabillon Annal. l. 8, n. 8, p. 210;) as well as of his own learned editor, T. Smith, (see O'Connor. n. ad an. 574. Tigern.) Besides, the whole tenor of Adomnan and Cummin goes to show that Columba got immediate possession of the island, which he could not have done had its acquisition depended on a tedious conversion of the Picts. Without the support of such a fact, we would hesitate to put forward a verbal criticism; but when the substance of the passage has been looked on with distrust by such men as Usher, Innes and Mabillon, we may venture on impugning its construction with a better grace. Bede, it will be said, might be mistaken in the historical fact of the island being bestowed on Columba by the Picts, but he could scarcely be mistaken in the local fact of Picts inhabiting the opposite coast in his own time. Now, first, it is an awkwardness into which an accomplished writer would not be likely to fall, to say of coteremporaries that they were the actors in a transaction which is said to have taken place two hundred years before; and, secondly, there could be no more likely error than for a transcriber to write *incolunt* for *incolunt*, the circumflex making all the difference of past and present; so that it is not, perhaps, too rash a conjecture to surmise that the true reading has been "donatione Pictorum qui illas Britanniae plagas *incolerunt*"—who inhabited those coasts; and thus, by bringing the two assertions of donation and inhabitation into the same category, get rid of both.

The evidence of Bede is, therefore, not to be confidently relied on, and that of Walafrid Strabo, if we are to respect the opinion of Colgan (Triad. Thaum. p. 496, n.) hangs on the same thread. But even though the evidence were positive, and so far unshaken, we would rely upon an authority which, under any circumstances, must be conclusive with regard to Ross, the very stronghold and "*Officina Pictorum*" of Mr. Skene. If he has seen the passage he ought to have noticed it; if he has not, he has gone to his task without sufficient reading. It is from the life of St. Cathroe, where the author who wrote, as Innes, who quotes the passage, so early as the tenth century, describing the progress, "Fluxerunt sibi proximum tr

Insulam, quæ nunc Iona dicitur impleverunt. Nec satis, post pelagus Britannæ contiguum perlegentes, per Rosam amnem, ROSSIAM regionem manserunt." (Colgan v. 1, p. 495.) "Afterwards passing over to Iona, they (the Scots) filled it. Nor satisfied with this, crossed the strait to Britain, and, going beyond the river Ross, settled in the region of Ross." "*Manserunt*" settled and stayed there, a conclusive testimony.

It is clear, then, we must take the whole mountain range from Caithness to Loch Lomond, as the Drumalban of the Dalriads; for, excepting the evidences stated above, Mr. Skene has nothing to establish his fanciful limitation of the line. As to the Linnhe Loch, it is purely arbitrary; there is no more reason for selecting it than for selecting the summit level of the Caledonian canal. It crossed the *Dorsum Britannicæ*—it cannot have bounded it.

So far of the early Dalriadic kingdom and its limits. The passage relied on for proof of these limits not having been extended, is that where Bede states that the Picts and Scots who inhabit Britain, "*suis contenti finibus*," make no aggression on the English; from which it is inferred that they behave with equal consideration towards one another; a conclusion in which, we think, Mr. Partridge himself would detect a *non sequitur*. So that, instead of concluding with Mr. Skene that he "has proved by an incontrovertible chain of evidence, that, in the year 731, the period at which Bede closes his history, the territories of the Pictish nation consisted of the present counties of Kinross, Fife, Perth, Forfar, Kincardine, Aberdeen, Moray, Inverness, Ross, Sutherland, Caithness and the northern parts of Argyre; in fact, the whole of Scotland north of the Firths of Forth and Clyde, with the exception of Southern Argyre," we would rather be disposed to say, here has considerable talent been exerted in endeavouring to establish an imaginary boundary to the kingdom of Dalriada, for the purpose of keeping Sutherland, Ross, and Inverness shires as a preserve of Picts for the emergencies of the next chapter.

The next chapter commences with an attempt at giving to the inhabitants of this imaginary outpost a name distinct from that of the rest of the Picts. The next precaution will

be admitted by Mr. Skene himself to have been completely conquered and Scotized by the Dalriads in the ninth century. We have seen the insufficiency of the evidence for this imaginary remnant of the Picts having a local habitation; we will now proceed with Mr. Skene in his search of a name for them. "They were divided," says he, "into two great nations, the Dicalledones, Cruithne or Northern Picts, and the Vecturiones, Piccardach, or Southern Picts." The division into Dicalledones and Vecturiones we grant; the identity of the terms Cruithne and Piccardach, with these divisions respectively, we deny; and submit that Mr. Skene cannot be thoroughly acquainted with the Gaelic language, or he would not have fallen into such a mistake. His argument is as follows:

"In Tighernac we find the Picts sometimes termed Picti, at other times Cruithne and Piccardach; but, although the last two are occasionally called Picti, yet we find a marked distinction, at all times drawn between them, and occasionally we find them even having king's independent of each other. As an instance, in the year 731 Tighernac mentions a battle "between Brude the son of Angus, and Talorcan the son of Congusa; Brude conquers, but Talorcan escapes;" and in 734 we find it mentioned that Talorcan, the son of Congusa, was taken by his own brother, and given over by him into the hands of the PICCARDACH, thus making a complete distinction between the Piccardach and the other Picts, of whom Talorcan Mac Congusa was one. Again, in 729, Tighernac calls Angus, the father of Brude, above mentioned, 'Ri na Piccardach,' or king of the Piccardach, while, at that time, Drust was king of the Picts, and Angus did not attain the throne of the Picts till the year 731. We may also remark that, whenever Tighernac has the word Piccardach, the annals of Ulster use the word Pictores in Latin, instead of Picti, the name usually applied by them to the Picts. These words Piccardach and Pictores have generally been thought synonymous with Picti, and a mere error of the transcriber, and they have accordingly been so translated by O'Connor in his edition of these annals; but when we remark the uniformity with which these appellations occur in the two annalists, and with which they are distinguished from the rest of the Picts, and the confusion which such an idea must necessarily introduce both in the chronology and in the succession of the Pictish monarchs, it is impossible to suppose that they are

the mere casual blunders of a transcriber." (v. 1, p. 35, 36.)

Now, the truth is, Piccardach is no more than the word Pict Irishized, so that, if Cruithne and Pict are synonymous, so also must Cruithne and Piccardach be synonymous, and thus the distinction, grounded on their supposed difference, will prove to be imaginary. This alone would be sufficient to countervail any doubt which might arise on the apparent distinction drawn between Talorcan Mac Congusa, and those into whose hands he was delivered; since such a distinction does not, by any means, amount to a clear difference of nation, and, if it did, it would remain to be shown that Talorcan was distinctly a Cruithne, which, as he is not mentioned by that name, or any thing synonymous with it, to our knowledge, in the annals, we will be very slow to believe on the implied opinion of Mr. Skene. But independent of this, there is abundant evidence in the annals, to prove that Piccardach was a generic name applied to all the Picts, synonymously with Cruithne. Our first example shall be from a passage quoted by Mr. Skene himself. It is the battle between Angus, king of the Piccardach, and Drust whom we have Mr. Skene's own authority for calling a Cruithne. The passage from Tigernach runs thus:—"A. D. 729, *Cath droma derg Blathmig itter Piccardaibh, Drust agus Aengus Ri na Piccardach, agus ro marbh Drust and in Dara la deg do Mi Aughuist.*" Thus rendered by O'Connor—"Prælium collis rubri Blathmigi inter Piccardos ipsos, i. e. inter Drustum et Angusium Regem Piccardorum, et occisus est Drustus ibi die 12 mensis Augusti." Here the war is between different chiefs of the Pictish people, and we, accordingly, have the term Piccardach applied alike to both although one of them is admitted to be a Cruithne.

Again, the author of the life of St. Cathroe, after stating that the Scots of Iona had filled Ross, proceeds to say, that they made their way as far as *Rigmonth*, which is admitted, on all hands, to be the present St. Andrew's. Now, Tigernach gives at A. D. 717, "the expulsion of the family of Iona beyond the *Dorsum Britannie* by king Nectan." Nectan was, therefore, king of Fortren, of which Rigmonth and Forteviot were the chief towns. But he is styled king of the Piccardach by Tigernach. A. D. 728. The kingdom of

the Piccardach is, therefore, synonymous with the kingdom of Fortren. But the kingdom of Fortren is made in the annals of Ulster, at the year 865, to comprehend all the districts of the Cruithne. "Aulaf et Ausle ierunt Pictaviam (*Fortrenna*) cum alienigenis Albanie et Hibernie, et vastaverunt Pictos omnes (*Cruithenail nuile*);" which Mr. Skene will have to mean "the northern Picts," an interpretation that the expression cannot bear, but which, if admitted, would make still more strongly for our conclusion, viz. that the kingdom of the Piccardach comprehended all the tribes of the Picts, both north and south, and that, therefore, the terms Cruithne and Piccardach are synonymous. But Mr. Skene argues that there must be something peculiar in the term Piccardach, since he avers, "that *wherever* Tigernach has the word Piccardach, the annals of Ulster use the word *Pictores* in Latin," and this *uniformly*, as he subsequently asserts. What is the fact? the term "Piccardach" occurs at least twenty times in Tigernach; the annals of Ulster use the word "*Pictores*" *thrice*. "*Pictorum*," which *might* be the genitive plural of *Pictores*, but which might equally well be the genitive plural of *Picti*, is the word employed throughout, except, so far as we have seen, in these three instances. Now, in two out of those three instances, viz. at the years 749 and 668, "*Bellum Cato inter 'Pictores,' et Brittones,*" and "*Mors Cormall apud Pictores,*" we find the term written "*Pictones*" in Tigernach, and *Pictones* seems to be a generic form like *Brittones* applicable to the people at large.

These peculiarities of expression, such as they are, comprise the whole evidence offered by Mr. Skene for this important division of the Pictish people, and although no attempt whatever is made to identify the Cruithne with any people who are not Piccardach, yet having satisfied himself that the Piccardach are the *Vecturiones* of the Romans, he infers that "consequently the name of Cruithne, although no doubt occasionally applied to all the Picts, would, in its more restricted sense, belong to the *Dicaledones* or northern Picts." Now the name *Dicaledones* disappears from history long before the time of those authorities which Mr. Skene quotes for identifying it with the Cruithne, and even though the name remained, it must be evident that no argument for such an

identification has been advanced, inasmuch as no name has been identified with the Cruithne which has not also been identified with the Piccardach.

Supposing the distinction, however, established, let us proceed with Mr. Skene to enquire how it happened as he asserts, that the Scottish conquest, in the year 843, was confined to the Southern Picts alone, and that while the Northern Picts probably assisted the Dalraidic Scots in that conquest, *their* situation was, at all events, not in any respect altered by it; but, on the contrary, that they remained in full possession of the north of Scotland. This is the cardinal point of his argument, and this he endeavours to establish by a double sophism. First, from analogy, by showing that on three former occasions the northern Picts had assisted the Dalriadic Scots in their wars with the Piccardach; and, therefore, that, in the subjugation of the Piccardach, by the Dalriadic Scots, the northern Picts were most probably helpers, and certainly not sufferers. The argument from analogy is the most difficult of all others; for a perfect parallelism must be proved between all the cases before any conclusion can be drawn; and no perfect parallelism was ever yet found in history. Not to insist on a strictness which would preclude the argument altogether, we will suppose the reader satisfied to admit a case of probability, if the premises, such as they are, be established; but, even the loosest logician will make it imperative on Mr. Skene to show that the contracting powers in each alleged league are respectively genuine Dalriada, and undoubted Cruithne. The first example is, in the year 783, when Angus Mac Fergus, king of the Piccardach, invades Dalriada to revenge the capture of his son, Brude, whom Dungal Mac Selvach, in defiance of the monastical privileges, had carried off from his devotions at Tory Island. "Angus," says Mr. Skene, "then penetrated into the district of Loarn, where he was attacked near the foot (fort?) of Dunolly by Talorcan MacDrostan;" from this, and this alone, it is concluded that Talorcan had entered into a league with Dungal; but what is the original passage from which these great civil and military operations have been inferred? Simply this, from the Ulster Annals (for Tighernach makes no mention of the business in any shape), A. D., 738, "Talorgan, the

son of Drostan, being taken, is cast into chains at the fort of Ollaig." By whom? it does not appear. For what? nobody can tell. But even supposing the league established, the whole diplomatic preliminaries known; the march of Talorgan laid down, and "all the currents of the heady fight" which Mr. Skene emblazons on his margin as the "defeat of the Northern Picts and Dalriads," fully in possession of the reader; it still remains to be asked—*who was Talorgan?* Of course, it will be taken for granted, a *Cruithne* of undoubted northern origin: a Dialectonian from north of the Great Glen; perhaps a Pictish potentate from Lord Reay's country itself. No such thing; Talorgan Mac Drostan was King of Athol, a territory *not* north of the Grampians, and *not*, proved *not* to be included in the king dom of the Piccardach. Another marginal note informs us of a "second league between the Northern Picts and Dalriads, and their defeat" in 741, at which year there is the following sentence in the Ulster Annals. "*Bellum Druma Eathmail inter Cruithniu et Dalriati for Inrechtach. Percussio Dalnati le Engus Mac Fergus.*" "The battle (that is) of Drum Eathmail *between* the Cruithne and Dalriads against Inrechtach. The defeat of the Dalriads, by Angus Mac Fergus." Who Inrechtach (Hanratty?) was, does not appear; but if the Cruithne (perhaps they, too, the *Cruithne of Ulster*) were leagued with the Dalriads against any one it must have been against Inrechtach, rather than Angus. But there was no league whatever in the case. The expression is plain and well known to mean not a league but *hostilities* between the parties. So much for the second league. The proof of the third league, if the killing of one individual by another can be interpreted into an act of international alliance, turns on the race of one Connall Mac Taidg, whom we find in the Ulster Annals mentioned as having been slain by Connall Mac Aidan in Kintyre, in the year 807. To make good the league, supposing full access to the diplomatic cabinet of each party obtained, the one must be shown to be a Cruithne, and the other a southern Pict. Mr. Skene adduces no proof whatever for the genealogy or party of either, and we have sought for their grandfathers and associates in vain. As to the league itself it is purely an *association of idea*, and has had its ratification at the hands of no higher

contracting parties than Mr. Skene himself and his printer. We are now in a condition to judge of the cogency of the conclusion, viz. "that the accession of power by the Southern Picts on three occasions, having forced the Northern Picts into league with the Dalriads, against them, a fourth attempt would have the same result," and therefore when Alpin subsequently conquered the Galloway Picts, and when Kenneth Mac Alpin afterwards acquired the entire dominion of Scotland by the defeat of the remainder, the Northern Picts were aiding and assisting in that conquest, as a consequence of which good service they retained their own possessions from the Grampians northward untouched! Such an induction is, we believe, unexampled in the annals of ratiocination.

"But," says Mr. Skene, and this is his second argument, "we find, from the Irish annalists, that as late as the year 865, the northern Picts appear as a distinct people from the rest of Scotland, under their ancient and peculiar name of *Cruithen tuath* or *Cruithne of the North*. We must consequently conclude that the Cruithne were not affected by the conquest (viz. the Scottish conquest about 840) but remained a peculiar and distinct people for many years afterwards." We have already referred to this passage from the Ulster annals in proof of the limitation of the Pictish name in 865, to the kingdom of Fortren, and the consequent identity of the Cruithne and Piccardach. If, as Mr. Skene supposes, *Cruitintuait* (not *Cruithne tuath* as he rather suspiciously quotes it) mean Cruithne of the North, so much the worse for his theory, for the most northern of the Picts would thus be brought into a kingdom which has never been shown to have extended north of Loch Ness. But the interpretation is quite inadmissible. "*Cruithneigh tuaiscirt*" would have been the phrase, had the annalist intended such a meaning. Neither can *Cruitintuait* *nuile* apply to persons. The meaning is "all Cruithne-land." It applies to a territory which may have retained the name of former occupants long after their extirpation; but not at all to the occupants or their descendants. "But we know," he says, "from the Norse Sagas, that the conquest was confined to the country north of the Grampians;" for, "whenever the Norwegians ravaged other parts of the country, the

Pictish Chronicle invariably used the expression Albania instead of Pictavia." With submission we would say, this is also a "*non sequitur*." Besides, as we have already seen, the Annals of Ulster limit the invasion to Fortren.

And now, supposing Mr. Skene to have been successful in each step of his argument; supposing him to have limited the Dalriadic kingdom within the Linnhe Loch, to have proved that Pictavia was not the country of the Cruithne, and thus to have secured himself a reserve of Picts in Inverness, Ross, and Sutherland, from whom to re-people the rest of North Britain, when he shall have expunged the Scotie blood from all the conquests of Fergus and Kenneth, the great difficulty is still to be met, viz. How come the present Highlanders to speak the Scotie language? For, either the Picts must have spoken the language of the present Highlanders—the Irish language—or the present Highlanders cannot be their representatives. But Mr. Skene is determined that they shall be their representatives, and he is not a man to turn back from his determination, even though the footsteps of Macpherson point to infamy upon the path before him.

"In the first place, then," he says, "*they spoke the same language and were known among themselves by the same national name*." (p. 69.) These are two startling propositions; but the latter not quite so much so as the former: with the latter, accordingly, we commence. The Welsh Triads call the Picts "*Gwyddyl Ffichti*, and these," they say, "are in Alban, along the shore of the sea of *Llychlyn*, (by the way, a strong argument, if the Triads be not forgeries, against the Picts having been to the west of the Mound of Caithness) and in another place among the treacherous tribes of Britain the same Triads mention the "*Gwyddyl cock or Werddon addarhant in Alban*;" that is, "The Red Gwyddyl from Ireland who came into Alban." This does not prove Mr. Skene's assertion, that the Picts were "known among themselves" as Gael: it merely establishes the fact that if the Triads be not, as they are thought to be, forgeries, the Picts were known to the Welsh as "*Gwyddyl*;" but whether Gwyddyl means a particular race of people, or is only a generic appellation for all foreigners like "*Gall*" in Irish, remains to be determined. The Irish call all foreign nations "*Gall*" with their cha-

racteristics affixed us Fin Gall, Gall Lochlinneach, Gall Sassanagh, &c; but we cannot conclude from this either that the Danes, Norwegians, and English all spoke the same language, or that they were all the same people.

We have not, at the present moment, the Welch Triads at hand; but, we confess, it surprises us that such a passage as that quoted by Mr. Skene should have escaped the critical eye of Lluïd, who referring to these same Triads, argues that by *Gwyddyl Eifchti* is meant the *Irish Picts*, whom we have already spoken of as inhabiting the north-east of Ulster; a surmise which he never could have formed had he found it there stated that the people in question were in *Alban*.

This, and a weak quibble on the meaning of a palpably unfavourable passage from the Chronicon, are the only evidences for the Picts being called Gael; but Mr. Skene is the more easily satisfied with these as he proceeds to furnish "*the most incontrovertible evidence*" that the Pictish language was a dialect of the Gaelic. Incontrovertible evidence is such a rarity in inquiries of this kind, that we hurry forward to hear it in Mr. Skene's own words:—

"Adomnan, it is well known, wrote the life of Saint Columba in the seventh century, at a time when the Picts were in the height of their power. On one occasion he mentions that when Columba was in Sky, a *Gentile* old man, as he always terms the Picts, came to him, and, having been converted, was baptized on that island. He then adds this passage: 'qui hodieque in ora cernitur maritima fluviusque ejusdem loci in quo idem baptismum acceperat, ex nomine ejus *Dobur Artbranan*, usque in hodiernum nominatus diem ab *accolis* vocitatus.' It so happens, however, that '*Dobur*' in Gaelic, means 'a well,' and that it is a word altogether peculiar to that language, and not to be found in any other. It has been fully proved in a preceding chapter, in discussing the extent of the Pictish territories, that the inhabitants of Sky must at that time have been Picts, and consequently it will follow of necessity from this passage that they used the Gaelic language." (p. 71.)

Mr. Skene is mistaken. *Dobur* is not confined to the Gaelic language, neither does it mean strictly "a well," but "water." It is as much a British as an Irish word, and is well known on the coast of Kent to this day. If Mr. Skene be a travelled man we dare say

he has taken shipping at "Dobhur" before now—nay, he has very likely crossed the "Tybhuir" water by the bridge of San Angelo. It is one of the oldest of words, and may be traced from the island of Sky to the island of Taprobana, through nations much more distinct than we have any wish to make the Picts and Scots of Adomnan. But is the word proved to have been used by Picts? Is Sky proved to have been Pictish in Adomnan's time? Has Mr. Skene established the Linne Loch as the Dalriad's boundary by some new process which he does not think it necessary to put forward; or does he rely on Pinkerton's objection that *ad* doesn't mean *supra*, and that, therefore, though the kingdom of Fergus may have extended from Drumalban to the Hebrides, it cannot have extended over them? *Nimium incaute!* as O'Connor well observes, for the Roman empire is said by the classic writers to extend *ad Britannium*, which it is well known to have comprehended, and Selden confesses that the Irish dominion and language extended in the fourth century to the *Ebudæ*, to Man, and to Albania (O'Connor. Proleg. 11. p. 138. n.) But again, how unfortunate is this solitary example! for supposing Sky proved to be purely Pictish and *Dobur* proved to be exclusively Scottish, the carper could still object that the *reading* of the passage is disputed. The manuscript in the British Museum only gives *Sky*. "*Editiones ferunt Scotiam*." (Pinkerton in vit. Sanct. Scot. p. 82. n.)

But in narrating the story of Artbranan, Mr. Skene leaves out one passage which the ingenuous reader will, we think, admit to bear pretty strongly on the point in question. He tells us that Artbranan was a Pict, and he is trying to prove that the Picts spoke the same language as Columba. Here, then, is an opportunity of direct communication between a Pict and a Scot, and the reader is naturally anxious to know how they manage it. Mr. Skene merely states the result—the Pict "having been converted," but cautiously avoids saying a word of the *quomodo*. Honest Adomnan, however, and Manus O'Donnell who have no theory to support, and therefore no fact to suppress, tell us both the *how* and the *wherefore* very plainly. "The Gentile was converted," says Adomnan, "*Verbo Dei a Sancto, per interpretem recepto*"—having received the word of God from the holy man THROUGH AN INTERPRETER; and the *reason why* he

needed the interpreter, says O'Donnell (who compiled his life of Columba from original *Irish* authorities) was, "quia erat Scotticæ et Latinæ linguæ IGNARUS"—because he could speak neither *Irish* nor *Latin*!—ah, cunning Mr. Skene!

Will it be believed that he has the hardihood (we are unwilling to use a harsher term) in the next paragraph to endeavour to quibble away this downright testimony of his own authority? This is the most imprudent attempt throughout, for it necessitates what no writer is justifiable in having recourse to—a misrepresentation of the evidence. We give the passage entire :—

"It may be proper here to notice an argument which has been frequently drawn from Adomnan, that the Picts and Scots must have spoken languages very different from each other. It has been urged as a conclusive argument by those who assert the language of the Picts to have been a Teutonic dialect, that on several occasions when Columba, who was an Irish Scot, addressed the Picts, he is described by Adomnan as using an *interpreter*. Now, although Columba is very frequently mentioned as conversing with the Picts, there are but two occasions on which any such expression is used, and in both passages the expression of Adomnan is exactly the same, viz. 'Verbo Dei per interpretatorem recepto.' It will be remarked that Adomnan does not say that Columba used an interpreter in conversing with the Picts, but merely that he interpreted or explained the word of God, that is, the Bible, which, being written in Latin, would doubtless require to be interpreted to them; and the very distinction which is made by Adomnan, who never uses this expression when Columba addresses the Picts, but *only* when he reads the word of God to them, proves clearly that they must have understood each other without difficulty; and that there could have been but little difference of language between the two nations of the Picts and Scots."

Can Mr. Skene have read the passages? We trust not: we hope not. Some ill-disposed person has given them to him at second hand in order to lead him into a scrape—perhaps insidiously designing to turn the whole Highland Society, through him, into ridicule. The words quoted are not those of Adomnan. The words of Adomnan are in the first passage, as we have seen, "verbo Dei a Sancto per interpretem recepto," making a clear distinction between Columba and the

interpreter—a distinction marked alike by the sense and the grammar of the passage—the second instance occurs in the 33rd chapter of the 2nd book (by-the-by, the very references of Mr. Skene to these passages are erroneous, which confirms us in our charitable disposition to believe that he has not garbled them himself) where Adomnan, speaking of a certain plebeian who dwelt in "Provincia Pictorum," says that he with his whole family "verbum vitæ, per interpretatorem, sancto predicante viro, audiens, credidit." Grammar cannot make the distinction between the saint and the interpreter stronger. Columba stands, as it were, apart from the rest of the persons in the independence of an ablative absolute; the interposition of the interpreter is made manifest as in the former case by the use of the transitive preposition—words cannot be clearer. Neither can the "word of life" here mean the Bible: the expression is "while the saint preached." But, independent of all this, a fact has been communicated to us by the most distinguished Irish scholar of the present day, which we consider conclusive as to the difference between the Scotie and Pictish languages. Cormac's Glossary, a work compiled in the ninth century, is remarkably full on Irish etymologies; yet, although many thousands of words are there traced to their origins, the compiler has preserved but *one solitary word of the Pictish language*, viz. *cartail*, a bodkin or brooch, called by the Irish *dealg*.

But what Mr. Skene puts forward as the strongest proof of all, that the Picts spoke a Gaelic dialect, is the topography of the country. Topographical etymologies are perhaps the most illusive guides in history. There is no name in the world to which an ingenious etymologist could not assign a Gaelic root if he chose to take the trouble. In our own times we have seen all the gods and goddesses, rivers, seas, and mountains of antiquity derived from these accommodating elements: and, while Villaneuva's Hibernia Phœnicia, and some late Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy are extant, we need never be at a loss for Gaelic roots for the topographical or personal nomenclature of any nation under the sun. With regard to the three Pictish names relied on by Mr. Skene, viz. Apurfeirt, Cairfuil, and Athan, we doubt not that an expert etymologist could prove them as be

has done, to be Gaelic; or as Pinkerton has done, to be Teutonic; or, as Chalmers has done, to be British; or, as any body else may have done or may hereafter wish to do, according as may best answer his own purpose—nay, we could name a distinguished Archæologist who, if they came in his way, would have then all to be the right Phœnician. They may be Gaelic, and very probably they are so; but they were never imposed on the places that bear them by men speaking the present language of the Highlands. No one of the race would call an æstuary “Aber.” He was more likely a Cymri who gave it the name. Send the present Highland population into a new country without names, and let them invent a nomenclature suitable to the features of the land, and they will call the mouth of every river in it “Inver.” On this fact we are willing to stake the whole controversy. But, it will be said, “Inver” and “Aber” are essentially the same: so are “Mac” and “M’Ap;” but, if there was as much difference between the “Aber”-namers and the “Inver”-namers, as there is between the Welsh and Irish of the present day, we do not wonder that Columba needed an interpreter; and are satisfied that the “Inver”-naming Highlanders are not descendants of the “Aber”-naming Picts.

“But,” says Mr. Skene, “the Highlanders can be traced back to the period when the northern Picts were in possession of their country,” and that without any marks of a revolution. There is no difficulty in tracing the Highlanders back to the eleventh and twelfth century, and all that Mr. Skene has to do is to bring down the Picts to meet them. But here the great difficulty is to find Picts for the process. And now appears the object of all Mr. Skene’s industry upon the borders of the Linnhe Loch. As might be expected he has not risked his reputation in defending Ross and Sutherland from Dalriadic incursions, without an ultimate object. This is his preserve; his *officina*; and although one might be led to imagine from the position of Drumalban, that the Picts had been routed out of this district in the first place by Fergus, and if any remnant had escaped to the other side of the Mound, along the coast of the German sea, that they had been in the number of the “*penitus extincti*” of Kenneth; yet Mr. Skene is determined that whoever he finds here shall

be Picts, and as Picts he leads them out to beget the whole kingdom of the clans, and obliterate, extinguish, and annul every trace of Scotie blood from the whole of Scotland north of Forth. He infers these destined fathers of the Gael, then, to be Picts, first because he finds them in the *preserve*; and secondly because he finds among them certain officers called Maormors, whom he asserts to be pure Pictish authorities.

“This title of Maormor,” he says, “was quite peculiar to the Gaelic people, who, at this period, (i. e. the Pictish period) inhabited Scotland. It is impossible, on examining the history of this early period, to avoid being struck with this fact, and the remark has accordingly been very generally made by the latter historians. *It was altogether unknown among the Irish, although they were also a Gaelic people; for although Tighearnach frequently mentions Maormors of Alban as being engaged in many of the feuds in Ireland, yet we never find that title given by any of the annalists to an Irish chief.* In Britain the title was confined to the north of Scotland, and although many of the Saxon and Roman barons, and other foreigners obtained extensive territories in Scotland, and even at an early period frequently succeeded by marriage to the possessions and powers of some of the Maormors; yet we never find them appearing under that title. From this it is plain that wherever we find a person bearing the title of Maormor, we may conclude that that person was chief of some tribe of the Gaelic race which inhabited the northern district of Scotland at this period.”

He means the period immediately following the Pictish times, as we have marked above. The sentence which we have noted in italics contains the key to Mr. Skene’s impression that the Maor was a purely Pictish functionary. Had he examined the annals as a prudent man might be expected to have done before risking so bold an assertion he would have found—“A.D. 1081. The death of MacRath O’Hogan, *Maor* of Kinell Fergus. A. Ultonie. A.D. 923. The death of the *Ardmaor* of O’Neill. A. U. 948. The death of Fionnachta, *Maor* of the Muintir Patrick. A. Q. Magist.” And again, had he turned to the catalogue of the Stowe manuscripts, a work as much to be consulted as any other on these subjects, he would have found (v. i. p. 169) that the *Ardmaor* of Connaught was O’Flanagan, and that O’Connors

high stewardship (*Ardmaoraidacht*) belonged to O'Flanagan in preference to the three other chief Lords of Connaught; and that in addition to the *Ardmaoraidacht*, or high-stewardship, there was a *Comhaoraidcht* or joint-stewardship of O'Connor, under the control of Mac Brennain; and that O'Connor's "Maor as each" or steward of the horse, was O'Flinn. If then the Maormors were not exclusively Pictish functionaries, there is no evidence of Pictish inhabitation in the Highlands of Scotland in their times, so that Mr. Skene fails in this as well as in all other attempts at getting from under an Irish origin.

It is now our turn to sum up. We have shown—1st, that Mr. Skene has no evidence for limiting the Dalriadic kingdom to the southern parts of Argyle; 2nd, that he has no evidence for denying the extension of the Dalriadic kingdom during the next 340 years; 3rd, that he has no evidence for the division of the Pictish kingdom into two states of Cruithne and Piccardach; 4th, that if he had such evidence he has none to show the escape of the Cruithne from the calamity which finally befell the Piccardach, much less to infer that the Cruithne were aiding in its infliction; 5th, that he has no evidence of the Picts having spoken the Gaelic language, but the contrary; and 6th, that he has no evidence of Pictish inhabitation in the Highlands subsequent to the Scottish conquest.

But whether successful or not in the establishment of this theory, Mr. Skene lays claim at least to the credit of originality. "A glance at the table of contents," he says, "will show that the system is entirely new." If we have read our history aright, the attempt to identify the Gael and the Picts, originated with that *par nobile* the Macphersons; was taken up by Henry, and credulously embraced by Gibbon; "which last," says Pinkerton, "instead of bestowing even the slightest examination on the subject, has been led by the Macphersons, whose little local designs his large mind could not even suspect." This may be Scotch originality—in Ireland it would go by another name.

But although Mr. Skene has no direct acknowledgment of his obligation to Macpherson, he is sensible of the debt, and even goes out of his way to make some return. In his chapter on the poetical genius of the High-

landers, he remembers that he owes something to Ossian. To say that the hint of Pictish and Gaelic identity had originated with the King of woody Morvern, could not be expected after the assertions in the preface: but the manes of Macpherson may be appeased without so mortifying an admission.—"Ossian," says Mr. Skene, "corroborates Tighernach," and therefore cannot be the work of an impostor. Let us see. Tighernach gives the death of Cucullin in the 27th year of his age in the year after Christ, 2; and the death of Fin Mac Comhal at Athbrea, upon the Boyne, on the 5th of the kalands of January, in the year of the world 4230, or according to his chronology, in the year of Christ 278. Macpherson (we really put our paper to the blush by writing *Ossian*) makes Cucullin and Fin Mac Comhal contemporaries! Tighernach makes Fin Mac Comhal an Irishman of the race of *Ua Baisne*. Macpherson makes him a Caledonian Briton! Tighernach makes Cormac Mac Art the King of Ireland in the time of Fin Mac Comhal. Macpherson will have this Irish Monarch to be "Conar of the Shields!" This may be Scotch corroboration: if so, commend us to our Irish evidences.

In fine, the Pictish sophism has reached its height in the hands of Mr. Skene, just as the north British sophism attained to its final inflation, and burst in those of the Macphersons. Reluctance to confess an Irish descent has been the origin of both. Jealousy of English superiority was the origin of that exploded fable which both have been designed to make amends for. Pride and spite have held the pen time about from the commencement, and although we can no longer say that "our Scottish antiquists, ignorant themselves, and writing in a country remarkable for ignorance of antiquities, are, like other rogues, emboldened by darkness; and venture on tricks that the most unprincipled man of learning, would, in a learned country, tremble at as if disgrace stood before him;" we would recommend Mr. Skene who is a learned man living in a learned country, and whom we really believe incapable of most of the practices of his predecessors, not to count too confidently on Irish ignorance (although he may perhaps on the patronage of the Highland Society) when, for the consolation of Caledonian pride, he sets up his next theory in the teeth of Roman, British, and Irish history.

NIGHT THOUGHTS OF SIN AND SORROW.

I.

GLOCKENKLANG.

Deep thoughts come tolling
Like the bell from a tower,
When the great stars are rolling
Abroad in their power.

Over floating reflection
Sweeping and swelling,
Comes long recollection,
Measuredly knelling.

Of the vanishing fashion
Of beauty and glory ;
Of the folly of passion,
The falsehood of story ;

Of the soul's secret anguish—
Of pride, trodden under ;
Of hope left to languish
For ties torn asunder ;

Of the weakness of smiling,
The power of weeping ;
Of phantoms, beguiling
The eyes that are sleeping ;

Of fear and affliction ;
Of palling enjoyment ;
Of endless restriction
To fruitless employment ;

Of the gone and the going ;
Of apathy, stealing
O'er hearts, once a-glowing
With fancy and feeling ;

Of beauty—so glorious—
Predestined to perish ;
Of the spoiler, victorious
O'er all that we cherish ;

Of the fickle, false-hearted,
We trusted so blindly ;
Of the few friends, departed,
Who looked on us kindly ;

Of their coldness and starkness
Beneath the dull finger
Of silence and darkness,
Where the canker-worms linger ;

Of the millions before us,
Gone down to the tomb,—
Of the shadowy chorus
That comes from their gloom !

Of the millions unnumbered,
 From wombs yet unquickened,
 That will wish they had slumbered,
 And never awakened ;

Of sullen resistance ;
 Of the deaths we die over,
 Still chained to existence
 We shun to recover ;

Of doubting and trembling ;
 Of fruitless bewailing,
 And fruitless dissembling,
 Where doubt's unavailing ;

Of secrets abysmal,
 Of Heaven and of Hell,
 Of deep things and dismal
 Is the toll of the bell.

II.

LEVITY.

What is this trusted hope ? a peopled void,
 A dream of amnesty to slumbering crime,
 A grasp at nothing—to souls more sublime,
 An everlasting future unenjoyed.
 And yet such wretches be, who, still employed
 Following this phantasy, contrive to climb
 From dust to dust, across the bridge of time,
 Building each morn what the last eve destroyed.
 I argue what *will be* from what *hath been* ;
 And thus my soul skims o'er the face of thought,
 An ocean bird, touching the deep sea green,
 Then swept aloft, as if by instinct taught
 To shun the shadows and the monstrous scene
 O'er which so smooth a veil must needs be wrought.

III.

JUDGMENT.

Of deep misfortune the effect is slow.
 We weep, perhaps, and wring our hands, and cry
 In agony : nay, even in the struined eye
 May gleam the glare of madness—be it so.
 'Tis sore—but it is not that weight of woe,
 That overwhelming sense of misery,
 Which, when the flash has quivered, and gone by,
 Comes thundering heavily up behind the blow.
 We're struck, and are confounded—we demand
 What hath befall'n—we question fate aloud.
 We stare, and see not ; till at heaven's command
 Rolls forth the deep-toned language of the cloud ;
 And the most senseless *then* must understand
 The certainty of God's deep wrath avowed.

THE LOVES OF A GIB.

"Musicians, O, Musicians, Heart's ease, Heart's ease; Oh, an you will have me live, play Heart's ease.—*Romeo and Juliet.*

Eheu fugaces! they were all gone—lawyers, attorneys, and clients, beaux and belles, married and single, young and old, students of love, law, and physic, from the discussers of dead men's wisdom, in Alma Mater, to the discussers of dead men's bones, in York-street—all had vanished, and Dublin cut just such another figure as a school-room in the dog-days. It was the middle of the long vacation—the theatre was closed; Dan O'Connell rusticating, like his betters, and the Trades' Union people most indolently and unnaturally quiet, so that a row was not to be got up for love or money. Every one of my acquaintance had departed—some up the Danube, and some up the spout—some gone to navigate the Rhine, and more to "navigate" the rhino; and, to sum the whole, the last new novel was a perfect bore—a combination of circumstances enough to indict any wretch, condemned like me to remain in town, with a most painful curiosity as to what the deuce he was to do with himself, putting suicide out of the question. In such a mood as this I was one evening snoozing over my tumbler of punch, in the almost noiseless Shades, in the company of the twelve Cæsars, frowning majestically from the walls, and another individual, as luckless as myself, if I was to judge of the presence of a companion from the appearance of a pair of legs which protruded from beneath a mighty volume of smoke, at an adjoining table, when a growling call of "waiter," proceeding from the invisible upper works appertaining to the aforesaid legs, recalled me to some degree of attention, particularly as the voice sounded familiarly to me, though I was by no means able to recognise it. I was not long in suspense, however, for, on his demanding, in more articulate tones, a bottle of ale, I immediately knew it to be that of poor Fred. Mooney, who, when we were both boys, went to the one school with me, and left it to enter college, after which, owing to my *own* wayward fate, it had never been my lot to meet him. I mirrored his fate, but the experience I tried it

myself therein the luckiest man in Dublin. After the preliminary chat which followed our recognition of each other—"Well, Mooney," said I, "you are, I suppose, by this time, a regular *pater familias*, married and settled these ten years—eh?"

"Lord bless you! no," returned he, with a frightful stare—"why should you think so?"

"Why, my good fellow," answered I, "when you left us for college, long ago, you were so inflammable that every one prophesied you would be married before your first examination was over."

"Ah, but I was cured of all that since," said he, puffing away vigorously, and, methought confusedly, at the cigar, which he had then returned to his lips, as if to hide his embarrassment, and after a few moments continued—"you shall hear, sir, what befel me in that line, and made a bachelor for life of me—excuse my cigar—I'll tell my story all the better for it; after all, it is the true Nephenthe."

"I left old Burke, to enter college, you remember, and I had as much notion, Lord help me, of the ordeal by which I was to be initiated into that learned body, as I have now about freemasonry. However, after laying in a pretty good stock of salleon and tea and eggs, at my tutor's, with a crowd of others in the same predicament, I proceeded, with a heavy heart, to the examination hall, and took my place at the end of one of the tables, exactly opposite Dean Swift's picture—poor man, I stared him out of countenance, I am sure. Well, sir, I was not long there until I saw a low-sized, facetious, old gentleman, moving up along the table, stopping with each of the juveniles, and apparently asking questions, and noting down the answers in a book he carried with him; but the occasional titter which accompanied his progress, seemed to say he was about nothing very terrible.

At last he arrived at my next neighbour, a dandyish sort of a chap, endowed with a watch and seals, and other little marks of extra gentility, not forgetting a pretty considerable quantity of assurance.

"What's your name, sir?" said the old gentleman.

Pillelu! thinks I to myself, is it at the catechism you are? (for you must know that I hadn't looked into it for three years before, but once, that my old godfather came to visit us, and I got by heart, with some trouble, my duty towards my neighbour, and repeated it to him; more be token, the good old fellow patted me on the head, and said I was the makings of an honest man, and slipped a guinea into my pocket—but alas for his prophecy—the first thing I bought with it was the Irish Rogues and Rapparees—no great earnest for honesty.)

"Adolphus Straddle," answered the youngster, rather pertly.

The next question set me all to rights touching the catechism; it was, I believe—

"What is your father?"

"A merchant," returned Adolphus.

"Merchants of many kinds there be, sir," said the old gentleman, looking at him very funnily. "May I ask what kind of merchant is your father—what does he sell, sir?"

"He sells—shoes, sir," answered Adolphus, a little confused.

"Humph," said the old gentleman, knowingly, "then, for the sake of brevity, we'll put him down shoemaker," and then proceeded, amid the ill-suppressed laughter of his audience, to put the other necessary questions. At length he finished with the chop-fallen *petit maitre*, and came to me.

"And what's your name, my child?" said he good-humouredly.

"Frederick Mooney, sir," said I, and determined to conciliate him by giving him as little trouble as possible, continued rapidly, "I was sixteen the tenth of last September, and papa is—"

"Easy, now, easy," said the old gentleman, "short-hand wasn't out in my time, so you must give me no more than I'll be able to write—Frederick Mooney—aged sixteen—well, what's that you were going to say about your father—what is he?"

"He has a house and land of his own, sir," said I, "and does nothing."

"More shame for him, then," said the old gentleman, putting down the answer; "and who taught you, my child?"

"Mr. Burke, sir," said I, "taught me Latin and Greek, and reading and writing and arithmetic, and the elements of geometry; and mamma taught me to dance; and Father Phillemy taught me—"

"Irish, I'll be bound," said the old gentleman.

"No, sir," said I, a little disconcerted, "it was French he taught me."

"By my word, then," said he, "between Mr. Burke and your mamma, and Father Phillemy, I wouldn't wonder if you'd be a senior lecturer yourself one of those days, if you only mind yourself," and then, having asked me the other remaining questions, to which I gave somewhat more cautious answers, he departed, and left me to the examiners, who followed in quick succession.

That day of anxieties passed over, at last, much easier than I expected, and with it the tyranny of birch for ever, for, within the regular time, I was duly admitted a student, and entitled to write myself T.C.D. "in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation," a privilege which, I can assure you, ran little chance of falling into disuse for the first few days after I obtained it. Having notified to my tutor my desire to have rooms in college, I was quickly gratified with the share of a capital suite, in the old square, looking out into the park, and what was still better, I was to have the very prince of chums, young Ned Gordon, from the county Antrim, as dashing a young fellow as ever swigged October, or did the honors of Trinity Sunday. Gordon was at least five years older than I, and his terms were nearly all passed, so that he was not long discovering what an utter spooney his future companion was, but, instead of taking advantage of that, as many others would have done, he generously took me under his protection, and in a short time I was as knowing a gib as ever perambulated that classic abode. But a still greater advantage I derived from Gordon's society was, that he introduced me to most of his town friends, and constantly dragged me, good-humouredly, out of the bashfulness in which I endeavoured once or twice, with characteristic rusticity, to entrench myself. One evening that I was steering at the syllogisms, in a state of almost hopeless stupidity, I was roused from my reverie by a slap on the shoulder—

"Come, Fred, my man," said Gordon, when I looked up, "I'm up to fun to-night, so dress yourself in your best pumps, et cetera, and be moving with me."

This was no unwelcome salutation, so I hastened to obey it, and in a short time turned out as directed. He took

me by the arm, and away we sauntered down Nassau-street, into Merriion-square, chatting on various subjects; I endeavouring to fish out from him whither he was leading me, and he as industriously baffling my curiosity, until at length stopping suddenly at the door of a large and fashionable mansion, he turned in, and, dragging me with him, before I was able to resist, gave a rap and ring, and committed me beyond recall.

"Gordon! Gordon!" said I, endeavouring, but in vain, to arrest his hand, "what the deuce are you about, or whose house is this?"

"Dear me, Fred," answered he coolly, "I never saw a Gib more fond of asking foolish questions than you are; this house, I can assure you, is of unimpeachable character, and, moreover, the one in which you and I are going to spend the evening."

"But I wasn't invited—I don't know the people—let me go, Gordon, if you please, I tell you I won't go in," said I, struggling rather violently to get loose; but before I could accomplish my object, the door was opened by a powdered footman, and my treacherous guide quitting his hold of me, gave me a push in by the back of the neck, which sent me skaiting and pirouetting past the astonished footman, over the marble hall, until, intercepted by the foot of the staircase, I fell with a crash that might have been heard at the garrets. On raising my head, to remonstrate with Gordon, I observed that our party was just then increased by the presence of an old gentleman, in a claret-coloured coat, and countenance of the same, who emerged hastily from a side door, no doubt to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, but much of my dismay was removed by his addressing my companion in rather a friendly tone,

"Well, Mr. Ned," said he, "what freak is this, or who is this young gentleman you are maltreating?"

"Oh! nothing, sir," answered the other, "but a chum of mine, that I took the liberty to bring with me to-night, and the chap got restive at the door, and wouldn't come in, so I had to take the unceremonious method of compelling him, and that's all. Get up Fred, you Connaught mule, till I introduce you to Mr. Atkinson;" so gathering up my limbs with all possible caution, I gained my feet, and after performing the usual quantum of bows, became one of the worthy gentleman's

acquaintances, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where about three score fashionables were already collected, in such a blaze of light and beauty as dazzled me quite for a full half hour after my entrance.

Dancing commenced, and I did my devoirs therein, not in the best humour possible, however, for I had been mated with a little boarding-school giggle, just in her teens; and with all the techneness of incipient viridity, I looked upon my partner as a tacit insult to my consequence—but Gordon's partner—by the Lord George, sir, she was an angel—dark hair, dark eyes, ruddy cheeks, marble forehead—a statue in proportions, and a fawn in graceful movements. Hand me another cigar if you please—I'm getting sentimental, and that won't do.

When that set was over, Gordon advanced to me. "Well, Fred," said he, "I'll make you some amends for that infernal toss you got. Brush up your looks and come with me, and I'll introduce you to the handsomest girl in Dublin." Guessing who he meant, I followed him with alacrity, to where his late partner was sitting alone, on an ottoman. "Mr. Frederick Mooney, T. C. D. my honoured chum, Miss Gordon," said he, on reaching the place. I bowed, and the lady curtsied; and then, with trembling eagerness, I requested the honor of her hand for the next set; she was fortunately disengaged, and my prayer was granted. I told her the room was very warm, to which she assented, and then asked her a number of silly questions, some of which she answered in the negative and some in the affirmative; but altogether I never before or since found myself at such a loss for small talk; however, I entertained her pretty well until the dance was over, when resigning her to the next fortunate candidate for her hand, I flew in search of Gordon, whom I found just entering into a serious flirtation with my quondam little partner; disengaging him with some difficulty from his pleasant avocation, I commenced—

"My dear Gordon, tell me, is that beautiful creature your sister?"

"Why," said he, laughing, "you wouldn't take her to be old enough for my aunt, would you?"

"Oh! no," answered I, "but I never heard you speak of her."

"So much the more agreeable the surprise," said he. "Ah! Fred, if you knew what a sister she is; but there,

go off and get a partner ; don't you see Mrs. Atkinson coming over to scold us for idlers ; and so saying, he limped off with the denizen of the boarding school, and I, overpowered with emotion, betook myself to a corner of the room, and there, hid from observation, sank into a most delicious reverie, from which the introduction of supper awakened me.

Being firmly determined to do something desperate before I departed—but not finding the needful stamina within me, I made for the decanter, and threw off bumper after bumper of port, until I felt myself up to anything. After supper the music recommenced for waltzing, a species of dance which was quite new to me, but it appeared so simple and so much in unison with the music, that on seeing Miss Gordon unemployed, I took courage, and walked over to her, and I requested she would stand up to waltz with me—after a little reluctance she complied ; so placing myself in the position, away we twirled, with the rest of them. Before ten bars more were played, we had it all to ourselves, for my awkwardness rapidly cleared the floor for us. One gentleman and his partner was picked up out of the corner and another out of the fire-place. But still I held on, sir, like another Phaeton, until bang went my fair partner against the musician, who occupied the piano, and thus brought the whole proceedings to a stand still. Sweet creature, not one word of rebuke did she utter—though how she escaped without broken bones after so many collisions, is a mystery to me. But when our gyrations were thus suddenly checked, laid her hand on my shoulder, turned up her innocent face to mine, and asked with the most perfect simplicity “Do you waltz, Mr. Mooney ?”

That was a poser, but I had drank too much port to be easily disconcerted ; so, steadying myself as well as I could, which, in truth, was no small difficulty, I answered—

“Why, ma'am, I don't exactly know how ; but, 'pon my honour, my brains have been in such a whirl since I had the honour of being introduced to you, that I thought it would be quite easy for my heels to follow their example.”

She smiled, and my peace was made ; but to resume was utterly out of the question, for I was hardly able to stand upright, and, besides, I doubt, if after my candid confession, and the accidents which led to it, I could have

prevailed on the fair lady to continue ; so, leading her to a seat, I had just commenced a few flowing speeches I had spent part of the night in composing, when I was interrupted by Gordon.

“Come, Fred,” said he, “the devil's in it if you haven't had tumbling enough for one night ; so, go and make your bow to Mrs. Atkinson, and follow me down to the hall, and let us be off before the gates are closed—it's twelve by town already.”

Alas, and woe is me ! I had to do as I was bid, though I never was more inclined to rebel against College discipline ; which Gordon, I suppose, perceiving, he kindly and considerably removed the temptation, by walking off with the lady under his arm.

On making my adieux, I descended to the hall in search of my companion, but he was engaged in such deep and earnest conversation with his sister, that I did not feel at all justified in breaking up the tete-a-tete, so lingered on the stairs unobserved, but unintentionally an observer of all their movements. Some noise, however, disturbed them, and the young lady, after suffering my fortunate chum to imprint an ardent brotherly kiss on her cheek, bolted up stairs, nearly capsizeing me over the balustrade in her flight.

“What a wife that girl will make,” thinks I to myself, on recovering from the jostle she gave me ; “the sister who is so adored by such a brother, cannot but be possessed of the most amiable domestic qualities.”

All night the fair Emma, for such I learned was her name, was committing wild havoc in my luckless brains, here, there, and every where, according as imagination whisked me about, and I awoke next morning completely saturated with love. I could no longer look on my frolicsome chum as I did formerly—he was the brother of my adored, and I could not help investing him with a portion of that sentimentalism with which I regarded her. The meanest thing about him became possessed of a new and mysterious charm to me—so much so, that I felt an interest even in his old slippers, and, instead of kicking them into the corner, as I was wont, I next morning raised them respectfully, and gently deposited them on our best chair. At last, after many innuendos, which were perfectly unnoticed by Gordon, I fairly broke the ice, and told him I was in love with his sister, and begged his interest

and good offices on my behalf. It was but natural, of course, that while I was making such a tender communication, I should hold my eyes on the ground, but when the silence of some moments succeeded, I was not able to bear the suspense, and accordingly looked up to remark what effect my speech had made on him to whom it was addressed. There he sat, with the most comic expression imaginable on his face, staring at me as if I told him I was in love with the old bed-maker; and then emitting a loud roar of laughter, flung his book at my head, kicked the kettle over on my shins, and throwing himself on the floor, rolled round and round in convulsions, that Democritus himself might envy. You cannot but understand how awkwardly I was situated by this unexpected result of my confidence, and even to myself, I appeared very foolish during the quarter of an hour in which Gordon continued to indulge himself in his unreasonable amusement; at length, however, after sundry efforts, he found strength to exclaim:

"Oh, Fred! Fred! thou ficklest of gibs, what would the little confectioner in Grafton-street say to this, if she was to hear it?"

"Oh, curse the confectioner in Grafton-street," said I, "you never seem to understand the difference between jest and earnest; I assure you this is no joke."

"Pray excuse me for differing with you on that point," said he; "deuce take me, but it's the best joke I ever heard; and so you'd say yourself, if you knew but all. Is it any harm to ask you how you intend to provide for my little nephews and nieces when they come? What a father of a family you'll make, Fred!"

"You mistake me, Gordon, indeed you do," said I; wishing most cordially, at the same time, that I had held my tongue on the matter. "I am not talking about getting married, at all; I agree with you, it's time enough for that when I am twenty or so; and I am just seventeen now; and in fact it's quite an absurd prejudice to say, that a person is n't as wise at seventeen as ever they'll be. I know, I think I am."

"Oh, may the Lord in his mercy forbid, Fred!" ejaculated my incorrigible chum, (casting his eyes up to the ceiling with the most perfect mock piety.) "Come—take a turn with me through Grafton-street, and if you are

not as much in love with six different people before you come in, I'll say that Penelope herself was but a Cressida compared to you."

"If you please, Gordon," said I, (feeling a little provoked at his badinage,) "since I have asked you the question, I wish you would give me a serious answer to it?"

"Nay, my dear Fred," answered he, "if you are determined to see your folly out, you must only trot off and ask the lady herself."

"Have I your permission to do so?" asked I, determined to have every thing fair and straight.

"Indeed you have, Fred," answered he, "and my blessing to boot—so now off with yourself, before you cool on the business; and mind, don't look under a single bonnet until you get to the house, or you'll change your mind, and I'll lose a month's fun. Here, would you like the loan of my Ovid's *Art of Love*, to read on the way; and keep your eyes and your heart from wandering?" But I was determined not to be provoked with him; and to shew him that I was in earnest, I took him at his word, and departed—running down stairs with all despatch—quicker indeed in the end than I intended—for before I reached the court I was struck from behind on the back of the head with an old slipper, with such force as to send me down by a short cut, head foremost. "We always do that in the North, for luck," exclaimed Gordon, from the lobby above; and then turning into his room, he closed the door, and left me at peace to pursue my journey.

I reached the gate of my paradise, not however without many misgivings and forebodings, to which I would have yielded, but for the ridicule with which Gordon, I knew, would receive me on my return; so I entered—flattered the lady's name to the servant, and was ushered into her presence. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! I wouldn't do it over again for a full year of Dan. O'Connell's tribute. I am conscious of some minutes passing over me after I entered, during which I was utterly unable to do any thing but stammer; in fact, I was in a state of the most perfect mental hallucination. If possible, she was more beautiful than on the night before; every article of her dress is fixed indelibly on my memory; for during the few minutes I passed in her company her figure was almost branded on my brain; and I doubt if I shall ever see a pink

morning gown with composure again. At last, forth came the matter.

"I have called, Miss Gordon—to take the liberty—to beg—you would have the kindness—to excuse me for—taking the liberty—of begging you would be so kind—as to grant me a few minutes' conversation—on a subject—" But for the life of me I could get no farther; and, kind creature, she did her best to help me.

"Oh! Mr. Mooney," said she, "I know what you are going to say; pray don't mention it—for I assure you I am not in any degree offended; and I believe no one was seriously hurt—at least I am not—though I must acknowledge you held very hard. Indeed I am afraid I am to blame myself chiefly, as it was probably my endeavour to stop you which occasioned you to go so much astray."

"But, Miss Gordon—my dear Miss Gordon, it's on another subject."

"Oh! I beg your pardon," said my innamorato.

"A—a tender one—a very tender one," continued I.

"Excuse me," said she, blushing to the very roots of her dark tresses—"if I ask whether your giddy chum be not at the bottom of this? he has sent you perhaps to—to—pray go on, Mr. Mooney."

"Yes, madam," said I; delighted to perceive she was beginning to take notice. "Mr. Gordon and I have already talked the matter over."

"Upon my word, then," said she, as decidedly bothered as I had been a few minutes before, "he should be well punished for his indiscretion—and pray what did he say?"

"He has given me full permission, ma'am, to—"

"To do what, Mr. Mooney, in heaven's name?"

"Declare my unalterable affection for the most lovely of her sex—Oh, Miss Gordon, Miss Gordon!"—and I sank on my knees before her, and grasped the white hand that dropped powerless by my side, at my declaration—which she, in disregard of all the rules ever observed in similar cases, to my utter astonishment snatched away with such violence, as sent me sprawling on my face at her feet.

"Did you not say, sir," thundered she, with a strong northern accent, "that your friend, Mr. Gordon, was a party to this?"

"'Pon my honor, ma'am, yes," exclaimed I, restoring myself to the per-

pendicular, and gazing on her with silent surprise, not to say terror.

"Then, sir," continued she as before, "let neither him or you dare ever to address me again,"—and bursting into an uncontrollable fit of tears she rushed from the room, very like a young lady in a passion. There was a real antithesis in a small family; what set the brother laughing, set the sister weeping; and to tell you nothing but the truth, it puzzled me beyond comparison. I might easily tell you now, that I thought this, or I thought that—but by the Lord George, sir, I wasn't able to think any thing; and I know, no more than a drunken man how I managed to get home to my rooms. When my consciousness returned, I caught myself recounting the whole of this strange transaction to Gordon, who, though he began with roars of laughter, turned red and pale twenty times alternately, before I reached the conclusion; and then snatching up his hat, gave evident demonstration of his intention of taking the air.

"You are going to Merrion-square, Gordon," said I.

"I am," answered he, in a hollow, joyless tone.

"Then I trust you intend putting my suit in its proper light," continued I.

"Oh to the d—I with you and your suit!" exclaimed the young gentleman, impatiently; "you have ruined me by your absurdity;" and so saying, he exit made—left me alone; but alas, not with my glory. If you please we'll skip the occurrences of that night, and all I hoped, and feared, and wished, and intended, and conjectured, and dreamed until I awoke next morning, and found a note from Gordon on my table; at first I thought it was a challenge, but no—let me see how it ran:

"Dear Fred,—I am happy to say your peace and mine is made—you must learn to do without me for a few days, as before you see this I shall be on my road for Gretna Green with the future Mrs. Gordon, whither you may follow me as soon as you can get a companion. As soon as you can, pray call on my poor sister and console with her on this step I have taken, as I am afraid it will fret her, poor thing; grief is soft, you know, so this opportunity may be the making of your fortune. Excuse my roughness on yesterday, and believe me your ever attached,

"EDWARD GORDON."



Poor fellow, then, he was kind after all, and even amid such heavy concerns of his own had taken time to think of mine; but it puzzled me in no slight degree to discover what unhappy female he had prevailed on to wander so far north in such suspicious company. One after another I fixed on all the girls of our mutual acquaintance, young and old, but without at all satisfying my curiosity. In such profound secrecy had he carried on his affair, my little friend of the boarding school appearing his most probable partner, though even with her he had scarce passed the limits of ordinary and legitimate flirtation. So, compelling myself to be content with this hypothesis, I turned to my own serious business, and set off on my mission of condolence to sympathise with the fair mourner in Merrión-square. The first person I saw was Mr. Atkinson, though when I asked for Miss Gordon, the skip of a footman grinned at me, and went off, as he said, to inquire if she was at home. The poor old gentleman looked so angry and confused that I immediately perceived he had by some means become aware of my friend's present interesting occupation, so I opened the business.

"Sad affair, this, Mr. Atkinson."

"Good morning, sir; good morning. Sad affair, indeed; and I conceive I have been very badly treated in it—but it's no matter—pooh—not the slightest matter in the world; and why the deuce do I let it fret me so?—have you breakfasted, sir?"

"Thank you, long since."

"But, my dear sir, do you know who the young lady is for whose society our friend has deserted us?"

"His own cousin, sir—no less I assure you—his own first cousin—his cousin german, sir—his father's brother's daughter, sir; oh, if I had the minx now by the two ears, I'd cure her of her love fit, I warrant."

"I had a note from him this morning, sir, in which he directed me to call on his sister and deliver a message to her—can I see her for that purpose?"

"Sister, sir! I'm sorry to tell you the scapegrace is

* All the sisters of his father's house
And all its brothers too,*

"as Shakespeare says, for which I am especially sorry; if it were otherwise, his worthy father might have some excuse for cutting him off with a shilling for his disobedience. The fellow

made a fool of you, sir—he never had a sister."

Never had a sister!—the words actually stunned me—"Put that and that together, master Fred," said Father Phillemý one day, when explaining some knotty point to me, and by applying the funny old fellow's advice to the present occasion, I began to arrive at certain conclusions highly derogatory to the candour of Mr. Edward Gordon or the discernment of his chum; but suspense on such a point was intolerable—so out I faltered.

"And the lady, sir, whom I met here—Miss Gordon—who was she, sir?"

"Why, what the devil did you take her to be, sir—not his sister, I hope—ho, ho—I see it all now; by all that's beautiful, he has made a fool of you as well as the rest of us! That young lady, sir? why the only direction I can give you as to her present locality would be, wind and weather permitting, to about the middle of the Irish channel, bound on a wildgoose chase for matrimonial happiness with a cub of one and twenty; but as you seem to be in the babyhouse, I shall explain to you the whole matter, of which you appear to be entirely ignorant. By all accounts Mr. Edward Gordon and his cousin, Miss Emma Gordon, were a very precocious couple, they having expressed their mutual affection when the former was of the tender age of ten, and the latter nine years; it was a capital joke then; but it was altogether another affair when their ages were sixteen in the one case and fifteen in the other; so at that age, your friend was sent to college, and as much as possible debarred from any interview, or communication with the object of his affections, it by no means meeting the wishes of their parents that so nonsensical an arrangement should ever be permitted to ripen into any thing serious. Matters were in this train, sir, up to the present, when, on an invitation of my wife's, the young lady was permitted to pay a visit to us and the metropolis with the strictest injunctions to keep clear of her inflammable cousin, a command which she obeyed pretty well, all things considered; until, like an egregious old fool, I threw temptation in her way by inviting the swain to meet a few friends here the night before last, when you were so good as to accompany him; and indeed they both behaved themselves so remarkably well and discreetly that I relaxed a good deal of my vigilance."

(I sighed bitterly when I recollected the encounter in the hall; but he didn't mind me, and proceeded.) "Yesterday while I was from home, it appears that he took advantage of my absence, and called; but she was at first sight dutiful enough to refuse to see him. I'll do her justice, you see; and indeed she continued inflexible, until he bribed the chamber-maid; and so broke down the foolish girl's determination. I found a note from the fair runaway this morning, apologising, and making all pretty explanations, and ending by hoping I would influence their parents to forgive them. I believe they intend to return this way, but may I be * * * * if I speak one word to them!"

"Ditto," said I internally; but neither of us kept our vow; for before that day fortnight the worthy old gentleman handed the fair and blushing bride out of the steamer, and on Wednesday next I'm to be at the christening of her sixth child. *Apropos*—there's a sister of the lady fair to take a part in the ceremony—they say she's pretty, and all that; but what the deuce is it to me when I've made a resolution to live and die a bachelor."

He die a bachelor!—the Lord forgive him for lying, he was married to her within a month after, *teste mcipso*, and thus stood between me and the blue devils for the rest of the season.

MARY'S DREAM.

Wherefore my Mary art thou weeping,
Wherefore those tears of sorrow, dear?
Mother, dear mother, I was sleeping;
I 'woke and weep that I am here.

For I had dreamed that I was lying
Upon a bed of lilies fair,
And thousand glitt'ring wings were flying
Hither and thither in the air.

Mother methought that low were bending
Around my couch four angels bright;
Their parted golden hair descending,
And crowned with wreaths of roses white.

Mother, their snowy robes were flowing,
Nor seam, nor form, nor join had they,
But worn like lily leaves, and glowing
With brighter radiance than the day,

Mother, I dreamed these spirits tying
Fresh garlands, cull'd from heaven's flowers,
To the sweet couch where I was lying
Upborne me by those fragrant bowers.

And as we rose, around us straying,
Thousands of infant angels bright,
In the blue fields of God were playing,
Like me on earth in gay delight.

And as we rose spirits were wending
From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
The tears of penitence ascending,
Or fraught with peace to the forgiven.

And as we rose—sweet music sounding
Like angels harps fell on mine ear,
And as we rose, heaven's gate rebounding,
I 'woke,—and weep that I am here.



THE INFANT SLAVES.

The following lines were suggested by reading, in the very able and interesting article on the Factory question, in the Quarterly Review for Dec. 1836, the following extract from Mr. J. Fielden's pamphlet, which, after speaking of the miseries and barbarous treatment to which poor children are exposed, goes on to say—"In some instances they were driven to commit suicide, to evade the cruelties of a world in which, though born to it so recently, their happiest moments had been passed in the garb and coercion of a workhouse. The beautiful and romantic valleys of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lancashire, secluded from the public eye, became the dismal solitudes of torture, and many a murder."

Oh happy infant band! by cares of men
Unscath'd—how oft the echoes in the glen
Repeat the merry laugh, the joyous song,
The airy steps that lightly pass along!
Away they speed! in glad and breathless haste,
The balmy air of that sweet glen to taste.
Away they speed! where springs the primrose pale,
And where the fragrant hawthorn scents the gale,
To weave sweet garlands—jewell'd braids could ne'er,
In their fond eyes, with these wild wreaths compare!

Some venturous spirits, straying from the rest,
Ascend the steepes to seek the hidden nest,
Or turn the winding streamlet's course to trace,
And find on its cool banks a resting-place.
The hours pass on, and *then* a parting sigh,
Tho' home, with all its varied charms, is nigh—
The tender welcome, and the fond caress,
The looks of love, that even in silence bless,
The evening pray'r, where grateful hearts unite,
And then the loving kiss—the sweet "good night."

Ah children! sometimes think, amidst your glee,
Of those young like yourselves, and born as free,
Now only held as means of sordid gain,
And doom'd to days and nights of toil and pain—
To traffic, worse than wasted Afric's shore—
To bondage, galling as the Hebrews bore!

The glen is lonely now—the laugh and song,
Amidst the gath'ring shades, have died along.
A heavy step, disconsolate and slow,
That well bespeaks a heart oppress'd with woe,
May now be heard—the faint and tottering form
Bears impress sad, of life's o'erwhelming storm—
A hapless, hopeless child, of tender years,
That has no friend—no luxury but tears!
The youthful brow, that should be light and free,
Clouded with care and deep despondency.
The eyes, that should be lit with joy and mirth,
All heedlessly are bent upon the earth;
And o'er the cheek, where youth's fresh tints should glow,
Life's genial current scarcely seems to flow.
The little hands are wasted by their toil—
It makes the blood within the heart to boil!—
And then the mutterings, sad, and deep, and wild,
Of that bereft one—but a very child!
She seeks the rushing stream—the waves divide—
They close—the breezes sigh along the tide;
The night-birds scream, and droop their dusky wings;
And a sad requiem murmurs from the springs.

Oh ! had she known some fond and gentle breast,
 Whereon to lay her aching head to rest,
 She might have struggled on, and learn'd to bear
 Her early blight, and weary weight of care ;
 Or had her infant mind been taught to bend
 To the all-just and sympathizing friend,
 He would have heard the outcast suppliant's pray'r,
 And granted grace to trust, and strength to bear,
 Then had she learned to pity and forgive,
 Even those who taught her 'twas a curse to live !

M. A.

SPRING.

" Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
 In whose cote armour richly are displayed
 All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring
 In goodly colours gloriously array'd."—*Spenser*.

" By the soft music of the rills and birds,
 Let us sit down in joy."—*Milton*.

Spring wakes again :
 Too long she slept in nursing Winter's lap,
 Since matron Summer hush'd her to repose,
 She wakes—for hark ! a strain
 Of wooed welcome soothly flows.

Soft leaf, bright flower,
 Up 'neath the freshness of her dewy wing,
 All earth is vocal—the freed water's voice
 Echoes through tangled bower,
 Swelling the chorus cry, arise—rejoice.

Now opes the violet eye—
 The lily vests in green her snowy breast,
 Lest glancing swift each sun-born child
 Should her pure form descry ;
 Or it might haply tempt some zephyr wild.

Ev'n fancies wake—
 A season is for every sleeping heart,
 When flowery thoughts again may spring,
 Joy's frozen fountains break,
 And new plum'd hope take lighter wing.

Then, why be sad ?
 Or weep when flowers are faint and few
 By winter smit, they seek a mother's breast—
 When proudly frown the bad,
 Look for God's promised Spring—and rest.

S. F. M.

A FEW WORDS ON THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION, IN A LETTER FROM A
LOOKER-ON.

WELL—the Westminster election is over—the battle is fought, and the victory is won. Burdett and the constitution of England have triumphed—and nobly have the electors of this great city redeemed their responsibilities to their country and their religion.

Excuse, my dear Anthony, this abrupt commencement for my letter, but the event is one that deserves an *Io Pœan*—and shame upon the heart that will not join in an honest shout of triumph. If you, even at a distance, exulted in this glorious result; if you felt your bosom beat and your step become more elastic at the news, think what it was to be on the spot, to witness all the display of old English feeling that was called out in the cause of this fine old English gentleman, in whose person the constitution has triumphed. I wish you could have been here to enjoy the excitement and the stirring interest of the scene. I wish you could have heard the proud vauntings of the Destructives the day before the election. They had not read enough of their Bibles to learn the wise precept of the good old king of Judah, “Let not him that putteth on his armour boast himself as he that putteth it off;” but boast they did, and roost and crow until the whole city was not large enough to hold their conceit; and I believe they were in earnest in their vaunting, for they bet immense odds on the issue; and when men are willing to stake their money on any thing, I generally have a suspicion that they are in earnest. But if you could have seen them at twelve o’clock on the day of the polling, when Sir Francis was 600 good votes a-head; and if you could have heard the shouts of triumph when the poll finally closed, leaving him a majority of 515, and seen how honest men met in the streets, and grasped each other’s hands with as much cordial earnestness, and looked bright and glad, as if some joyful thing had occurred to each. But I must try and give you a short account of the whole matter.

You know, of course, and so do your readers, to whom I hope you will with all due honor, present these my lucubrations; you know how the revolutionists of Westminster tormented the worthy old baronet, until he flung his indignant defiance in their teeth, and

threw his scornful and contemptuous challenge to them and the whole race of “pismire” radicals, with his Majesty’s ministers, to displace him if they could. He stood up boldly for Church and King, and the Protestants of Ireland, and declared himself the friend of the British Constitution and the House of Lords, and the enemy of all the wild schemes of ministers that are abroad.

Now all this was galling enough to the Radicals. There was no mincing the matter—no parleying with the miserable creatures that called themselves the people of Westminster; but worse than all, there was no flattering them with any notions of their own importance. They were just treated with the contempt they deserved. They were told in plain downright English of their own utter insignificance. Scorn, unqualified by any less galling feeling, was poured upon them.

Well! flesh and blood could scarcely endure this, and accordingly they set themselves, with all the industry of mortified self-importance, to oppose the man who had told them plain but stinging truths. Their first course was to find a candidate. They must have an out-and-out radical. They must have one with some money, and one with folly enough to spend it for them. So after sundry and divers consultations they found a man to their mind in John Temple Leader, M.P. for Bridgewater; and accordingly, Mr. John Temple Leader, whose vanity was mightily gratified at the notion of being representative of the City of Westminster, like a fool, threw up Bridgewater, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and was started against “Old Glory,” as the popular candidate for Westminster.

You might like, perhaps, to hear something of this Mr. John Temple Leader: he is a young man of a class of whom, when I knew Dublin, you had a good many; he is a smart, silly young man; thinks it a great mark of a superior mind to be a radical, and to sneer at religion; considered it a very fine thing to dine with Joe Hume; and can talk about justice to Ireland as flippantly as the best young briefless barrister of your city; he sees no use in a Church at all; he would have no House of Lords, or perhaps a reformed one, of which Joe Hume

might be president, and himself and Tom Duncombe the brightest ornaments. His father is, I believe, a coach-maker, and of course vastly proud of having a son an M. P. He has made plenty of money, and there is no lack of it to support the son's vagaries. With these personal qualifications and appliances, Mr. John Temple Leader, aged I believe about 28 years, offered himself in a smart and flippant address to the good men of the city of Westminster.

Well, the writ was issued, the day of nomination was fixed by the high bailiff, and the canvass of both parties proceeded. Sir Francis was confined to his house by an attack of the gout, but parties of the electors met him occasionally there, whom he addressed in a tone and spirit worthy of the cause he was sustaining. He was at no loss for canvassers—never, perhaps, was a candidate better off. Every one seemed to think it an honor to be upon his committee. Conservative members of parliament toiled night and day in labouring for him, and a good right they had. Meetings of his friends and supporters were held in every part of the city, and excellent speeches addressed to the assembled electors. Committee-rooms were opened in every parish, and bills and placards of all kinds sent round the streets, some on men's hats, others posted on the tops of huge poles, or on the boards of great rooms. Of course just the same preparations were made by the opposite party. They had their meetings too, where Mr. Leader talked until sometimes he disgusted even his own supporters; and they had their bills and their placards, and their committee-rooms and their flags.

For some days before the election, you could not walk through the streets without meeting some of the symptoms of the canvass. Sometimes the sound of music would precede a long procession of men on huge horses, each carrying an immense flag, on which were inscribed the words "Burdett and Liberty." Other times you would meet another procession, of a ragged and ragamuffin appearance, carrying flags with "Leader, the Reformer, against Burdett, the Tory and Apostate." If the contest had been one in which less mighty interests were at stake, there would have been amusement enough in watching the various devices and manœuvres which marked this election canvass.

But with me, at least, it was not so. I could not forget what depended on the struggle, sufficiently, to contemplate any of its appendages with the coolness of a spectator. The interest of all parties was wound up, indeed, to the highest point. Large odds were freely offered by the Radicals, and freely taken by the Conservatives. A dinner was prepared, to celebrate the return of Mr. Leader. His supporters entertained no doubt of his success, and the overwhelming majority of this election was to crush for ever the hopes of Conservatism in Britain.

Things were in this state, when out comes a letter from Daniel O'Connell—of all people in the world, to the electors of Westminster—commanding them, in the name of the Irish nation (!) to return Mr. Leader. This extraordinary document should be preserved. You should print it entire in your pages, as a curious relic—the first attempt by the Irish boroughmonger to dictate to an English constituency. Make your friend who writes about the curiosities of Irish literature, embalm it for immortality in his next paper. Besides, it would be a good thing for the Irish Protestants to have constantly before their eyes; and let them ask themselves how comes it that they have not long since put matters in Ireland into such a train as that even Daniel O'Connell's effrontery could not venture on such an audacious assertion, as to call him, the said Daniel, the representative of the Irish people. But even for the literary curiosity of the document, it is well worth preserving. Only think of any person out of Bedlam calling on the electors to vote for Leader, lest Don Carlos should shout and the Emperor of Russia should snort and smile. How they ever contrived to be unmoved by the anticipation of such dreadful results, is a matter of surprise.

Another important thing to preserve, is the distinct admission that this election turned upon the question of what Mr. O'Connell calls justice to Ireland, and that the decision of the people of Westminster has been against the transfer of Ireland to Popery, for this is what Mr. O'Connell means by justice to Ireland.

O'Connell is not the only one who has put the contest on these grounds. Sir Francis Burdett has felt and stated the very same. Let every Irish Protestant read what the honorable Baronet declares have been the objects of his returners.

"The respectable portion of the Roman Catholics did not participate in those feelings of hostility to England which it suited the purpose of well-paid agitators and presumptuous, ignorant, and aspiring popish priests in Ireland to manifest and to evince. Vain were their efforts and most futile their attempts—they never could make this great Protestant state bow to them in any way. He was sure that the Protestants of England—that the Protestants of Ireland—(a noble and loyal set of men, who would defend themselves if not cramped and paralysed by those who, instead of discountenancing, ought to cherish, aid, and support them) (hear, hear)—and the Protestants of Scotland would never submit to be cajoled, blarneyed, or bullied into a surrender (loud and long continued cheers). To make the matter short, it lay in a very short compass—namely, that those who thought like those who heard him, would never submit to bow the knee or give ascendancy to Popery (renewed cheers), or permit the debasement of Protestantism in any part of the united kingdom (enthusiastic cheers). These were the principal grounds and objects for which he considered he had again been elected their representative in parliament. It was the English constitution, the Protestant religion, the established church, and the great and glorious institutions of the land, that they were all now called upon to defend; but the union of feeling, of spirit, and of energy, which had been displayed during the present contest, had removed all apprehensions, all doubts, from his mind, and inspired him with hope that no enemies ever could prevail against them."

Thus, Mr. O'Connell and Sir Francis are both agreed that the Westminster election was decided on the question between the Protestants of Ireland and Popery.

"TO MAKE THE MATTER SHORT," says Sir Francis, "THOSE WHO HEARD HIM WOULD NEVER BOW THE KNEE TO POPERY, OR PERMIT THE DEBASEMENT OF PROTESTANTISM IN ANY PART OF THE UNITED KINGDOM. These were the objects and grounds for which he considered he had been elected their representative in parliament."

But I had better conclude my narrative and make my comments afterwards. O'Connell's address appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of Tuesday, the 9th of May; the nomination was fixed for the following morning. It was a regular ministerial manifesto, regularly issued in the treasury organ—it was universally regarded as such.

At the nomination, Sir Francis was very well received, and Mr. Leader, coldly enough. Still, however, the radicals were quite confident of success. Bets of 100 to 1 were, in some instances, offered by them against Sir Francis, and, I am happy to say, taken. It is confidently asserted that the dinner was ordered for the next day, to celebrate the victory of Mr. Leader, and all the arrangements completely made. This much, however, is certain, that you could not walk the streets in comfort for the vaunting and boasting of that party; and they were talking of nothing at all places but the anticipatory triumph of the morrow.

But the morrow told a different tale. Early in the morning the friends of Sir Francis pressed to the poll; exactly at eight o'clock Sir Robert Peel tendered his vote for the constitutional candidate. In the course of the day, the Attorney-General and Lord Palmerston voted for Leader. All would not do; at four o'clock Sir Francis had a majority of 515.

I wish you could have seen the radicals then; literally sneaking away into every hole and corner, where they could hide their mortification and disappointment. For the sake of human nature, I hope, my dear Anthony, that, Conservative as you are, and, I trust, ever will be, you would have pitied them—I can say, in sincerity, I did. All their day-dreams vanished before the day was at an end. All the hopes of the morning cruelly crushed and prostrate. All their vauntings brought down, and wherever they went, the shouts of triumph ringing in their ears, and the ominous number, 585—at that time the majority was so calculated—staring them in the face.

It was that evening that Sir Francis addressed to the electors the noble declaration, that he had been returned to prevent the debasement of Protestantism in any part of the United Kingdom.

I really do not know how to describe the scene of the next day. Sir Francis proceeded to Covent Garden, attended by an immense number of the most influential gentlemen in the country, and returned thanks for his election, amid tremendous cheers, faintly interrupted by the yells and hisses of the "pismires." The old man had to be borne on crutches, but nothing could quell the unconquerable old English spirit in his breast—the spirit that had once drowned the terrors of imprisonment

for what he believed to be the British constitution, was now superior to all the depressions of age and infirmity, and beamed from his eye with all the vigour of health and youth.

A triumphal procession conducted the old man to the house—his own open carriage was drawn by four splendid greys, all decorated with laurel. A band of music preceded him, with flags and banners, amid tremendous cheers from the populace, that lined both sides of the way; a long train of carriages followed him. It is said, I believe with truth, that the line reached from the House of Commons to Charing Cross. Do you know the localities of London? Well, the line was as long as if it had extended from your old House of Commons in Dublin to the head of Sackville-street. The assembled Commons of England were sitting at the time that the electors of Westminster thus bore the champion of the Protestant constitution, in triumph, to their door; and, as the shouts from the multitude rang strangely off the old arches of the venerable abbey—we might almost fancy them to penetrate the silent graves in which the champions of England's constitution, in other and in better days, are now entombed. Again and again they were renewed, as the old patriot was helped out of his carriage, and the voices of the people must have been distinctly heard in "the parliament-house," heralding the approach of the man of their choice. The lobbies were filled with spectators, and cheer after cheer re-echoed from them, as Sir Francis passed up between the uncovered lines—not one was there that did not take off his hat as he approached, and cry "God bless him."

When he entered the house, to take his seat as member for Westminster, the enthusiasm of the crowd outside was calmed itself to that with which he was received. Cheering, loud and long and vehement, welcomed him to his place, and with his crutches he hobbled over to the opposition benches, and took his place as an opponent of "a weak and vacillating ministry." He was hailed with plaudits, such as never before shook the walls of a British House of Commons.

When, after a few minutes, he rose to retire from the house, he was followed by a crowd of members to his carriage, and drove home amid the acclamations of the populace, who had waited outside for his re-appearance.

Thus ended this glorious contest;

that is, if it be correct to say, that is ended which is only the beginning of the end. I see that some of the Radical papers on your side of the water affect to regard the issue as unimportant—poor creatures—you ought to affect to believe them, and wish them joy of the result.

The blow, you may depend, has been felt all over England. The country papers are every day bringing us in accounts of the manner in which the news has been received in different parts of England; of the crowds that surrounded the coaches, and cheered when the glorious intelligence was brought; and how the church bells rung out a merry peal, as well they might, for the triumph of the champion of the church. In some places the Radicals had processions arranged to meet the coach, and a band of music ready to return into the towns to proclaim the triumph, but the music did not sound. The radical corporation of Portsmouth had it all snugly settled with Lord Minto, that the telegraph at the Admiralty was to communicate the result; it is very odd no telegraph was made. Good Lord Minto wished his friends the aldermen to have a sound night's slumber.

But this Mr. John Temple Leader vacated his seat—and the best of the whole business is, that a good Conservative has gotten it. You remember of course Mr. Charles Brinsley Sheridan, who ran off with the daughter of Sir Colquhoun Grant. The poor old general took the matter very much to heart, and died soon after, leaving Mr. Charles Sheridan his heir. The old general was an honest Conservative, but his son-in-law has taken the other side; and so he was bid by Lord Melbourne to go over and win Bridgewater, but unfortunately Mr. Broadwood and 290 conservative electors of the borough interfered, and Mr. Charles Brinsley Sheridan was sent back again, looking almost as foolish as Mr. John Temple Leader.

Altogether we have made well of this Westminster business, between the triumph at Westminster and the gain of a vote at Bridgewater. Next Monday night, it is said, Sir Francis will come down to the House and oppose ministers on the Church-rate bill; a small majority in the House of Commons then, and a defeat at Glasgow, and they are done for.

It may be just worth while to ask what won the election for Sir Francis? and I wish that all Conservatives would

learn a lesson from the answer. It was the outspoken Protestantism of "Old Glory," and nothing else will win an election any where for Conservatives; and if you would take my advice, whenever a candidate comes forward on your side who will wish to mince the matter, and not speak boldly out for Protestantism, and tell the people that the real question is, "Will they bow their necks to popery or not?" you will tell him that he may be a very good sort of man, but that he had better sit by his own fire-side, for he is not the man for these times. There is more good old Protestant feeling in the country than you and many others calculate on, and if Conservatives do not appeal to this they ought not to succeed.

Mr. O'Connell's letter did much to call out this feeling; the letter, to be sure, was a very different one from what he would have addressed to an Irish borough. There was no threatening of death's head and cross-bones, or of eternal damnation; it was a whining, piteous piece of sentiment; but even so, the men of Westminster do not understand this kind of dictation, and what is more, they detest O'Connell; and I believe solemnly, that if O'Connell had not written that letter our majority would not have been so great, and it was well for the cause of liberty in England, that the first attempt of this haughty despot to trample on the rights of Britons, has been so effectually resented. Thus, amid tremendous cheers did Sir Francis himself allude to the interference of the "popish priest-ridden patriot."

"The malignity and malice of some persons has done much to aid the cause of the constitution; but I should say that if there is one individual to whom you are more indebted than any other, that person certainly was Mr. Daniel O'Connell (loud cheers and groans). The attacks of that individual have tended to serve the cause which they were designed to injure. Gentlemen, the big beggarman of Ireland (renewed cheers) has mistaken the good sense and patriotism of the people of England. He has intruded himself with his uncalled-for advice upon the electors of Westminster, and with (as it now turns out) his disregarded threats. He has intruded that advice and those suggestions in an Irish letter couched in a strain more Irish than Irish itself (loud laughter), and containing in every point that mixture of blarney and bully, the former of which has only excited the disgust, and the latter the contempt, of the

electors of Westminster (loud cheers, groans, and laughter.) I know not what influence that letter may be said to have had upon his Majesty's ministers, but this I know, that the people of England, and especially the electors of Westminster were made of sterner stuff. Whatever his Majesty's ministers may think proper to do, what course they may choose to pursue, we have shewn our determination to maintain and support the English constitution, and to resist to the uttermost the dismemberment of the British empire, notwithstanding that Mr. Daniel O'Connell is our declared and determined foe (loud cheers, with shouts of disapprobation from the Leader party.) In addition, I will merely say, that you view, as I do, the attempt to control your opinions lately made by the great popish, priest-ridden paid patriot of Ireland (great applause and sensation), and I will add this, that I wish such persons would declare and destroy themselves as he has done; no danger could then be apprehended, as I think it would be on all occasions safer to have such persons my foes than my friends (cheers and yelling from the Leader party.)"

And just as the old man gave this withering rebuke to the trading agitator, the sun smiled down upon his grey hairs, and the shadow of a dark cloud passed away from the hustings. There was something beautiful in the clearing light that fell gloriously down upon the moment of victory. "The sun of Austerlitz" was Buonaparte's magic watchword to his troops; "the sun of Westminster" may be an equally magic power to all Conservative hearts. The old man saw and felt the beauty of the incident; he seized on it with an eloquence worthy of himself in his best days. There is something like it, but not so good, in the speeches of Curran.

"The sun shines upon our principles and our efforts at this moment; but there is a still brighter sunshine in every honest English heart at the triumph achieved by you, and the example you have set to the rest of England (cheers). Wishing you all good and happiness, and full of the devotion I owe you, electors of Westminster, and to the friends to the cause of England and the constitution, I now take my leave (renewed cheering, which continued for several minutes).

After this some of the Radical great men got up a little by-play of their own, and you might have fancied yourself among a set of Irishmen, if it was not for the good humour that prevailed; there was just as much wit and fun as ever there was in a popular assembly

of our own sweet countrymen. Joe Hume made an attempt to talk, and was met by cries of "Goose, Goose." However, he managed to tell them, that they had disgraced themselves by neglecting Leader. "Ay, and you'll follow the leader," roared a great John Bull, who looked as if he had a vote for Middlesex; and Joe turned very pale, for not the most distant chance has he or any other but a good Conservative of ever sitting again for Middlesex.

It is time, however, for me to draw this rambling letter to a close. I have so much to congratulate you on in the issue of this election, that I hardly know where to begin. Lord Palmerston and Sir Ruffian Donkey and Sir

John Campbell voted for Mr. Leader. It was a contest between Ministers and the Protestant Constitution. The battle has been fought for the Protestants of Ireland, and they have triumphed. It is meet and fitting that at your feet I should lay the congratulations, which from my heart I offer to them upon that triumph.

I hope you will print this letter if it reaches you in time; if it answers no other end, it will at least serve as a memento in your pages of a triumph which you ought not to omit.

And so, my dear Anthony, I am yours, with the profoundest respect,

A LOOKER-ON.

Westminster, 18th May, 1837.

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